

Eclipse and Lexi on a Cruise Part 2

“Oh my.♪” Eclipse said to herself, as giddy as a child for Christmas. Though in her mid twenties, Eclipse had been doing this for a couple of years now and was sure she could hardly be surprised on her missions.

So entering a private BDSM party that wasn't in any of the log books made her heart flutter as if she were in love. She was backstage, where several younger and older women were getting ready for the bash. Most of them dressed in tight latex and leather, a picture of a fetishistic fantasy and Eclipse could not wait to get into one of those outfits.

“Is there somewhere private I can get dressed darling?” She asked a girl that dashed by her. Entering one of the back rooms, Eclipse found herself sighing in ecstasy as she feasted her eyes upon the plethora of outfits that she could choose from.

Leather catsuits, latex corsets, thigh high boots, rubber kitty masks and tails, shiny, nylon pantyhose and silky gloves. Any of those would have looked perfect on her but how was a girl to pick one from so many? Placing her hands upon her hips she took a deep breath.

“Now this is how you spoil a girl.” She said in amusement. Her victim was somewhere in there and, considering just what kind of a party she had walked into, Eclipse knew she could have a lot of fun with him without anyone bothering them.

Finally, she picked out a shiny, dark, latex catsuit that glittered against the dim light of the changing room. The assassin quickly changed from her wetsuit and into the kinkier variant, before picking out a pair of knee high rubber boots to go with the rest of her outfit. From neck to toe, Eclipse was encased in shiny, wet looking latex and even she marveled at herself in the mirror.

“You are one lucky guy victim no.1. ♪” She chimes before leaving the dressing area and stepping into the party. Eyes fall upon her shinny form the moment she joins the guests. Both men and women cannot take their eyes off of her as she struts confidently through the crowd. Lucky for her, the victim is a far bigger masochist than she had heard and he comes to her before any other man even gets a shot.

You might be a masochist behind closed doors, but men in your position are far too easy to read.

“You are simply sublime.” He says. “Luka Giovannoli, a pleasure.”

They shake hands and Eclipse can feel him rubbing his palms against the latex of her gloves. The Italian is a large man, that clearly spends too much time in the gym and too much money on steroids.

“I like making men like you kneel.” She says smoothly. It wasn’t even an act, considering that they were at a BDSM party, she could behave as she wished.

“I would love to see you try darling.” He said with a wink before Eclipse let him escort her to a side room. That would be the last sense of power that he was going to feel in his life, Eclipse knew.

Though once inside, he quickly tried a punch at her face. One that almost caught her off guard. She knew that no one expected her to be there. Only the male agent was a factor to her victims, not her as well.

“I heard stories of your snake eyes assassin! Are you wearing contacts?” He asked arrogantly before trying to strike a few more times. Eclipse, now aware of his attacks dodges easily.

“You must have me mistaken for someone else.” She purred. “But if you want me to kill you this way, then by all means.”

Surprise flashes across his face for the briefest of moments before the fight commences. He rushes her quickly, trying to overpower her with physical strength alone.

“I will rip that catsuit off of you and rape you as you die!” He seethes in fury. Eclipse cleverly sidesteps the attack and lands several counter blows to his ribs and sides. Posing in front of him tauntingly as he gasps for air, she blows him a kiss.

“Now why would you do that?” She twirls, making her glossy outfit shine hypnotically. “Look at me? I know this is the most perfect view that you have ever seen.♪”

He gulps, the bulge in his pants becoming clearer.

“And I see that, despite of yourself. You like it too. Imagine how could it would feel, to be stuck between my legs.”

The Italian takes a large swing with his right hand, missing the assassin who gracefully dodges each of his attacks. Eclipse thrusts her fingers with deadly precision to his upper thigh, making him howl in pain as he fell over. As quickly as he could, her victim stands up and continues the fight as best as he can.

This time though he takes wider and more desperate attacks, while the latex clad assassin lives up to her reputation and casually dodges each and every time. After every playful dodge, that not only avoids his strike but somehow accents her curves as well, Eclipse lands pin point strikes to most of his vital areas.

“Your desperation is showing my pet.” She muses. “I wonder how long you will be able to keep this up.”

With her dominance becoming more apparent, even his breathing becomes labored and not only because of his exhaustion. He can hardly revert his eyes from the beautiful, deadly creature that toys with him so.

But Eclipse is in no rush. She loves seeing her toys becoming weaker for her, slowly accepting that she is in control. The raven haired assassin knows she can play a bit more before going for the final strike. It was clear that he does not see how easily he was baited into a fight that suited her.

At this point The Italian had barely any breath from the dozens of shots to his organs. Even his limbs felt like lead from all of the precise attacks that Eclipse had landed. Not long afterwards, one of his knees buckles. The rubber assassin simply stands there, looking smug as she has remained unscathed throughout the fight.

“Fight me!” He seethes. Eclipse chuckles to herself and examines her fallen opponent.

“I think your pride has taken a far worse beating than your body.” She smirks. “But I see it has not been completely extinguished.♪”

Sending him into a blind rage with her taunts, The Italian uses the last bits of his energy to bring the beautiful executrix down. With one fluid movement, she steps away, her outfit squeaking mid movement, and he lands into a painful looking faceplant.

This time, The Italian stayed down. Out of energy or desire to struggle anymore, whilst the bulge in his pants was now like a flagpole of surrender.

“Has your pride as a man been fully decimated?” She asks just as she plants her sharp, rubber heel upon his chest. Eclipse keeps him pinned like that as she takes a pair of leather ropes from the table. With several masterful movements, she has him completely naked, his dick hanging rigidly. Then, with her ropes she ties him so stiffly that the humiliated business man cannot move an inch.

Her boot still resting upon his barren chest, she attaches a short chain around his neck, making a collar out of it. By the time she was done, her victim was now fully bound and only able to crawl on his knees and elbows.

“You like this, don’t you?” She teases as she lowers her boot heel to rest upon his raging cock. The Italian sighs pitifully, still not saying a single word. “Why don’t you crawl behind me, show me how low you truly are.”

“Y-yes I will obey... just please don’t kill me...” The large man whimpers pathetically whilst crawling behind her, eyes locked to her rubber boots. He could not help but feel excited about the predicament that he was in. Such a powerful, beautiful woman had broken his pride so easily and so utterly in a manner of minutes. And, though he knew she was sent to kill him, he still hoped this would just be another exiting experience with a dominant woman. Like so many he had before.

After several laps around the dark room Eclipse finally stood in the center and stomped upon his head.

“I want you to beg and cum as you die. And that is how I will leave you. Pathetic, naked and drenched in your own cum. People will think you just offed yourself while having a quick jerk in one of the rooms.”

Eclipse purred smugly. With a quick kick she sent falling upon his back. Grabbing a vibrator from the table as well and another piece of rope, she focused on the end of her playtime with her first victim of the cruise.

The rope she used to tie it around the collar that she had put upon his neck. Tightening both the chain and the rope she yanked on it cutting off his airflow. At the same time, she placed the vibrator upon his cock and trampled it with her boot, pressing it hard against his member.

Even over the loud techno music coming from outside, she could hear his lovely moans as he neared his last orgasm. But Eclipse wasn't that nice. She pulled harder upon the rope and chain, whilst also moving her boot over the vibrator so masterfully that The Italian yoyoed and edged near and far from an orgasm.

“That's just to show you how broken and dominated you are.” She chuckled as she denied him an orgasm several times. This left The Italian in a mind fucked mess, hating himself for loving and needing more of this sadistic woman and her tortures, yet needing them as one needs air to breathe.

Air that he almost had none of.

“Beg for an orgasm.” She said coolly.

“P-... Puh... please...” He barely said, spending the last gasps of on that final word.

“Good boy.” Eclipse smiled widely and finally allowed her pet to orgasm. He whimpered desperately as he quietly screamed, gasping for air. The Italian shook in his bonds, yelling wordless thanks to his owner as his cum erupted into the air covering him completely in the spunk.

Satisfied with how humiliating his death was, Eclipse removed her boot from his still hard cock and placed the rope and chain inside of his palm. Thee discovery of the body was the last bit of humiliation and dominance she can have over her dead pets and she never wasted an opportunity to do so.

Standing over her victim, she posed victoriously. Taking out a micro phone out of her boot she took a picture in the mirror of her looking devilishly beautiful and confidant over another defeated male. Giving herself another look in the mirror she catwalked out of the room and into the crowd.

Now, to find my next victim. And meet this snake eyed intruded my pet was raving about.