

Maya Episode 1: Dressed to Kill



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A beautiful prostitute named Maya visits a client whilst disguised. That client is a powerful local judge with a foot fetish, and as Maya services him, she snaps incriminating photographs with a tiny camera planted inside her corset bow. After turning over the photos to a mysterious man she calls Mentor, Maya is given an address for her next "case." A week later she arrives at the residence of an industrial tycoon. But after he has his way with Maya, he reveals that he

knows she was the one who helped bring down the recently scandalized judge, who was on the tycoon's payroll. For this, Maya must die!

Standing under a streetlamp smoking a cigarette, a figure in a dark, floor-length trenchcoat, the collar turned up and met by a fedora pulled low over the eyes. After scanning the perimeter, the figure walked across the street to enter the city's finest hotel. Inside the lobby the dark figure immediately spotted the contact, a stubble-headed thug likewise in a long coat.

The dark figure approached after their eyes met, and the thug whispered the words "Room 13" while reaching inside his coat. He removed an envelope and handed it to the dark figure, but not before allowing his lapel to remain open long enough to reveal the concealed gun.

The figure in the dark coat tucked the envelope inside a pocket and softly asked, "Is it secure?"

"Of course it's secure," grumbled the thug. "That's what I do."

Inside the elevator, another man with a hard expression and dressed like a secret police agent stood in for the liftman. Standing directly opposite a "no smoking" warning, the dark figure proceeded to light another cigarette as the doors shut.

Knocking in a signal pattern on the door marked "13," the dark figure waited as an older man in formal attire opened it. "Please, step inside."

"Judge Rangarajan," greeted the dark figure after crossing the threshold. "It's a pleasure--"

"Don't use my name!" interrupted the annoyed Judge. "You don't know who I am, got it?"

The dark figure nodded.

Crossing the room to the mini-bar, the Judge poured himself a glass of champagne. "Would you like a drink?" he asked his guest.

"No. Thank you."

The Judge sat on the edge of the bed. "Then I suppose we should get right to it," he announced, taking a sip. Let's have a look."

It required an awkward position on her part, but Maya leaned backward and began jacking off the Judge between her foot arches. Resting against her elbows, she was able to reach her tits and push them together, shooting another reel of photos.

Due to the friction of her complicated legwork, Maya's panties had been tugged to one side. The judge caught sight of her flushed pussy.

"Pull them back."

When she did, her arousal was readily apparent, the lips already parting to reveal the dark, glistening pearl inside. The judge extended his leg so his own big toe was able to reach her cunt and gently rim of Maya's pussy. Soon he was three toes deep.

"Tell me if it's too much..."



"I've got all the photos I need," Maya thought, "but god, does he stretch my pussy nicely!" Before she had even decided to do so, she was guiding the rest of the Judge foot into her deliciously distended hole.

Unable to hold back any longer, the Judge spurted streams of warm jism against Maya's feet and legs.

"ARGHHHH, those are the hottest feet I've ever fucked!"

But as he enjoyed his post-orgasm chill, he noticed that Maya was unexpectedly working diligently on her own. Driving his foot deeper into her dilated gash, she bucking against the bone where it collided with her

clitoris. The Judge couldn't have removed his foot from the grasp her vagina if he tried.

"I'm almost there..." she cried through gritted teeth. "Yes!...yes!...yes...uh...NOW!!!"

The judge felt the walls of Maya's pussy shudder three, four, five times as she came.

"I've found a whore with a worse foot fetish than mine," the Judge mused. "I'll have to ask for you specifically next time."

Paying special attention to the bow-cam, Maya turned away, adjusting the corset and quickly dressing as the Judge relaxed with his champagne.

"What's the hurry?" he wondered. "Stick around for a while..."

"I can't. I-I have to..."

"Have to what?" She felt the anger in his breath as it brushed against her neck. "Go suck some politician's limp cock, you filthy whore?"

"Y-Yes," she stuttered, turning to face his menace.

"Who is it? Someone I know?"

"I won't tell you that."

"That's a good girl," he said, pressing the cold barrel of a gun against her cheek. "Keep your mouth shut, or else I might have to make another hole right next to it!"

Maya escaped quickly, taking the back stairs out of the hotel. Hailing the cab that was awaiting her, she sped across town and was dropped off in front of a lonely Italian restaurant.

She peered down both side of the desolate street before entering.

"Where is your restroom?"

"In the back," grunted the bartender.

Locking the door behind her, Maya reached for the bag of clothes that had been planted on a shelf above the toilet and dressed hurriedly, burying the trenchcoat and corset she had been wearing in the trash bin. Back in the dining room, she approached a corner table where she found a man seated. He hadn't been there when she entered the restroom.

Maya slid the bow camera across the table and asked the man, "Who are the photos for?"



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Who is this mysterious beauty Maya, prostitute or spy? And who wants the sexy, compromising photos she was paid to take?? Is the man seated in the restaurant friend or foe??? Find out in...

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