

The Hitman's Nymphet

By

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Pulsing neon of every color of the rainbow streaks by in the hazy night as I soar through the crowded city sky on my hover-cycle. My bionic eyes in conjunction with my neuroware, both black-market implants, bestow me the enhanced vision and response time to navigate at this perilous speed.

My custom ride is invisible to enforcer drone scanners and cloaked to the naked eye, same as my full-body tactical armor thanks to active-camo tech. An expensive totem shields my crotch rocket from all forms of magick and a sacred sigil tattooed on my chest grants me the same protection.

Just because I'm an indigo-skinned pointy-eared Elf doesn't mean I know the first thing about casting a ward or glamour. In this modern age of technology, elven mages are extremely rare outside of illegal cults. And I'm unwilling to be castrated to learn archaic magick, as the cultic zealots require.

My targets tonight are a power couple in command of one of the most dominate multinational corporations in the world. Infiltrating their high-security penthouse will be a difficult challenge that will earn me more credibility and credits than any hit I've ever completed in my entire career as an assassin.

When I reach the skyscraper, I release a swarm of stealth drones to survey and scan, feeding an array of information to my helmet's HUD. Biometrics confirm the targets are within the residence, lounging in their living room, and raised body temperatures denote alcohol use, making them easier to execute.

As I circle the roof in an automated holding pattern, I brute-force the security system and inject a Trojan bot, triggering a looped reboot cycle. The defense turrets, intrusion detection sensors, and door locks will no longer be an issue. Still, the dozen autonomous security-bots will afford me some fun.

Leaping from my hover-cycle, I activate my armor's mini-glider to sail silently through the sky. Retracting my semi-flexible wings, I hit the rooftop with a roll to soften my landing and toss an EMP magnetic grenade at the closest security-bot. Its electronics fried, the bipedal machine collapses in a heap.

I fling an EMP proximity mine onto the ruined bot and sprint along the roof as several more security-bots come to investigate the machine's malfunction. I chuckle softly as I hear them collapse behind me. And I thought this job was going to be difficult. This is almost too easy.

I take out the remaining security-bots in the same humorous fashion and then use the stairs to descend into the penthouse, still invisible and undetected. I creep through the kitchen, where the staff is cleaning up after an extravagant dinner, and into the living room where the targets are lounging.

They're both Nymphs, which are basically Faeries without sparkling wings. They are also less flamboyant and usually more guile than their energetic and erratic cousins. Nymphs are, however, just as sensual and salacious as Faeries, evident here by the husband sucking his wife's toes as she sloppily sucks his pick.

I unholster both of my plasma-pistols so I can do them both at once and slink across the lavish room, taking aim at their heads. When I'm close enough to smell the wife's cunt, I squeeze the triggers simultaneously and I'm blasted off my feet and shatter a mirrored wall.

My armor's electronics are all fried, including my active-camo tech. I tear off my helmet, letting it fall to the marble floor, and pull two throwing knives, which I sling into the soft peach flesh of their throats, spraying blood everywhere as they tumble off the sofa with death gasps.

They must have been protected with hexes, which is why my plasma-pistols exploded so magnificently. The intel didn't say anything about magickal means of protection.

As I climb to my feet, sprinkling glass pebbles, a surprised squeak whips me around to find a nubile young Nymph staring back at me, as short and svelte as she is pretty and petite. The intel failed to mention the targets had children, so I wasn't prepared for this.

She spits a lolli-pacifier from her lush little mouth and dashes down a long hall. She's wearing a loose tank top, cheeky panties, and over-the-knee socks, all of them baby-pink. Her small head is topped with a wildfire of crimson hair that reaches down the length of her slender back.

I march down the hall after the girl as she rushes into a room and slams the door behind her. I kick the door and discover it wasn't even barricaded as it easily swings wide. A trembling hump under the bedcovers reveals her hiding spot.

I swiftly survey the bedroom to be sure no obvious threats are awaiting me inside. Shelves of dance trophies for ballet adorn an entire wall. Everything is neat and organized.

Stepping inside, I tear the covers off the bed, unveiling the frightened girl who has seen my face and therefore must be taken care of.

I gaze into her big blue eyes crying down her peach cheeks and my shoulders slump as I realize I can't do what needs doing. I know I should strangle her and be done with it but she's too damn cute and innocent to kill.

With a sigh, I ask, "Do you have any siblings?"

Trembling with terror, she sobs, "Why? What do you want?"

"Do. You. Have. Any. Siblings?"

She whimpers, "No, I don't."

"Do you have any bionics?"

"My parents won't allow them."

That's lucky for her or I'd have to execute her. Legal bionics are trackable and challenging to remove in a hustle without killing the person.

I command, "Pack some things. You're coming with me, sweetheart."

She whines, "I don't wanna!"

"Your parents were just murdered and you're going to be next if I don't get you outta here, so hurry!"

Snatching up a pink bunny, she climbs off the bed and rushes into a walk-in closet filled with pink clothing. Apparently, pink is the only color that she will wear.

I find myself chewing my lip as I watch her. I'm not sure which I find more adorable, her chubby cheeks or her bubbled bottom. I want to pinch both! I must be three times her age and her weight, and nearly twice her height, but *damn* is the precious little thing enticing as fuck.

Once she's stuffed a pink backpack, I sling her over my shoulder and jog into the living room, where I capture a 3-D photo of my work with my bionic eyes to claim my credits.

I hurry through the kitchen, which is now empty since the staff must have fled. I charge up the stairs to the roof, clutching one of the girl's firm cheeks so she doesn't bounce off my shoulder as I take two steps at a time. Using my neuroware to access a remote protocol, I call my hover-cycle down to us and climb onto the seat.

I pull the girl down so she is facing me. "Hold on to me tight."

With her slim arms and legs curled around me, I rocket us into the sky. Stroking her hair consolingly, I take it much slower than usual and obey the traffic laws all the way home.

I set the hover-cycle on the small landing pad attached to the patio of my high-rise

apartment and carry her inside, plopping her on the sofa in my living room. The style of my modest home is austere but comfortable.

Still crying softly, she snivels, "What's gonna happen to me since my parents are murdered?"

Pinching her chin between a thumb and forefinger, I tilt her face up at me. "I saved your life, so now you belong to me."

Her plump lower lip quivers. "So you're my new daddy?"

Goddammit, she's so fucking cute. "Yeah, I suppose I am."

"Do you know what happened?"

I sigh, and then lie, "An assassin was sent to kill them and you, and I was sent to kill the assassin, but I was too late to save them."

"So you're an assassin too?"

"Yes," I add, "but I only kill the bad people."

"So you're gonna protect me from all the bad people?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I'll protect you. You'll be perfectly safe here, so don't you worry none."

She yawns. "It's past my bedtime and I have to get up early for tutoring."

"I've got good news, sweetie, you're all done with tutors."

She whines, "But I don't wanna be done with tutoring."

"I'm sorry but it's not safe for you to receive anymore tutoring, except from me."

"Are you going to tutor me to be an assassin?"

A smile spreads across my face as an idea dawns. "I'm going to tutor you to be my special assistant. It'll require lots of training."

"What kinda stuff will I have to do?"

"Lots of different stuff, but I'll tell you all about it later."

"Can't you tell me now?"

"I need to strip this ruined armor off and shower."

"But I wanna know now."

"Well, princess, you're not going to be getting everything you want whenever you want it."

She pouts. "You're a meanie."

"No, you're just spoiled silly. I saw you sucking that lolli-pacifier just before your bedtime. No more sweets for you unless you have earned them."

"My murdered daddy gave me sweets all the time for dancing my little tushie off."

"Well, you'll be earning sweets in a different way now."

"But I'm good at dancing."

"I'm sure you are, sweetie, but you've got a new daddy and a new life and even a new name."

She blinks at me baffled. "I've got a new name?"

"Yeah, your name is Ember because of your crimson hair."

She grins. "I like it."

"Good, now go to sleep." I trek into my bedroom, strip off my armor and skin-suit, then turn around naked to find Ember standing in my doorway gawking with her bunny tucked under one arm.

"Your body is all muscly and your stamen is *big*."

"Uh," I hesitate, "thank you?" I'm tall and lean with a perfectly chiseled hard-body due

to many years of martial arts practice and strength training. “So why aren’t you sleeping?”

“I can’t sleep if you don’t snuggle me first, Daddy. Plus you didn’t tell me where my bed is at.”

“Your bed is the sofa.”

She frowns. “The sofa is for sitting, not for sleeping. Even I know that, Daddy.”

“I only have one bed.”

“So can’t we share it?”

Standing there nude, I glance back and forth between the king-size bed and little Ember. “Uh, yeah, I suppose so.”

“Can I use your toothbrush?”

“Sure,” I sigh, “why not.” I lead her into the bathroom and she brushes her teeth at the sink as I step into the large open shower and palm the hot water with exfoliating microbes.

When she’s done brushing her teeth, I watch as she bends over to peel down her panties, flashing me her pink slit and puny pink pucker before sitting on the toilet and draining her bladder. Her nethers are perfectly pristine.

“Daddy, why’s your stamen pointing?”

I hadn’t even realized I’d gotten an erection so swiftly. “Um, sometimes that just happens.”

Ember wipes herself. “My murdered daddy said that happens when you want to make babies.”

“Yeah, that’s true but that’s not the only time, sweetie.”

She hops off the toilet, her bubbled buns jiggling, then spins around and flushes it before pulling up her panties.

I palm off the water, grab my towel and dry off as she watches me. She waits patiently as I go through my evening routine, brushing and flossing my teeth, swishing mouthwash, applying facial toner.

Ember huffs. “That took forever.”

“Good hygiene is important, sweetheart. You didn’t have to watch.” I lead her into the bedroom and climb into bed.

“Daddy, you’re gonna sleep naked?”

“Yes, that’s how I sleep.”

She points to my erection. “How are you gonna snuggle me without poking me, Daddy?”

I turn on my side. “Just squeeze your thighs around it so it doesn’t poke you in your little tushie.”

Clutching her bunny, she scoots her bubbled bottom against me and closes her soft thighs around my cock, crossing her ankles to clamp them tight.

I curl my arms around her and kiss her crown. “Okay, sweetie, go to sleep.” Using my neuroware, I trigger the lights to fade off.

“Daddy,” she whispers, “are you gonna be nice to me if I’m a good girl?”

“Yeah,” I snort, “of course.”

“I knew how to be a good girl for my murdered daddy but you’re different.”

“All you have to do is what I tell you.”

She gives my cockhead jutting from her thighs a curious squeeze with one small hand.

“Your stamen is *really* hard.”

“Yeah,” I chuckle, “I’m aware.”

She circles the tip of my prick with a finger. “Would it hurt if I tried to wiggle my little

pinky into your pee hole?”

“Yup, I’m sure it would.”

“I won’t try it then.” She glides a fingertip up and down the sensitive underside, sending tingles into my balls. “Did you get the bad assassin that murdered my parents?”

“Yes, sweetheart, you don’t have to worry about him anymore.”

She drums a finger back and forth over my cockhead. “But other bad people still wanna murder me?”

“Yes, but I’m going to keep you safe. So don’t you fret.”

She drums my cockhead harder as if testing its elasticity. “And you’re gonna tutor me to be your special assistant?”

Cradling a cheek, I turn her head towards me as I rise onto an elbow and peck her forehead, then the tip of her button nose, and finally her lips. “Yes, princess, we’ll start tomorrow. You’ve had a rough night. You should go to sleep.”

Her expression pleading, she asks, “Can I have more kisses? They make me feel better.”

My heart melting, I reply, “Sure, you can have all the kisses you desire, sweetheart.”

Closing her big blue eyes, she puckers her luscious lips. I can’t bare her cuteness.

I kiss her upper lip, then her lower lip, then press my lips firmly to both, again and again, until they part ever so slightly. I slowly trace the inside of her lips with my tongue tip, around and around, and then I dip it inside and our tongues touch.

Tilting my head, I seal my lips over her mouth and stroke her tiny tongue. She tastes so perfectly pure. I rock my hips gently, grinding my erection between her silky thighs as I sensually swirl my tongue around hers.

My cockhead rubbing against her warm pussy over her thin panties, she utters euphoric moans into my kissing mouth and begins to softly suck my tongue like a suckling baby.

I groan with bliss and roll my hips with greater speed and force, jabbing her tiny twat with my cockhead, wishing I could tear through her panties into her pussy.

Eventually, I just can’t take it anymore and so I rise onto my knees and turn her onto her back. “I wasn’t going to make you do this your first night but I *need* it.”

“Daddy, why did you stop? I really like your kisses.”

“I need to cum, sweetheart.” I straddle her narrow chest. “You’re going to suck my stamen like my tongue tip.”

“But, Daddy, I don’t wanna. I want more kisses, please.”

“You want to be my good girl, don’t you, sweetie?”

She pouts. “Yeah, I do.”

“Then do what I say and open your sweet mouth.”

She frowns at me for a moment, thinking it over, then stretches her lips wide.

“Good, that’s my good girl.” I smear a droplet of precum across her pink lips, then press my bulbous indigo cockhead into her moist mouth with a groan of rapture. “Now suck Daddy’s stamen, sweetheart.”

Staring up at me with a demure expression, she sucks as I rock my hips, sliding my cockhead back and forth between her lush lips and over her tiny tongue. I’ve never seen anything more beautiful in all my life. She’s just so fucking precious. I can’t believe I’m fucking her sweet suckling little mouth. I can’t believe I considered strangling this cherubic little darling. Taking her home was the best decision I’ve ever made.

I palm her small head with one hand and bob it in rhythm with the rolling of my hips and she whimpers around my cock.

“That’s a good girl letting Daddy use your sweet mouth. You’re going to get a treat tomorrow for being such a good girl for Daddy.”

My praise encourages her to suck harder, her cheeks pulling in concave with her effort.

“Ooh, babygirl, that’s so good. You’re making Daddy so proud.”

She whimpers louder as I bob her head more swiftly and thrust my pelvis harder.

“I want to see how much of my stamen will fit in your little mouth. Don’t be scared if you choke a little bit, sweetie.” I thrust deeper, plunging the back of her taut throat with each roll of my hips, causing her to gag and she begins to cry. “It’s okay, babygirl, it’s okay. Daddy is almost done now. Just a little while longer. You’re doing a great job.”

She claws at my cheeks with mounting anxiety as I bob her head even faster.

“Ooh, sweetheart, I’m so close! Daddy is going to cum! When I do, I want you to swallow it all! It’s going to be gooey and hot but you need to drink it for Daddy!”

Fisting her hair with both hands, I thrust hard and fast and deep, groaning louder and louder until I’m growling and then I’m grunting as I explode in her mouth, spraying streams of spunk into the back of her throat! “Ooh, yes, swallow Daddy’s cum!”

Ember gulps and gulps, her face a contortion of disgust.

“That’s Daddy’s good little girl! You did so good, babygirl!”

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