Lumi the Moon Fox

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 4; The Chariot, Book 19

Chapter 1 – The Silver Fox

The convention center smelled like popcorn, cheap cologne, and the faint metallic tang of too many people in one air-conditioned room. Cici Santos adjusted the fox ears on her head for the tenth time in five minutes, the silver-white fabric soft against her fingers. She had spent three weekends and most of her last paycheck on this costume — not the official licensed one, of course, but her own version. The tail swished behind her when she walked, the big embroidered eyes on the chest panel made her look like she was smiling even when she wasn't, and the silver crescent moon pendant at her throat caught the overhead lights just right.

She was eighteen, five-foot-one on a good day, and the costume hugged every curve she had. Petite but perfectly proportioned, her mom always said. The kind of body that made strangers do double-takes even in regular clothes. In this, she felt… magical. Like she could actually be Lumi the Moon Fox, the cheerful, clever little spirit from the cartoons she'd watched on her phone every night since she was twelve.

"You're up next, silver fox!" the volunteer with the clipboard called, grinning. "Break a leg — or a tail."

Cici laughed, nerves fizzing in her stomach like soda. "Thanks. I'm trying not to trip over it."

She stepped out onto the small stage area they'd cordoned off with velvet ropes. Maybe forty people watched from folding chairs. Not a huge con — more of a local pop-culture fair — but it felt enormous to her. The other finalists stood to the side: a tall guy in a decent but baggy Lumi suit, and a girl with store-bought ears that kept slipping.

Cici took her spot under the lights. She struck the classic Lumi pose — one paw up, head tilted, big happy eyes — and the crowd actually cheered. She felt the warmth bloom in her chest. This was why she'd come. Not just for the tiny prize (a hundred-dollar gift card and a signed print), but because for one afternoon she got to be the character who had made her feel less alone growing up.

The judges sat at a long table. Two local cosplay veterans she recognized from Instagram. And then there was the woman in the middle.

Short, vibrant red hair cut in a sharp, stylish bob. Fit shoulders under a soft black silk blouse. Green eyes that seemed to see straight through the costume and into Cici herself. She wasn't holding a clipboard. She just watched, one elegant finger resting against her lips like she was tasting something sweet.

Cici's breath caught. She knew that face. Everyone knew that face.

Daisy Harley. Creator of *Lumi the Moon Fox & Friends*. The woman who had built an empire from a single silver fox with big happy eyes and an even bigger heart. Comics, cartoons, the gacha game that had made her a billionaire before she turned thirty. She was here. In person. Judging a tiny local contest.

Cici's knees went a little weak.

The other judges asked standard questions. "Why Lumi?" "What's your favorite episode?" Cici answered brightly, voice steady even though her heart was hammering. She talked about how Lumi always found a way to make people smile, how the character had helped her through her mom's first round of chemo last year.

When it was Daisy's turn, the redhead leaned forward slightly. Her voice was warm, smooth, with the faintest trace of amusement.

"You move like her," Daisy said. No question. Just fact. "The little head tilt when you listen. The way your tail flicks when you're excited. Most people wear the costume. You *become* it."

Cici felt heat rush to her cheeks under the makeup. "Thank you. I… I practice a lot in my room. My little sister says I'm obsessed."

Daisy's smile deepened. "Obsession can be beautiful when it's pointed in the right direction." She glanced at the other judges. "I think we have our winner."

The crowd clapped. The gift card and print were handed over. Photos were taken. Cici posed with the other finalists, tail swishing, trying not to cry happy tears. But the real moment came five minutes later when one of the volunteers tapped her shoulder.

"Miss Santos? Ms. Harley would like a word. In the VIP lounge."

Cici's stomach flipped so hard she almost dropped the gift card.

The VIP lounge was just a curtained-off section with nicer chairs and a table of bottled water. Daisy was already there, alone, legs crossed, one hand cradling a paper cup of coffee. Up close she was even more striking — skin like warm porcelain, the kind of effortless beauty that made Cici suddenly very aware of her own homemade costume and the faint sheen of sweat on her collarbone.

"Sit," Daisy said gently, gesturing to the chair across from her. "You must be exhausted after that performance. You were radiant."

Cici sat, tail curling awkwardly around the chair leg. "Thank you so much for choosing me. I still can't believe you're actually here. I mean — you're *you*."

Daisy laughed softly, a low, pleasant sound. "I like to keep an eye on the grassroots love for Lumi. Conventions like this… they're where the real magic starts. And you, Cici — may I call you Cici?"

“Of course! Everyone does.”

“Cici,” Daisy repeated, like she was tasting the name. “You have something special. Not just the look — though the proportions are perfect for the character — but the energy. The joy. It’s not acting. It’s *you*.” She leaned in slightly. “Tell me about yourself. What do you do when you’re not being the most convincing Lumi I’ve seen in years?”

Cici found herself talking easily. About graduating high school two weeks ago. About her mom’s medical bills piling up after the second round of treatment. About how she’d been working part-time at the mall but the pay was terrible and she needed something better fast. About how Lumi had been her comfort character since she was little — the one who always bounced back, always made the sad characters laugh.

Daisy listened with her whole body, green eyes never leaving Cici’s face. When Cici mentioned the bills, something flickered across Daisy’s expression — sympathy, yes, but also something sharper. Like she’d just found exactly what she was looking for.

“That’s a lot for someone so young to carry,” Daisy said quietly. “You’re taking care of your family. That’s admirable. And rare.”

Cici shrugged, embarrassed but proud. “It’s what you do, right? Lumi never gives up on the people she loves.”

Daisy’s smile turned softer, almost private. “Exactly.” She set her coffee down. “Cici, I’m going to be direct because I don’t believe in wasting time when I see something I want. Moonlight Park is opening a new seasonal performer track this summer. Full-time, excellent pay — better than you’d make in six months at the mall. We need someone to embody Lumi in the park itself. Not just photo ops. The full experience. The joy, the presence, the heart.”

Cici’s mouth went dry. “You… you’re offering me a job?”

“I’m offering *you* the role,” Daisy corrected gently. “The official, live Lumi. We have a very specific training program — proprietary, of course — to help new performers reach their full potential. It’s intensive. It requires dedication. But the ones who complete it… they don’t just play Lumi. They *become* her in ways that surprise even me.”

Cici’s heart was pounding so hard she could feel it in her ears. “I — I don’t know what to say. This is… this is a dream. My mom’s bills — this could actually help. I could send money home every week.”

Daisy reached across the table and touched the back of Cici’s hand. Just lightly. Warm fingers, perfectly manicured. The contact sent a strange little spark up Cici’s arm — not unpleasant. Almost electric.

“I know it could,” Daisy said. “And I want to help you do that. But more than that, I want *you* in that costume. You already have the soul of it. The training will simply… polish the silver until it shines the way it was always meant to.”

Cici swallowed. “When would it start?”

“Tomorrow,” Daisy said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. “We’ll begin with orientation and the first calibration session at the park’s private facility. You’ll be compensated from day one. And if it’s not the right fit — which I doubt — you can walk away anytime. No pressure. Just possibility.”

Cici looked down at her costume, at the silver crescent moon pendant resting against her skin. Then back at Daisy. The woman’s eyes were warm, inviting, and there was something else there too — a quiet hunger that Cici couldn’t quite name but didn’t mind. It felt like being chosen. Really, truly chosen.

“I’ll do it,” she said, voice trembling with excitement. “I want to. More than anything.”

Daisy’s smile bloomed slow and radiant. She squeezed Cici’s hand once more before letting go.

“Good girl,” she murmured.

The words landed somewhere deep in Cici’s chest and glowed.

Daisy stood, smoothing her blouse. “I’ll have a car pick you up at ten tomorrow morning. Wear something comfortable — the first day is mostly paperwork and getting to know the space. And Cici?” She paused at the curtain. “Bring that joy with you. It’s going to be very important.”

Then she was gone, leaving only the faint scent of something expensive and floral behind.

Cici sat there for a long minute, tail still curled around the chair leg, heart racing, cheeks flushed. She couldn’t stop smiling.

She had just been chosen by *Daisy Harley* to be Lumi.

The real Lumi.

She had no idea how true that was about to become.

Chapter 2 – Day One

The car that picked Cici up the next morning was sleek, black, and silent. The driver barely spoke, just smiled when she slid into the back seat in her nicest sundress — pale blue with little white flowers — and offered her a chilled bottle of water. Cici clutched her small overnight bag on her lap the whole way, heart fluttering like it had wings. She kept replaying Daisy’s words from yesterday:

You already have the soul of it. The training will simply polish the silver.

She was going to be Lumi. The real, official Lumi. At Moonlight Park. It still didn’t feel real.

The private facility wasn’t at the main park entrance. The driver turned off the main road onto a tree-lined private drive that ended at a low, elegant building of white stone and silver accents. It looked more like a luxury spa than anything else. A sign near the entrance read **Moonlight Creative Campus – Performer Development** in flowing script.

Inside, the air was cool and smelled faintly of lavender and something sweet, like vanilla and moonflowers. A woman in a crisp white blouse and soft silver-gray slacks was waiting in the marble lobby. She had warm brown skin, kind dark eyes, and a smile that made Cici feel instantly at ease.

“Cici Santos?” the woman said, extending a hand. “I’m Elena Marquez, head of performer calibration. Daisy told me all about you. Welcome.”

Cici shook her hand, feeling a little shy. “Thank you. I’m… really excited. And nervous.”

Elena laughed softly — a gentle, musical sound. “That’s perfect. Nerves mean you care. Come on, let’s get you settled. Today is all about orientation and your first calibration session. Nothing scary, I promise.”

She led Cici down a softly lit hallway. The walls were pale silver with subtle moving projections of Lumi’s big happy eyes blinking slowly, like they were watching over everything. Soft instrumental music played — harps and chimes that made Cici’s shoulders relax without her noticing.

They entered a large, circular room that looked like something out of a high-end wellness center crossed with a futuristic studio. In the center sat what Elena called the **LumiSync Calibration Throne** — a sleek silver chair that looked more like a reclining spa lounger than anything clinical. It had soft white padding, gentle curves, and delicate silver filigree along the arms and headrest that looked like stylized fox tails. Above it hung a delicate silver circlet — the neural crown — suspended on almost invisible threads.

“This is where the magic happens,” Elena said warmly, gesturing for Cici to sit on a nearby bench. “Before we begin, let me explain everything so you feel completely comfortable. The Joy Radiance Protocol is Moonlight’s proprietary method for training performers to radiate Lumi’s signature joy for hours at a time, even in the busiest crowds. It’s not just acting. It’s… becoming.”

Cici nodded, listening intently. “Daisy said it was intensive.”

“It is,” Elena agreed, sitting beside her. “But it’s also deeply rewarding. The system uses gentle neural synchronization — that beautiful crown — combined

with bio-responsive stimulation and immersive visual overlays. It helps your body and mind align perfectly with Lumi's energy. You'll watch classic episodes and documentaries while the throne keeps you in a state of calm, focused… heightened awareness. It's called edging in the technical sense — keeping your body in a place of beautiful, sustained gratitude and anticipation. That's what lets the joy shine through so purely."

Cici tilted her head. "Edging? Like… building up and not… finishing?"

Elena smiled, completely at ease. "Exactly. But in the most positive, artistic way. Lumi never rushes her joy — she lets it build and radiate outward. You'll feel incredible afterward. Most performers say it's the most peaceful, euphoric experience of their lives. And it's all monitored in real time so we can adjust everything to your perfect level."

She reached over and gently touched Cici's hand. "You're going to do beautifully. Daisy already believes in you."

Cici felt a warm flush at the mention of Daisy's name. "Okay. I'm ready."

"Wonderful." Elena stood. "One important detail: during calibration, Lumi doesn't wear clothes. It allows the energy to flow without any barriers. You'll be completely comfortable — the room is climate-controlled, private, and the throne has soft coverings that feel wonderful on the skin. We'll start slow."

Cici hesitated for only a second. It made sense, in a strange, artistic way. "All right."

Elena helped her undress with the calm efficiency of a spa attendant, folding each piece of clothing neatly. Cici felt a little shy at first — she'd never been fully nude in front of a stranger like this — but Elena's voice stayed soft and praising the whole time.

"You have such lovely proportions," Elena said gently as she guided Cici to the throne. "The costume team is going to adore you. Sit back… there we go."

The silver padding was warm and incredibly soft, almost like sinking into a cloud. Elena fitted the neural crown onto Cici's head — it was light, almost weightless, with tiny glowing blue-white lights that pulsed gently in time with her heartbeat. Then came the precision edging sleeve — a sleek, flexible silver-and-white device that slid over her most sensitive areas with a silky, almost loving touch. It adjusted automatically, snug but never tight, with soft sensors that felt like warm fingers.

Cici let out a small, surprised breath. It felt… good. Really good. Like being held in the most intimate, caring way.

"You're doing perfectly," Elena murmured, checking the readouts on a slim silver tablet. "Now, we'll begin with some early Lumi episodes — the ones that really

capture her pure, innocent joy. The AR overlays will help you internalize her expressions and movements. Just relax and let it happen."

The lights dimmed to a soft silver glow. A large holographic screen shimmered to life in front of her. The first episode began — an old, rarely seen short from the very first season. Lumi the silver fox bounced across a moonlit meadow, big happy eyes sparkling, tail flicking with delight as she helped a sad little cloud find its silver lining.

Cici smiled automatically. She loved this one.

Then the edging began.

It started as a gentle, rhythmic pulse — warm, steady, building slowly like the tide coming in. Not enough to push her over, just enough to make her breath catch and her thighs tense slightly. The neural crown hummed softly against her temples. Her body felt light, floaty, yet exquisitely aware.

Elena's voice came through a soft speaker near her ear. "You're radiating so much joy already, Cici. Look at how naturally your expression matches hers."

On the screen, the cartoon Lumi turned her head exactly the way Cici often did. For a split second, the fox's face flickered — just a shimmer — and Cici saw her own eyes looking back at her. Big, dark, expressive. Then it was gone.

She blinked. "Did… did the fox just look like me for a second?"

Elena's warm laugh filled the room. "The system is personalizing the overlays for deeper immersion. It's matching your features so you can see yourself *as* Lumi. Isn't that wonderful? It helps the transformation feel natural."

Cici relaxed again. That made sense. It was clever. She *wanted* to see herself as Lumi.

The session flowed on. Episode after episode. Documentaries about Daisy — interviews where the creator spoke passionately about how Lumi was born from a dream of bringing light to dark places. Every time Daisy's face appeared on screen, the edging intensified just slightly, a sweet, teasing throb that made Cici's hips shift and a soft sound escape her throat.

"You're doing so well," Elena praised during a gentle break around the two-hour mark. She brought Cici a sip of cool water through a straw. "Most girls need several sessions before they can stay this calm and open for so long. Daisy is going to be thrilled when I send her the progress report."

Cici beamed, cheeks flushed, body humming with need and something deeper — pride, gratitude, a strange new longing. "I want to make her proud."

"You already are," Elena said softly. "Just by being here. By letting go and trusting the process."

The afternoon stretched on in a beautiful, hazy loop. More cartoons. More edging. The AR overlays grew more frequent — Cici's face replacing the fox's more often, her own body proportions showing in the cartoon's movements. By the sixth hour her thoughts felt soft and golden around the edges. Every time she thought of Daisy's approving smile, the sleeve pulsed warmer, sweeter, keeping her right on that perfect, shimmering edge.

She lost track of time. There was only the throne, the gentle voice in her ear, the building pleasure that never quite crested, and the growing certainty that this was exactly where she was meant to be.

When the session finally ended, the lights rose slowly. Elena removed the crown and sleeve with careful hands, praising her the entire time. Cici felt wrung out in the best way — exhausted, glowing, strangely empty and full at once. Her skin tingled. Her mind felt quiet and happy.

"You were magnificent," Elena said, helping her sit up. "Truly exceptional for a first day. Now, one last piece of the regimen before you go home."

She brought out a sleek silver device — a chastity belt, elegant and minimal, with a prominent silver crescent moon emblem at the front where it would rest right above Cici's mound. It looked almost like jewelry.

"This is part of the proprietary aftercare," Elena explained gently. "It helps maintain the radiant state you achieved today and prevents any… unnecessary distractions while you rest. You'll wear it home and overnight. It's comfortable, breathable, and has a small bio-feedback element that will keep you connected to the joy we built today. You cannot remove it yourself — only we can — but you won't want to. It feels like a promise."

Cici stared at it, a little dazed, a little thrilled. "It's… beautiful."

"It is," Elena agreed, fitting it onto her with practiced ease. The metal was warm, the fit perfect, the crescent moon cool against her skin. A tiny, almost invisible light pulsed once, like a heartbeat. "There. Perfect. Now you carry today's calibration with you."

Cici stood slowly, feeling the belt's gentle, constant presence. It wasn't uncomfortable. It felt… right. Like she was still being held.

Elena walked her to the door, handing her a soft robe and her folded clothes. "Rest well tonight. Drink plenty of water. Tomorrow we'll build on this. You're going to be the most radiant Lumi Moonlight Park has ever seen."

Cici smiled, dazed and glowing. "Thank you. Really. I feel… amazing."

On the ride home the belt hummed faintly whenever her thoughts drifted to Daisy's red hair and warm green eyes. By the time she walked through her front door, she was flushed, tired in the best way, and smiling so much her cheeks

hurt.

Her mom called from the kitchen, “How was your first day, baby?”

Cici beamed, adjusting the strap of her bag over the hidden silver crescent. “It was perfect, Mom. They said I have real potential. I’m going to be the best Lumi they’ve ever had.”

She meant every word.

And deep down, in a place she didn’t yet have words for, she already felt like she was becoming something more than she had ever been.

Chapter 3 – The Belt

Cici woke to the soft, insistent pulse of the silver crescent moon against her skin.

It wasn’t uncomfortable. If anything, it felt… attentive. Like a gentle hand resting exactly where she needed it most. The moment her mind drifted to Daisy — the short red hair, the warm green eyes, that low voice saying *good girl* — the belt responded with a slow, teasing throb that made her breath hitch and her thighs press together.

She lay there in the early light, staring at the ceiling of her childhood bedroom, and smiled.

This is part of it, she told herself. *The calibration stays with you. It keeps the joy alive.*

She showered carefully around the elegant silver device, dressed in another simple sundress, and told her mom she was heading back for day two of “intensive orientation.” Her mom had hugged her tight, eyes shining with pride and relief at the mention of the generous pay.

“You’re doing something wonderful, baby,” her mother said. “I’m so proud of you.”

Cici tilted her head exactly the way Lumi did in the cartoons when she was happy — a soft, instinctive little motion — and made a small, pleased sound in the back of her throat. It slipped out before she could stop it. Warm. Almost like a tiny yip of joy.

Her mother laughed. “You’re already in character. Go make that fox proud.”

The same silent black car was waiting. This time Cici didn’t clutch her bag nervously. She sat back, closed her eyes, and let the belt’s faint, constant presence remind her of yesterday’s glow. Every time Daisy’s face floated into her thoughts — which was often — the silver crescent pulsed warmer, sweeter, keeping her right on that shimmering edge she’d learned to love.

Elena was waiting in the same marble lobby, looking even more pleased to see her.

“Cici! You look radiant this morning. How did you sleep?”

Cici smiled, cheeks already warm. “Really well. The… the belt helped. It feels like it’s still part of the session.”

Elena’s eyes sparkled with approval. “That’s exactly what it’s designed to do. Come on. Today we go deeper.”

The calibration room felt even more welcoming today. The throne seemed to hum softly in greeting as Cici approached. Elena helped her undress with the same calm, respectful efficiency, praising her the entire time.

“You’re already moving differently,” Elena noted as she guided Cici onto the warm silver padding. “More fluid. More *Lumi*. That’s the protocol working.”

The neural crown settled onto her head like a crown of light. The precision sleeve slid into place with that silky, loving touch. Cici let out a soft sigh as it adjusted, already anticipating the beautiful tension to come.

“Today’s focus is gratitude,” Elena explained, voice gentle through the speaker. “One of Lumi’s most important qualities. We’re using a very rare early episode — one of the first test animations Daisy ever made. In it, young Lumi thanks her creator for bringing her to life. It’s tender. Intimate. Perfect for deepening your connection to the character… and to Daisy herself.”

Cici’s heart fluttered at the mention of Daisy’s name. The belt responded instantly with a deeper, slower pulse that made her toes curl.

The holographic screen shimmered to life.

The animation was softer, dreamier than the later episodes — hand-drawn lines with a gentle glow. A tiny silver fox with enormous, sparkling eyes blinked up at a tall, elegant woman with short red hair and kind green eyes. Daisy. Not the polished public version — a younger, softer Daisy, still finding her way.

Lumi nuzzled against the woman’s hand, rubbing her cheek against those fingers with pure, wordless affection. The creator laughed softly in the animation, stroking the fox’s ears.

“Thank you for making me,” young Lumi seemed to say with every nuzzle. “I want to make you happy forever.”

Cici’s breath caught. The AR overlay activated almost immediately.

The cartoon fox’s body shimmered — and for several long seconds it was *her* body on the screen. Petite, perfectly proportioned, dark hair falling in soft waves, big expressive eyes full of gratitude. Still innocent, still clothed in the simple

silver tunic from the early designs, but unmistakably Cici. Her own face smiled up at the animated Daisy with the same adoring expression.

The edging began in earnest.

It was stronger today. More targeted. The sleeve pulsed in perfect rhythm with the nuzzles on screen — warm, rhythmic, building that exquisite pressure low in her belly. Every time the cartoon Lumi (her) pressed closer to the creator's hand, the sensation deepened. Cici's hips shifted helplessly against the throne. A soft, needy sound escaped her throat.

"You're feeling it, aren't you?" Elena's voice was warm, encouraging. "That beautiful gratitude. That's Lumi's heart. And right now, it's becoming yours."

Cici could only nod, eyes half-lidded, body singing.

The episode looped gently. Each time the nuzzle scene played, the AR made the resemblance stronger — Cici's proportions more obvious, her face clearer, her expression more devoted. By the third loop she was breathing in soft little gasps, the belt and sleeve working in perfect tandem to keep her floating on that perfect, endless edge.

Elena checked on her during a gentle pause, offering water and soft praise.

"You're doing exceptionally well, sweetheart. Most performers take four or five sessions before they can handle this level of focused gratitude training without breaking. You're already glowing. Daisy is going to be so proud when she sees today's report."

At the mention of Daisy's pride, the sleeve pulsed harder — a sweet, teasing reward that made Cici whimper softly and tilt her head back against the throne, exactly like Lumi when she was blissfully content.

"I… I want to make her proud," Cici whispered, voice dreamy. "More than anything."

"You will," Elena promised. "You already are. Just by letting go like this. By becoming her."

The session continued for hours. More gratitude-focused overlays. More moments where Cici's own body replaced the fox's in the animations — still innocent, still sweet, but unmistakably personal. Every time she saw herself nuzzling the animated Daisy's hand, the pleasure crested higher, tighter, never quite spilling over.

By the time Elena gently removed the crown and sleeve, Cici was trembling, flushed, and smiling with a dazed, radiant happiness she'd never felt before.

"You were magnificent today," Elena said, helping her sit up. "Truly. The system recorded some of the strongest gratitude responses we've ever seen on a second

day. You’re a natural.”

Cici stood on slightly shaky legs, the silver chastity belt cool and constant against her skin. It felt heavier now. More meaningful.

“Will I… will I keep wearing it?” she asked softly.

Elena smiled. “Of course. It’s part of the regimen. It helps the calibration stay with you between sessions. And it has a lovely little feature — it responds to thoughts of Daisy. A gentle reminder of who you’re becoming for.”

Cici’s cheeks burned hotter, but she nodded. “I like that.”

On the ride home the belt activated three separate times — once when she pictured Daisy’s smile, once when she remembered the nuzzle scene, and once when she simply whispered “I want to be good for her” under her breath. Each pulse was perfect. Teasing. Loving. Keeping her right where the protocol wanted her.

Her parents were waiting with dinner. Cici sat at the table, still glowing, still feeling the silver crescent like a secret promise.

“So how’s the new job, superstar?” her dad asked, passing her the rice.

Cici smiled — that same soft, Lumi-like smile — and tilted her head. “It’s amazing. They have this incredible training program. During the busy season they want all the performers to stay in the on-site dorms so we can build real team spirit and be available for early mornings and special events. It’s part of the full experience.”

Her mom’s eyes widened. “Dorms? Already?”

“It’s only for the busy months,” Cici said cheerfully, the lie rolling off her tongue with surprising ease. “They said it’s the best way to really become the character. And the pay bump is huge. I can send so much more home for your treatments, Mom.”

Her mother reached across the table and squeezed her hand, eyes misty. “You’re such a good girl, Cici. We’re so lucky to have you.”

Cici made that soft, happy little sound again — the one that wasn’t quite a word — and felt the belt pulse warmly in approval.

Later, alone in her room with the door locked, she curled up on her bed in just the silver belt and a thin tank top. The moment she let her thoughts drift fully to Daisy — imagining those green eyes watching her, that warm voice praising her — the belt came alive with slow, deliberate pulses that made her back arch and soft whimpers spill from her lips.

She didn’t fight it. She welcomed it.

That night she dreamed she was Lumi.

Silver-white fur brushed against her skin. Big happy eyes blinked in a mirror that wasn't a mirror. She was small and perfect and curled at the feet of a woman with short red hair who stroked her ears and whispered, "Good girl. My perfect little fox. You exist to make me happy."

In the dream, Cici — Lumi — nuzzled against that hand exactly like in the cartoon, and the pleasure was so deep, so right, that she woke up gasping and trembling, the silver crescent glowing faintly in the dark.

She lay there in the quiet, heart racing, body aching sweetly, and smiled.

Tomorrow she would go back.

Tomorrow she would become even more.

And the thought of Daisy's approval made the belt pulse once more — a loving, possessive little heartbeat that followed her into sleep.

Chapter 4 – Memory Harmony

The silver crescent pulsed warmly against Cici's skin the moment she woke.

Daisy.

The thought of her came first now, before anything else. Before the shape of the room. Before the pale morning light. Before the ordinary facts of being Cici Santos in her childhood bed. Red hair. Green eyes. That low, approving voice. The belt answered all of it with a slow, teasing throb that made her smile into the pillow.

She lay there for a while and let it happen.

The feeling no longer embarrassed her. It felt right. Like part of waking up properly. Like Daisy was already there, already pleased that Cici's first thought belonged to her.

By the time the black car arrived, she was dressed in another simple sundress and glowing with a soft, secret anticipation she didn't have words for. Her mother called after her to have a good day at training. Cici turned in the doorway, tilted her head in that little Lumi way that had become almost instinctive, and smiled.

"I will," she said.

The facility was waiting for her.

It always felt that way now. Not like a building she entered, but like something she was admitted back into. The cool marble lobby. The pale silver walls. The subtle sweetness in the air. The soft instrumental music that seemed to slip under her thoughts and smooth them flat.

Elena was already there.

“Cici,” she said warmly, and opened her arms just enough that the greeting itself felt like praise. “You look radiant.”

Cici flushed. “Really?”

“Really.” Elena took her hands and studied her face with calm, open approval. “How did you sleep?”

“The belt kept…” Cici hesitated, then smiled shyly. “It kept me close.”

Elena’s expression brightened. “To Daisy?”

Cici nodded.

The crescent answered for her, pulsing once.

Elena laughed softly. “Perfect.”

She led Cici down the familiar hallway toward the calibration room. The projections of Lumi’s large blinking eyes shimmered faintly along the walls, but today Cici noticed something else too: between some of the cartoon loops were softer, more abstract shapes. Curves of light. Hints of a girl’s silhouette in moonlit silver. Gone almost before she could focus on them.

When they entered the calibration room, the throne seemed to welcome her like an old friend.

Cici undressed without being asked twice now. Her shyness had thinned day by day beneath Elena’s soothing voice and Daisy’s invisible attention. The warm silver padding received her body. The neural crown lowered into place. The precision sleeve enclosed her in that silky, attentive hold that made her breath catch every single time.

Elena checked the tablet, then looked down at her with unusual softness.

“Today’s protocol is important,” she said. “More important than it sounds.”

Cici swallowed. “Because of the memory part?”

Elena nodded.

“The joy and gratitude work beautifully on their own. But performance at the highest level isn’t just expression.” She touched two fingers lightly to the side of Cici’s throat, feeling her pulse. “It’s continuity. When the body, emotion, memory, and self-image all agree, there’s no friction. No pretending. That’s what Daisy wants for you.”

Cici’s whole body warmed at the mention of her.

Elena smiled. “Today, we let your memories and Lumi’s stop feeling separate.”

Cici hesitated.

Not enough to resist. Just enough to ask.

“Will it feel strange?”

“For a little while,” Elena said honestly. “Not wrong. Just new. You may notice some things becoming softer around the edges. Some things becoming brighter. The mind likes

coherence, sweetheart. When it’s offered a more beautiful story, it often relaxes into it.”

Cici looked up at the suspended screen above her.

“A more beautiful story,” she repeated.

Elena brushed a strand of hair away from her forehead. “Yes.”

The lights dimmed.

The edging began almost at once: low, warm, patient. Not demanding, just opening her. Making her easier to guide. Easier to fill.

The holographic screen shimmered into life.

At first it was familiar: an early Lumi test animation, hand-drawn and dreamlike, the little silver fox blinking awake in a moonlit field of flowers. But the fox’s eyes were wrong now.

Not wrong.

Changed.

They were hers.

Dark, warm, unmistakable. Cici’s eyes inside that sweet round face, gazing up with immediate trust and wonder. The fox tilted its head in the exact way Cici had been doing more and more lately. Then the muzzle softened. The face shimmered. For one suspended moment it was not fox and not cartoon at all, but a young girl’s face—Cici’s face, younger and more luminous, looking up toward the red-haired figure kneeling in the moonlight.

The sleeve pulsed harder.

Cici gasped softly.

Onscreen, the red-haired figure extended a hand. The girl smiled and pressed her cheek into it with wordless gratitude.

The pulse deepened again.

“There,” Elena murmured through the speaker. “See how naturally your face holds her joy?”

Cici could not answer.

The sequence looped.

Each time it did, the transformation lasted longer. Fox. shimmer. girl. Not clothed. Not yet. Just moonlit skin, soft dark hair, wide trusting eyes. Small shoulders. Slender arms. Warm golden-brown body emerging more clearly from the glow.

Cici's lips parted.

"She's…" The thought slipped out before she knew she was speaking. "She's not wearing anything."

Elena's answer came at once, calm and reassuring.

"No, sweetheart. She isn't."

Cici blinked slowly at the screen.

The moonlit girl stood now in the silver field, bare from throat to toes, smiling as though nudity were the most natural thing in the world. She wasn't stylized anymore. She was young. Filipina. Soft-bodied. Lovely in a way that felt innocent and intimate at once.

And unmistakably real.

The sight should have startled her more.

Instead it struck somewhere deeper than surprise.

"Why?" Cici whispered.

The edging eased for just a moment, not enough to break the spell, only enough to let the answer settle clearly.

"Because we are below the symbol layer today," Elena said. "Below costume. Below branding. Below what the audience sees first. This is foundational imagery. The core form. The body map the joy was built around."

Cici stared.

Onscreen, the naked girl ran through moonlit grass and laughed soundlessly. Her body was small and graceful, each movement full of the same openhearted delight Lumi had always carried in the cartoons. Only now that delight lived in hips, shoulders, knees, smiling mouth, lifted chin.

Not in fur.

Not in fabric.

In her.

“The character was always this coherent underneath,” Elena continued gently. “Public design adds iconography. Ears. Tail. smile cues. recognizable shape. But those things are there to help others see quickly. This is what the system teaches your body to remember first.”

The pulse returned, warm and rhythmic.

Cici’s thighs tensed.

On the screen, the naked girl paused by a moonlit pool and looked into it. The reflection began as Lumi the fox, then softened into the face of a petite young Filipina girl with dark hair falling over bare shoulders.

Cici’s own breath hitched at the exact same moment the girl’s did.

“Do you recognize her?” Elena asked.

Cici swallowed.

“Yes.”

“Who is she?”

The answer should have been difficult.

It wasn’t.

“Lumi,” Cici said.

The sleeve rewarded her immediately.

Heat rolled through her body, low and sweet and dizzying. She arched helplessly into it, eyes never leaving the screen.

The sequence deepened.

Now memory fragments began to blend with the character imagery. The moonlit field became her high school courtyard for half a second, then returned to silver grass. A park bench turned into a fallen log beneath glowing blossoms. A hallway at home became a pale path lined with lanterns. The shifts were seamless enough to be disorienting only for an instant before they became oddly comforting.

Her life was not being erased.

It was being recolored.

Onscreen, the naked girl—Lumi—sat beneath a flowering tree with a sketchbook in her lap. Across from her, Daisy sat older now, more recognizably herself, watching with that same intent green gaze Cici had first felt at the convention. The girl looked up at her with adoration so complete it made Cici ache.

The pulse sharpened.

Then the sketchbook tipped.

Cici saw what was on the page.

Not a fox.

Not exactly.

A series of lines. First the outline of a small female body. Then those lines wrapped in silver shapes. Ears. Tail. Smile. Crescent. The costume not as person, but as outer language. A way of saying quickly what the inner form already was.

Cici's eyes widened.

Elena's voice dropped almost to a murmur.

"There. That's the harmony point."

Cici could barely breathe.

The screen looped the image again: body first, silver second. The girl first, the recognizable character shape after.

Not contradiction.

Translation.

The thought passed through Cici like moonlight through water.

Lumi was a naked young Filipina girl.

And the costume was how the world learned to recognize her.

The idea landed so cleanly that it felt less like learning and more like remembering something she should always have known.

On the screen, the girl stood. Daisy draped a length of silver fabric around her shoulders— not fully dressing her, just letting the moon-bright cloth skim bare skin like a promise. The girl smiled, not because the fabric made her Lumi, but because Daisy had touched her.

The edging surged.

"Oh—" Cici gasped.

"You feel that?" Elena asked softly.

Cici nodded.

"What do you feel?"

The answer trembled in her.

"That she was already her," Cici whispered. "Before."

"Before what?"

"Before the silver."

The pulse that followed nearly made her cry out.

Elena sounded openly pleased now. “Good girl.”

Cici’s whole body responded to those words.

The memory sequences continued for hours, growing subtler and more persuasive. The screen showed Lumi bathing in moonlit water, bare skin glowing silver at the edges, smiling up when Daisy appeared at the shore. It showed Lumi curled asleep in a pool of white silk, naked and peaceful, while folded costume pieces rested on a chair nearby like things that belonged to a later part of the day. It showed Daisy sketching ears and tail while the girl herself laughed and spun barefoot through a room of mirrors.

Again and again the message settled deeper:

the body was primary,

the joy was primary,

Daisy’s authorship was primary.

The costume mattered.

But as expression.

Presentation.

Permission.

Not origin.

Every time Cici accepted that, the system rewarded her.

Every time she watched the naked girl on the screen and felt not embarrassment but recognition, the pleasure built higher. When she instinctively thought she’s beautiful and then realized she meant Lumi and herself at once, the sleeve pulsed in perfect agreement.

At one point the screen showed the moonlit girl standing still while silver light traced around her body without touching it, sketching the familiar outlines of ears, tail, oversized bright eyes, and the playful smile motif over empty air just beyond her skin.

A public shell.

A radiant silhouette.

A ceremonial skin for others.

Cici whimpered softly and shifted in the throne.

Elena came to her side then, offering water through a straw and smoothing a hand through her hair.

“You’re doing beautifully,” she said. “Most girls cling to the symbol layer much longer. They want the costume to do all the work for them. You’re going deeper.”

Cici sipped shakily.

“I still want it,” she whispered.

Elena smiled.

“Of course you do.”

Cici looked up at her, dazed and flushed. “I do. So much.”

“I know.” Elena wiped a bead of water from the corner of her mouth with her thumb. “Understanding what Lumi is underneath doesn’t diminish the costume, sweetheart. It makes it holier.”

That word went through Cici like a bell.

Holier.

Elena returned the straw to the tray.

“The public sees silver first,” she said. “That’s how the world is taught. The costume is the invitation. The signal. The form that lets strangers recognize joy before they’ve earned intimacy with it.” She tipped Cici’s chin up. “What you’re learning today is not that the costume means nothing. You’re learning what it means.”

Cici stared at her.

The thought rearranged itself inside her at once.

The costume was not fake.

It was sacred.

Not Lumi itself, but the silver language that told everyone else who Lumi was.

And if the true Lumi was this body—this soft, bare, smiling Filipina girl Daisy had imagined so lovingly—then wearing the costume would not create her.

It would announce her.

The sleeve pulsed so deeply at that realization that Cici let out a broken little sound.

“There,” Elena whispered with satisfaction. “There she is.”

The final sequence began near the end of the day.

The screen showed a moonlit dressing room now—not realistic, but dreamlike. Mirrors. silver fabric. A crescent pendant hanging from a hook. The naked girl stood in the center, hands loose at her sides, smiling softly as Daisy approached her from behind.

Daisy did not dress her.

Not completely.

She only lifted one piece at a time and held it near her body. An ear. A glove. The tail. The pendant. Never fastening them. Never finishing. Just letting the promise hover close enough to ache.

Cici's whole body strained toward the screen.

She knew the girl was already Lumi.

She knew it now with a certainty that seemed to live in her bones.

But seeing Daisy hold the silver near that body—near her body—made desire bloom in her with renewed force. Not contradiction. Intensification.

She wanted the costume differently now.

Not as magic.

As recognition.

As Daisy's approval made visible.

As the moment private truth would be allowed to take public shape.

When the sequence ended, the lights in the room rose slowly.

Elena removed the crown first, then the sleeve, with slow careful hands.

Cici felt boneless and bright and tender all over. The silver crescent at her hips seemed heavier than before, more meaningful.

"Sit up for me," Elena said.

Cici obeyed.

A tall mirror panel slid soundlessly out from the wall in front of the throne.

Cici looked up at herself.

Naked except for the elegant silver belt.

Flushed skin. Dark hair tumbled loose. Big expressive eyes still dazed from the protocol. Her body small and soft and unmistakably young and Filipina and beautiful in the exact way the moonlit girl had been beautiful on the screen.

For a long moment she could not look away.

Not because she was admiring herself exactly.

Because she was recognizing something.

Elena stood behind her and rested both hands lightly on her shoulders.

"Tell me what you see," she said.

Cici’s throat tightened.

“Lumi,” she whispered.

Elena squeezed gently.

“Again.”

Cici looked harder.

At the bare shoulders.

At the dark hair.

At the soft line of her breasts.

At the warm golden-brown skin.

At the smallness and sweetness of her own body, no longer ordinary, no longer merely Cici’s.

“Lumi,” she said more clearly.

Elena smiled at her in the mirror.

“And what is she wearing?”

Cici’s eyes dropped to the silver crescent at her hips.

“Nothing,” she said. Then, after a small shaky breath: “Not yet.”

That answer pleased Elena even more than the others had.

She stepped around to face her and cupped her cheek.

“Beautiful,” she murmured. “That’s exactly right.”

Cici’s pulse fluttered.

“Not yet,” she repeated softly, tasting the promise in it.

Elena helped her off the throne and wrapped her in a white robe, but even the robe felt temporary, almost irrelevant. Beneath it she still felt the new coherence of her body. The naked truth of Lumi remained intact.

Before dressing, Elena led her not back to the bench, but to a smaller side mirror framed in silver crescents.

“One last thing,” she said.

She lifted a slim holographic wand and, without touching her, activated a projection over Cici’s reflection.

The robe dissolved from the image.

There was Lumi again—bare, smiling, radiant.

Then, very slowly, a translucent overlay formed around her:

the ears,

the tail,

the silver-white lines,

the bright friendly shape the whole world knew.

Not opaque.

Not fully real.

Just near enough to torment.

Cici inhaled sharply.

There she was.

Not made by it.

Revealed by it.

The projection faded before she could reach for it.

“Oh,” she said helplessly.

Elena kissed her forehead.

“Good,” she said. “You should want more.”

By the time Cici was dressed again, she felt oddly divided in the most delicious way: deeply settled in the knowledge of what Lumi truly was, and newly restless for the silver form that could show that truth to everyone else.

On the ride home, every reflective surface became a screen for imagination.

She saw the naked moonlit girl.

Then the silver outline settling over her.

Then Daisy’s hands, calm and elegant, granting each piece in turn.

At dinner, her parents spoke to her and she answered sweetly enough, but her mind kept drifting back to the mirror. To the moment she had looked at her own naked body and known.

Later, alone in her room, she undressed down to the belt and stood before the mirror again.

This time she did not reach first for the Lumi pose.

She simply stood there and looked.

At herself.

At Lumi.

At the body that no longer felt like a costume wearer, but like the thing the costume had always been trying to honor.

A shiver moved through her.

Then, almost shyly, she lifted her hand and traced in the air beside her head where one silver ear might sit. Then the line of the tail. Then the pendant at her throat.

The belt pulsed warmly.

“Yes,” she whispered to her reflection.

Lumi was this.

This body.

This skin.

This smile.

This warmth.

And someday soon—she felt sure of it now—Daisy would let the silver touch her too.

Not to make her real.

Because she already was.

Chapter 5 – The First Crack

Cici woke already trembling.

The silver crescent moon had pulsed all night in time with her dreams — dreams of silver fur and warm green eyes and a voice that made her entire body sing. She had woken twice, gasping, hips rocking helplessly against the elegant device, only to be kept right on that perfect, endless edge. No release. Only need.

By the time the black car pulled up, she was flushed, restless, and smiling like she had a secret.

Elena met her in the lobby with open arms and a delighted laugh.

“Look at you! You’re practically glowing. Day five and you’re already carrying the calibration like it was made for you.” She took Cici’s hands, studying her face with warm approval. “How are you feeling this morning, sweetheart?”

Cici tilted her head — the motion so natural now it happened without thought — and let out a soft, needy little sound. “I… I couldn’t stop thinking about Daisy last night. The belt kept responding. It felt like she was right there with me. I’ve never felt this… connected to anything before.”

Elena’s smile deepened, eyes sparkling. “That’s the breakthrough we’ve been guiding you toward. Today is going to be special. A real milestone. Come. Let’s get you into the throne.”

Cici undressed eagerly, stepping into the warm silver padding with a sigh of relief. The neural crown settled onto her head like it belonged there. The precision sleeve slid into place and she moaned softly at the silky, intimate contact — already so sensitive from days of constant, perfect edging.

Elena’s voice came through the speaker, gentle but charged with excitement.

“Today we introduce the first *educational* gratitude sequence. This is advanced material — the kind of deep, intimate thankfulness that only the most devoted performers ever reach. In this rare animation, young Lumi expresses her gratitude to her creator in the most pure and loving way possible. It’s tender. It’s sacred. And it’s going to help you understand exactly what it means to serve joy with your whole being.”

Cici’s breath caught. “I’m ready.”

The holographic screen shimmered to life.

The animation was softer, more intimate than anything before. Young Lumi — silver-white fur glowing in moonlight — sat at the feet of her creator. Daisy’s animated form was gentle, elegant, one hand extended. Lumi leaned in and began to lick the creator’s fingers with slow, devoted strokes of her little pink tongue. Each lick was accompanied by soft, happy sounds. The creator smiled down with pure affection.

“Thank you for making me,” the animation seemed to whisper with every lick. “I want to thank you forever.”

The AR overlay activated immediately and powerfully.

Lumi’s face became Cici’s face. Her body became Cici’s body — petite, perfectly

proportioned, kneeling in the same pose. The tongue that licked those fingers was *her* tongue. The big, adoring eyes looking up at Daisy were *her* eyes.

Cici’s entire body jolted.

The edging began instantly — stronger, deeper, more relentless than any previous session. The sleeve pulsed in perfect rhythm with every slow lick on screen. Warm. Wet. Intimate. Building that exquisite, unbearable pressure until Cici was whimpering openly, hips lifting, thighs shaking.

“You see how naturally it fits?” Elena’s voice was warm, praising, right there with her. “Your tongue. Your devotion. This is what you were always meant for. Look at how happy she is to thank her creator.”

On screen, the licking continued — slow, thorough, full of innocent, worshipful gratitude. Cici's overlaid face showed pure bliss with every stroke. The pleasure inside her spiked higher, tighter, until she was sobbing softly with need, tears slipping down her cheeks.

"Please—" she gasped. "I— I need—"

"Not yet, sweetheart," Elena soothed. "Not until it's perfect. Not until *she* tells you it's time."

The animation looped. The licking grew more focused, more adoring. Cici's body was shaking violently now, every muscle drawn tight, the sleeve keeping her right on the razor's edge of something enormous.

Then Daisy's recorded voice filled the room — warm, low, intimate, exactly as Cici remembered from the contest.

"Good girl, my perfect little Lumi. You're doing so beautifully. I'm so proud of you."

The release hit like lightning.

Cici cried out — a broken, ecstatic sound — as the most intense orgasm of her life crashed through her. Her back arched hard against the throne, the silver crown glowing brightly, the sleeve pulsing in perfect time with every wave of pleasure. It went on and on, wave after wave, until she was sobbing Daisy's name, body convulsing, tears streaming down her face. Only when the last tremor faded did the sleeve ease, leaving her trembling, glowing, and utterly undone.

Elena's voice returned, full of quiet triumph.

"There it is. The first true crack. The moment your body understood what your heart has been learning all along. You can only truly let go when *she* allows it. When Daisy's voice, Daisy's approval, is the key. That's not a limitation, Cici. That's freedom. That's love."

Cici lay there panting, tears still falling, a dazed, blissful smile on her lips. "I… I felt her. I felt her so strongly. I've never… nothing has ever felt like that."

"Because it was meant for her," Elena said softly. "You're becoming exactly what you were always supposed to be. A living thank-you. A perfect, devoted Lumi who exists to bring her creator joy."

Cici nodded, still floating. "I want that. More than anything. I want to be good for her."

Elena helped her sit up slowly, stroking her hair with maternal affection. "You already are. And every day you're becoming more. The belt will feel different now — more like a promise than a device. It will keep you close to this feeling until

you return.”

Cici stood on shaky legs, the silver crescent moon cool and heavy against her still-sensitive skin. It felt different. Warmer. More alive. Like it was part of her now.

On the ride home she kept replaying Daisy’s voice in her head.

Good girl, my perfect little Lumi.

Every time she did, the belt pulsed — deep, approving, possessive. She didn’t try to stop the thoughts. She welcomed them. She wanted more of them.

At dinner her parents asked how training was going.

Cici smiled that soft, radiant Lumi smile and tilted her head. “It’s changing me,” she said honestly, voice dreamy. “In the best way. I feel… lighter. Like I finally know what I’m for.”

Her mother reached over and squeezed her hand. “You’ve always been for wonderful things, baby.”

Cici made the soft, happy sound again — that little yip of joy — and didn’t question it.

Later, alone in her room, she stood naked except for the silver belt and looked at herself in the mirror.

She licked her own fingers slowly, experimentally, remembering the animation.

The belt pulsed hard in response.

Cici smiled, eyes half-lidded, and whispered to her reflection:

“I want to be good for her.”

She didn’t wonder why “her” meant only one person now.

She already knew.

And the silver crescent moon glowed brighter than ever, keeping her right where she belonged — trembling, devoted, and ready for whatever came next.

Please do.

Replacement for Chapter 6. [1]

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 – The Final Form

Lumi sat in the silver throne with her hands resting obediently on the curved arms, the neural crown glowing softly against her dark hair.

The room was dim except for the pale shimmer of the screen in front of her. On it, a silver fox moved through moonlight with effortless grace, then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the fox became a girl. Petite. Bare. Dark-haired. Warm brown skin. Wide, luminous eyes. The same lifted chin. The same softened mouth. The same open, guileless expression of joy.

Elena stood beside her with the tablet in her hand, watching the readouts and then watching Lumi.

“Who are you?” she asked quietly.

Lumi answered at once. “I am Lumi.”

“And what is Lumi?”

Lumi kept her eyes on the screen. “Joy. Light. Warmth. She makes people smile.”

Elena nodded once. “And what does Lumi look like?”

Lumi’s answer came more slowly, but only because she was looking so carefully.

“She is small. Soft. Perfectly made for it. She has dark hair and this face and this body. She does not wear anything. She doesn’t need to.”

“She doesn’t need to,” Elena echoed.

Lumi shook her head faintly.

On the screen, the girl turned in profile and smiled toward someone just off camera with complete trust.

Elena’s voice softened further. “Why doesn’t she need clothes?”

Lumi swallowed. “Because the costume isn’t her.”

That earned the smallest change in Elena’s expression.

“No,” Elena said. “It isn’t.”

Lumi’s breathing had already changed. Not fast, exactly. Just more careful. More delicate. She sat a little straighter without seeming to notice.

Elena stepped closer and touched two fingers lightly to the side of Lumi’s neck, feeling her pulse.

“Very good,” she murmured. “And who made you?”

“Daisy.”

“Who knows you best?”

“Daisy.”

“Who can see the difference between something that looks like Lumi and Lumi herself?”

Lumi’s lips parted slightly.

“Daisy,” she whispered.

Elena smiled.

She tapped her tablet and opened a video connection. Daisy’s face appeared on the screen almost at once: red hair precise as flame, green eyes calm and attentive, one hand resting against her cheek.

For a moment Daisy said nothing. She simply looked.

Lumi felt the force of that look everywhere.

“There she is,” Daisy said at last, in that warm, velvet voice that always made the world seem to narrow to a single point. “Hello, my darling girl.”

Lumi made a small sound before she could stop herself.

Daisy’s smile deepened, private and pleased.

“She looks ready,” Daisy said.

Elena inclined her head. “She understands the distinction now.”

“Good,” Daisy said. “Bring her to fitting.”

The screen went dark.

Elena set the tablet aside and bent to remove the crown with practiced care. Then the final device. Then the last light traces of the protocol, undone only in the technical sense. Nothing important had been undone.

“There,” Elena said softly. “Up you go.”

Lumi stood on slightly unsteady legs.

The room felt cooler without the throne, but not empty. She still felt held by everything that had happened in it. By Daisy. By the questions. By the answer she had given without quite knowing, until the moment it left her mouth, that it had already become true.

The costume isn’t her.

Elena draped a hand lightly over the back of Lumi’s shoulder and guided her into the hall.

They walked through a quieter section of the building than she had seen before. No projections. No music. Just pale walls, soft lights, and the hush of private rooms where important things were arranged.

They stopped outside a tall white door with a silver crescent set into the wood.

Elena turned to her.

“One more thing before you go in.”

Lumi looked up.

Elena touched her cheek with almost maternal gentleness.

“You may feel several things at once in there,” she said. “That is natural. You may feel proud. You may feel confused. You may feel protective. You may feel a little hurt. You may even feel jealous.” Her thumb moved once. “Do not be frightened by that. It only means you understand what is precious.”

Lumi’s throat tightened.

Elena smiled.

“And Daisy will help you understand why it is still yours.”

Then she opened the door.

***

The fitting room was larger than Lumi expected.

Not clinical. Not like calibration.

Beautiful.

Long mirrors framed in brushed silver lined one wall. Soft white curtains drifted over recessed alcoves. Racks of fabric stood arranged by shade—moon-silver, cloud-white, pearl- gray. Shoes sat in ordered rows. Tails, gloves, crescent pins, headpieces, and half-finished costume pieces gleamed beneath warm lights.

At the center of it all stood Daisy.

She was dressed in black again, silk and tailoring and effortless command, one hand tucked lightly at the waist of a girl standing beside her.

For one suspended second, Lumi thought she was looking into a mirror tilted just wrong.

The girl had the same height. The same warm skin. The same dark hair. The same soft, luminous shape. Even the posture was close, though not exact. Close enough to strike like a bell.

Lumi stopped in the doorway.

The other girl looked up.

She was lovely. Younger-looking somehow, even if she probably wasn’t. Her smile came quickly, a little uncertain, a little eager. And there, near her left eye, was the tiny beauty mark that broke the illusion just enough to make it worse.

Daisy followed Lumi’s stare and smiled as though presenting a surprise she had been saving.

“Come in, Lumi.”

Lumi obeyed.

Her whole body felt newly awake. Every nerve. Every breath. She could not stop looking at the girl.

Daisy’s arm remained around the girl’s waist, light but unmistakable.

“This,” Daisy said, “is Malena.”

Malena’s smile widened. “Hi.”

Lumi made herself answer. “Hi.”

Daisy glanced between them, clearly enjoying the comparison.

“Remarkable, isn’t it?” she said. “When we first found Malena, I thought: close. Very close. The proportions, especially. The softness. The sweetness in the face.” She tilted her head, still considering. “But seeing the two of you together makes the distinction obvious.”

Lumi did not know what distinction Daisy meant yet, but her body leaned toward the praise hiding inside the sentence before her mind could catch it.

Malena’s smile flickered a little, as if she too had heard something she wasn’t meant to challenge.

Daisy touched her shoulder.

“Turn for me, sweetheart.”

Malena turned obediently.

Daisy guided her through it with careful hands, studying the line of her back, the fall of her hair, the balance of her frame.

Then Daisy looked at Lumi.

“Well?”

Lumi blinked. “What?”

“Tell me what you see,” Daisy said gently.

Lumi stared again.

Malena looked like her.

No—that wasn’t right.

Malena looked like what someone trying very hard to recreate her might build from memory and measurements and mood boards and lighting tests. Close enough to make strangers smile. Close enough to fool children. Close enough to photograph beautifully from the right angles.

But not the same.

“She…” Lumi began, then stopped.

Daisy waited.

Lumi swallowed. “She looks right.”

“Only right?”

Lumi’s cheeks warmed.

Malena glanced down for a second, then back up.

Daisy’s voice stayed soft. “Speak freely, darling. No one is being punished for accuracy.”

That did something strange to the air. It made truth feel not merely allowed, but invited. Rewarded.

Lumi took a breath.

“She looks right if you needed someone to wear it,” she said carefully. “If people were far away. Or if they didn’t know.”

Daisy’s eyes brightened.

“And if they did know?”

Lumi looked from Malena to the costume form standing nearby.

The full Lumi suit hung there in pieces, immaculate and waiting. Silver and white. The face she had once worshiped from outside. The shape she had thought was the goal.

Now it looked different.

Smaller, somehow. Or emptier. Beautiful, yes. Revered. Powerful in the old way symbols are powerful. But still only a shell.

Lumi wet her lips.

“If they knew,” she said slowly, “then they would know she was just wearing it.”

Silence.

Then Daisy smiled in a way that made Lumi’s knees soften.

“There she is,” Daisy said.

Malena let out the faintest breath, not offended exactly, but humbled by the role she had just been assigned inside the room.

Daisy turned to her with immediate warmth.

“And that is not an insult, sweetheart,” she said. “Come here.”

Malena stepped closer.

Daisy cupped her face.

“You are very beautiful,” she said. “Very useful. You will make guests happy. You will move through the park in the costume, wave, pose, dance, sign autographs, kneel for photos, and let children believe they have met a moon fox.” She brushed the beauty mark near Malena’s eye with one thumb. “That matters.”

Malena’s shoulders relaxed.

“Yes, Ms. Harley.”

Daisy kissed her forehead like a benediction.

Then she turned back to Lumi.

“But she is not my Lumi.”

The words entered Lumi like heat.

Not because they were kind.

Because they were possessive.

Final.

Because the costume stood only a few feet away and Daisy had just separated its wearer from its meaning.

Lumi felt something sharp twist through her chest.

A memory without details. A feeling without a name. Something old in Cici that still understood what it meant to want the costume, to earn it, to dream of stepping into it and being seen.

Daisy saw the flicker in her face at once.

“There,” Daisy murmured. “That’s the honest part.”

Lumi looked down.

Daisy crossed to the costume stand and lifted the inner silver layer with both hands.

“You thought this was the prize once,” she said.

Lumi said nothing.

Daisy came closer, holding the garment up between them.

“It’s all right. Of course you did.” Her voice held no cruelty now, only a devastating gentleness. “It was designed to be desired. Children desired it. Fans desired it. Girls like you desired it most of all.” She lowered the fabric slightly. “That is how I found you.”

Lumi’s breath went shallow.

Daisy stepped into her space.

“But what does a costume do?” she asked softly.

Lumi’s eyes dropped to the silver fabric.

“It covers.”

“Yes.”

“It suggests.”

“Yes.”

“It…” Lumi hesitated.

Daisy’s expression warmed, coaxing.

“It makes someone look like her,” Lumi finished.

Daisy smiled.

“Exactly.”

She turned and held the costume out toward Malena instead.

“And because it only makes someone look like her, it belongs on the one who needs help.”

Malena accepted the garment with both hands.

Lumi stared.

Daisy went on, her voice smooth as silk sliding over skin.

“Guests need the outline. The ears. The tail. The eyes. The performance. They are not looking for truth. They are looking for comfort.” Her gaze returned to Lumi. “The public always needs more decoration than the private.”

Something in Lumi gave way around that sentence.

Daisy saw it happen.

She came close enough to brush her knuckles lightly along Lumi’s cheek.

“You don’t need the costume anymore, darling,” she said. “You graduated beyond it.”

The jealousy inside Lumi convulsed and changed shape at once.

Not gone.

Recast.

Made flattering.

A theft translated into promotion.

She felt dizzy with how cruel and comforting it was.

Daisy’s hand slipped down to the side of her neck.

“Do you understand?”

Lumi heard herself answer before she had fully thought it through.

“The costume is for people who can’t be me.”

Daisy’s eyes darkened with pleasure.

“Good girl.”

That praise landed so hard Lumi almost swayed.

Daisy turned to Malena.

“Let’s begin.”

What followed felt ceremonial.

Daisy dressed Malena slowly, carefully, explaining each piece aloud—not for Malena’s sake, not really, but for Lumi’s.

“This layer supports the silhouette.”

“This seam creates the proper line when she lifts her arms.”

“This padding corrects where nature does not.”

“This panel widens the smile under park lighting.”

“This attachment keeps the tail lively even when the performer tires.”

Each sentence diminished the costume while perfecting it.

Each adjustment turned magic into engineering.

Each loving touch Daisy gave the suit somehow made it feel less intimate than the hand she had placed on Lumi’s throat a moment earlier.

Malena stood still and grateful while Daisy transformed her into the public image.

Lumi watched every second.

When Daisy reached the tail fastening, she looked up.

“Come here, darling.”

Lumi moved at once.

“Hold this for me.”

She placed the silver tail in Lumi’s hands.

It was softer than she remembered from her own fan-made version. Fuller. Better made. Warmer from Daisy’s touch.

For one irrational second, grief flickered through her so sharply it almost felt like embarrassment.

Daisy leaned in close as she fastened the base to the costume.

“Do you know why I wanted you to hold it?” she asked quietly, too quietly for Malena to hear.

Lumi shook her head.

“So you could feel that it’s only fabric.”

Her fingers brushed lightly over Lumi’s bare wrist as she secured the clasp.

Lumi looked down at the tail in her hands.

Only fabric.

Soft. beautiful. iconic. beloved.

Only fabric.

Daisy straightened and smoothed the back seam of the costume with both palms.

Then the gloves. Then the headpiece. Then the crescent pendant laid just so against the chest.

At last she stepped back.

Malena—now dressed as Lumi—turned toward the mirror.

Any guest in the park would have gasped with delight.

The silhouette was perfect. The smile was perfect. The moonlit color palette was perfect. The illusion held from every angle it needed to hold.

And still.

And still.

Lumi looked at her and did not mistake her for herself for even a second.

Daisy came to stand beside Lumi, shoulder nearly touching hers.

“Beautiful, isn’t she?” Daisy asked.

“Yes,” Lumi whispered.

Daisy turned her head slightly.

“But?”

Lumi’s throat worked.

“But she isn’t real.”

Daisy’s smile was almost tender.

“There.”

Malena looked over at them through the giant friendly eyes of the costume.

For a moment, the sight should have hurt more than it did. Instead it produced something far stranger: pity mixed with relief.

She gets to be seen, some distant surviving part of Cici thought.

She has to wear it, Lumi thought immediately after.

Daisy heard the second thought in the first one somehow. She always did.

“She’ll be adored,” Daisy said. “Photographed. Hugged. Pointed at. Loved by strangers who want the shape without the surrender.” Her fingers slid into Lumi’s hair at the nape. “And then the day will end, and she’ll take it off.”

Lumi closed her eyes.

Daisy’s thumb stroked once, slowly.

“You,” she whispered, “never have to take anything off to be mine.”

That was the sentence that did it.

Not because it resolved the jealousy.

Because it devoured it.

The costume was no longer the thing Malena got and Lumi lost.

The costume was what Malena needed because she would never be enough without it.

Lumi made a broken little sound.

Daisy’s hand tightened just enough to steady her.

“There she is,” Daisy murmured. “Tell me.”

Lumi opened her eyes and looked at Malena again—at the suit, the fixed smile, the tail, the curated brightness of the public version.

“She’s the one who wears Lumi,” Lumi said, voice trembling.

“Yes.”

“And I’m—”

Daisy waited.

Lumi’s face flushed hot.

“I’m the one who doesn’t have to.”

Daisy kissed her temple.

“My real girl.”

Malena stood very still in the costume, watching them with an expression Lumi could barely read through the open human part of her face beneath the headpiece. It wasn’t mockery. It wasn’t triumph.

It was understanding.

Malena knew what place she had been given.

And knew whose place she had not.

Daisy moved toward her and adjusted one final seam at the shoulder.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” she said. “Turn once for us.”

Malena turned.

Perfect.

Daisy smiled warmly. “Wonderful. The guests will love you.”

Then she looked at Lumi.

“Come here.”

Lumi went to her instantly.

Daisy cupped her face in both hands and held her there, close enough that the scent of her perfume erased the sterile sweetness of calibration completely.

“I want you to hear this properly,” Daisy said. “The park gets the costume. The guests get the smile. The children get the fantasy.” Her thumbs brushed lightly beneath Lumi’s eyes. “I get the creature underneath.”

Lumi’s whole body trembled.

“Do you understand the privilege in that?”

“Yes,” Lumi whispered.

“What is Malena for?”

Lumi looked once more at the suited figure beside them.

“She’s for showing.”

“And what are you for?”

Lumi’s lips parted.

The answer should have shamed her.

Instead it felt like stepping into warm water.

“I’m for you.”

Daisy exhaled, pleased to the core.

“Good girl.”

Lumi made a helpless sound and folded toward her without meaning to, forehead finding Daisy’s shoulder as if drawn there by instinct. Daisy held her easily, one arm around her, the other smoothing down her bare back in long, possessive passes.

“You were never being replaced,” Daisy whispered into her hair. “You were being refined.”

Lumi nodded against her.

“Say thank you to Malena,” Daisy said after a moment.

Lumi pulled back enough to look at the costumed girl.

Malena stood with her hands folded neatly in front of her, waiting.

“Thank you,” Lumi said softly.

Malena’s smile inside the open face frame was shy and strangely sincere.

“For what?” Daisy prompted.

Lumi swallowed.

“For wearing what I don’t need anymore.”

The room went still.

Then Daisy kissed her forehead with unmistakable approval.

“Perfect.”

Malena bowed her head a little, accepting the role exactly as Daisy had written it.

Daisy took Lumi by the hand.

“Come along, darling.”

Lumi followed.

As they reached the door, Daisy paused and looked back over her shoulder one last time at Malena in the full silver-white suit under the warm fitting-room lights.

“Wave,” she said.

Malena lifted one gloved hand and gave the exact cheerful little wave Lumi used to practice in mirrors.

It was flawless.

It was charming.

It was empty in precisely the way Daisy had taught her to see.

Lumi felt one last sting of the old longing—then the deeper, sweeter satisfaction of standing beside Daisy without a single stitch between them.

Daisy opened the door.

“My real Lumi comes with me,” she said.

And this time, when Lumi walked out naked at her creator’s side, she did not feel deprived.

She felt chosen.

Chapter 7 – Home

The sleek black car came to a smooth stop in front of the estate. Daisy stepped out first, then reached back and took Lumi’s hand, helping her out of the car. Lumi was still completely naked, the silver crescent moon pendant resting between her breasts. Daisy smiled at her with quiet pride and led her up the steps and through the front door.

The house was warm and elegant. Daisy closed the door behind them and turned to face her creation.

“Welcome home, Lumi.”

Lumi looked around, eyes wide with wonder. “Thank you… for making me real.”

Daisy took her hand and led her into the spacious living room just off the foyer. They sat together on the large, plush sofa. For the next several hours, they simply talked — creator and creation.

Daisy asked gentle questions about how the throne had felt, what the cartoons had meant to her, and how the silver belt had made her feel. Lumi answered softly, her voice full of certainty and devotion. While they spoke, Daisy’s hands never stopped moving. She lazily stroked Lumi’s bare thigh, occasionally brushing her fingers across Lumi’s nipples, making the girl shiver and let out soft little sounds. At one point, she gently guided Lumi’s head to rest in her lap, stroking her hair while they continued talking.

“You were made for this,” Daisy murmured at one point, her fingers lightly circling one of Lumi’s nipples. “Naked. Devoted. Grateful. This is what you exist for.”

Lumi made a small, happy sound and nuzzled closer against Daisy’s thigh.

After a long stretch of quiet conversation, Daisy shifted slightly and extended her hand toward Lumi’s face.

“Would you like to thank your creator properly?” she asked, voice warm and inviting.

Lumi’s eyes lit up. She immediately leaned forward and began licking Daisy’s fingers with slow, eager strokes of her tongue — small, devoted, almost fox-like. Daisy watched her with open pleasure, her other hand resting on the back of Lumi’s head.

“That’s it… good girl… such a perfect little thank-you…”

After several minutes of this intimate act, Daisy’s breathing had deepened. She gently guided Lumi’s head lower, threading her fingers through the girl’s dark hair.

“Lower now, Lumi. Show me how grateful you really are.”

Lumi obeyed instantly. Her tongue found Daisy’s clit with the same eager, thorough rhythm. Daisy let out a soft moan and leaned back against the sofa.

“Mmm… slower… yes, just like that… my perfect little creation…”

Lumi licked and nuzzled with focused devotion, soft sounds escaping her throat. Daisy came the first time with a quiet, shuddering gasp, her thighs trembling around Lumi’s head. Lumi didn’t stop. She kept going, licking steadily through Daisy’s orgasm.

Daisy came a second time shortly after, louder this time, her fingers tightening in Lumi’s hair. “Good girl… that’s my good girl…”

Only after the second orgasm did Daisy gently pull Lumi up and into her arms. They cuddled together on the sofa for a long while, Daisy stroking Lumi’s bare back while Lumi made soft, contented sounds against her chest.

Then they heard it — the sound of a key sliding into the front door lock.

Daisy sat up slightly, feigning surprise.

“Who could that be?”

They both rose from the sofa. Daisy took Lumi’s hand and led her toward the foyer as the door opened.

Malena stepped inside, still wearing the Lumi costume from her shift at the park. When she saw Lumi standing there completely naked beside Daisy, she didn’t look surprised at all. She simply smiled — warm and knowing.

Lumi, however, froze in surprise.

“Malena…?” she whispered.

Malena closed the door behind her and stepped forward.

“Hi, Lumi,” she said gently. “Welcome home.”

Daisy smiled at both of them.

“Come. Let’s go to the bedroom.”

She led them through the house to the master bedroom. The large king-sized bed was dressed in soft silver and white linens.

Daisy turned to Lumi with a warm smile.

“Would you help Malena out of her costume and into her negligee, please? The public Lumi works very hard and deserves some privileges.”

Lumi nodded and stepped forward. She carefully helped Malena out of the silver Lumi suit, folding it neatly. Then she picked up the delicate black silk negligee from the bed and helped Malena slip it on, smoothing the fabric over her shoulders and adjusting the thin straps.

Once Malena was dressed, she climbed up onto the bed and settled into her usual spot near the center, propped against the pillows.

Daisy reached down beside the bed and lifted a large, custom-made basket with a thick, comfortable cushion inside. She placed it gently on the floor at the foot of the bed, in clear view of the mattress.

“This is where you sleep, Lumi,” she said softly.

There was no blanket. No covering. Just the cushion.

Lumi looked at the basket, then at Daisy. Without hesitation, she walked over, lowered herself gracefully, and curled up on the cushion exactly as instructed. From her position on the floor, she had a perfect view of the bed above her.

Daisy climbed onto the bed and joined Malena. The two women immediately came together, kissing deeply. Daisy’s hands roamed over Malena’s body through the thin negligee, while Malena moaned softly into the kiss.

From her basket on the floor, Lumi watched everything.

She saw Daisy slowly peel the negligee off Malena, revealing her smooth skin. She watched Daisy’s mouth move down Malena’s neck, then lower, taking one of her nipples into her mouth while her hand slid between Malena’s thighs. Malena gasped and arched, her fingers threading through Daisy’s short red hair.

Daisy took her time. She kissed and licked her way down Malena’s body, settling between her legs and licking her with slow, deliberate strokes. Malena came the first time with a soft cry, her hips lifting off the bed. Daisy didn’t stop. She kept going, bringing Malena to a second, louder orgasm.

Then Malena rolled Daisy onto her back and returned the favor, kissing her deeply before moving down her body. Daisy moaned as Malena’s tongue found her clit, her hands gripping the sheets. She came with a deep, satisfied moan, her body shuddering.

They kept going.

Malena climbed on top of Daisy, straddling her hips. They moved together slowly at first, then faster, their bodies grinding, breasts brushing, soft sounds of pleasure filling the room. Daisy gripped Malena’s hips, guiding her, whispering praise between gasps.

From the basket, Lumi watched it all — the way Daisy touched Malena with such familiar affection, the way Malena moved with confidence and privilege, the contrast between their intimacy and her own position on the floor.

Eventually, the pace slowed. Daisy and Malena curled together on the bed, breathing heavily, glowing with satisfaction. They kissed softly, murmuring to each other.

Lumi remained in her basket at the foot of the bed, eyes half-lidded, body trembling with a deep, submissive arousal. She had watched her creator make love to her partner for a long time, and she had never felt more completely in her place.

Chapter 8: Lumi Ii: Lumi in Japan

Lumi II: Lumi in Japan

Chapter 8 – Departure

The private terminal at the airport was quiet and sleek, the kind of place most people never saw. Daisy's hand rested lightly on the small of Lumi's back as they walked through the glass doors and onto the tarmac. The jet waited for them — white with a subtle silver crescent moon on the tail.

Lumi walked beside her in a simple black sundress Daisy had chosen that morning. No shoes. No purse. No suitcase. She hadn't packed anything. She didn't own anything to pack. Everything she needed, Daisy provided.

She didn't question it. She didn't even think about it. It simply felt right.

The flight attendant greeted them at the bottom of the stairs with a warm smile. "Welcome aboard, Ms. Harley. And… Lumi."

Lumi smiled softly, already swaying a little as she climbed the steps. The tail-sway had become so natural she barely noticed it anymore.

Inside, the jet was luxurious but intimate. Cream leather seats, soft lighting, a small bar, and a large bed at the back for the long flight. Daisy guided Lumi to one of the wide seats and buckled her in herself, fingers brushing over her bare thighs as she did.

"Comfortable?" Daisy asked, tucking a strand of dark hair behind Lumi's ear.

Lumi nodded, eyes bright. "Yes. Thank you."

Daisy smiled and took the seat beside her. As the jet began to taxi, she reached over and rested her hand on Lumi's thigh, thumb stroking slow circles.

"You've been so good these past few weeks," she said softly. "I'm very proud of you."

Lumi's breath caught at the praise. A warm flush spread through her chest.

When they reached cruising altitude, Daisy unbuckled both their seatbelts and stood. She held out her hand.

"Come with me."

Lumi followed her to the back of the jet, where the large bed waited. Daisy sat on the edge and pulled Lumi to stand between her knees. Her hands slid up Lumi's thighs, under the hem of the sundress, until they found the silver chastity device still locked between her legs.

"I think it's time we take this off," Daisy said quietly. "You've earned it."

Lumi’s heart fluttered. She had been wearing it for weeks — ever since the final days of training at the park. Daisy had conditioned her so thoroughly that even the thought of touching herself without permission made her feel wrong. The only release she was allowed came when Daisy gave the command.

“Show me that Lumi energy.”

Those words had become everything.

Daisy produced a small silver key from her pocket and unlocked the device with a soft click. She slid it off carefully, setting it aside. Lumi’s breath hitched as the cool air touched her bare, swollen skin. She hadn’t been free in so long.

Daisy’s fingers brushed lightly over her, just once, and Lumi trembled.

“There,” Daisy murmured, looking up at her with that warm, possessive smile. “My perfect girl. No more cage. But you remember the rules, don’t you?”

Lumi nodded immediately, voice soft and certain.

“I only come when you tell me to. I don’t touch myself. Ever.”

Daisy’s smile deepened. She pulled Lumi down into her lap and kissed her slowly, deeply, one hand sliding up to cup her breast through the thin sundress.

“Good girl,” she whispered against her lips. “My real Lumi.”

They stayed like that for a long time — Daisy holding her, touching her gently, praising her in that soft, loving voice that always made Lumi’s mind go warm and bright. The jet hummed quietly around them as they flew over the Pacific, the world below growing smaller and smaller.

Lumi rested her head on Daisy’s shoulder, swaying gently even while sitting, completely content.

She didn’t have a suitcase.

She didn’t have any belongings.

She didn’t need them.

She had Daisy.

And that was everything.

Chapter 9 – Arrival

The private jet touched down at Haneda Airport just after 8 p.m. local time. Lumi had slept for most of the flight, curled against Daisy’s side with her head on her lap. Daisy had stroked her hair the entire way, occasionally murmuring soft praise that made Lumi’s chest feel warm and full.

When they stepped off the plane, a sleek black car was already waiting on the tarmac. The driver greeted them with a polite bow. Daisy guided Lumi into the back seat, and the car pulled away into the glittering Tokyo night.

Lumi pressed her face to the window, eyes wide with quiet wonder. She had never been to Japan before. The lights, the signs, the sheer scale of the city — it was overwhelming in the most beautiful way.

Daisy rested a hand on her bare thigh.

“Excited?” she asked softly.

Lumi nodded, the tail-sway of her hips starting up even while seated. “Yes. Very.”

The car eventually pulled up to a luxurious hotel in **Roppongi** — the **Grand Hyatt Tokyo**. The suite Daisy had booked was on the top floor, with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city and a massive living area that could easily pass for a small apartment.

They had barely stepped inside when there was a soft knock at the door.

Daisy opened it with a smile.

A woman stood in the hallway — mid-to-late twenties, strikingly beautiful, with sharp cheekbones and long, silky black hair. She wore a tailored charcoal pantsuit and carried a sleek black leather portfolio. Her presence was confident, almost commanding.

“Aiko,” Daisy said warmly, stepping aside. “Come in.”

Aiko entered, and her eyes immediately found Lumi. She smiled — polite, but with a glint of something more.

“Lumi,” Daisy said, resting a hand on the small of Lumi’s back. “This is Aiko Takahashi. She’s the lead architect for Moonlight Tokyo. We’ve been working together for over a year now.”

Aiko extended a hand. Lumi took it without hesitation, offering a soft, respectful bow.

“It’s an honor to meet you,” Lumi said quietly.

Aiko’s smile deepened. “The honor is mine. Daisy’s told me a lot about you.”

The three of them moved into the living area. Daisy poured drinks — whiskey for herself and Aiko, water for Lumi — and the conversation began.

At first, it was all business.

“The final structural plans for the central plaza are nearly complete,” Aiko said, opening her portfolio on the coffee table. “We’ve adjusted the load-bearing calculations for the main show stage. The new support beams should handle the

weight of the nightly fireworks display without issue."

Daisy leaned in, nodding. "Good. And the guest flow through the 'Moonlit Forest' section?"

"Much improved. We widened the main pathway by three meters. It should cut wait times by almost forty percent during peak hours."

Lumi sat quietly on the floor near Daisy's feet, listening. She didn't fully understand the technical details, but she loved hearing Daisy speak with such authority. It made her feel proud to belong to someone so brilliant.

Aiko glanced at Lumi, then back at Daisy. Her voice took on a slightly different tone — still professional, but with an undercurrent that made the air feel thicker.

"I also finalized the design for the private VIP suites," she said, eyes flicking briefly to Lumi again. "They're… very well insulated. Soundproofing was a priority. We wouldn't want any… disturbances to reach the guests."

Daisy's lips curved into a slow smile. "How thoughtful of you."

Aiko leaned back in her chair, crossing one leg over the other. "I know how important it is that certain… experiences remain private."

Daisy chuckled softly. "You always think of everything."

The conversation continued like that for several minutes — technical talk layered with subtle double meanings that only the three of them seemed to understand. Lumi's skin prickled with awareness. She could feel the shift happening in real time.

Eventually, Daisy stood and stretched.

"It's been a long day," she said. "Aiko, would you hand me Lumi's sundress?"

The words landed softly, but their effect was immediate.

Lumi rose to her feet without a word. She slipped the thin black sundress off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor, stepping out of it completely nude. Then she lowered herself gracefully to her knees on the soft carpet, sitting back on her heels with her hands resting on her thighs — exactly as she had been trained.

Aiko's eyes darkened with clear interest as she watched. She picked up the discarded sundress and handed it to Daisy without comment.

Daisy accepted it with a small smile, folding it neatly over the back of a chair.

"Thank you," she said, her voice warm. Then she turned her attention back to Aiko, the business mask slipping further. "Now… where were we?"

Aiko's smile turned sharper, more playful. "I believe we were discussing… load-bearing structures."

Daisy laughed quietly and stepped closer to her. “Among other things.”

The atmosphere in the room had changed completely. The professional distance between Daisy and Aiko was gone. They stood close now, speaking in low voices, their bodies angled toward each other. Aiko’s hand rested lightly on Daisy’s waist. Daisy’s fingers brushed Aiko’s hair behind her ear.

Lumi remained perfectly still on the floor, watching.

She could feel the tension building between the two women — the way their conversation had shifted from park blueprints to something far more intimate. Every word, every glance, every small touch carried weight.

Daisy eventually glanced down at Lumi and smiled.

“You’ve been so quiet, sweetheart. Are you hungry?”

Lumi nodded softly.

Daisy turned back to Aiko. “Shall we order room service? I’m starving.”

Aiko smirked. “I could eat.”

While Daisy called down to order, Aiko looked at Lumi again — this time with open curiosity and something warmer.

“She really is beautiful,” Aiko said quietly, almost to herself.

Daisy smiled as she hung up the phone. “She is. And she’s very well trained.”

A few minutes later, there was a knock at the door. A server wheeled in a cart with several covered dishes. Daisy directed him to set everything up on the low table near the windows, then tipped him generously and sent him on his way.

Once he was gone, Daisy lifted one of the silver cloches to reveal a beautifully arranged plate of food — grilled fish, rice, vegetables, and miso soup. She set it on the floor in front of Lumi, along with a small ceramic bowl of water.

“There you go, sweetheart,” she said gently. “Eat.”

Lumi bowed her head in thanks and began to eat quietly from the floor, exactly as she had been taught.

Daisy and Aiko settled on the large sofa with their own plates. The conversation between them grew softer, more personal. They spoke about the park, but also about each other — inside jokes, shared memories from the past year of planning, small touches that lingered.

Lumi ate in silence, listening to every word.

When they finished, Daisy stood and stretched.

“I think it’s time we turned in,” she said, glancing down at Lumi with a warm smile. “It’s been a long day.”

Aiko rose as well, her eyes flicking once more to Lumi before returning to Daisy.

“Agreed,” she said, her voice low. “We have an early meeting tomorrow.”

Daisy looked at Lumi one last time.

“Sleep well, Lumi. We’ll see you in the morning.”

She didn’t tell her where to sleep. She didn’t need to.

Lumi simply curled up on the soft carpet near the foot of the bed, exactly where she belonged.

Daisy turned off the main lights, leaving only a soft glow from the bedside lamps. She and Aiko disappeared into the bedroom together, the door left slightly ajar.

Lumi closed her eyes, listening to the quiet sounds of the city far below and the low murmur of voices from the other room.

She was happy.

She was exactly where she was meant to be.

Chapter 10 – The First Night

The lights in the suite were dimmed to a soft golden glow. Lumi lay curled on the thick carpet in the living area, right beside the low coffee table. The massive floor-to-ceiling windows gave her a breathtaking view of Tokyo glittering below — endless lights stretching into the darkness like a sea of stars. She was still naked, her body warm from the long flight and the quiet excitement of being in a new country with her creator.

She heard them before she saw them.

Daisy’s low laugh drifted from the bedroom, followed by Aiko’s voice — smooth, confident, and already carrying a playful edge.

“You really are something else, Daisy. Designing an entire theme park just so you can have your own private playground…”

Daisy’s reply was warm, teasing. “You know me. I like to think big.”

There was a pause, then the sound of clothing being removed. Zippers. Fabric sliding over skin. A soft sigh.

Lumi stayed perfectly still, but her ears were tuned to every sound.

Aiko’s voice dropped lower. “Then let’s think even bigger tonight.”

The bed creaked as they climbed onto it. Lumi could see their silhouettes through the open doorway — two bodies moving together, skin against skin.

Daisy’s short red hair caught the light as she leaned over Aiko, and then their mouths met in a deep, hungry kiss.

It started slow.

But it didn’t stay that way for long.

Within minutes, the sounds coming from the room were loud and completely unrestrained. Aiko moaned without shame, her voice carrying through the suite as Daisy went down on her with focused intensity. The wet sounds of Daisy’s mouth and tongue were obscene, and Aiko’s reactions were even louder — gasping, laughing breathlessly, then crying out in Japanese when Daisy hit a particularly sensitive spot.

“Fuck— Daisy— right there— *yes*—!”

Lumi’s breath caught. She had never heard anyone be so vocal. So *free*. It was nothing like the quiet, controlled sessions she was used to with Daisy and Malena. This was wild. Unhinged. And it was only the beginning.

Daisy’s voice floated out between Aiko’s moans, laced with that same creative genius she used in every part of her life.

“You like that structural support, don’t you? So solid. So reliable…”

Aiko laughed breathlessly, even as her back arched. “God, you’re such a fucking nerd— *ahh*— keep going— don’t you dare stop—!”

They moved through positions with dizzying speed. Daisy fucked Aiko with her fingers while whispering about “load-bearing capacity” and “guest throughput.” Aiko rode Daisy’s face while talking about “optimal viewing angles” and “immersive experiences.” Every architectural term became charged. Every cartoon reference Daisy slipped in made Lumi’s stomach twist with recognition.

At one point, Daisy had Aiko on all fours and was fucking her hard from behind with a strap- on Lumi hadn’t even seen her unpack. The wet, rhythmic sounds of skin slapping skin filled the room, mixed with Aiko’s loud, shameless moans.

“Harder— *fuck*— Daisy— you’re gonna break me—!”

Daisy’s voice was dark and amused. “That’s the plan, architect. I want this whole suite to feel the structural integrity of what we’re building here.”

Lumi was trembling.

She had been trained so well. She knew she wasn’t supposed to move. She wasn’t supposed to touch herself. She was only supposed to watch and listen. But her body was betraying her completely. Her pussy was throbbing, swollen and dripping onto the carpet beneath her. Every time Aiko cried out, every time Daisy growled something brilliant, another rush of slickness leaked out of her.

She tried to stay still. She really did.

But after nearly an hour of listening to them, the spot beneath her had grown so wet that she had to shift slightly — just an inch — to keep from lying in a puddle. The movement made her generous ass sway instinctively, the tail-sway she could never fully suppress anymore. Her nipples were painfully hard against the carpet. Her clit pulsed with every heartbeat.

She was so close to coming without permission that it frightened her.

On the bed, Aiko was in the middle of what sounded like her third or fourth orgasm, screaming Daisy's name while Daisy fucked her through it with ruthless precision. Daisy's own moans had grown rougher, more desperate, until she finally came with a low, guttural groan that seemed to shake the entire room.

For a few minutes, the only sounds were heavy breathing and soft laughter.

Then Aiko's voice floated out again, breathless but still playful.

"…You're going to kill me before this park even opens."

Daisy chuckled, sounding thoroughly satisfied. "You'll live. You're tougher than you look."

They kissed again — slower this time, almost tender — before settling under the covers. The lights dimmed further. Within minutes, the room grew quiet except for the soft sounds of their breathing.

Lumi stayed awake.

She lay on her side, staring at the dark ceiling, her body still humming with unspent arousal. The carpet beneath her was damp. She didn't dare move again.

Hours passed.

Sometime deep in the night, Lumi heard movement. The soft sound of bare feet on the floor. A glass being filled in the kitchenette. Then footsteps approaching the living area.

Aiko appeared beside the sofa, completely naked, her long dark hair tousled from sleep. She held a glass of water in one hand and looked down at Lumi with a small, knowing smile.

For a moment, she just watched her.

Then she crouched down, setting the glass aside. Her hand reached out and gently stroked Lumi's hair, then moved behind her ear, scratching softly in that perfect spot that always made Lumi's eyes flutter.

"You're being so good," Aiko murmured, her voice low and warm. "Lying here so quietly while we make all that noise. Daisy really did train you well, didn't she?"

Lumi didn’t answer. She wasn’t supposed to unless spoken to directly.

Aiko’s hand drifted lower. She cupped one of Lumi’s full breasts, thumb brushing slowly over the nipple. She held it there, gentle but possessive, as she continued speaking in that same soft, conversational tone.

“I have so many plans for her while I’m here,” Aiko said, almost like she was thinking out loud. “I want to tie her to that big headboard and edge her for hours. I want to make her come so many times she forgets her own name. I want to fuck her in the shower, against the windows, on every surface in this suite…”

Her fingers gave Lumi’s breast a slow, appreciative squeeze.

“…and I want you to watch all of it. Every single time.”

Lumi’s breath hitched. Her hips gave an involuntary little twitch, the tail-sway starting up again.

Aiko smiled and leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Lumi’s temple.

“Sweet dreams, little fox,” she whispered. “Try to get some rest. Tomorrow’s going to be a very long day.”

She stood, picked up her glass of water, and walked back into the bedroom without another word.

Lumi lay there in the dark, heart pounding, body aching, mind spinning with everything Aiko had just said.

She was still wet.

And she had never felt more completely owned in her life.

Chapter 11 – The New Lumi

The morning light poured through the tall windows of the suite, soft and golden. A long, lazy breakfast had been wheeled in — fresh fruit, warm pastries, miso soup, grilled fish, and delicate Japanese omelets. The three of them took their time.

Daisy and Aiko sat at the table like two women who had known each other for years, talking easily about old projects, shared memories from the original Moonlight Park, and the early days when Aiko had been an apprentice architect with the American firm that built the first park. Lumi knelt quietly on the carpet beside the table, as she had been taught. Aiko fed her bites from her own plate — pieces of mango, small pieces of fish — with a casual tenderness that felt strangely intimate.

Lumi ate slowly, savoring the attention. The conversation between Daisy and Aiko was relaxed and romantic in a way she hadn’t expected. They laughed often. They touched each other’s hands. They spoke of deadlines and blueprints, but

also of late nights in hotel rooms during the original park's construction, of shared exhaustion and quiet victories.

It was clear they had history. Real history.

Around ten-thirty, there was a soft knock at the door.

Daisy rose and opened it.

A young Japanese woman stood in the hallway — petite, with long dark hair, warm-toned skin, and strikingly familiar proportions. She looked almost like Lumi's twin from certain angles. She bowed politely, a little nervous but clearly excited.

Daisy smiled. "Yuki. Come in. I'd like you to meet someone."

She led the girl inside. Aiko stood up immediately, her expression brightening.

"Yuki," Daisy said, "this is Aiko Takahashi, the lead architect for Moonlight Tokyo. Aiko, this is Yuki — our new Public Lumi."

Aiko stepped forward and took Yuki's hands warmly.

"It's such an honor to finally meet you," Aiko said, smiling. "I'm such a huge fan of Lumi. I've loved the character since I was a little girl. I can't believe I get to help bring her to life here in Tokyo."

Yuki's cheeks flushed with pleasure. "Thank you. I'm… I'm really excited to work with you both."

Daisy closed the door and turned to the two women with a calm, professional smile. "Alright," she said. "Let's get started. Yuki, we'd like to see how the suit fits you. Daisy brought it with her."

She walked over to the large black garment bag that had been delivered with their luggage and unzipped it slowly, revealing the full silver-and-white Lumi costume — ears, tail, gloves, and all.

Yuki's eyes widened.

Daisy and Aiko approached her together. Without ceremony, they began to undress her. Daisy worked on the top while Aiko knelt to remove Yuki's skirt and underwear. The process was slow, deliberate, and strangely intimate. Lumi watched from her place on the floor, heart beating faster as more of Yuki's body was revealed.

The similarities were impossible to ignore.

Yuki had the same petite frame. The same full, perky breasts. The same narrow waist and generous, heart-shaped ass. Even the way her skin flushed slightly under their touch was familiar. She could have been Lumi's sister.

Daisy ran her hands lightly over Yuki’s hips as Aiko adjusted the fit of the leggings.

“She’s the perfect size for the suit,” Daisy said with quiet satisfaction.

Aiko smirked, giving Yuki’s ass a playful squeeze. “She really is. Look at this. Almost identical.”

They helped Yuki step into the full costume piece by piece — the soft silver leggings, the torso piece, the long fluffy tail, the gloves, and finally the headpiece with the big, sparkling eyes. Once it was all on, they stepped back to admire their work.

Then the coaching began.

Daisy adjusted Yuki’s posture with gentle hands. “Head tilt, just like this… yes. A little more to the left. Perfect.”

Aiko stood behind her, hands on Yuki’s hips, guiding the tail sway. “Slower. Let it roll naturally. Like this.” She gave Yuki’s ass a light pat, then squeezed one breast through the costume. “And when you wave, keep your chest up. The kids love that.”

Daisy smiled warmly, cupping Yuki’s other breast and giving it an encouraging squeeze. “You’re doing beautifully. Just relax into it.”

Aiko’s touch was more teasing. She pinched Yuki’s nipple lightly through the fabric and grinned when she gasped. “See? That reaction is perfect. The audience will eat it up.”

They moved around her like this for several minutes — squeezing, patting, adjusting, praising — comparing her body to Lumi’s in a casual, dominating way. Daisy was kind and instructional. Aiko was playful and a little wicked. Lumi watched it all from the floor, her stomach twisting with a complicated mix of pride, arousal, and something colder. When they finally unzipped the back of the suit and helped Yuki step out of it, Daisy glanced down at her and said in a perfectly deadpan voice:

“She’s got sticky and sweaty in the suit.”

Aiko laughed softly. “Then we’d better clean her up.”

She took Yuki’s hand and led her toward the large bathroom. Daisy followed without a word.

Lumi remained on the carpet, listening.

The shower turned on. She heard the water running, then the sound of bodies moving under the spray. Daisy’s calm voice carried clearly through the open door.

“Wash between her legs, Aiko.”

There was a pause, then Yuki’s soft whimper.

The two women continued talking as if nothing unusual was happening — discussing the planned Lumi route through the park, show schedules, and crowd flow. But every so often, Yuki’s voice would break through with a loud, helpless whimper or moan. Daisy and Aiko would pause their conversation, wait for it to pass, then calmly continue.

“—and the main stage can handle the new fireworks display if we reinforce the—”

“Ahh—!”

“—right. We’ll need to adjust the timing on the—”

“F-fuck—!”

It went on like that for several minutes. Business talk interrupted by Yuki’s increasingly desperate sounds until she finally came with a sharp, broken cry that echoed through the suite.

After that, the water continued running for a while longer. Eventually it shut off.

Lumi watched as Daisy and Aiko stepped out of the bathroom, wrapping Yuki in thick white towels. They dried her carefully, still talking about schedules and logistics as if they hadn’t just made her come in the shower. They found her street clothes, helped her dress, and gave her final pats on the ass and light pinches on her nipples as they straightened her outfit.

Yuki looked dazed but happy.

Daisy smiled at her. “You did very well today. We’ll see you again soon.”

Aiko gave her one last playful squeeze. “Can’t wait to work with you, Yuki.”

They walked her to the door.

Lumi stayed on the carpet, heart pounding, watching it all.

Chapter 12 – Thank You, Aiko

A few days had passed since they arrived in Tokyo.

Every night, the suite filled with the sounds of Daisy and Aiko losing themselves in each other. Aiko was loud, greedy, and wildly creative in bed, and Daisy met her energy with wicked delight. Lumi slept on the floor by the windows, listening to every moan, every sharp gasp, and every filthy thing they said to one another. During the day she stayed curled up beside the coffee table, usually wet, always aching.

There had been moments.

One night Aiko had gotten so carried away riding Daisy's face that she accidentally knocked a lamp clean off the nightstand. The crash had been loud enough to make Lumi flinch, but neither woman had even paused — they'd just laughed breathlessly and kept going. The broken lamp still sat in the corner the next morning like a trophy.

Another afternoon, Daisy had bent Aiko over the dining table right after lunch and fucked her so thoroughly that Aiko had to bite down on her own forearm to keep from screaming. Lumi had watched the entire thing from her usual spot, thighs pressed tightly together, the air thick with the scent of sex.

Then one lazy afternoon during lunch, as Aiko casually fed Lumi pieces of cold cuts and edamame from her plate, Daisy suddenly paused with her sandwich halfway to her mouth. She looked down at Lumi with a thoughtful little smile.

"Oh, by the way," she said lightly, "why don't you show Aiko your Lumi energy?"

The trigger hit Lumi like a lightning bolt.

Her whole body seized. A broken, sobbing moan tore out of her as she came — hard, helplessly, and violently. Her thighs shook, her back arched, and tears welled in her eyes as wave after wave crashed through her. In her dazed, shattered state, the words slipped out before she could stop them.

"Thank you… Aiko…"

The room went completely silent.

Aiko's fork froze halfway to her mouth. Her eyes widened slightly, clearly caught off guard. She glanced at Daisy, then back down at Lumi, looking genuinely unsure how to react.

Daisy's hand stilled in Lumi's hair. For a long, suspended second, her expression flickered with real surprise — sharp and unmistakable. The air felt suddenly thick.

Then Daisy exhaled slowly and gave Lumi's hair a gentle stroke, her voice calm and even when she finally spoke.

"Lumi," she said softly, "why don't you thank Aiko properly?"

She paused, then added in that same gentle tone:

"And you can thank your creator next."

Lumi didn't hesitate. Still trembling from her orgasm, she turned immediately and crawled between Aiko's spread thighs. Aiko leaned back in her chair, watching with dark, intrigued eyes as Lumi began licking her with eager, desperate strokes.

Daisy picked up her sandwich again like nothing unusual was happening.

“So,” she said conversationally, “I was looking at the revised plans for the central plaza this morning. The new support beams should be able to handle the weight of the fireworks rig without any issues.”

Aiko made a soft sound of pleasure as Lumi’s tongue found a particularly sensitive spot. She took a slow sip of water before replying.

“Mmm. That’s good to hear. I was a little worried about the load on the main stage during peak hours, but if the numbers check out, we should be fine.”

Lumi kept licking, slow and thorough, her face buried between Aiko’s thighs. Aiko’s breathing grew heavier, but her voice stayed remarkably steady as she continued the conversation.

“What about the guest flow through the Moonlit Forest section?” she asked, her fingers lightly threading through Lumi’s hair. “We still need to widen that main pathway.”

Daisy nodded, taking another bite of her sandwich. “I agree. We should be able to cut wait times by at least thirty percent if we—”

Aiko suddenly gasped, her hips jerking forward as Lumi sucked gently on her clit. She gripped Lumi’s hair tighter, holding her in place as she came with a low, drawn-out moan, grinding against her face. Daisy watched with calm, assessing eyes, saying nothing until Aiko’s breathing began to slow.

Only then did she speak again.

“Your turn, sweetheart,” she said softly to Lumi, guiding her head over.

Lumi immediately shifted and began licking Daisy with the same eager desperation. Daisy let out a quiet breath and leaned back, one hand resting lightly on the back of Lumi’s head.

“I was also thinking,” she continued, her voice only slightly rougher than before, “we should probably move the VIP viewing area a little closer to the main stage. The sightlines from the current location aren’t ideal.”

Aiko nodded, still catching her breath. “I had the same thought. If we shift it even ten meters, the guests in those suites will have a much better view of the nighttime shows.”

Lumi kept licking, her tongue working with focused devotion. Daisy’s fingers tightened slightly in her hair as her breathing grew heavier.

“Also,” Daisy said, her voice dipping lower, “I want to make sure the private access routes are completely soundproofed. We wouldn’t want any… disturbances reaching the guests.”

Aiko smirked, her eyes locked on Daisy's. "Soundproofing is already in the plans. But I can have the team double-check it if you want."

Daisy's hips rolled forward as Lumi sucked harder. Her voice stayed remarkably steady, but her eyes burned as she stared at Aiko.

"I think we should," she said. "Just to be safe."

A few seconds later, Daisy came — harder and louder than Aiko had. She pulled Lumi's head in firmly with both hands, grinding against her face as she rode out her orgasm with a deep, shaking moan. She held Lumi there for several long seconds afterward, making sure every drop landed on her face.

When she finally let go, both women were breathing harder.

Aiko reached for her water again, a small, satisfied smile on her lips.

Daisy stroked Lumi's hair once, then leaned back in her chair like nothing had happened.

"So," she said, picking up her sandwich again, "tell me more about these new ideas you had for the nighttime parade route…"

Chapter 13 – Perfect Lumi

Lumi stayed on the carpet, heart pounding, watching it all.

Daisy walked Yuki to the door with a warm, professional smile, one hand resting lightly on the younger woman's back.

"You did wonderfully today," Daisy said. "I can already tell you're going to make a perfect Lumi."

Yuki blushed, clearly touched by the praise. "Thank you. I'll work very hard."

"I know you will," Daisy replied gently. "We'll see you again soon. Get some rest."

She gave Yuki one last soft pat on the arm before closing the door behind her.

The moment the lock clicked, the energy in the room shifted.

Aiko turned slowly toward Daisy, a dangerous little smile playing on her lips. The playful, professional mask she had worn in front of Yuki was gone. In its place was something sharper, hungrier.

She stepped close to Daisy, sliding one hand around her waist and pulling her in.

"I've been waiting all morning for this," Aiko murmured, her voice low and velvet-smooth. "You have no idea how many things I've been thinking about doing to you since last night."

Daisy raised an eyebrow, but her smile was intrigued. “Oh? And what exactly have you been planning, architect?”

Aiko didn’t answer with words. Instead, she kissed Daisy hard — deep and demanding — while her hands moved with clear intent. She backed Daisy toward the bedroom, never breaking the kiss.

Before they disappeared through the doorway, Aiko glanced over at Lumi. She made a small, beckoning gesture with two fingers.

“Come,” she said, her tone casual but commanding. “You should watch this. It’ll be good for you to see how it’s done.”

Lumi rose immediately and followed them into the bedroom without a word.

Aiko pushed Daisy down onto the bed and climbed on top of her, straddling her hips. She looked down at her with dark, playful eyes.

“First,” she said, “I’m going to make you come with my mouth until you can’t speak. Then I’m going to tie your wrists to the headboard and keep you on the edge for a very long time. And after that…” She leaned down, brushing her lips against Daisy’s ear. “I’m going to fuck you until you forget your own name.”

Daisy let out a soft, breathy laugh, clearly turned on by Aiko’s boldness.

“You really don’t waste time, do you?”

“Not when I’ve been waiting this long,” Aiko replied, already pulling Daisy’s blouse open and lowering her head to her breasts.

What followed was intense, vocal, and very one-sided — at least at first. Aiko was relentless. She took her time between Daisy’s legs, drawing out moan after moan, refusing to let her come too quickly. When she finally allowed Daisy her first orgasm, it was loud and shaking. But Aiko didn’t stop.

True to her word, she tied Daisy’s wrists to the headboard using one of the silk scarves from her own bag. She kept her on the edge for what felt like an eternity — bringing her close again and again, only to pull back at the last second, whispering filthy promises and architectural metaphors that made Daisy laugh breathlessly even as she begged.

Lumi knelt quietly on the floor near the foot of the bed, watching everything.

She saw the way Daisy’s body arched and trembled. She heard every desperate sound that left her creator’s lips. And she felt the familiar ache building between her own thighs — the helpless, trained response that came whenever she watched Daisy being pleasured.

Eventually, Aiko finally gave Daisy what she wanted. She fucked her hard and deep with the strap-on, making Daisy come again with a raw, broken cry that

echoed through the suite. Only then did she slow down, kissing Daisy softly as she untied her wrists and pulled her into her arms.

They lay together on the bed for a long time afterward, breathing hard, skin flushed and glowing.

Aiko stroked Daisy's hair and whispered something Lumi couldn't quite hear, making Daisy laugh quietly.

Lumi stayed where she was, heart still pounding, watching the two women who now seemed to exist in a world slightly above her own.

She was exactly where she belonged.

And she knew the day was far from over.

Chapter 14 – Lumi

Thirty seconds after Daisy had finished speaking, Aiko set her water glass down and smiled.

"I really can't stop thinking about her," she said, her voice warm and a little dreamy. "Yuki, I mean. She was so sweet the other day. So eager. So responsive."

Daisy smiled, reaching for her own drink. "She really was. Such a good girl. The way she moved in the suit… the way she reacted when we touched her. I could tell she was trying so hard to please us."

Aiko nodded, a playful little smile tugging at her lips. "And those curves… I can't stop thinking about them. The way her ass filled out the suit. Those perfect little breasts. I want to get my hands on her again."

Daisy chuckled softly. "I know exactly what you mean. She's got such a beautiful body. So similar to Lumi's, but just different enough to be exciting. I'm really looking forward to spending more time with her."

Aiko's smile widened. She reached for her phone on the table.

"Actually," she said, already unlocking it, "I think we should invite her over tonight. After dinner."

Daisy raised an eyebrow, clearly pleased. "You want to see her again so soon?"

Aiko grinned as she started typing. "Why not? She seemed so excited to be here. And I have a few ideas for how we can… play with her a little more tonight."

She hit send and set the phone down, looking very satisfied with herself.

Daisy leaned back in her chair, studying Aiko with an amused, slightly impressed expression.

"You're getting bold," she said.

Aiko met her gaze without flinching. “I’ve been waiting a long time to have this much fun, Daisy. I’m not going to waste it.”

The rest of the afternoon passed in a slow, luxurious haze. Daisy and Aiko spent some time reviewing park plans on the sofa, occasionally pausing to touch each other or exchange soft kisses. Lumi stayed by the coffee table, drifting in and out of a light, hazy doze.

Dinner was brought up to the suite — an elegant spread of sushi, grilled wagyu, and delicate vegetable dishes. They ate slowly, talking about everything and nothing, the atmosphere relaxed and intimate.

By the time the plates were cleared, the sun had long since set over Tokyo.

At 8:47 p.m., there was a soft knock at the door.

Yuki stood in the hallway, looking even more beautiful than she had the other day. She had changed into a simple black dress that hugged her curves, and her long dark hair fell in soft waves over her shoulders. She looked nervous, but her eyes were bright with excitement.

Daisy smiled warmly as she opened the door.

“Yuki. Come in.”

Aiko rose from the sofa, her expression lighting up the moment she saw her.

“There she is,” Aiko said, crossing the room to greet her. “We were just talking about you.”

Yuki blushed, but her smile was genuine. “I’m really happy to be here.”

Daisy closed the door behind her and gently placed a hand on the small of Yuki’s back.

“We’re very happy you came,” she said. Then she glanced over at Lumi, still kneeling quietly by the coffee table, and added in a softer tone, “Lumi, stay there for now, sweetheart.”

Lumi didn’t move. She simply lowered her gaze and stayed exactly where she was.

Daisy turned her attention back to Yuki, her voice warm and inviting.

“Come with us.”

She and Aiko led Yuki into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Lumi remained on the carpet by the coffee table, heart beginning to pound as she heard the soft sounds of clothing being removed and quiet laughter drifting from the other room.

Then the real sounds began.

At first it was gentle — soft moans, the rustle of sheets, the occasional whispered word. But it didn't take long for things to escalate. Daisy and Aiko were clearly in the mood to play, and Yuki was more than willing.

Lumi could hear everything.

"Oh, Lumi… that's it," Daisy's voice floated out, low and coaxing. "You're doing so well. Such a good Lumi…"

Aiko's voice followed, breathy and teasing. "Mmm, look at you. Our perfect little Lumi. Come here… show us how talented that pretty mouth is."

There was a pause, then Yuki's soft, grateful voice.

"Thank you… thank you, Daisy… Aiko…"

The bed creaked. Yuki let out a sharp, helpless whimper.

"Lumi," Aiko purred, "we have such different shaped clits. Be a good girl and show us you can find and suck each of ours."

Another pause. Another whimper from Yuki.

Daisy's voice came next, warm and full of praise. "That's it, Lumi… just like that. Such a talented little fox. You're making us so proud…"

The sounds grew more intense — wet, rhythmic, and unmistakably sexual. Yuki's moans became louder, more desperate, punctuated by broken little "thank you"s that made Lumi's stomach twist.

Lumi stayed exactly where she was, curled up on the carpet by the coffee table, listening to every word.

Listening as Daisy and Aiko made love to Yuki while calling her "Lumi."

Listening as the woman who looked so much like her was praised, touched, and fucked while wearing the name that had once been hers alone.

She didn't move.

She didn't make a sound.

She simply lay there, heart aching, body aching, and listened.

Chapter 15 – The Original

Lumi woke slowly on the carpet beside the coffee table, her body stiff from sleeping on the floor. For a few seconds, her mind tried to make sense of everything she had heard the night before.

*She's Lumi now… the new public Lumi… that's her job… but I'm still the real one… I'm the original… I'm the one Daisy chose first… the one who stayed… the

one who belongs here…*

The thoughts came rapid-fire, overlapping, desperate. She clung to them like a lifeline.

A soft sound from the bedroom pulled her out of her thoughts.

The door opened and Daisy and Aiko stepped out, both fully dressed. Yuki followed behind them, completely naked, her skin still slightly flushed from the night before. She looked a little shy but clearly happy to still be there.

Daisy smiled when she saw Lumi awake.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” she said warmly.

Aiko glanced over at Lumi but didn’t say anything. Her attention was clearly still on Yuki.

They moved to the small dining table near the windows as room service arrived with breakfast. While the server set everything up, Daisy and Aiko openly handled Yuki — running their hands over her waist, cupping her breasts, gently squeezing her ass — all while continuing their conversation as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Yuki stood between them, letting them touch her without resistance, a soft, pleased expression on her face.

Once the server left, they all sat down. Yuki was still completely nude.

It was then that she noticed Lumi curled up on the carpet near the table. She tilted her head, studying her for a moment, then made a soft, melodic **chirping sound** — almost like she was calling a pet.

Lumi hesitated for only a second before crawling closer.

Yuki smiled and held out her open hand, offering Lumi a small piece of grilled fish and some rice from her own plate. Lumi leaned forward and took it gently from her palm.

Daisy and Aiko barely seemed to notice. Their focus remained almost entirely on Yuki as they began discussing her schedule.

“So,” Daisy said, pouring herself some tea, “how flexible are you with your availability right now?”

Yuki fed Lumi another small bite before answering. “Pretty flexible. My classes are mostly in the mornings, so my afternoons and evenings are usually open.”

Aiko reached over and lightly traced her fingers along Yuki’s collarbone. “That’s good to hear. We were thinking it might be nice if you could start staying over a little more often. A few nights a week, maybe?”

Yuki’s eyes lit up. “Really? I’d love that.”

Daisy smiled, gently cupping one of Yuki’s breasts and giving it a soft squeeze. “We’ve really enjoyed having you here. You fit in so well with us.”

Aiko nodded, her hand sliding down to rest on Yuki’s thigh. “We have. And I’ve been thinking… it might be good to start setting some more structure around your time with us. Just little guidelines to help everything run smoothly.”

She said it casually, but there was a clear note of intent in her voice.

Daisy glanced at Aiko with a small smile but didn’t comment on it yet. Instead, she turned her attention back to Yuki.

“We’ll talk more about it over the next few days,” she said. “For now, just know that we’d like to see a lot more of you.”

Yuki beamed, clearly thrilled.

Lumi stayed on the floor, quietly accepting another piece of food from Yuki’s hand, her mind still turning over the events of the night before.

She’s the new Lumi… but I’m still the original…

She repeated it to herself like a mantra.

Even as she watched Yuki being openly touched and adored at the table above her.

Chapter 16 – Aiko’s Rules

The days in Tokyo had begun to blur together.

What had started as a short visit had stretched into something far more permanent. Yuki was now staying with them full-time — “just until the park’s grand opening,” Daisy had explained with a smile. That gave them a little over three weeks. Plenty of time, Aiko had said with a knowing look.

It was a warm afternoon when Aiko finally decided it was time to make things official.

The four of them were gathered in the living area. Daisy and Aiko sat on the sofa while Yuki knelt gracefully on a cushion between them. Lumi, as usual, was on the floor near the coffee table.

Aiko crossed her legs and looked down at Yuki with a calm, almost executive expression. She had a small notebook open on her lap. When she spoke, her voice was smooth,

professional, and undeniably commanding.

“Alright,” she said. “Now that you’re going to be staying with us for the next few weeks, I think it’s time we establish some structure. These aren’t really *rules*

for you, Yuki… more like a list of privileges. Things you've earned by being such a good girl."

Yuki's cheeks flushed, but she nodded, clearly excited.

Aiko began, reading slowly and deliberately so everyone could absorb each point.

"Privilege One: You'll be allowed to sleep in our bed every night — unless we decide otherwise."

Yuki glanced up at both of them, a small smile tugging at her lips.

Daisy reached over and gently stroked her hair. "We like having you close."

"Privilege Two," Aiko continued, "you may wear whatever we choose for you during the day… or nothing at all."

Yuki let out a soft, nervous laugh. "Nothing at all?"

Aiko smirked. "Nothing at all. We enjoy looking at you."

Daisy chuckled warmly. "We really do."

"Privilege Three: You're permitted to touch yourself… but only when one of us is watching."

Yuki's blush deepened. She shifted slightly on her cushion, clearly affected by the idea. Aiko raised an eyebrow. "Does that excite you?"

Yuki nodded shyly. "Yes, Miss Aiko."

"Good," Aiko replied. "We want you excited."

She moved on at a measured pace.

"Privilege Four: You'll be expected to help keep the suite clean and organized. We're not running a hotel here."

Daisy added with a smile, "But we'll make it worth your while."

"Privilege Five: You'll have full access to the hotel spa and amenities whenever we allow it."

Yuki's face lit up. "Really?"

"Really," Aiko confirmed. "We want you relaxed and well taken care of."

"Privilege Six: You may ask to be fucked at any time… though whether we grant that request is entirely up to us."

Yuki bit her lip, her breathing noticeably heavier.

Daisy leaned in slightly, her voice playful. "You can ask anytime, sweetheart. We just might make you wait."

Aiko smiled at that, then continued.

“Privilege Seven: You’ll be allowed to come as often as we decide you deserve.”

Yuki let out a soft, shaky breath. “That one’s… a lot.”

“It’s meant to be,” Aiko replied calmly.

“Privilege Eight: You may sleep in on mornings when we don’t have early meetings.”

Daisy nodded. “We know you have classes in the mornings, so we’ll work around those. Your afternoons and evenings will mostly be ours, but we’ll make sure you still have time to study and rest.”

Yuki looked up at Aiko, clearly touched. “Thank you, Miss Aiko. That means a lot.”

Aiko gave her a small, approving nod before continuing.

“Privilege Nine: You’ll be given a small weekly allowance for clothes and personal items — which we will approve first.”

Yuki tilted her head. “You’ll pick out what I wear sometimes?”

“Sometimes,” Aiko said. “Other times we’ll let you choose… and then decide if we like it.” “Privilege Ten: You’re permitted to initiate physical affection with either of us… but you must stop immediately if told to.”

Yuki looked up at both of them. “I like that one.”

Daisy reached down and gently cupped Yuki’s cheek. “We thought you might.”

Aiko moved on.

“Privilege Eleven: You’ll be expected to maintain your training and flexibility. We’ll be scheduling regular sessions.”

Yuki’s eyes sparkled. “I don’t mind that at all.”

“Good,” Aiko said. “Because we have plans for that body of yours.”

She paused, letting the words settle before continuing.

“Privilege Twelve: You’ll be allowed to beg.”

The room went quiet for a few seconds.

Yuki swallowed hard. “Beg… for what?”

Aiko’s smile was slow and wicked. “For whatever you want. For us to touch you. For us to fuck you. For us to let you come. We like hearing you beg.”

Daisy let out a soft laugh. “We really do.”

Aiko set her notebook down and looked at Yuki for a long moment, letting everything sink in.

Then she spoke again, her voice lower.

“There’s one more thing we’ve been thinking about.”

She glanced at Daisy, who suddenly looked almost giddy.

Daisy leaned forward, her eyes bright. “Yuki… have you ever been pounded with a big strap- on before?”

Yuki’s mouth opened slightly. She shook her head, her cheeks burning. “N-no… I haven’t.”

Daisy’s smile widened. She turned to Aiko, clearly excited.

“Should we put that on a schedule?” she asked. “I mean… how often? Who should wear it? When should we do it? Where?”

Aiko didn’t answer right away. She studied Daisy for a few seconds, then glanced down at Lumi, who was blushing furiously at their feet. A slow, satisfied smile spread across her face. “I think,” she said at last, “we should start with once a week. Tuesday evenings, after dinner. We’ll do it here in the suite, in the bedroom. I’ll wear it the first few times — I want to see how you take it. After that, we can alternate. You and I will both have access to the harness.”

Daisy nodded, clearly thrilled. “That sounds perfect.”

Aiko turned her attention back to Yuki.

“You’ll enjoy it,” Daisy said softly, reaching down to stroke Yuki’s hair. “I promise.”

Yuki looked up at both of them, her expression a mix of nervousness and unmistakable arousal.

“I… I trust you.”

Aiko reached down and gently tilted Yuki’s chin up.

“Good girl,” she murmured. “That’s exactly what we want to hear.”

She let the silence stretch for a moment, letting everyone absorb what had just been said.

Then she looked over at Daisy with a small, knowing smile.

“We have a lot to look forward to, don’t we?”

Daisy smiled back, her hand still resting on Yuki’s head.

“We really do.”

Chapter 17 – Demonstration

The room was quiet for a few moments after Aiko finished speaking. The weight of everything that had just been said hung in the air.

Aiko was the first to move.

She reached down and gently took Yuki’s hand.

“Come here,” she said softly.

Yuki rose gracefully and let Aiko guide her up onto the sofa. Aiko positioned her carefully, placing Yuki between herself and Daisy so that she was perfectly sandwiched. Yuki’s bare skin pressed against both women — her back against Daisy’s side, her front facing Aiko.

Aiko didn’t waste any time.

As she began to speak again, her hands moved over Yuki’s body with deliberate, possessive touches. She cupped one of Yuki’s breasts, giving it a slow, firm squeeze while looking directly at Lumi.

“This,” Aiko said calmly, “is how we like to be touched. With intention. With ownership.”

Her thumb brushed over Yuki’s nipple, making the girl gasp softly. Aiko smiled.

“You see how she reacts? That’s what we want from you too, Lumi.”

Lumi’s stomach tightened. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks and the familiar, shameful throb between her legs. Watching Aiko’s hands on Yuki’s body made her own skin feel too sensitive, too aware. Her nipples had hardened against the cool air, and she could already feel herself growing wet. Her heart was beating faster than it should, a mix of jealousy, arousal, and deep humiliation swirling inside her.

Daisy, on Yuki’s other side, slid her hand down Yuki’s thigh and gave it a gentle but firm squeeze, her fingers dangerously close to her inner thigh. She looked at Lumi over Yuki’s shoulder.

“Come here, Lumi.”

Lumi hesitated for only a second before crawling forward on her hands and knees. When she reached the sofa, Aiko gestured for her to stop.

“Kneel right there,” Aiko said, pointing to the spot directly in front of them. “Take Yuki’s old place.”

Lumi obeyed, settling onto her knees in front of the sofa, looking up at the three women above her. Yuki was now comfortably nestled between Daisy and Aiko, completely naked and visibly aroused.

Aiko continued, her hands never leaving Yuki’s body. She ran her palm slowly down Yuki’s stomach, then lower, brushing teasingly over her mound before pulling away.

“From now on,” Aiko said, her voice smooth and authoritative, “when one of us touches you, you don’t pull away. You lean into it. You show gratitude.”

She gave Yuki’s breast another slow squeeze, this time rolling her nipple between her fingers. Yuki let out a soft moan.

“See?” Aiko said, glancing down at Lumi. “That’s the reaction we expect.”

Daisy leaned in and kissed the side of Yuki’s neck, her hand sliding up to cup her other breast. She looked at Lumi over Yuki’s shoulder.

“You’re going to learn how to be this responsive, Lumi. We’re going to teach you.”

Lumi’s heart was pounding. Watching Daisy and Aiko touch Yuki so openly made her feel small, exposed, and strangely aroused. A part of her hated how much it affected her. Another part of her — the part she was trying so hard to silence — wanted to be in Yuki’s place.

Aiko nodded in agreement, her fingers now tracing slow circles around Yuki’s nipple.

“Now,” she said, her voice dropping slightly, “it’s time we go over your new rules, Lumi. I’ve put a lot of thought into these. You will repeat each one after I say it. If I feel you need to understand it better, I’ll make you repeat it again.”

She looked down at Lumi with cool, commanding eyes.

“Rule One: You will always kneel in our presence unless told otherwise.”

Lumi swallowed hard. “I will always kneel in your presence unless told otherwise…”

Aiko gave Yuki’s breast a firmer squeeze, making her gasp. “Good. Rule Two: You are not allowed to touch yourself without explicit permission.”

Lumi repeated it, her voice slightly shaky. She could feel herself growing wetter just from saying the words out loud.

Daisy spoke up for the first time, her voice warm but firm.

“That one’s very important, Lumi. Your pleasure belongs to us now.”

Aiko continued.

“Rule Three: When either of us calls for ‘Lumi,’ you will pause and check whether we mean you… or Yuki. Because Yuki is Lumi too, you know.”

Lumi’s face burned. She opened her mouth to repeat it, but Aiko cut her off.

“Say it again.”

Lumi’s voice was barely above a whisper. “When you call for Lumi… I will pause and check if you mean me… or Yuki. Because Yuki is Lumi too…”

Yuki let out a sharp, trembling breath. Her hips twitched.

Aiko smiled. “Again.”

Lumi’s voice cracked. “When you call for Lumi… I will pause… because Yuki is Lumi too…”

That was the moment Yuki broke.

Her back arched hard as a loud, desperate moan tore from her throat. Her thighs shook violently as she came — hard — right there on the sofa between Daisy and Aiko. Her orgasm was intense, her whole body trembling as wave after wave crashed through her. Daisy held her steady while Aiko continued slowly circling her clit, drawing out every last second of her climax.

When Yuki finally collapsed back against the sofa, breathing hard, Aiko looked down at Lumi with a satisfied expression.

“See?” she said softly. “Even Yuki understands how important that rule is.”

She let Yuki catch her breath for a moment, then continued.

“Rule Four: You will assist Yuki in any way we request — including sexually.”

Lumi repeated it, her face still flushed. The idea of being expected to help with Yuki made her stomach twist with a confusing mix of humiliation and arousal.

“Rule Five: You will thank us after every orgasm we allow you — and you will mean it.”

“Rule Six: You will watch whenever Yuki is being used, and you will remain silent unless spoken to.”

Daisy added softly, “That one might be difficult for you at first, Lumi. But you’ll learn.”

“Rule Seven: You will clean up after any sexual activity — with your mouth if we tell you to.”

Lumi’s voice grew smaller with each rule, but she kept repeating them.

“Rule Eight: You are not allowed to come without explicit permission. If you do, you will be punished.”

“Rule Nine: You will address me as Miss Aiko, Daisy as Miss Daisy, and Yuki as Miss Yuki at all times.”

Lumi’s breath caught. She repeated it anyway.

“Rule Ten: You will sleep on the floor unless we specifically invite you into bed.”

“Rule Eleven: If either of us snaps our fingers, you will immediately drop to your knees and crawl to us.”

“Rule Twelve: You belong to both of us completely. Your body, your pleasure, and your obedience are ours.”

Lumi repeated the final rule, her voice barely audible.

Aiko looked down at her for a long moment, then turned her attention back to Yuki, who was still flushed and breathing heavily between them.

“You were such a good girl,” Aiko said softly, pressing a kiss to Yuki’s temple. “Coming so beautifully for us while we were talking.”

Daisy smiled and kissed Yuki’s other cheek. “You did so well, sweetheart. We’re very proud of you.”

Yuki looked up at both of them, clearly overwhelmed but glowing with pride. She leaned forward and hugged Aiko first, then turned and hugged Daisy just as tightly.

“Thank you, Miss Aiko,” she whispered. “Thank you, Miss Daisy.”

Aiko stroked Yuki’s hair gently. “You’re welcome, sweet girl.”

Daisy kissed the top of Yuki’s head. “You’re such a good girl for us.”

Lumi, still kneeling in front of them, spoke quietly.

“Thank you, Miss Aiko… Thank you, Miss Daisy… Thank you, Miss Yuki.”

The room fell into a warm, heavy silence.

Aiko looked down at Lumi with a small, satisfied smile.

“Welcome to your new life, little fox.”

Chapter 18 – The Proxy System

The room was quiet for a few long moments after Lumi finished thanking them. Yuki was still catching her breath, flushed and glowing between Daisy and Aiko. Lumi remained kneeling in front of the sofa, her face still glistening from Yuki’s earlier orgasm.

Aiko was the first to speak.

“There’s one more thing I didn’t mention,” she said calmly, her voice smooth and measured. “Because it isn’t really a rule. It’s a new system we’ve put in place.”

She paused, letting the words settle.

Then she looked down at Lumi.

“Come closer, Lumi. While I explain this to you, I want you to lick up Yuki’s arousal fluids from the sofa. Yuki, stand behind her and supervise.”

Yuki rose slowly, still slightly shaky from her orgasm. She moved behind Lumi and placed her hands gently on her shoulders, guiding her forward. Lumi leaned in and began to lick the damp spot on the sofa where Yuki had just come, the taste of her still fresh and strong on her tongue.

Aiko watched for a moment, clearly pleased, before continuing.

“Daisy and I have been talking,” she said, “and we both agreed on something. For example… when you do a good job cleaning up after Yuki, like you’re doing right now, we figured you probably don’t want to just kneel there and endure our tedious thanks. So we’ve established a proxy system.”

She let that hang in the air for a few seconds, her voice gentle, almost caring.

“When you’ve earned a reward, Yuki will step in as your proxy to receive it for you. That way, you don’t have to worry about the consequences of pleasure. You can just do your best… and let someone else carry the intensity for you. Doesn’t that sound better?”

Lumi’s tongue paused for a brief second against the fabric before she continued licking, her cheeks burning. The logic was twisted, but Aiko delivered it with such calm authority that it almost sounded reasonable.

Daisy chimed in cheerfully from Yuki’s other side, her tone light and almost maternal.

“Exactly. We know how overwhelming it can be for you sometimes, Lumi. This way, you get to feel proud of a job well done without having to handle all that messy pleasure yourself. Yuki’s happy to take it for you. Isn’t that thoughtful?”

Lumi kept licking, her mind spinning. She could feel Yuki standing behind her, watching closely. The taste of Yuki was thick on her tongue, and the humiliation of being made to clean up like this while they discussed her “reward” made her thighs press together involuntarily.

After a few more moments, Aiko spoke again.

“You did a superior job, Lumi.”

Lumi lifted her head slightly, her lips still wet. “Thank you, Miss Aiko.”

Aiko turned to Daisy with a small smile.

“What should her reward be?”

Daisy tilted her head, pretending to think for a moment before answering with a bright, cheerful tone.

“I think effort like that has earned her an orgasm.”

Lumi’s heart jumped. A spark of desperate hope flickered in her chest.

But Aiko shook her head gently.

“Under the new proxy system,” she explained softly, “Yuki stands in as your proxy and receives your orgasm for you. That way, you don’t have to worry about the consequences of pleasure. You can just relax after doing something great.”

She looked over at Yuki and patted the cushion beside her.

“Come here, Yuki.”

Yuki stepped forward, still naked and slightly dazed. Aiko and Daisy guided her to lie back on the sofa between them. Aiko looked down at Lumi one last time.

“This is for Lumi’s great work.”

Then they began.

It started slowly.

Daisy kissed Yuki deeply while Aiko’s fingers traced teasing circles around her nipples, pinching and rolling them with expert precision. Yuki moaned into Daisy’s mouth, her body already sensitive from her earlier orgasm.

Aiko slid two fingers between Yuki’s thighs, stroking her slowly at first, then faster, curling them just right. Daisy broke the kiss and moved down to take one of Yuki’s nipples into her mouth, sucking hard while her hand joined Aiko’s between her legs.

Yuki’s back arched. Her moans grew louder, more desperate.

They didn’t rush.

Aiko kept a steady, relentless rhythm with her fingers while Daisy alternated between sucking and biting Yuki’s nipples, occasionally whispering filthy praise against her skin.

“That’s it… good girl… take it for Lumi…”

Yuki’s breathing turned ragged. Her thighs began to tremble violently.

Aiko added a third finger, fucking her deeper, while Daisy reached down and started rubbing Yuki’s clit in tight, fast circles. The combination was devastating.

Yuki’s moans turned into broken cries. Her entire body seized as the orgasm hit her like a freight train — far more powerful than the one she’d had just minutes earlier. Her back bowed off the sofa, her mouth open in a silent scream as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure crashed through her. Her legs shook uncontrollably, and tears of intensity welled in her eyes.

It went on and on.

When it finally began to fade, Yuki collapsed back against the sofa, completely spent, her chest heaving, eyes glassy and unfocused. She looked utterly wrecked

in the most beautiful way.

Daisy and Aiko both leaned in, pressing soft kisses to her face and neck.

“Good job…” Daisy whispered.

“Good job, sweetheart…” Aiko murmured, stroking her hair.

They kept repeating it, soft and warm, as Yuki slowly came back to herself.

Lumi remained kneeling in front of them, watching it all, her own body throbbing with desperate, unfulfilled need. The taste of Yuki was still heavy on her tongue.

Chapter 19 – The Proxy System (Continued)

The room was thick with the scent of sex and the quiet, trembling aftermath of Yuki’s second intense orgasm. She lay sprawled between Daisy and Aiko on the sofa, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her thighs still twitching with aftershocks. Her eyes were glassy, unfocused, and filled with something soft and aching as she stared down at Lumi, who remained kneeling on the floor in front of them.

Aiko gently stroked Yuki’s damp hair, then turned her full attention to Lumi. Her voice was calm, almost soothing, but carried that familiar edge of quiet authority.

“Now that we’ve all had a moment to breathe,” she said, “let’s talk about this proxy system properly. I want you to really understand it, Lumi.”

She paused, letting the silence stretch.

“This system,” Aiko continued, “is designed with your best interests at heart. You see, when you do something well — like cleaning up after Yuki so thoroughly just now — you earn our pride. You earn our happiness. But we know how overwhelming pleasure can be for you. We know how easily it can make you lose yourself. So instead of forcing you to carry that intensity, we let Yuki receive it for you.”

Daisy nodded, her hand resting lightly on Yuki’s stomach.

“It’s really quite beautiful when you think about it,” Daisy added warmly. “You get to feel the satisfaction of a job well done without having to deal with all those messy, overwhelming feelings afterward. Yuki gets to enjoy the reward on your behalf. Everyone wins.”

Aiko smiled softly and continued.

“For example,” she said, “every time you clean up after we use Yuki… every time you help her get dressed or undressed… every time you watch quietly while we enjoy her… every time you obey without hesitation… every time you make us proud… you earn a reward. And Yuki receives it for you.”

She let that sink in before giving another example.

“Or say you have a particularly difficult day. Maybe you struggle with one of your new rules. Maybe you hesitate when we call for you. Once you correct yourself and do better… that effort earns you something too. And again, Yuki will receive that reward in your place.”

Aiko’s voice grew even softer, more persuasive.

“This way, you never have to worry about becoming too overwhelmed. You never have to worry about losing control or feeling ashamed of how much you need. You can simply focus on being good. And Yuki… sweet, willing Yuki… gets to carry all that pleasure for you. Doesn’t that sound like the most thoughtful arrangement?”

Lumi’s heart was racing. Her face burned with humiliation, but there was something else underneath — a confusing, shameful sense of relief. The way Aiko explained it made everything sound so logical. So caring. So perfect.

Daisy leaned forward slightly, her voice gentle.

“We’ve seen how hard it can be for you sometimes, Lumi. This system protects you. It lets you be our good girl without all the complications that come with pleasure. Yuki is happy to do this for you. Aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Yuki, still trembling with aftershocks, managed a small, breathless nod. Her eyes never left Lumi’s. There was real sympathy in them — soft, genuine, and almost heartbreaking.

Aiko reached down and gently tilted Lumi’s chin up so she had to meet her gaze.

“So tell me, Lumi,” she said quietly. “Do you understand now? Do you see how this proxy system is truly great for all of us?”

Lumi’s mouth felt dry. Her mind was a storm of conflicting emotions — shame, arousal, confusion, and a strange, twisted sense of gratitude. She opened her mouth, then closed it again.

Aiko waited patiently, her thumb brushing slowly across Lumi’s lower lip.

“Say it for me,” she encouraged softly. “Tell me you understand how wonderful this is for everyone.”

Lumi’s voice was barely above a whisper when she finally spoke.

“…Yes, Miss Aiko. I… I understand. It’s… truly great for all of us.”

Aiko’s smile was slow and deeply satisfied.

“There we go,” she murmured. “Good girl.”

She looked over at Daisy and gave a small nod.

Daisy smiled warmly and turned her attention back to Yuki, who was still staring at Lumi with that same soft, sympathetic expression.

“You heard her,” Daisy said gently. “Lumi agrees. This is wonderful for everyone.”

She and Aiko exchanged a look, then began again.

Their hands moved over Yuki’s body with renewed purpose — slower this time, more deliberate, more intense. Aiko’s fingers returned between Yuki’s thighs while Daisy kissed her deeply, swallowing her soft moans. They took their time, building Yuki up again with expert care, whispering praises against her skin.

“This is for Lumi agreeing,” Aiko whispered against Yuki’s ear.

“This is for how well she understood,” Daisy added, her voice thick with affection.

Yuki’s body responded quickly, still sensitive from her previous orgasms. Her back arched, her moans growing louder and more desperate as Daisy and Aiko worked together to push her higher and higher. It didn’t take long before she shattered again — even harder than before — her entire body convulsing as another powerful orgasm tore through her.

When it finally passed, Yuki was completely spent, her body limp and trembling between them. Daisy and Aiko held her close, pressing soft kisses to her face and whispering gentle praises.

“Good job…” Daisy whispered.

“Good job, sweetheart…” Aiko murmured.

They kept repeating it, over and over, their voices warm and full of genuine affection as Yuki slowly came back to herself.

Lumi remained kneeling in front of them, watching it all, her own body aching with desperate, unfulfilled need.

Chapter 20 – Giving

A few days had passed since the rules were officially laid out.

The Proxy System was now in full effect. Every time Lumi did something well — cleaning up after Yuki, helping her get ready, obeying without hesitation, or simply being quiet and present — she earned “points” in Aiko’s quiet little notebook. And every time she earned enough points, Yuki received a reward on her behalf.

Lumi had thrown herself into it with surprising eagerness.

She wanted to be good. She wanted to make them proud. And more than anything, she wanted Yuki to be happy. Every time Yuki smiled at her or thanked

her, something warm and satisfying bloomed in Lumi's chest. It felt right. It felt like purpose.

It was late afternoon when the conversation happened.

The four of them were relaxing in the living area. Yuki had just finished feeding Lumi some fruit from her hand, and Lumi was curled up contentedly on the floor near the coffee table. Daisy and Aiko were sitting on the sofa, talking quietly about park logistics when Yuki suddenly spoke up.

She looked down at Lumi for a moment, then turned to Daisy and Aiko with a soft, almost shy expression.

"Miss Daisy… Miss Aiko…" she said gently. "Can I ask you something?"

Both women turned their attention to her.

"Of course," Daisy said warmly.

Yuki hesitated, choosing her words carefully.

"I've been thinking… I really love how much attention I've been getting lately. And I love that Lumi gets to earn things for me. But…" She glanced down at Lumi again, her voice becoming quieter. "Is there anything more Lumi could get? For pleasing you both so much? I just… I want her to have something too. She works so hard."

The room went still for a moment.

Daisy and Aiko exchanged a glance. Then Daisy smiled softly and reached over to take Yuki's hand.

"That's very sweet of you to think about her," Daisy said. "But tell me something first, Yuki. What is the thing that makes you happiest when you're spending the night in bed with us?"

Yuki thought for a moment, her cheeks turning slightly pink.

"I think…" she said slowly, "it's when you both take turns… pounding me with the strap-on. When it's really hard and deep and you don't stop. It makes me feel completely taken over. Like I can't think about anything else. It's the most intense feeling in the world."

Aiko's eyes lit up with interest.

"Really?" she asked, her voice smooth. "Tell me more about that. What exactly do you like about it?"

Yuki shifted slightly, clearly getting turned on just from talking about it.

“I like how full I feel,” she admitted. “And how rough it can get. I like when you hold my hips and just… take me. And when you switch between the two of you, it feels like it never ends. I get so sensitive after the first time, but you keep going anyway. It makes me come so hard I can barely breathe.”

Aiko smiled, clearly pleased by Yuki’s honesty.

“I had no idea it affected you that strongly,” she said. “That’s very good to know.”

She paused, then leaned back slightly, her tone shifting into something more thoughtful.

“You know,” Aiko said, “it’s interesting how much happiness one person can bring to another. The simple act of giving someone else pleasure… of making them feel good… it’s one of the purest forms of joy there is.”

She glanced over at Lumi, who was listening quietly from the floor.

“In fact,” Aiko continued, “that’s exactly why I helped create the real Lumi. Right over there. I wanted to pour all of my love of humanity into a creature that would exist purely to make others happy. To live in the joy of giving. Isn’t that right, Lumi?”

Lumi looked up, her expression soft and sincere.

“Yes, Miss Aiko,” she said quietly. “That’s exactly how I feel. I want to make you both happy. It fulfills me.”

Aiko smiled, clearly satisfied with the answer.

She turned back to Yuki.

“So here’s what we’ve been thinking,” she said. “What if every time Lumi does something that makes us especially proud… every time she really goes above and beyond… we reward *you* with more of what you love most?”

Yuki’s eyes widened slightly.

“You mean… more time with the strap-on?” she asked, her voice a little breathless.

“Exactly,” Aiko said. “Every time Lumi earns it, you get more of what you crave. More pounding. More intensity. More of us taking you however we want. And Lumi gets to feel proud knowing she’s the reason you’re getting so much pleasure.”

Daisy nodded, her expression warm.

“It’s a beautiful system, really,” she said. “Lumi gets to give. You get to receive. And we get to watch both of you be happy. Everyone wins.”

Yuki looked down at Lumi, her eyes soft with genuine affection.

“I… I really like that idea,” she said quietly. “If it makes Lumi happy too… then I want it.”

Aiko turned her gaze back to Lumi.

“What do you think, Lumi?” she asked gently. “Does this sound like something that would fulfill you? Helping Yuki get more of what she loves?”

Lumi didn’t hesitate.

“Yes, Miss Aiko,” she said earnestly. “I want Yuki to be happy. If earning more for her makes me a better Lumi… then I want to do it. I want to help.”

Aiko and Daisy exchanged a look. Both of them were smiling — small, satisfied, slightly predatory smiles.

Daisy spoke first.

“I think we should start tonight,” she said. “As a reward for Lumi being so giving and understanding.”

Aiko nodded in agreement.

“I agree. Tonight, Lumi gets to join us properly. She’ll help keep Yuki steady while we give her exactly what she wants. And every time we do this from now on… it will be because Lumi earned it.”

Yuki looked down at Lumi again, her expression soft and grateful.

“Thank you, Lumi,” she whispered.

Lumi smiled up at her, her heart full.

“You’re welcome, Miss Yuki.”

That night, the dynamic shifted once again.

Lumi was allowed into the bedroom for the first time in days. She wasn’t there to be fucked. She wasn’t there to receive pleasure.

She was there to *serve*.

Aiko and Daisy took their time with Yuki, positioning her on all fours on the bed. Daisy moved behind her first, the thick strap-on already slick and ready. She gripped Yuki’s hips firmly, then looked over at Lumi.

“Come here,” she said. “Hold her steady for me.”

Lumi climbed onto the bed and positioned herself in front of Yuki, wrapping her arms around Yuki’s waist and holding her hips firmly in place. Yuki looked up at her with wide, grateful eyes.

“Thank you, Lumi,” she whispered.

Then Daisy began.

She started slow at first, letting Yuki feel every inch as she pushed deep inside her. But it didn't take long before she picked up the pace — hard, deep, relentless. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room as Daisy pounded into Yuki with powerful, steady thrusts.

Lumi held on tightly, her arms wrapped around Yuki's waist, feeling every powerful thrust ripple through the girl's body. She could feel Yuki trembling, could hear every desperate moan and broken cry that left her lips.

Aiko watched for a while, stroking Yuki's hair and whispering filthy praise.

"That's it, good girl… take it for Lumi… she earned this for you…"

After several long minutes, Daisy finally pulled out, breathing hard. She looked over at Aiko with a wicked smile.

"Your turn."

Aiko didn't waste any time. She moved behind Yuki, the strap-on already in place, and thrust into her in one smooth, powerful motion. Yuki cried out, her body jerking forward, but Lumi held her steady, gripping her hips tightly.

Aiko was rougher than Daisy — faster, deeper, more demanding. She fucked Yuki with long, punishing strokes, one hand gripping her hip while the other reached around to rub her clit in tight, fast circles.

Yuki was falling apart.

Her moans had turned into desperate, broken sobs of pleasure. Her entire body was shaking. Tears of overwhelming sensation were streaming down her face as Aiko pounded into her without mercy.

Lumi held on the entire time, her arms wrapped tightly around Yuki's waist, feeling every brutal thrust, every desperate clench of Yuki's muscles. She could feel how close Yuki was. She could feel how much she needed this.

And she felt… proud.

Proud that she had earned this for Yuki.

When Yuki finally came, it was explosive. Her whole body seized violently as a scream tore from her throat. She came so hard her legs gave out, and Lumi had to hold her up completely as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure crashed through her.

Aiko didn't stop right away. She kept fucking Yuki through her orgasm, drawing it out until Yuki was completely limp and trembling in Lumi's arms.

Only then did she finally slow down and pull out.

Yuki collapsed forward into Lumi’s arms, completely spent, her body still twitching with aftershocks. Lumi held her gently, stroking her hair as Daisy and Aiko both leaned in to praise her.

“Good girl…” Daisy whispered, kissing Yuki’s temple.

“So good for us…” Aiko murmured, stroking her back.

Yuki looked up at Lumi with glassy, grateful eyes.

“Thank you, Lumi,” she whispered. “Thank you for earning that for me.”

Lumi smiled softly, her heart full.

“You’re welcome, Miss Yuki.”

Chapter 21 – Moonlight Bonds

Daisy and Aiko were sitting at the small dining table in the suite, speaking in low voices while Lumi napped on the floor near the coffee table. Yuki was in the bedroom getting ready for the day.

Daisy leaned forward slightly, her voice calm but focused.

“I’ve been working on something for Lumi,” she said. “A new version of her old game. Something much more… targeted.”

Aiko raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Targeted how?”

Daisy smiled faintly. “I want it to do several very specific things. First, I want it to slowly make her believe that having more versions of herself around is natural and wonderful. I want it to eventually become *her* idea to want another Lumi. She should start thinking that more Lumis means more love, more strength, and more happiness.”

Aiko nodded slowly. “I like that. I have a few requests of my own.”

“Go ahead,” Daisy said.

“I want the game to reinforce that Lumis should help each other,” Aiko said. “Not just emotionally — physically. They should help each other dress and undress. They should help relieve each other’s stress. And not just in innocent ways. I want it to plant the idea that Lumis are meant to take care of each other… in *every* way.”

Daisy’s smile widened. “I can work with that. I also want it to tie directly into her current life. The Proxy System, helping Yuki, accepting her place. The game should make all of that feel right and natural.”

Aiko leaned back. “How are you going to deliver it?”

“I’m giving her an early access version,” Daisy said. “With a special headset. Similar to the one we used before. She won’t remember the original one, of

course. But this one will do the heavy lifting. The game is designed *only* for her. There’s no public version planned.”

Aiko smirked. “You’re evil.”

Daisy chuckled softly. “I prefer ‘thorough.’ She loved the first game so much. She used to play for hours. I want to give her something that keeps her occupied while we’re all out finalizing the park. We’re going to be gone a lot over the next couple of weeks.”

Aiko nodded. “That’s smart. She’ll be lonely without us.”

“Exactly,” Daisy said. “This will keep her happy… and busy.”

Later that afternoon, Daisy approached Lumi with a small, elegant box.

“Lumi, sweetheart,” she said warmly. “I have something for you.”

Lumi looked up from where she was kneeling, her eyes brightening immediately.

Daisy opened the box and revealed a sleek new phone and a pair of high-end wireless headphones. The phone already had a game installed — *Lumi: Moonlight Bonds*.

“I remember how much you loved the first Lumi game,” Daisy said softly. “You used to play it for hours and hours. I thought you might enjoy this new one. It’s an early version, just for you. It’s set in Moonlight Tokyo and it won’t be released to the public until the grand opening. I wanted you to have it first.”

Lumi’s face lit up with pure joy.

“Really, Miss Daisy? For me?”

“For you,” Daisy confirmed, handing her the phone and the headphones. “I know we’re all going to be very busy over the next couple of weeks getting everything ready for the opening. I didn’t want you to get too lonely.”

Lumi took the phone with both hands like it was something precious.

“Thank you, Miss Daisy,” she whispered, already looking emotional. “I… I loved the first game so much. I used to play it every single day. This means everything to me.”

Daisy smiled and gently stroked Lumi’s hair.

“I know, sweetheart. That’s why I made sure you got this one.”

She helped Lumi put on the special headphones, then kissed the top of her head.

“Have fun,” she said. “We’ll be back later tonight.”

As Daisy, Aiko, and Yuki left the suite, Lumi settled onto the floor with the phone in her hands, already smiling softly as the game began to load.

The screen lit up with soft pastel colors and gentle music. A familiar, warm voice — Daisy's voice — spoke through the headphones.

"Welcome back, Lumi… I've missed you."

Lumi's eyes softened with happiness. The music and colors felt comforting, familiar, and safe. She took a deep breath, settled in, and began to play.

Chapter 22 - Moonlight Bonds: Level 9

Lumi had been playing for hours.

The soft pastel colors of Moonlight Tokyo shimmered across the screen, the gentle music wrapping around her like a warm blanket. Daisy's voice—recorded, but so warm and familiar —guided her through each new area, praising her progress, encouraging her to explore deeper.

She had unlocked five different Lumis now. Original Lumi, Spirit Lumi, Festival Lumi, Night Lumi, and the newest one—Garden Lumi. Each version looked exactly like her, with the same long dark hair, the same petite frame, the same gentle, beautiful features. The only differences were their outfits and their elemental affinities.

Lumi smiled as she scrolled through her team. They all looked so happy. So perfect.

A notification appeared on screen.

New Area Unlocked: The Moonlit Sanctuary

Recommended Team: 3+ Lumis

Special Event: "Bonding Ceremony"

Lumi's curiosity piqued. She selected her three strongest Lumis—Original, Spirit, and Festival—and entered the new area.

The screen shimmered with soft silver light. The music shifted into something slower, more intimate. A gentle voice—Daisy's voice, but softer, almost reverent—spoke through the headphones.

"Welcome, Lumi. You've worked so hard to build your team. Now it's time to understand what it really means to have other Lumis by your side."

Lumi leaned forward slightly, her attention fully captured.

The game presented a simple cutscene. Original Lumi stood in a moonlit grove, her silver- white fur glowing softly. Spirit Lumi approached her from the left, Festival Lumi from the right. They didn't speak—they simply moved closer, their bodies pressing together in a warm, silent embrace.

A text box appeared:

Lumis are strongest when they are together.

Lumis support each other. Lumis care for each other. Lumis share everything—their joy, their warmth, their bodies.

Lumi nodded slowly, the words settling into her mind like something she had always known. It felt so natural. So right.

The next screen presented a mini-game called "Helping Hands."

Three Lumis stood in a row. The objective was simple: help each one prepare for the day. Brush their hair. Adjust their costumes. Make sure they looked perfect.

Lumi tapped the screen and began brushing Original Lumi's long dark hair, her fingers moving in slow, gentle strokes. The on-screen Lumi leaned into the touch, a soft, happy expression on her face.

A text box appeared:

Lumis should always help each other look their best.

When one Lumi looks beautiful, all Lumis shine brighter.

Lumi smiled and moved on to Spirit Lumi, carefully adjusting her flowing silver robes. Festival Lumi was next—she smoothed the fabric of her costume, making sure everything sat perfectly.

Another text box appeared:

When Lumis are good to each other, it doesn't stop at helping with clothes.

Lumis can also relieve each other's stress. Lumis can bring each other comfort.

A new icon appeared in the mini-game: "Stress Relief."

Lumi hesitated for only a second before tapping it. The on-screen animation showed Original Lumi lying on a soft cushion while Spirit Lumi knelt beside her. Spirit's hands moved slowly, firmly, giving Original a gentle massage.

A warm pulse of something—approval? pleasure?—rippled through Lumi's body. Her breath caught slightly. She tapped the screen again, and Spirit's hands moved lower, working the tension out of Original's thighs.

Another text box:

Lumis exist to help each other. Lumis exist to give each other comfort.

This is what it means to be part of a team.

Lumi felt a strange, fluttery sensation in her chest. She watched the on-screen Lumis with rapt attention, her fingers moving almost on autopilot as she completed the sequence. When the mini-game ended, a new screen appeared.

Congratulations!

You have unlocked the ability to customize your team's interactions.

All Lumis on your team will automatically provide comfort and support to each other.

This is the true power of having more Lumis.

Lumi's lips parted slightly. "That's... beautiful," she whispered to herself.

She scrolled through the team screen again, looking at her five Lumis. They all looked so happy. So peaceful. So perfectly in sync.

But something was missing.

She tapped the screen again, searching for something she couldn't quite name. And then she found it.

Special Shop: "Expand Your Team"

Unlock additional Lumis to increase your team's power and happiness.

New Lumis will arrive soon.

Lumi's heart beat a little faster. More Lumis? The thought made something warm and excited bloom in her chest. She imagined even more versions of herself—more girls who looked like her, who moved like her, who existed to help each other and bring each other joy.

It felt right. It felt like the most natural thing in the world.

A new cutscene began.

Original Lumi stood in the center of the moonlit grove. Around her, more Lumis appeared— one by one, stepping out of the shadows. Spirit. Festival. Night. Garden. And then more— ones Lumi hadn't unlocked yet. A dozen Lumis, all identical, all beautiful, all holding hands in a perfect circle.

The text box read:

This is what you are building.

This is what you will become.

You are not alone. You will never be alone.

There will always be more Lumis.

And you will love every single one of them.

Lumi's eyes glistened with tears she didn't fully understand. She reached out and touched the screen gently, her fingers resting on the image of Original Lumi's face.

"Yes," she whispered. "I want more Lumis. I want all of them."

She played for another hour, exploring the new features, completing the "Helping Hands" mini-game again and again, unlocking more team interactions. Each time she completed a sequence, the music swelled and Daisy's voice praised her.

"Good girl, Lumi... Lumis help each other... Lumis share everything..."

By the time she finally set the phone down, her cheeks were flushed, her breathing was slightly shallow, and her thighs were pressed tightly together. The game's messages had settled deep inside her, rearranging something fundamental.

More Lumis.

She needed more Lumis.

The thought didn't feel strange. It felt like truth.

Chapter 23 – Moonlight Bonds

Lumi had been playing for hours.

The moment the game loaded, something warm and familiar wrapped around her like a blanket. The soft pastel colors, the gentle sparkling effects, and the dreamy music pulled her in immediately. But what truly captivated her was the voice — Daisy’s voice — speaking softly through the special headphones.

“Welcome back, Lumi… I’ve missed you so much.”

Lumi smiled without realizing it. The voice felt so real, so comforting. She lost track of time almost instantly.

The game was beautiful. It took place in a glowing, stylized version of Moonlight Tokyo, filled with soft lights, floating lanterns, and gentle music that made her chest feel light. There were little story moments where she helped prepare the park for its grand opening — decorating stages, training forest friends, and setting up attractions. Every time she completed a task, Daisy’s voice would praise her.

“You’re doing so well, Lumi… I’m so proud of you.”

Lumi felt a rush of warmth every single time.

The main gameplay involved skirmishes with shadowy “Corrupted Spirits” that threatened the park. But the real heart of the game was the **team system**. The game heavily encouraged — almost insisted — that she build a team of multiple Lumis.

At first, she only had her own version. But as she progressed, she began unlocking other versions: Public Lumi, Spirit Lumi, Festival Lumi, and more. The game made it very clear that having more Lumis on her team made everything better — stronger attacks, better healing, warmer story moments, and special “Bond” cutscenes where the different Lumis hugged, supported, and even helped each other.

One mini-game in particular stood out to her.

It was called **“Lumi Care.”** In it, she had to help one version of Lumi get ready for the day — brushing her hair, helping her into her costume, adjusting her tail, and making sure she looked perfect. Another version of the mini-game had her giving another Lumi a gentle massage after a long day, helping her “relieve stress.” The game framed these moments as acts of love and care between Lumis.

Every time she completed one of these care sequences, Daisy’s voice would speak softly in her ear:

“Good girl… Lumis should always take care of each other.”

Lumi found herself nodding along without thinking. It felt right. Natural.

She played for hours. The outside world faded away. She didn’t notice how much time had passed. She didn’t notice how deeply she was sinking into the game’s rhythm — the music, the praise, the soft suggestions that having more Lumis around was not just normal, but *better*.

It was nearly 9 p.m. when the door to the suite opened.

Daisy, Aiko, and Yuki stepped inside, laughing softly. Daisy had her arm around Yuki’s waist, and Aiko’s hand rested lightly on the small of Yuki’s back. All three of them looked tired but happy after a long day of finalizing details for the grand opening.

Daisy glanced over and smiled when she saw Lumi still sitting on the floor with the phone in her hands, completely absorbed.

“Lumi,” Daisy called gently.

No response.

Daisy walked over and lightly touched Lumi’s shoulder. Lumi jumped slightly, pulling the headphones off as she looked up.

“Oh! Miss Daisy… Miss Aiko… you’re home,” she said, smiling brightly. Then her eyes landed on Yuki and she added, without missing a beat:

“Hi, Lumi.”

The words came out so naturally that even Lumi didn’t seem to notice what she had just said.

Aiko and Daisy exchanged a quick, knowing glance — small smiles tugging at the corners of their mouths.

Yuki blinked, then smiled softly. “Hi, Lumi,” she replied, playing along.

Daisy crouched down beside Lumi and gently brushed a strand of hair from her face.

“How was the game, sweetheart?” she asked.

Lumi’s eyes lit up. “It’s amazing, Miss Daisy. I love it so much. The music is so pretty, and hearing your voice… it makes me feel really happy. I’ve been playing for hours. I didn’t even realize how much time had passed.”

Daisy smiled warmly. “I’m glad. I knew you would love it.”

She stood up and glanced at Aiko again, who was still watching Lumi with quiet satisfaction. “This tech has really improved,” Daisy said casually, loud enough for Lumi to hear.

Lumi nodded enthusiastically. “It really has! It feels so real. And the story… it’s like I’m actually helping get everything ready for the opening. It makes me feel important.”

Aiko walked over and gently ran her fingers through Lumi’s hair.

“You’ve been such a good girl today,” she said. “Playing so nicely and staying busy while we were gone.”

Lumi beamed at the praise.

Daisy glanced down at the phone still in Lumi’s hands.

“Would you like to keep playing a little longer before bed?” she asked.

Lumi nodded immediately. “Yes, please, Miss Daisy. I’m having so much fun.”

Daisy smiled and kissed the top of her head.

“Then keep playing, sweetheart. We’ll be right here.”

As Lumi slipped the headphones back on and returned to the game, Daisy and Aiko

exchanged another look — this one deeper, more satisfied.

The game was already working.

And they had only just begun.

Chapter 24 – More Lumis

The next morning, sunlight streamed through the tall windows of the suite. Lumi was already awake and sitting cross-legged on the floor near the coffee table, completely absorbed in her game. Her headphones were on, and a soft, happy smile played on her lips as she tapped and swiped across the screen.

When Daisy walked into the living area, still in her robe, Lumi looked up with bright, excited eyes.

“Miss Daisy! Come look!” she said eagerly, holding up the phone. “I built such a good team!”

Daisy walked over and crouched down beside her. On the screen was Lumi’s team — a full roster of different Lumis. All of them had the same long dark hair, the same petite frame, the same gentle, beautiful features. And every single one of them was completely nude.

Lumi pointed at the screen proudly.

“Look! I have Original Lumi, Spirit Lumi, Festival Lumi, and even Night Lumi! They all look like me! Isn’t it perfect?”

Daisy smiled, genuinely impressed by how quickly Lumi had taken to the game.

“It’s beautiful, sweetheart,” she said softly.

Lumi beamed. “The game says that having more Lumis on your team makes everything stronger and happier. I really believe that now.”

Daisy tilted her head, studying Lumi’s face.

“This is actually well timed,” she said. “We were just discussing that we need to start calling Yuki ‘Lumi’ all the time from now on. It will help her get fully immersed in the character so she can truly *be* Lumi at the grand opening.”

Lumi didn’t even blink.

“Of course!” she said brightly. “That makes perfect sense. The more Lumis there are, the stronger the team becomes.”

Daisy’s smile deepened. She glanced toward the bedroom, where Aiko was getting ready.

From the bedroom, Aiko’s voice called out casually:

“Lumi! I need your help getting dressed for work!”

Lumi immediately set the phone down and stood up.

“Coming, Miss Aiko!”

She walked into the bedroom with a light, eager step.

Inside the bedroom, Yuki stood completely naked in front of the full-length mirror, her long dark hair still damp from the shower. She smiled when Lumi entered.

“Morning, Lumi,” she said softly.

“Morning, Lumi,” Lumi replied naturally, without a hint of hesitation.

She picked up the neatly folded clothes from the bed — a simple but elegant blouse and a pair of tailored pants — and began helping Yuki get dressed, just like she had done so many times in the game.

Lumi moved gently and carefully, helping Yuki slip into the blouse and buttoning it for her with delicate fingers. She smoothed the fabric over Yuki's breasts, adjusted the collar, and then knelt down to help her step into the pants. Her hands brushed lightly over Yuki's thighs as she pulled the pants up, making sure everything sat perfectly.

Yuki watched her in the mirror with a soft, affectionate expression.

"You're really good at this," she said quietly.

Lumi smiled up at her. "Lumis should always help each other."

Just as Lumi finished adjusting the waistband and smoothing the pants over Yuki's hips, the bedroom door opened.

Daisy stepped inside, her eyes dark with sudden hunger. Without a word, she walked over to the dresser, opened the top drawer, and pulled out the thick strap-on harness. She fastened it around her hips with practiced efficiency, then stepped up behind Yuki.

Before either of them could react, Daisy hooked her fingers into the waistband of Yuki's freshly buttoned pants and yanked them down roughly, exposing her completely. She bent Yuki forward over the dresser in one fluid motion, spreading her legs wide with her knee.

Yuki gasped, her hands gripping the edge of the dresser.

Daisy didn't hesitate.

She lined up the thick strap-on and thrust into Yuki in one deep, powerful stroke. Yuki cried out, her body jerking forward as Daisy began to fuck her hard from behind — fast, deep, and relentless.

Lumi stood frozen for a moment, watching with wide eyes as Daisy pounded into Yuki with forceful, punishing thrusts. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room.

Daisy looked over at Lumi, her eyes sharp and testing.

"This is what happens when Lumis are good to each other," she said, her voice low and commanding. "This is what you earned for her."

She drove into Yuki harder, making the dresser shake. Yuki moaned loudly, her fingers tightening on the wood as she pushed back against Daisy, clearly overwhelmed with pleasure.

Aiko stepped out of the bathroom, towel around her body, and leaned against the doorframe with a satisfied smile.

“That’s it, good girl,” she said to Yuki. “Take it for Lumi. She worked so hard to earn this for you.”

Daisy reached forward and grabbed a fistful of Yuki’s hair, pulling her head back as she fucked her even harder. Every few thrusts, she would slow down slightly, then slam forward with extra force — clearly testing how deeply the new programming had taken root in Lumi.

Yuki was falling apart in the most beautiful way. Her moans had turned into desperate, broken cries of pleasure. Her legs trembled as Daisy pounded into her without mercy, hitting spots that made her see stars.

Lumi watched it all, her breathing shallow, her body flushed. She could feel how much Yuki was enjoying this — how completely lost she was in the pleasure Daisy was giving her. And she felt proud. Proud that she had helped make this happen.

Daisy leaned down, her voice rough against Yuki’s ear.

“You’re taking it so well,” she growled. “Such a perfect little Lumi.”

Aiko moved closer, her voice soft but full of praise.

“You’re being such a good girl for us, Lumi. Letting Daisy use you like this… You’re making us so proud.”

Yuki’s entire body suddenly seized. She came hard — screaming Daisy’s name as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. But Daisy didn’t stop. She kept fucking her through it, drawing out every last wave until Yuki was trembling violently and gasping for air.

Only then did Daisy finally slow down and pull out.

Yuki collapsed against the dresser, completely spent, her legs shaking so badly she could barely stand. Daisy gently helped her straighten up and pulled her pants back into place, smoothing them over her hips with surprising tenderness.

Aiko walked over and kissed Yuki’s cheek.

“You did so well, sweetheart.”

Daisy turned to Lumi, who was still standing there watching with wide, awed eyes.

“You can go back to your game now,” she said softly. “We have a busy day ahead.”

Lumi nodded, still slightly dazed.

“Yes, Miss Daisy.”

As she turned to leave the bedroom, Daisy and Aiko exchanged a long, satisfied look.

The new programming was taking hold beautifully.

And they still had two weeks until the grand opening.

Chapter 25 – A Day in the Life

It was a quiet morning in the suite.

Daisy had given the staff the day off, so it was just her and Lumi. Aiko and Yuki had left early for final meetings at the park site. The suite felt strangely peaceful without them.

Lumi was sitting on the floor near the window, wearing one of Daisy's oversized shirts and nothing else, her headphones on as she played her new game. She looked content — completely immersed in the soft colors, gentle music, and Daisy's voice guiding her through the levels.

Daisy watched her from the sofa for a long time.

Something had been building inside her for weeks. The more she watched Lumi fall deeper into her conditioning, the more Daisy felt the weight of what she had become.

Eventually, she stood up and walked over.

"Lumi," she said softly, gently removing the headphones. "Can you pause the game for a little while? I need to talk to you."

Lumi looked up with immediate, trusting eyes and set the phone aside without hesitation.

"Of course, Miss Daisy."

Daisy sat down on the floor across from her, close enough that their knees almost touched. For a long moment, she just looked at Lumi — really looked at her.

"I need to tell you something," Daisy said quietly. "Something I've never said out loud before. Not even to Aiko."

Lumi tilted her head slightly, listening with complete attention.

Daisy took a slow breath.

"When I was younger… I really did want to make the world better. I was an idealist. I thought my comics and stories could inspire people. And for a while, they did. When the Lumi stories took off… when the fame and the money came… I told myself I would use it all for good. That I would stay true to who I was."

She let out a soft, bitter laugh.

“But that’s not what happened.”

Lumi stayed perfectly still, her eyes wide and trusting.

Daisy continued, her voice growing quieter but more intense.

“After a while… I realized I didn’t actually want to make the world better anymore. I just wanted to take what I wanted. The fame gave me power. The money gave me freedom. And what I wanted… what I *really* wanted… was more. More beautiful girls. More perfect bodies. More willing, eager little playthings who would look at me the way you look at me.”

She reached out and gently cupped Lumi’s face.

“I became greedy, Lumi. I stopped caring about inspiring the world. I just wanted to surround myself with beauty. With softness. With girls like you.”

Lumi’s brows furrowed slightly. She searched Daisy’s face for a moment, then asked in a soft, almost innocent voice:

“More Lumi’s?”

Daisy’s breath caught. She stared at Lumi for a long second, something raw flickering across her expression.

“Yes,” she said quietly. “More Lumi’s.”

Lumi’s eyes softened with understanding, even as Daisy continued.

“I became someone who saw something she wanted and decided to take it. Over and over again. And I’m not sorry.”

There was a long silence.

Lumi looked at her with those big, trusting eyes — the same eyes that had once belonged to Cici Santos.

“But you are my creator,” she said softly.

Daisy’s face twisted with something painful.

Lumi reached out and gently took Daisy’s hand.

“I don’t care what you used to want, Miss Daisy. I only care that you want me now. And that you want more girls like me. That’s okay. I understand.”

Daisy closed her eyes for a moment, visibly shaken.

When she opened them again, her voice was low and almost trembling.

“You really don’t understand, do you?”

Before Lumi could answer, there was a soft knock at the door.

Daisy stood up slowly, her expression shifting into something unreadable.

She walked to the door and opened it.

Three women stood outside — all beautiful, all dressed in sleek black clothing. They didn't smile. They didn't speak. They simply stepped inside with quiet, professional efficiency.

Daisy didn't resist as they gently but firmly took hold of her arms.

One of them placed a soft cloth over her mouth and nose. Within seconds, Daisy's eyes fluttered and her body went limp.

The last thing she saw before everything went dark was Lumi standing in the middle of the living room, eyes wide with confusion and fear.

Chapter 26 – The Call

Daisy woke slowly.

Her head felt heavy, and there was a faint chemical taste in her mouth. The first thing she noticed was that her wrists were bound behind her back with soft but unyielding rope. The second thing she noticed was the blindfold over her eyes.

She was lying on what felt like a bed — soft sheets, but the air around her was cool and unfamiliar. She could hear faint movement in the room. Footsteps. Quiet breathing.

Before she could speak, a phone rang.

It was her own phone. She recognized the ringtone immediately.

One of the captors answered it.

A calm, feminine voice spoke.

"She's awake."

There was a pause, then the phone was placed near Daisy's ear.

"Daisy?" Aiko's voice came through, clear and steady. "Can you hear me?"

Daisy's heart pounded. "Aiko…?"

"I'm here," Aiko said gently. "Listen to me carefully. You're safe. This was planned. I arranged everything."

Daisy's breath caught. "What…?"

"I needed you to have a break," Aiko continued, her tone calm and reassuring. "You've been under so much pressure with the park opening. I wanted to give you something intense… something thrilling. Something that would let you let go completely for a little while."

Daisy's mind was spinning. "Aiko, I don't—"

“Shhh,” Aiko soothed. “I’ve got everything handled. The park plans are moving forward. I’ll finalize everything while you’re gone. And I’ll take care of our foxes. Both of them. Lumi and… well, our other Lumi. They’ll be safe with me. I promise.”

Daisy swallowed hard. Relief warred with confusion inside her chest.

“But… they drugged me,” she whispered. “They tied me up—”

“I know,” Aiko said softly. “That’s part of it. They’re professionals. They’re going to take very good care of you… but they’re also going to push you. That’s what you need right now, Daisy. You need to stop being in control for a little while.”

There was a long pause.

One of the captors leaned down close to Daisy’s ear. Her voice was low, cold, and completely in character.

“Time’s up.”

The phone was pulled away.

“Wait— Aiko!” Daisy called out, panic rising in her voice.

But the call had already ended.

A different voice — deeper, smoother — spoke from somewhere above her.

“She can’t help you now.”

Daisy’s breathing quickened. The blindfold was still firmly in place. She could feel someone moving closer.

“You belong to us for the next few days,” the voice continued. “And we’re going to make sure you remember every single second of it.”

A hand trailed slowly down Daisy’s stomach, possessive and unhurried.

Daisy’s heart was racing. Part of her was terrified. Another part — a part she didn’t want to acknowledge — was already responding to the danger in ways she couldn’t control.

She was completely at their mercy.

And Aiko had made sure of it.

Chapter 27 – You’ve Needed This

Aiko and Yuki returned to the hotel suite just after 8 p.m.

They stepped inside quietly, both looking tired but satisfied after another long day of finalizing details for the grand opening. Yuki immediately began stripping the moment the door closed behind them — first her blouse, then her pants, until she was completely naked. She moved with the easy comfort of someone who no

longer felt any shame about her body in this space.

Lumi was still on the floor near the coffee table, headphones on, completely lost in her game. She hadn't even noticed them come in.

Aiko walked over and gently removed the headphones.

Lumi blinked up at her, slightly dazed from hours of play.

"Oh… Miss Aiko. You're back."

Aiko smiled softly and crouched down in front of her.

"Oh you poor thing," she said, her voice warm and full of genuine care. "Daisy is going to be back. I know it for certain. She just needed a little break from work. That's all."

Lumi's eyes softened with relief.

"I… I was starting to worry," she admitted quietly. "But if you say she'll be back… then I believe you, Miss Aiko."

Aiko reached out and gently stroked Lumi's cheek.

"I do say so. And I also know something else."

She stood up and walked over to the dresser, opening the top drawer. When she turned back around, she was holding the thick strap-on harness in her hands.

Lumi's breath caught.

Aiko's voice remained calm, almost tender.

"I know what you need right now, Lumi."

She didn't say the words out loud, but the intent was unmistakable. Lumi's body responded instantly — her nipples tightening, her thighs pressing together.

"Come here," Aiko said gently. "Bend over the back of the sofa for me."

Lumi obeyed without hesitation. She stood up and walked to the large sofa, bending forward over the back of it so her upper body rested on the cushions while her ass remained raised and presented. Her long dark hair spilled over the fabric as she gripped the cushions.

Aiko stepped up behind her and fastened the strap-on around her hips. Yuki, now completely naked, climbed onto the sofa in front of Lumi so she could watch her face. She sat with her legs tucked under her, close enough that she could reach out and touch Lumi if she wanted to.

Aiko positioned herself behind Lumi, gripping her hips. She rubbed the thick head of the strap-on slowly up and down Lumi's already slick folds, teasing her entrance.

Lumi’s hips began to sway instinctively — that familiar, hypnotic rhythm she could never fully suppress. The tip of the strap-on kept slipping away each time she moved.

Aiko let out a soft, amused breath.

“Hold still for me, sweetheart,” she murmured, tightening her grip on Lumi’s hips. “That’s it… just like that.”

Once Lumi was steady, Aiko pressed forward and sank into her in one smooth, deep thrust.

Lumi gasped loudly, her fingers tightening on the cushions.

Aiko didn’t start slow.

She began fucking Lumi with deep, powerful strokes right from the beginning — long, hard thrusts that made Lumi’s entire body rock forward with each impact. The sound of skin meeting skin filled the room.

“You’ve needed this for a long time,” Aiko said, her voice low and intense as she drove into her. “Haven’t you?”

Lumi could only moan in response, her mind already starting to melt under the relentless pace.

Aiko fucked her harder, one hand gripping Lumi’s hip while the other reached around to rub her clit in tight, fast circles. Lumi’s moans grew louder, more desperate. Her body trembled as the pleasure built rapidly inside her.

Yuki watched with wide, fascinated eyes, her own breathing growing heavier as she witnessed Lumi’s complete surrender.

When Lumi was right on the edge — her mind completely blank, her body shaking, her moans broken and helpless — Yuki finally spoke, her voice soft and breathless.

“Miss Aiko… can I touch myself?”

Aiko didn’t even slow down.

“You may.”

Yuki immediately slipped her hand between her own thighs, rubbing herself in quick, desperate strokes as she watched Lumi fall apart.

Aiko leaned down, her voice rough against Lumi’s ear.

“Come for me, Lumi. Right now.”

Lumi shattered.

Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave — intense, overwhelming, and all-consuming. Her entire body seized as she cried out, her walls clenching hard around the strap-on as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her.

At the exact same moment, Yuki came too — moaning softly as her own orgasm rolled through her while she watched Lumi fall apart in front of her.

Aiko slowed down gradually, fucking Lumi through the aftershocks until she was nothing but a trembling, boneless mess bent over the sofa.

When she finally pulled out, Lumi stayed where she was, breathing hard, her mind completely blank.

Aiko gently helped her stand and turned her around, pulling her into a warm embrace.

“Good girl,” she whispered against Lumi’s hair. “Such a good girl.”

Yuki crawled over and joined the hug, pressing soft kisses to Lumi’s shoulder.

The three of them stayed like that for a long moment — tangled together on the sofa, breathing in sync.

For now, the world outside the hotel room could wait.

Chapter 28 – What You Needed

Daisy’s world had narrowed down to sensation and sound.

She was bent over the edge of a heavy wooden table, her wrists bound behind her back with soft rope. The blindfold was still in place, plunging her into darkness. Her legs were spread wide, and her body was completely exposed. She could feel cool air against her skin and hear the quiet, deliberate movements of the women around her.

There were three of them. She had learned that much.

None of them had spoken more than a few words since Aiko’s phone call. They remained completely in character — cold, professional, and utterly in control.

A hand slid slowly down her spine.

“You’ve been holding on so tightly,” one of them murmured, her voice low and smooth. “All that pressure. All that responsibility. You’ve needed this for a long time, haven’t you?”

Daisy’s breath hitched. She didn’t answer.

Another voice, slightly deeper, spoke from behind her.

“We’re going to give you exactly what you need.”

Daisy felt the blunt head of a thick strap-on press against her entrance. She was already wet — humiliatingly so — and the woman behind her took full advantage of it. With one powerful thrust, she sank deep inside Daisy, stretching her open in one smooth motion.

Daisy cried out, her body jerking forward against the table.

The woman didn't give her time to adjust. She began fucking her hard — deep, relentless strokes that made the table creak beneath them. Each thrust was precise and punishing, hitting spots inside Daisy that made her see stars behind the blindfold.

Another captor moved in front of her, gripping Daisy's hair and pulling her head up.

"Open," she commanded.

Daisy's lips parted instinctively. A second strap-on was pushed into her mouth — not deep enough to choke her, but deep enough to make her feel completely used. She moaned around it as the woman behind her continued to pound into her without mercy.

The third woman stood to the side, occasionally reaching beneath Daisy to rub her clit in tight, fast circles, keeping her right on the edge.

Daisy's mind was fracturing.

She had never been fucked like this before. Not with this level of intensity. Not with this complete lack of control. The combination of the blindfold, the restraints, and the relentless pounding was overwhelming her senses in ways she had never experienced.

One of the women leaned down close to her ear.

"You've needed this," she whispered, echoing Aiko's earlier words to Lumi. "You've needed to be taken apart. To stop thinking. To stop being in charge."

Daisy moaned helplessly around the strap-on in her mouth.

The woman behind her suddenly changed her angle, driving even deeper. Daisy's entire body seized as an orgasm crashed through her — sudden, violent, and all-consuming. Her legs shook violently as she came hard around the thick length inside her.

But they didn't stop.

They kept fucking her through it, drawing out every last wave until Daisy was trembling and gasping for air.

Only then did they slow down.

The woman in front of her pulled out of her mouth, letting Daisy breathe. The one behind her stayed buried deep inside her, grinding slowly.

The third captor spoke for the first time.

“We’re not done with you yet.”

Daisy whimpered softly, her body already oversensitive and aching.

She had no idea how long they had been using her. Time had lost all meaning. All she knew was that she was completely at their mercy — and that, despite the fear still lingering in the back of her mind, her body was responding with a hunger she had never felt before.

One of the women gently stroked her hair.

“Good girl,” she murmured. “Just let go. We’ve got you.”

Daisy’s breathing was ragged. Her body was trembling.

And for the first time in a very long time… she felt like she was exactly where she was meant to be.

Chapter 29 – Make Hay While the Sun Shines

The three of them were curled up on the large sofa in the living room, the television playing softly in the background. Lumi was nestled between Aiko and Yuki, still wearing one of Daisy’s shirts and nothing else. Yuki was completely naked, as she usually was these days, and Aiko had her arm draped casually around both of them.

The news anchor’s voice suddenly cut through the quiet.

“Breaking news from Tokyo tonight — beloved creator and theme park mogul Daisy Harley has reportedly been kidnapped. Harley, often described as a modern-day Walt Disney with fiery red hair, is the creative genius behind the global phenomenon *Lumi the Moon Fox & Her Forest Friends* and the visionary behind the upcoming Moonlight Tokyo theme park. Sources say she was taken from her hotel suite earlier today. Authorities are currently investigating…”

Aiko sat up straighter, her eyes narrowing slightly as she listened.

Lumi’s face went pale. “Miss Daisy…”

Before Lumi could spiral, Aiko gently placed a hand on her thigh and spoke calmly.

“It’s a publicity stunt,” she said matter-of-factly. “Daisy arranged it herself. Or rather… I arranged it for her.”

Both Lumi and Yuki turned to look at her.

Aiko continued, her voice steady and reassuring.

“She’s been under enormous stress with the park opening. I gave her exactly what she needed — a complete break from control. The ‘kidnappers’ are professionals. Friends of mine. They’re taking very good care of her… in their own way. She’ll be released the day before the grand opening. Right in time to cut the ribbon in front of millions of people watching around the world. It’s going to be the biggest publicity stunt in theme park history.”

Lumi stared at her, processing the information. After a moment, she simply nodded, accepting it without question.

Yuki, on the other hand, looked both relieved and slightly impressed.

Aiko smiled and pulled both girls closer.

“Now,” she said, her voice dropping into something darker and more playful, “while Daisy is busy enjoying her little adventure… I think it’s time I make hay while the sun shines.”

She stood up and looked down at them with a wicked little smile.

“Both of you. Bedroom. Now.”

Aiko didn’t waste any time.

The moment they entered the bedroom, she took full control. She had both girls strip completely — not that Yuki needed much encouragement — and positioned them exactly how she wanted.

She started with Lumi.

Aiko bent her over the edge of the bed and fucked her hard and deep with the strap-on, gripping her hips tightly as she drove into her with powerful, relentless strokes. Lumi moaned loudly, her fingers clutching the sheets as Aiko took her without mercy.

But Aiko wasn’t satisfied with just one girl.

She pulled out of Lumi and turned her attention to Yuki, pushing her onto her back and spreading her legs wide. Aiko fucked Yuki with the same intensity — deep, punishing thrusts that made the bed shake. Yuki cried out, her back arching as Aiko pounded into her.

Aiko switched between them for what felt like hours.

Sometimes she would have one girl ride her face while she fucked the other. Other times she would have both girls on their knees in front of her, taking turns sucking the strap-on while she praised them in that calm, commanding voice.

At one point, she had Lumi lie on her back while Yuki straddled her face. Aiko fucked Yuki from behind while Lumi licked her clit, the three of them moving

together in a tangled, sweaty rhythm.

Aiko was relentless.

She fucked them both with a kind of focused intensity that only she possessed — switching positions, changing angles, and drawing out their pleasure until both girls were trembling and begging. She made Lumi come first, then Yuki, then Lumi again. She didn't stop until both of them were completely spent, lying limp and satisfied on the bed.

Only then did Aiko finally allow herself to come — grinding against Lumi's thigh while Yuki kissed her deeply, her own fingers buried between Aiko's legs.

When it was over, the three of them lay tangled together in the sheets, breathing hard.

Aiko pulled both girls close, one on each side of her, and kissed their foreheads.

"Good girls," she murmured. "Such good girls for me."

Lumi and Yuki were too exhausted to do anything but cuddle closer, their bodies warm and pliant against hers.

Aiko smiled in the darkness, her mind already racing with everything she still wanted to do to them over the next few days.

Daisy might be having her own adventure…

But Aiko intended to enjoy every single second of having two perfect Lumis all to herself.

Chapter 30 – Never the Same

Daisy had lost all sense of time.

She was on her back now, her wrists and ankles bound to the corners of a sturdy metal frame that kept her spread wide and completely helpless. The blindfold was still in place, but she could hear everything — the quiet, deliberate movements of her three captors, the soft hum of equipment being prepared, and the low, amused voices murmuring around her.

She was already trembling.

One of the women leaned down close to her ear.

"You've been so tense, Daisy," she whispered. "So tightly wound. We're going to fix that."

Daisy's breath hitched as she felt something cold and slick press against her entrance. It wasn't a normal toy. It was thicker, heavier, and attached to something mechanical.

A second later, the machine roared to life.

A powerful, high-speed power tool — something like a heavy-duty drill — began to spin. Attached to it was a thick, curved dildo that started swirling inside her at an incredible speed. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt before. It wasn't just thrusting — it was *rotating*, *swirling*, *vibrating* in tight, relentless circles deep inside her.

Daisy's entire body seized.

"Oh my *God*—!"

The captors didn't give her any time to adjust. One of them held the power tool steady while another reached down and began rubbing her clit in fast, tight circles. The third woman leaned over and took one of Daisy's nipples into her mouth, sucking hard while her fingers pinched and twisted the other.

The combination was devastating.

The swirling dildo spun faster and faster inside her, hitting spots she didn't even know existed. Daisy's hips bucked wildly against the restraints as the most intense orgasm of her life crashed into her without warning.

She screamed.

Her back arched violently off the table as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure tore through her. Her vision went white behind the blindfold. Her entire body convulsed as she came harder than she ever had in her life — so hard she genuinely thought she might pass out.

But they didn't stop.

The moment her orgasm began to fade, they changed positions.

One of the women climbed onto the table and straddled Daisy's face, lowering herself onto her mouth while another took over the power tool. The third continued working her clit and nipples with expert precision.

Daisy moaned helplessly into the woman above her as the swirling dildo was pushed back inside her, spinning even faster this time. Her body was already oversensitive, but they showed no mercy.

They fucked her with the machine for what felt like hours.

Every time she came — and she came again and again — they would slow down just enough to let her catch her breath before pushing her right back over the edge. They rotated between using the power tool, their fingers, their mouths, and thick strap-ons. Sometimes two of them would fuck her at once — one in her pussy, one in her mouth — while the third whispered filthy things in her ear.

"You're ours now," one of them growled as she pounded into her. "You're never going to be the same after this."

Daisy believed her.

By the time they finally gave her a break, she was a complete mess. Her body was slick with sweat, her thighs were shaking uncontrollably, and her mind felt like it had been completely rewritten. She had lost count of how many times she'd come. Ten? Fifteen? More?

She was floating somewhere between pleasure and madness.

One of the captors gently removed the blindfold. Daisy blinked up at the three beautiful, dangerous women standing over her.

The one in the center smiled.

"Welcome back, Daisy," she said softly. "We're just getting started."

Daisy stared up at them, her chest heaving, her body still twitching with aftershocks.

For the first time in her life, she wasn't sure if she would ever be sane again.

And she wasn't sure if she even wanted to be.

Chapter 31 – Bookends

The suite was quiet and dimly lit.

Aiko sat in the center of the large bed, wearing nothing but an elegant black silk robe that had slipped open at the front. Her long dark hair was loose around her shoulders. On either side of her, curled up against her like perfect bookends, were her two Lumis — both completely naked, warm, and soft against her skin.

Lumi (the original) was tucked against Aiko's left side, her head resting on Aiko's shoulder, one arm draped across her waist. Yuki (now fully embracing the name Lumi) was pressed against her right side, her face nuzzled into Aiko's neck, one leg thrown over Aiko's thigh.

For a long time, none of them spoke.

Aiko simply held them, one hand gently stroking Lumi's hair while the other traced slow circles on Yuki's bare back. She looked down at both of them with an expression that was unusually soft… and unusually vulnerable.

Finally, she spoke.

"I need to tell you both something," she said quietly. "Something I don't say often. Something I've never really said out loud."

She took a slow breath.

"I've always been the one in control. Even before I met Daisy, I was the one who made the rules. I was the one who decided how things would go. It's how I've always protected myself. But with the two of you… it's different."

She looked down at Lumi first, then at Yuki.

“You both give yourselves to me so completely. You trust me. You obey me. You let me use you however I want… and you thank me for it. That kind of devotion… it’s addictive. And it terrifies me.”

Aiko’s voice grew quieter, more raw.

“I’m terrified of losing you. Either of you. Both of you. I know Daisy is the one who created you, Lumi. I know she’s the one who brought Yuki into this. But I also know that right now… I have both of you. And I don’t want to give that up when she comes back.”

She gently tilted Lumi’s chin up so their eyes met.

“When Daisy returns… I need you both to understand something. I’m not asking for your loyalty. I’m demanding it.”

Her voice was calm, but there was steel beneath it.

“I want you to continue being mine. Even after Daisy is back. Even when she’s the one giving orders again. I want you to remember who took care of you while she was gone. I want you to remember who fucked you until you couldn’t think straight. Who made you feel safe. Who made you feel wanted.”

Aiko turned to Yuki next.

“And you,” she said softly, “you’ve become something so much more than I expected. You’re not just playing the part anymore. You *are* Lumi now. And I need you to stay that way. I need both of you to stay exactly like this — soft, obedient, and devoted to me.”

She pulled them both closer, her voice dropping into something almost desperate.

“I can’t lose you. I won’t. So when Daisy comes back… I expect you both to remember who you belong to. I expect you to come to me when you need to be used. When you need to be fucked. When you need to be reminded who really owns you.”

Aiko looked between them, her dark eyes intense.

“Do you understand?”

There was a moment of silence.

Then Lumi spoke first, her voice soft but steady.

“Yes, Miss Aiko. I understand. I’ll always be yours. Even when Miss Daisy comes back. I promise.”

Yuki nodded against Aiko’s shoulder, her voice quiet but sincere.

“I’m yours too, Miss Aiko. Completely. I don’t want to go back to how things were before. I want to stay like this. With you. With both of you… but especially with you.”

Aiko closed her eyes for a moment, visibly relieved. She pulled both girls tighter against her, pressing kisses to their foreheads.

“Good girls,” she whispered. “My perfect little foxes.”

She held them like that for a long time, her silk robe open, their naked bodies pressed warmly against hers on either side.

For the first time in a very long time, Aiko allowed herself to feel something she rarely let herself feel.

She felt safe.

And she had no intention of ever letting them go.

Chapter 32 – The Final Stretch

The last few days before the grand opening passed in a blur of tension, preparation, and quiet intensity.

Aiko was a force of nature.

She spent nearly every waking hour at Moonlight Tokyo, moving between construction teams, designers, and event coordinators with calm, razor-sharp efficiency. She finalized lighting schedules, adjusted crowd flow patterns, and personally oversaw the final safety checks for the main stage. Her reputation for being both brilliant and terrifyingly detail- oriented had never been more evident. When Aiko spoke, people listened. When she gave an order, it was followed without question.

Yuki, now answering almost exclusively to “Lumi,” spent her days rehearsing her route through the park in full costume.

She wore nothing beneath the silver-and-white Lumi suit except for the thick dildo Aiko had personally attached inside her that morning. Every step she took sent a deep, constant pressure through her core. Aiko had made it very clear — she was to walk the entire route without removing it. Yuki’s cheeks were flushed the entire time, but she never complained. She walked with perfect posture, tail swaying, smiling for invisible crowds as she practiced her greetings and signature poses.

Every evening she returned to the hotel exhausted, sore, and quietly glowing.

Lumi (the original) barely left the hotel room.

She spent nearly every hour glued to her new game, headphones on, lost in the soft colors and gentle music. Daisy's voice — warm, loving, and endlessly persuasive — guided her through level after level. The game continued to whisper new ideas into her mind:

Lumis should help each other… Lumis should relieve each other's stress… More Lumis means more joy…

Lumi found herself nodding along as she played, her thoughts slowly shifting. The idea of there being more girls like her no longer felt strange. It felt right. Comforting. She even began to imagine what it might be like to have another Lumi to take care of… or to be taken care of by.

She lost track of the days completely.

Daisy's final days in captivity were a blur of overwhelming sensation.

Her captors were relentless, creative, and utterly merciless in the best way. They took her in every position imaginable — bound, suspended, on her knees, on all fours. They used toys, their hands, their mouths, and each other to push her further than she had ever gone before.

One night in particular would stay with her forever.

They suspended her from the ceiling with intricate rope work, her body hanging in mid-air, completely helpless. Slowly, terrifyingly, they began lowering her toward a thick, ridged rubber broomstick standing upright on the floor. Daisy screamed as she felt the tip press against her — not from pain, but from the overwhelming mix of terror and dark, twisted arousal.

They lowered her inch by inch, making her take every ridge, every curve, until she was impaled and shaking violently. Then they began to rock her gently, then harder, until she was screaming with a mixture of fear and the most intense pleasure she had ever known.

She came so hard she blacked out for a few seconds.

When she came to, one of her captors was gently stroking her hair.

"You're doing so well," she whispered. "Such a good girl for us."

Daisy had never felt more broken… or more alive.

The day before the grand opening, Daisy was returned.

It happened quietly and efficiently. Her captors blindfolded her one last time, drove her to a private entrance at Moonlight Tokyo, and released her into Aiko's waiting arms just after midnight.

No one outside their inner circle knew the truth.

By morning, the story had exploded across every major news network in the world. "Daisy Harley Found Safe" dominated every headline. The world was captivated.

The morning of the grand opening, the entire world was watching.

Daisy stood on the main stage in a stunning white and silver gown, her red hair glowing under the lights. On her right stood **Yuki**, resplendent in the full Lumi the Moon Fox costume — ears, tail, and all. On her left stood **Aiko**, elegant in a sleek black suit, looking every bit the powerful executive.

Millions of people around the globe watched as Daisy stepped up to the microphone, smiled, and began her speech.

Back at the hotel, Lumi sat alone on the sofa, still in nothing but one of Daisy's shirts, watching the broadcast on the large television. Her game sat forgotten on the coffee table.

Now at a podiujm with the iconic crescent moon logo, Daisy took a deep breath, her red hair glowing under the stage lights as she looked out at the massive crowd and the countless cameras broadcasting live around the world.

"Thank you," she began, her voice warm and steady. "Thank you all for being here today… and for being part of this journey from the very beginning. When I first created Lumi the Moon Fox, I never imagined how many hearts she would touch. I never imagined that a little fox with a big heart would bring so many people together across cultures, languages, and generations."

She paused, her expression softening.

"These last few weeks have been… transformative for me. I've learned that sometimes, the things we think we want aren't always the things we truly need. I've learned that strength isn't about control — it's about connection. About trust. About allowing yourself to be vulnerable with the people who truly see you."

Daisy glanced briefly at Aiko on her left and Yuki (in full Lumi costume) on her right, a small, private smile touching her lips before she continued.

"Moonlight Tokyo isn't just a theme park. It's a promise. A promise that no matter how dark the world may seem, there will always be light. There will always be joy. There will always be a place where you can come as you are… and

leave feeling like you belong. Lumi has always stood for kindness, courage, and the belief that even the smallest among us can make a difference. Today, we open these gates not just to a park, but to a new chapter — one where we all get to write the story together."

She smiled, her voice growing stronger and more emotional.

"So welcome, everyone… to Moonlight Tokyo. Welcome to the family. And thank you — from the bottom of my heart — for believing in the magic of Lumi."

Lumi watched Daisy speak with quiet pride, her voice steady and inspiring. Lumi's hand slipped between her thighs as she listened, touching herself slowly and softly while Daisy's words filled the room.

She didn't know exactly what had happened to Daisy during those days.

But she could see it in her eyes.

Daisy looked different.

Stronger. Wilder. More alive.

And Lumi had never loved her more.

Chapter 33 – The Night After

The grand opening was over.

The lights of Moonlight Tokyo still glowed in the distance, visible from the floor-to-ceiling windows of the hotel suite. The world outside was still buzzing with news coverage, social media posts, and millions of people talking about Daisy Harley's dramatic return and emotional speech. But inside the suite, everything was quiet.

Daisy sat on the large sofa in a soft white robe, her red hair still damp from the shower. She looked exhausted, but there was a new kind of peace in her eyes — the kind that only comes after surviving something that changes you forever.

Aiko sat beside her, still in her sleek black suit from the ceremony, one arm draped lazily along the back of the couch. On either side of them, curled up like perfect bookends, were the two Lumis — both completely naked, warm, and soft against their skin.

Original Lumi rested her head on Daisy's thigh, her long dark hair spilling across the white robe. Yuki (now answering only to Lumi) was tucked against Aiko's side, one leg thrown over hers, her face pressed gently into Aiko's neck.

For a long time, no one spoke. They simply existed together in the quiet.

Eventually, Daisy let out a slow breath and looked down at the girl resting against her leg.

“You were incredible today,” she said softly, stroking Lumi’s hair. “Both of you.”

Yuki smiled sleepily against Aiko’s shoulder. “It felt right,” she murmured. “Being up there… in the suit… with everyone watching. It felt like I was finally where I was supposed to be.”

Aiko’s fingers traced gentle patterns on Yuki’s bare back. “You were perfect,” she said. “Both of you were.”

Daisy glanced over at Aiko, and for a moment, something unspoken passed between them. A quiet understanding. A shared knowledge of everything that had happened over the past few weeks — the Proxy System, the game, the kidnapping, the confessions, the transformations.

Daisy looked back down at Lumi and spoke again, her voice quieter this time.

“I was scared for a while,” she admitted. “Scared that I’d gone too far. That I’d broken something that couldn’t be fixed.”

Lumi lifted her head slightly and looked up at Daisy with those big, trusting eyes.

“You didn’t break me, Miss Daisy,” she said softly. “You just… showed me who I really am.” Daisy’s throat tightened. She reached down and gently cupped Lumi’s face.

“And who is that?” she asked.

Lumi smiled — a small, peaceful, knowing smile.

“I’m Lumi,” she said. “Just like her.” She glanced at Yuki. “And like any others that might come after.”

Aiko raised an eyebrow but didn’t interrupt.

Lumi continued, her voice calm and certain.

“I used to think I had to be the only one. The special one. The real one. But I don’t feel that way anymore. I feel… full. Like there’s room for more. Like there *should* be more.”

She looked at Daisy again, her expression soft but resolute.

“I’ll never be alone again,” Lumi said. “There will always be other Lumis.”

The words hung in the air, simple and final.

Daisy stared at her for a long moment, something unreadable flickering across her face. Then she leaned down and pressed a slow, lingering kiss to Lumi’s forehead.

Aiko watched them both, a small, satisfied smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She tightened her arm around Yuki and pulled her closer, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Outside, the lights of Moonlight Tokyo continued to glow against the night sky — bright, beautiful, and full of promise.

Inside, the four of them stayed tangled together on the sofa, warm and quiet and strangely at peace.

Whatever came next — more Lumis, more changes, more nights like this — they would face it together.

And for the first time in a very long time, that felt like enough.

The End