

Eve Chapter 3

Commission

Aboard the space station, the usual cacophony of sounds echoed throughout. Sliding, automatic doors of pristine white, the clicking of computers and the chatter of passers by, footsteps of those in a rush, the distant yelling and the noises coming from large monitors, hovering far above the rest of the populace. All of those were perfect for an agent such as Eve.

Each of the sounds commonly found at a station such as this one, masked the click of her heels perfectly as she placed each careful step in tandem and rhythm with them. Gliding almost magically between and behind people at the precise moment so as not to be seen, carefully edging ever closer to her first target.

All the while, her prisoner, her toy for the evening, fidgeted inside of her rubber, symbiotic catsuit. He mewled and shuddered with each of her masterful steps, desperately trying to beg for an orgasm, for release. Of course, she did not allow any noise from him besides the drooling, silent whimpers of an edged toy.

Eve didn't want an untrained pet to ruin her mission, [and/or] her fun.

Finally, she entered the area she needed. A kitchen. She could and would easily infiltrate the apartments where her true victim lay but Eve wanted to play a little game tonight. With angelic movement, the assassin glided towards the tray she knew would be going directly to her target and placed a single finger upon the lush meat, still smoking and boiling from the extensive preparations.

A droplet of her latex catsuit fell upon the meat and dissipated within, as if nothing was amiss. With a sly smile, Eve turned to leave just as the door slid open to admit the head chef into the room, flanked by two burly, sharp jawed security guards.

"I was hoping to get caught." She chirped as the door slid behind the trio and they gawked in surprise.

"What the fuck..." The head chef managed to blurt, not knowing whether to focus on the deliciously latex clad woman, or the human shape stuck within. Eve leaped towards the guard on his right without making a single sound. The only echo was that of her captive, who was brought to a quick edge as she jumped, tightening her pussy around his cock.

Eve caught the bodyguard straight in the chest and rammed him at the wall. Still in the air, she placed her heel upon his shoulder and launched herself again into the air as the two remaining men watched with jaws slacked open. The assassin winked at the other bodyguard, as she

smiled coquettishly right before landing right atop of him, heels first. He smacked upon the ground violently with a bone crunching sound, announcing his death. Eve continued standing on his body as she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and looked down upon the chef.

“Cat got your tongue?” She teased as she stuck out her own tongue, right before lifting her leg high into the air. The chef could do naught but shiver in utter fear as sweat poured down his brow and cheeks. Eve, on the other hand, smiled joyfully, enjoying the game she was playing and slowly, ever so slowly, lowered her leg towards him. He whimpered in fear as his legs buckled and he fell upon his knees in front of her.

Her presence alone was dominant, overpowering, enough for him to quiver and whimper.

Gently, Eve placed the tip of her heel upon the shoulder of her victim and beamed at him, her smile never leaving her lip.

“Don’t you like how I look?” She said sweetly. The chef lifted his head and muttered.

“Y-y-yes...” And he wasn’t lying, with her leg upon his shoulder, the man had a perfect view of her latex clad leg, the rubber of her catsuit accenting every curve of her mesmerizing body.

“Why not give it a kiss?” She teased. His mind raced, caught between fear and adoration.

“W-w-what?” He stammered.

“My boot, why not give it a kiss. It might help you with the nerves.” She said sweetly, lovingly.

He obeyed, placing his dry lips upon the cool, rubbery material of her boot. A whimper of lust escaped his lips.

“See, you already like it. Being obedient. So why not another?” Eve cooed.

With every kiss his trembling subsided and his fidgeting became a frantic race to unbutton his pants and get his cock out. Then he started pumping and pumping and pumping but, before he could spurt his load, Eve pressed down her leg. Pointing her heel directly at his shoulder now, she slammed him into the ground, head first.

His body went limp but Eve did not remove the boot heel from his head.

“You aren’t even the appetizer sweetie, I can’t waste my time on your orgasms.” She said with a [mocked/mocking] pout. He gurgled, his arm almost lifting from the ground, desperate to feel the rubber of her catsuit once more. Eve only smirked. A barely audible *crack* was heard as she twisted her foot slightly, but enough to break his neck right where he lay.

Good boy.” She chirped and removed her boot from his head. Now fully standing only upon the mangled guard yet again, she cleaned the soles of her boots upon his back before looking herself over once.

“No blood spatter and three more fellas broken at my feet. A fine morning’s work if I might say so. Only one thing left to do.” She chirped to herself as she let three more droplets fall

from her finger, of pure, raw, black latex. As if alive, the droplets slithered towards the three men and engulfed them in the gooey material.

Eve stepped off the guard she was standing on and casually started to leave the kitchen, her heels clicking.

“See how good I am to you?” She asked her prisoner with a confident smirk on her lip. “That could have been you.”

He only whimpered in orgasmic delight, even though no orgasm came.

“You’re up next, mister macho politician.” She said smugly, as the three bodies disappeared.