

Eve Chapter 2

Commission

One thing Eve liked about being as skillful as she was, was the fact that she would finish most of her objectives way ahead of schedule. Meaning, assassin could take a snack or two before she actually delved into mission proper. She would not choose at random, of course. The victim needed to be someone that would be fun to break. Over time and slowly. Nipping away at his sanity until he was a shell, a husk of his former self. Then... well, then only one thing would be left.

Their lips melted into one another as he ran his hands all over her latex catsuit, not being able to satiate his lust. He caught her eye was being far too handsome and far too confident for his own good. Eve liked her men docile and domesticated.

He didn't know what set his blood into a frenzy more, the velvety, silk smooth, tender kisses or the contrast of the cool, rubbery material which formed her catsuit. Eve sat upon her victim's lap as she bent her legs at the knee, coiling them around him and locking them with a light *click* of her boot heels touching one another. The rubber creaked as she ground herself against him, feeling his rock hard member against her.

"Not bad for a bounty hunter." She teased as she bit his lower lip mischievously.

"It's not the job darling, it's me." He said confidently, his light blue eyes shining with vigor. He could not be older than thirty, meaning he was quite a few years older than Eve.

"Oh? You think you could handle me at my best?" Even let go of his lip and peered into his eyes. Raw confidence, that is what she saw there... and she smirked. That's exactly what she was looking for.

"Hell yeah." He smirked, his youthful, boyish smile making her giggle and even more hungry to torment him.

"You asked for it." Eve said as she brushed her hair from her shoulder with one hand... right before the hungry latex maw of her catsuit flew opened and enveloped him fully. Slowly, methodically, the latex catsuit molded the bounty hunter perfectly against Eve's body as she stood up. He looked like a toddler clinging to his mother. His legs wrapped around her waist, his arms bound behind his back in thick, steely latex and his face, snugly trapped between her breasts. She could feel him trying to fidget, breathing heavily, desperate to escape. But, ever so slowly, even his movement grew sluggish and lazy.

"Noticed finally have you?" She teased as she ran her hands over his dark silhouette.

He did. The bounty hunters cock was stuck firmly between her legs and inside of her pussy. Already, like a true predator, she was sucking his willpower edging him without mercy ever closer to his first orgasm.

“Good boy. Be obedient for me and cum your little mind out as I see what little trophies I can get from your room. Who knows, if I found you entertaining I might decide to take you back home with me to be used as a sex toy. Fingers crossed right?” She chuckled as she felt him open his mouth to protest but only got to inhale more of her perfume. That intoxicating aroma, along with the constant stimulation, the softness of her skin and her melodic, dominant voice, led to his very first masochist orgasm. Eve grinned and patted his head as she got to work. She sat herself on his comfy, royal bed, crossed her legs casually, which prompted yet another monster orgasm, placed his computer in her lap and began searching.

“That’s a nice bank account you have here mister Dominic the big bad unter. Do you mind telling me the code?” She could have sliced it, but Eve always wished for her prey to give themselves willingly and his whimpering just too cute for her not to listen to it again. The fluid latex made a small open space for him and the hunter’s face appeared smeared with sweat, his blonde hair plastered to his face.

“Fuck... you.” He seethed... barely.

Eve chuckled confidently and clasped the sides of his face with her gloved hands. He sighed in please instantly, the latex of her gloves tormenting him, teasing him.

“Considering how easily I overpowered you, do you honestly think it’s smart for you to refuse me? Think about it, if I wanted to kill you I would have, if I wanted to break your arms and legs I would have... instead I’m making you feel good. Do you really want me to stop and opt for some other method?” Her words were like a mantra in his head, not threatening in the least yet so loving and dominant and easy to listen to.

His head slumped in defeat, at least for now. She was right. There was no use... and she did make him have the best orgasms in his life.

“Two, zero, zero, one.” He blurted and eagerly awaited his reward.

“Thank you puppet, see you can be docile and obedient.” He shivered at her praise as she said with a musky slur to her voice and typed in the code. Eve laughed joyfully, like a high school girl on Christmas, when the screen blinked in green.

“W-what about my orgasm?” He blurted.

“What about it?” Eve asked with a sultry smirk. She uncrossed her legs and recrossed them again, knowing full well it would edge him into a blissful oblivion. He could not respond, drool falling from his open mouth he mewled like a good slave for his new owner.

“Better. You need to learn how to behave darling, or else I will tire of you quickly. But you are a good kisser, and that bank account kinda boosted my ego.” She chuckled again. “So how about I spice things up a little for myself in this mission. I’ll take you, my mewling little toy,

with me and see how it all goes. If, by the end of the mission I like you enough, I'll take you home as a sex toy. If not... well I can easily suffocate you inside. How does that sound?"

The bounty hunter nodded stupidly as the latex devoured his face again, pressing it against her massive chest.

"Excellent. This mission is turning out to be fun after all!" She chirped and uncrossed her legs. The rubber of her catsuit creaking as she did so, humming hypnotically even as she walked out of his room.