

Midnight Eclipse

The museum looked more like a mansion of an overcompensating businessman than a museum. With halls and rooms far too big to for the items and artifacts placed inside, most of them looked empty. It was as if the museum itself was to be admired more so than what was inside. The funniest part is that it was a private collection, meaning only the closest friends of the curator were invited to see his prized collection. But those were the targets Eclipse loved the most.

Egotistical men, parading their power and wealth around.

She lounged upon one of the branches next to one of the opened windows. Ready to sneak inside, just, not yet. Eclipse liked watching the guards before hopping on inside, seeing which one she would have the most fun taking out. The assassin was completely invisible in the dark of the night, even with the moon so high. Her outfit and slick movement saw to that. All of them were very well dressed, with suits and ties galore, most had machine guns in their hands whilst few carried a shotgun. Those are the ones she saw inside of the building. And the ones she would have to worry about the most.

Well, worry wasn't the right word. She almost never worried herself with the assignment she was give. Eclipse just saw them as simple fun. And this mission was long overdo.

With a hop and a jump, she made way inside of the museum. She did not make a sound, not when she hopped in, nor when she casually sat herself upon a couch in the hallway as one of the guards walked by her, not a meter away, without even noticing her.

She smirked, her dark haired ponytail swaying as she made a quiet sweep for his legs. Even his fall made no sound as she, with cool, fluid movement, stood up and placed her boot heel upon his neck. Now, he finally noticed her. And what a sight she was.

Clad in a latex catsuit from neck to toe, she almost shimmered in the light of the moon, yet even as close as he was, it was almost impossible for him to see her fully. It was as if her complete image of luscious curves and tight, shiny latex, was just out of view. Upon her lithe, athletic legs she wore boots of the same color and material as the catsuit.

For a moment, before he started struggling, he gaped in awe at her beauty. It was a reaction that she, though used to by now, enjoyed thoroughly. That shine in their eye as they understood that such a beautiful woman wanted them dead at her feet was priceless. It always came right before they knew that fighting back won't just be a matter of physical strength but that of mental fortitude as well. They always lost, of course, but that didn't mean Eclipse didn't want them to at least try and fight back.

The fella upon the ground did resist. Not much, but enough for her to have her fun. He grabbed her latex clad leg and tried to dislodge it from his throat. At his feeble attempts she laughed,

before pressing down with her heel. His gurgling was only interrupted as he tried to beg for his life and call for help. No sound left his lips.

“Just enjoy the view as you die, darling. There were far worse ways that I could have chosen to kill you.” Her voice was so silent that, to him, it felt as if it floated on air and straight into his mind. Making him weak and docile.

By now, he was completely blue in face, with his eyes bulging and the tent between his legs getting darker as precum leaked from his cock.

“I see you took my advice.” She smirked knowingly at him as his eyes went to the back of his head. Both from the lack of oxygen and the stimulation that her boot and dominant air was giving to him. He struggled for a few moments more, clutching at his crotch desperate to find release, before he stopped moving altogether. His hungry eyes glued to her.

Playfully, she removed her boot from his neck before stepping over him, throwing her hair over her shoulder in a dramatic fashion.

I love my job.

She thought to herself as she catwalked further down the corridor and towards her mark. As with everything else she did, there was no sound coming from her boot heels nor from her latex catsuit.

Thus, her next victim didn't hear her coming either.

Right before the main hall, in which the main office of the curator was hidden away, stood a lone guard with a shotgun in his arms. Eclipse, wanting to enjoy the rest of her game, slid up upon the beams of the ceiling. She licked her lips as she quietly lowered herself right above the unsuspecting victim number 2.

Without mercy, she locked her strong thighs around his neck and crossed her legs at her ankles. Only the faintest sound of latex creaking was heard as his helpless cries fell silent. In an instant, he dropped his shotgun to the ground, whilst his muscles became lax. Eclipse knew exactly how to strangle her victim and make them as docile and weak as babes.

And, she knew how to make them enjoy their end.

She felt his neck bending between her latex clad thighs, his limp arms finally falling to the side as even his legs gave way. Like a lifeless, helpless doll, he hung in the air, his lungs fighting for breath.

Eclipse, of course gave none.

“You like my legs?” She cooed, adjusting her ankles so that he could get a better look at her boots. The latex clad assassin did not allow enough air for him to answer her. She knew the answer. “Well, enjoy the view honey, my boots will be the last thing you see.”

His eyes bulged as the last dregs of air escaped his dry lips. It was as she promised, while darkness overtook him, the last thing he saw was the polished shine of her thigh high boots. She

held him like that, in the air, for a full minute afterwards just to make sure, before allowing his corpse to fall upon the floor. Quietly.

With one, final, sultry, sidelong glance at her defeated foe, she slipped into an air duct and made her way into the main hall. The tinny ventilation root she took ended high above, near the ceiling. But she didn't mind. That vantage point gave her an excellent view of the whole room.

Three guards... three toys to play with.

She thought to herself as a playful smile creased her lips. The closest one was right below her and Eclipse knew exactly how to break him down before killing him. With her graceful legs wrapped around the gargoyle statue that hung right next to the air duct, she hung herself upside down, her face now inches behind the guard.

He sniffed, quizzingly, for a moment noticing her scent. Before he could even turn her latex gloves were already around his mouth and nose. This guard though, wasn't as weak willed as the last one. Quickly, he pointed his gun behind, finger already on the trigger, ready to blow the brains of his would be killer.

Eclipse, of course, was ready for that.

With inhuman precision, she gently slid her tongue inside of his ear and, in an instant, his body went limp. She did not stop her assault however. As his gun fell to the floor, the beautiful assassin continued to prod his ear with her skillful tongue. He convulsed as, with each lick and nibble, his body twitched with overwhelming pleasure. His cock was already leaking precum in his pants.

Silent, resigned groans were the only sounds that he made while his breath slowly ran out.

“Do you like my tongue?” She whispered and bolts of searing pleasure rocked his spine. “Why don't you be still for me and allow me to kill you.”

He obeyed like a docile dog. His last moments were spent inhaling her addicting perfume and the smell of her latex gloves, while drowning in the pleasure of her skillful tongue. She pecked him on the cheek as he drew his last breath.

Eclipse lowered him upon the floor and landed over him, his blank, dead face, snuggled between her large bosom. She wiggled a little, for her own amusement, making the head of the corpse wobble. She gave it another playful peck upon the forehead, before she slithered across the floor, as deadly as a python, to her next victim.

He was casually sitting upon a chair, having a smoke. The third and last one was playing a game on his phone, a few feet away. But he could wait, let him enjoy the game while he could.

So casual and fluid was her movement that the 2nd guard didn't even get a chance to breathe in the smoke of his cigar when she planted herself upon his lap. Her legs locked around his waist and behind the chair, Eclipse lowered his head deep between her large breasts, cutting off his airflow in an instant.

From where she was sitting she could clearly see the third guard. He didn't notice anything was amiss as he carried on with his mobile game.

"I am going to kill you. Slowly. And you are going to like it. I can already feel your dick growing hard against me." She sneered evilly. "And there is nothing you can do about it. You will die feet away from your friend and, after I am done with you my toy, I will kill him as well."

It was true.

The lack of air didn't seem to bother the guard. He even tried to dry hump his assailant, but that only served to amuse her.

"You won't orgasm. I never allow my victims that final release before I kill them. It's much more fun to simply kill you as you reach the edge." She licked his cheek and whispered one final time. Her words melting his mind. "Bye, bye."

He didn't even spasm or fight back as she suffocated him. Eclipse removed his head from her chest when she was sure that he was gone and blew him a kiss. Finally, she stood up from the corpse and casually made her way towards the last guard.

She kicked the chair from beneath him and he fell upon the ground. Hard. With another kick to his chin she sent him back upon the floor. Dazed, the guard was barely aware that she was putting him in a standing headscissor as she let her hair go of her ponytail. She swayed her loose hair for dramatic effect and smiled down upon her victim.

"You were far too easy." Eclipse taunted him as she started placing her hair back into her neat ponytail. "Some of my prey like it more when my hair is down. But, honestly, I prefer it to be like this. All of you learn to love it before you die either way."

Completely bewildered, he tried unlocking her thighs of lead whilst she casually adjusted her hair. By the time that she was done, he was dead. The latex assassin placed her gloved arms upon her hips as she let his body slump to the floor.

"Ta-ta." She waved tauntingly to the young guard and made her way inside of the main office. Where the curator and the item she was sent for awaited. Eclipse didn't bother sneaking in. She casually entered the room, knowing that he had nowhere to hide. Much to no one's surprise, when she opened the door, he was nowhere to be seen.

The curator cocked his gun and pointed it at her head from behind the door.

"Surprise." He said. His voice mature and dominant. Eclipse was sure that he was about to continue taunting her and, if there was anything that bored her, it was a stupid male playing the alfa.

With a quick cartwheel, she kicked the gun out of his hand with her heel and smacked him right in the jaw, with the next kick. He was sent flying and hit the wall behind him, quickly falling to the ground. She straddled him and pulled out a garrote out of her thigh high boot.

“Now, is that any way to greet me?” She teased playfully as she tied the garrote tightly around his neck, locking of his breathing in an instant. Pleadingly he looked into her eyes but, before he could try and speak, she gave him a slurpy kiss.

Eclipse felt his cock grow, as she knew it would, while she continued Frenching him, enjoying the fact that he gave in so quickly. As if resigning himself to his fate, the burly man grabbed her waist and returned the kiss.

Of course, ever the tease, Eclipse broke off their kiss and tsked.

“Eager, aren’t we?” She said with a delighted chuckle. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. “Be silent, you had enough time to speak before the divorce.”

She pecked him on the cheek, before continuing to land kisses all over his face. Teasingly, softly, she left lipstick marks of pure black all over his face. Just to mark him as her victim. A final humiliation to her soon to be late, ex-husband.

He stared at her, desperate for any kind of mercy. But he knew, more so than any other, that she had none.

“I should have done this years ago.” She said, her final taunt, as she planted one final kiss upon his blue lips. Then, he was dead.

Eclipse lifted his palm and took of her wedding ring, the only thing that could have been traced back to her. She stood up and placed her boot upon his chest, lowering him to the floor with a light push of her heel.

“Right where you belong.” She said victoriously before she walked over his corpse and out of the museum.

The day after, the head of the Irish mafia was found dead inside of his office, assassinated. With his cock hard and leaking precum. Humiliated and ruined, his death served to spread the legend of Eclipse, the legendary assassin of whom mobsters and police officials alike, spoke of only in hushed whispers.