

Lexi's Scissor Hold

"What a wimp." The nylon clad assassin said to her gasping victim. Her thighs were firmly holding his windpipe as the two of them slowly descended to the floor of the warlocks mansion. "Your boss must be a real weakling if he hires help such as you."

The bodyguard didn't even hear her approach before she jumped upon his shoulders and placed her lithe, nylon thighs over and around his neck. He felt like a snake had been strangling him, slowly draining him of his strength. One thing he did take a good, long, hard notice of was her outfit and her physique.

A dark, soft, glisteny nylon catsuit adorned her curvy body, barely holding her hips and her breasts in. Her thighs, though as strong as a python, were soft and shiny in the dark light of the corridor, just outside of his masters room.

"G-get... off..." He said through heavy breathing. The bodyguard tried summoning fire to his fingers but only sparks were seen.

She tapped his nose with a clawed finger and giggled girlishly. The assassins snake like eyes held his gaze, dominantly pulling him further into submission. "But why, my little victim? Aren't my thighs so soft to the touch? So creamy and irresistible? fufufufufu~"

"You will kill me... I know who you are!!!" He yelled, but for some reason his voice wasn't ringing across the hall. It was like she was giving him just enough breath to speak... weakly. The young mage felt ashamed at just how much he had to struggle to even voice a single letter. He had to fight her... he had to... did he?

"Yes I will honey... and you will love every second of it. So why don't you just relax into my scissor hold and enjoy the nylon upon your face as my legs smother the life out of you. fufufufufu~" A wicked smile crossed her lip as she bit down upon her claw, hungrily... playfully. Like his life was just a game to her.

At her words, his feeble resistance dwindled and faded as he slowly relaxed into her soft hold. He couldn't breathe and the world around him was turning into darkness and wicked laughter.

"You just cannot say no to me can you?" She asked with a giggle.

"Please... just stop... I will run away... you will never see me again I swear." The bodyguard begged as he finally understood the gravity of his situation. He was not getting out, she was too

much for him. Even if he were stronger than her, the sultry assassin had him in the palm of her hand. Snuggled tight in her nylon, shiny hold, slowly sapping his strength.

And he loved every second of it. The glossy material felt silky and heavenly upon his cheeks, sending his mind into a dizzying spiral of moans and gasps. It was like he was sinking into quicksand of warmth and deadly softness.

"I like it when my prey begs." She said and tightened her hold further while laughing down at him. "Struggle, struggle. fufufufufu~ The more you struggle the longer you will last and the longer I will play with you. If you give up now, well, you are done for."

Heeding her words he struggled as much as he could, but his muscles were growing lax and his mind was swooning from side to side. Drunk on lust and hard as a rock, he could do very little to fight her.

"I could have played with you more you know. Edged you, teased you, maybe even let a single drop of you cum come out. But you are too boring for that, you can be broken like this as well." The sadistic assassin grinned at him.

Her terrifying words filled him with dread, but that feeling of fear and desperation was quickly muffled and beaten by ecstasy. The bulge on his pants could be seen even in the dark and he wished for nothing more than for her to unzip his pants and play with his cock.

"Nghhh...." He whimpered as the pleasure made him weaker and weaker, hornier and hornier.

"It's so fun to watch. Pathetic men like you, squirming inside of my holds, begging for a little release." The assassin smiled knowingly but made no move to unzip him. "Your death will be pleasurable enough, so you do not need to cum."

"Get nghhhh... offfff..." He fought, as much as his surrendering body let him.

"Aren't you ashamed? A big, strong, young man such as you, defeated so easily but little ol' me?" She asked with a satisfied grin crossing her dark lips. "Though by the looks of you, you might actually like being humiliated like this."

Her voice, dripping with victory, made him mewl in bliss. She was right, her nylon thighs upon his cheeks was enough. His eyes were starting to turn to glass as drool ran down his cheek. He placed both of his hands upon her shiny legs and it was like his nervous system turned to molten pleasure. It was like his muscles went dead and his arms fell upon the cold floor.

"Fufufufufu~ Ooops. I guess I should have told you not to touch. Oh well, too bad, so sad." She whisper evilly, knowing that her victory over him was almost complete. "You have failed. You have lost. Now... enjoy as my thighs strangle the life out of you."

The victim opened his mouth to voice a complaint or beg for more, even he didn't know what he would do, but no sound came out... nor did any air come in. He had taken his last breathes... yet despite that he was more than happy. His rigid member was ready to burst and his newfound happiness lay in submission to this perfect woman above him.

She truly was impossibly beautiful. From his point of view, he could see the glitter of her outfit along every curve of her stunning body. The more he faded away the more a light, toxic green tint fell upon the world around him.

"Nighty, night." The assassin said with a victorious smirk, her eyes glistening with the same light as her catsuit. His face turned blue, but not before a satisfied smile crossed his lips. As his life faded away he felt nothing but pure adoration at the sadistic woman who had ended his life. His only regret was that he could not worship her more. The last thing the young mage saw was her victorious smile and the last thing he felt was sorrow and shame, for not being stronger.

"Finally. You started to drag out a little. fufufufufu~" Lexi said as she let go of her victims head. He looked just like all the rest, broken and happy. Mindless.

She happily placed her nyloned toe upon his face and gently made it look upwards so that she could see his expression better. "Don't worry boy, your master will soon follow, but don't worry, if he is as weak as you I won't play with him either."

Lexi giggled to herself enjoying the feeling of lust that she felt while watching the dead man's stupefied, horny look.

"Ta-ta. fufufufufu~" She walked over his body, her perfect, nylon hugged form shone in the light of the night, as she opened the door to his masters room and stepped inside.