

## Siren of the Shadows - Part 2

For EB18

By TheSpiralledEye

*Our protagonist uses his new powers and body to seduce his way out of trouble and begins to realise just how powerful his new powers are.*

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“You can put that gun down honey, we both know you won't use it.” I cooed, stepping right up to him so that the cold barrel was pressed against my clavicle.

“You don't know that.” Hank replied and I giggled.

Oh, but I did. I could see it in his eyes; his nervousness, his desire; I could read this poor security guard like a book.

“Hank, darling, you would never hurt a lady. I know it. Especially one who hasn't done anything wrong.”

“You were stealing-”

“About to steal.” I corrected huskily, gently pushing the gun to the side and stepping right into his personal space so I could continue to whisper. “Very different things.”

“That mask...? I feel like I've seen it before...”

“Impossible.” I deflected easily. “But back to the work at hand, we are in a pickle, aren't we, Hank?”

I wound one arm around his shoulder and started to play with the stray hairs at the base of his neck.

“But I think we have a way to get out of it...”

It was like taking candy from a baby. I slipped the gun from his fingertips and hooked it onto my own utility belt with a gentle click. I didn't even need to look. Before he could miss the weight of it, I snapped my hand back and held his tight.

“I do a little something for you...”

I dragged my hand over his crotch where a hardness was already forming.

“Then you pretend to not have seen me?”

I kissed his neck.

“Sounds like a deal?”

Hank shuddered, I could feel him warring within himself but I wasn't worried. In this new body, with these new skills, I wasn't in any danger. Hank just needed a little push, or rather, a little tug. I deftly unzipped his fly and reached inside his boxers, feeling his length up and down and gently dragging those dangerous metal nails over the skin. He shuddered; he was getting off on the danger just as much as I was. Perfect. One last little nudge and he was as good as mine.

“You wouldn't want to upset a lady like me, would you?” I pulled back and pouted, showing off my ruby red lips just below the mask. “Because I can be a very, very good friend, Hank.”

“I...”

“Shhhhh, darling, don't say a word. Let me be good to you and then you can send me on my way.”

I took his cock in my hand and started to stroke harder, gripping onto his neck and crushing our bodies together so that my tits pressed into his chest. Hank's strong arms wrapped around me, holding me to him and I yielded to give him the illusion he still had some control over this situation. Men, all they needed was their ego stroked and they were as malleable as clay.

“Oh Hank...” I moaned, “What a treasure you have here, better than any other I planned on stealing. I'm so glad I found you.”

With a twist, I had us up against a wall, my body crushed beneath his as I continued to stroke him. I was surprised by the way my own body reacted; heat flooded my skin underneath the tight bodysuit and I felt the urge to remove it entirely just to let my skin breathe. Especially near the bottom; unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, in order to do that, I had to remove the top. That was the downside to body suits after all.

With a combination of dexterity and skill I continued to stroke Hank as I unzipped the front of my own body suit, bearing my breasts before wiggling the fabric down over my hips, leaving the utility belt wrapped around my middle, cold metal against naked flesh.

I was jumping the gun a little here, but my own arousal was hard to ignore and nobody let their guard down quite as much as when they were indulging in some love making. So I found it surprisingly easy to guide Hank's cock toward my new hole and angle my hips up to greet it.

My walls stretched easily, creating a delightful burn that was far more pleasure than pain. I squeezed them together gently, massaging the dick as it filled me and eliciting the most lovely sounds from Hank as he started to thrust. I chuckled before dipping my lips low to swallow up the sounds; the last thing we needed was for another security guard to hear; fucking one man to make my escape was more than enough for my first heist.

Staying quiet was easier said than done though, I had to hold back my own moans as our tongues danced and the pleasure continued to climb. I never realised how...intimate,

sex could feel as a woman. To have my very being filled with another over and over was indescribable, addictive even.

I could feel my inner muscles starting to tighten as Hank grabbed me by the ass and carried me onto one of the tempered glass cases. He started to pound wildly and I couldn't help but give a breathy gasp as the ecstasy grew. Despite the overwhelming pleasure though, I noticed something else. A key on his belt, jingling with each jerky thrust of his hips. I felt my smile turn sharp as I leaned back and gripped the case, gently sliding one of my hands to the keys and unhooking them while letting out a passionate moan, sounds be damned. It was all the further distraction Hank needed, he didn't even notice as I dropped the key to the floor.

Getting away with that last little bit of trickery was all I needed to push me over the edge. I came silently; my whole body tensing and lungs stopped as pleasure overrode everything else. Then, the wave passed and I could feel Hank getting close himself, I quickly scooted back, letting him cum all over the glass with a look of shock.

"It's nothing personal, darling." I whispered, grabbing the baton from his belt loop. "But I can't have you following me."

One swift blow and he was unconscious on the floor with his pants around his ankles. I smirked, sliding off the case, avoiding the cum, and picking up the key. Then I speedily put my suit back on and reached into my utility belt, producing a pack of chemical wipes. It was easy to remove any trace of myself from the room before using the key to open up all the cases.

I procured a number of trinkets; necklaces, rings, even some arrowheads and other, simpler, historical artefacts. Enough to sell on the black market and live comfortably for some time. I was just about to head out the window when a glint of something caught my eye. Elanor of Aquitaine necklace was sitting on its velvet cushion, glimmering in the moonlight.

Poor Hank was still unconscious as I unlocked the case and reached inside. For a moment I stood there, with the beautiful necklace in hand and savouring my victory before slipping back out the window like a cat in the night. I flew through the air and landed silently as I jumped from rooftop to rooftop, making sure to take a winding route home just in case I was followed.

As I stepped back into my empty apartment I felt a shiver run down my spine and the mask on my face loosened subtly. Gingerly I reached up and lifted it off my face; for a moment I caught my reflection in the metal surface of my fridge before the features began to change again. My breasts and butt shrank down and my suit seemed to disappear, sinking back into my skin itself, along with all the tools.

The treasure though, they remained. The pockets fell from my belt onto the floor with a thud and the jewels and artefacts spilled out, including the necklace. A wave of dizziness followed and reality slammed into me like a semi truck; what the hell did I just do? I waited for shame or embarrassment to wash over me but they didn't; in fact, I felt righteous.

I'd gotten revenge and money in one fell swoop and there was no way anybody would connect that beautiful, red headed femme fatale with me. It was the perfect crime and oh, the rush of power I felt luring that man into my grips; it was downright beautiful. It made me aroused just thinking about it and my cock twitched.

"You'll keep me fed and clothed for a while." I muttered, picking up the items, "I just have to figure out how to sell you on the down low..."

I swallowed nervously; still a little blown away that I'd gotten away with it. I knew it was risky but there was a part of me that wanted nothing more than to put the mask back on and duck out into the night again. I pushed those feelings away whatever this mask was, it was too dangerous for me to be messing with. I had to put it out of my mind and somehow be content with what I'd gotten this time around.

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That night I dreamt of a fox, a cunning vixen who snuck into other creatures' burrows and made off with their most treasured items. Just when it looked like the fox was about to get away, a black hawk dove from the sky and caught it between its claws, squeezing the vixen so tight it couldn't breathe. When I woke I was drenched in cold sweat.

I immediately turned on the TV to the news channels and started looking at the papers online; looking for any story about the burglary. I expected a huge police investigation, an inquest, something but instead there wasn't even a small story on the minor sites.

It was the same the next day, and the day after that and slowly my anxiety began to melt away. With some trepidation I even visited Eloquence and Antiquities, staring at my old workplace from across the street. I watched the building for what felt like hours but never saw anything unusual; maybe the robbery had been hushed up? There was no way the necklace being taken would have gone unnoticed. Even if Mr. Wiles hadn't bought it, I was sure Sutherland would have been hot on the trail of another buyer by now.

As the days wore on, I felt myself growing bold. I collected up a few of the lesser pieces I'd taken and looked into the dark web. A few hours later I'd secured buyers; the internet made illegal activity so much easier these days. Within no time I had a new side bank account with more money than I'd ever possessed and it was like the world opened up before me like a flower.

I spent the next few days looking at new apartments and furniture to fill whichever one I picked. But I quickly realised the little trinkets I'd taken weren't quite enough to fund the lifestyle I had well and truly earned by now. The fox mask sat hidden away in my bedside drawer and I could feel the temptation calling me back; to take on the night and become the sticky fingered thief once more. After all, I'd had to sell all of the little trinkets I'd pinched, I deserved to keep a few.

And why not? I'd earned it really, I worked hard every day and what had it got me? Nothing, not even respect. But now I had the power to have anything I wanted, so long as it was behind lock and key. Stealing didn't have to be wrong either, I could take from the people who needed it least after all, like Robin Hood.

And I knew exactly who to go for first.

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I stood on a rooftop, two blocks away from the penthouse. I'd seen Mr. Wiles buy from Eloquence and Antiquities plenty of times, remembering the address wasn't hard. He never appreciated the treasures he bought, all he cared about was the prestige that came from owning expensive, beautiful items. He and his wife were as shallow as they came, those treasures belonged with somebody who could appreciate them. Somebody like me. And of

course, I could pick up a few extra little things to sell to fund my new lifestyle. It was Mr. Wiles fault I got fired in the first place, he owed me a severance package.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the mask, holding it in both hands while the cool wind blew behind me.

“I sure hope this works.”

I knew it would though. The moment I placed it over my eyes I could feel things stirring and my body coming alive. A smile formed across my face as I felt my lips turn ruby red and full once more. Within a few seconds my hair was the same and blowing in the wind dramatically. My tight fitting bodysuit and belt were back and I was ready to make my move.

I ran, using my long legs to jump from rooftop to rooftop with ease. I sailed over the security fence, easily avoided cameras and used my metal tipped claws to climb my way up the building until I reached the penthouse. Mr. Wiles owned the entire top floor, it was a mansion in the sky. A mansion full of all sorts of things just waiting for me to take.

With a flick of my wrist and a few acrobatic moves I was inside and nobody was the wiser. I dropped down into what looked like the main bedroom and immediately something shiny caught my eye. A jewellery box, open on a vanity with all manner of jewels and accessories spilling out it. I sneered in disgust; she had regular old diamonds tangled with antique necklaces I recognised from my time at the shop! She had no respect.

I lifted a ruby bracelet; an ancient one I might add, up to the moonlight and examined it. Shiny and beautiful, and the perfect shade of red to match my hair. It was practically begging me to take it. I was halfway through stuffing my pockets when I heard the telltale click of the door. I had only a moment to react, jumping through the air and landing silent as a cat atop a wardrobe just as a woman entered. Jennifer; Mr. Wiles' wife.

She flicked on the light and headed for the vanity; all I needed to do was wait and get to the window-

“Oh my God!”

Dammit, the mirror. As soon as she'd sat down she'd spotted me behind her; I had to act fast. Nimbly as I could I jumped down and quickly clamped a hand over her mouth, trapping the woman between me and the vanity.

“Shhhhhh, no need to yell now.” I whispered. “I promise, I'm not here to hurt you.”

Jennifer's eyes were wide.

“I'm just here for a few trinkets.” I smiled, using my free hand to pick up the diamond earring she'd just removed and drop it into my belt. “I'll be on my way.”

I pulled my hand away from her mouth just enough for her to whisper.

“You're the one who robbed the shop, aren't you?” She whispered.

I just grinned, it was all the answer she needed.

“Is it true...what you did to the guard? I overheard him saying you seduced him.”

My sharp eyes caught the slight shimmer in Jennifer's eye, the way she swallowed nervously and most of all, the slight stiffness in her nipples where they crushed against my own.

"Is that what you want me to do?" I whispered huskily while eyeing the earring who's pair I'd just pilfered.

"No..." She replied unconvincingly.

Rich folk always have the weirdest kinks, but I wasn't about to complain.

"I think you're lying." I chuckled, leaning in to playfully nip at the shell of her ear. "Tell you what, you stay quiet and don't tell anybody I was here and I will do something for you in return..."

I lowered my hands to her chest and gently pressed against her nipple, grinning when I felt them stiffen totally.

"Oooohh..."

Easy as pie. I continued to feel her up, gently tweaking her nipples while I kissed at the side of her neck. All the while making my way back to her ear and removing the earring with my teeth. She was so distracted by my ministrations she didn't even notice.

I quickly grabbed the earring from my teeth, dropped it into my belt pocket and jumped backwards. By the time Jennifer's eyes had fluttered open in surprise I was sitting on the windowsill with a wry grin.

"Wh-what!?"

I gave her a mock salute and fell backwards out the window, catching myself with my claws and expertly climbing down to the next rooftop. She didn't call out after me as I disappeared into the night, probably too embarrassed she'd let me get her all hot and heavy. My pockets jingled with new treasures and I laughed breathlessly; this mask was the best thing to ever happen to me.

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The Shrouded Spectre looked on as the police investigated yet another burglary. He hadn't gotten there in time to stop the thief; most likely because Jennifer Wiles hadn't mustered up the courage to report the crime until several hours later.

The super hero crouched on the rooftop, listening with his special gadget to the conversation taking place across the street. Jennifer was telling the policemen about the redheaded seductress that had made off with her jewels. Her cheeks were pink with shame, admitting that the woman had managed to seduce her.

After getting all he needed, The Spectre melted back into the shadows. This new villain would be behind bars soon enough if he had anything to say about it. Next time she struck; he would be ready.

