



# Michał's Midnight Queen

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Michał, a kind-faced driver with big, tired eyes, yawns behind the wheel of his slightly exaggerated car. The city lights of Warsaw glow softly in the distance, but his app screen brightly displays a new ride request at 2 AM. He sighs, stretches his long, noodle-like arms, and taps to accept.



Dagmara, with wild, voluminous hair and a fierce leopard-print jacket over a short, sparkly mini-skirt, confidently stumbles into the back seat. Her eyes are half-lidded but sharp, and her movements are fluid yet unsteady. Michał glances in the rearview mirror, a flicker of surprise on his face.



The ride ends in a dimly lit, narrow street. Michał, with a hopeful smile, shows Dagmara the fare on his phone. Her expressive face contorts into a scowl, her arms crossed dramatically. The air in the car thickens with unspoken tension.



Dagmara's voice, now sharp and demanding, pierces the quiet. Michał shrinks slightly in his seat, his wide eyes reflecting her growing anger. Her hand gestures are grand and accusatory, filling the small space with her formidable presence.



With a sudden, swift motion, Dagmara produces a gleaming, sharp object from her jacket, holding it with surprising steadiness. She points it menacingly at Michał, her eyes narrowed. Michał's heart pounds, but a strange, disorienting thrill also runs through him.



Under Dagmara's unwavering gaze, Michał slowly and deliberately hands over his wallet and phones, his movements clumsy. His face shows a mix of fear, awe, and a peculiar, almost dreamlike surrender. Dagmara collects the items with a satisfied, powerful smirk.



Days later, Michał sits alone in his quiet apartment, staring at a new phone he bought with his savings. The memory of Dagmara's commanding presence and her sharp footwear fills his thoughts. He chose not to report the incident, a secret burning within him.



Two weeks later, the familiar chime of his Uber app sounds. Michał's eyes snap to the screen – it's Dagmara, from the exact same pick-up location. A jolt goes through him, a potent mix of apprehension and an undeniable, thrilling anticipation. His cartoon heart beats fast.



Michał arrives at the designated spot. Instead of waiting, he steps out of his car, walks around to the passenger side, and with a deep bow, opens the door for Dagmara. His face is a mask of devoted service, his posture unusually straight. Dagmara's legs and feet, adorned in stylish heels, are the first thing he sees.



Dagmara enters the car, a sly, knowing smile playing on her lips as she settles into the seat. Michał, now back behind the wheel, glances at her in the rearview mirror, his expressive eyes wide with adoration and absolute submission. He is her driver, her servant, her willing 'dog,' captivated by the power of her presence and the sight of her feet.