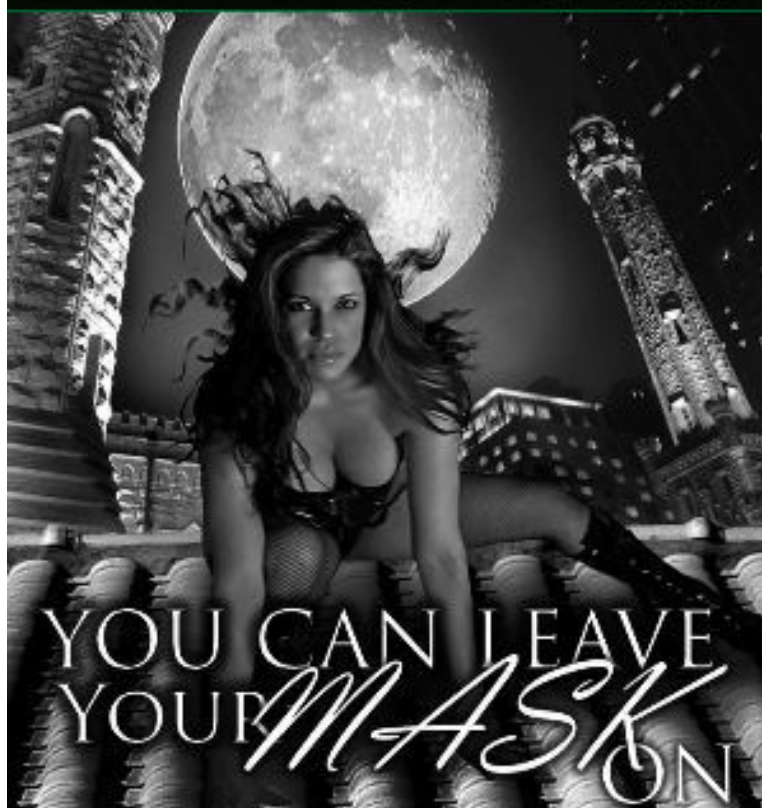


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

P. Andrews



YOU CAN LEAVE
YOUR *MASK* ON

You Can Leave Your Mask On

By

P. Andrews

You Can Leave Your Mask On by P. Andrews

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You Can Leave Your Mask On

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Dedication

For Spider-Man, who only *wishes* he saw this kind of action.

She squirmed against her restraints as the candle wax pelted her breasts. The drops hardened almost instantly, leaving what looked like permanent tears trailing from her nipples. The man holding the candle wore nothing but leather. Though, that wasn't saying much. His body harness and mask left nothing to the imagination save whether or not he had a beard.

According to the nametag clipped to the crumpled blouse on the floor, the horizontal girl's name was Mary. Slave-boy, on the other hand, would have to remain a mystery.

He tilted the candle upright and placed it on the nightstand beside the bed. Once his hands were free, he reached behind his head and unclasped the latex gag hiding the mouth hole on his buckled hood. He tossed it aside.

Yes, he definitely had a beard.

Slave-boy leaned over and gave each and every hardened bit of wax he could find a gentle kiss. Mary writhed. When there was no more wax to conquer, he looked up into Mary's eyes. She nodded and smiled expectantly. Knowing exactly what she wanted, Slave-boy kissed a line down the center of her naked body, over her sternum, past her bellybutton, and beyond.

Her back arched at the first touch of his tongue to her womanhood. The show was too good, I couldn't take it anymore. I reached up and unzipped the bottom of my dark green latex cat suit. My landing strip appeared to the night. No, I wasn't wearing my usual thong. I had skipped the underwear, so what I was planning on doing next would be

possible in my current outfit. Watching with lust in my eyes as Slave-boy trailed his lithe digits down Mary's porcelain thighs, I licked my middle finger. And when he slid two fingers inside her, I placed my now moistened tall man on my hood and pressed.

Mary and I shared a moment of shuddering.

Using slow but hard motions, Slave-boy twisted his fingers in and out of Mary. I couldn't hear every word that came out of her mouth, but at one point she was loud enough to inform me that Slave-boy's name was actually Roger. Roger was magic to watch. Even I said his name, combined with a few choice vulgarities, when I became aroused enough for direct clitoral contact.

Then abruptly, he stopped. He pulled his hand away from that poor girl and stood up. Roger and Mary stared at each other. Seconds that seemed like hours passed. As the tension built, I continued to work on myself. The time droned on, and I wished I were a telepath so I could will him to get back to work.

Finally Mary said something. Her words were too soft for me to hear, but the lip movements were unmistakable. "Fuck me," she pleaded.

Roger just smiled. *Oh god, please fuck her. For both our sakes.* I rubbed myself harder, faster, waiting for his response.

"Fuck me," she said again, squirming a bit on the bed.

Roger was playing coy. He made no move toward her.

"Please. Please fuck me." She was begging with her entire body.

For all I knew, that would have been the last time she had to ask. I mean, third time's the charm, right? But it was one time too many for me. I was too close and too involved in the show. I snapped.

"Fuck her, goddammit!"

I was just as startled as they were. No, wait. I take that back. They were way more startled. The looks on their faces proved that. I couldn't blame them. Most people don't expect to see girls in latex hanging upside-down outside their tenth story window. Once the two fuck-birds realized what was actually going on, Roger rushed to the window and closed the curtains.

"Goddammit!" I swore again. I was *so* close, and then I went and fucked it up.

I zipped up my cat suit then swung back and forth on the flagpole I hung from. When I gained enough momentum, I let go and tossed myself up the remaining story to the roof of the apartment building.

My feet touched the roof with a light grace, and my body followed through to a crouch, the tips of my fingers barely touching by my feet. I always landed gracefully on my feet when I jumped. It's what I did best.

I came out of the crouch and walked to the edge of the rooftop. My cheeks felt warm. Actually, my entire body felt warm. I wiped away the sweat pooling around my dark green domino mask and unzipped the top of my cat suit down to my black leather over-bust corset. The cool night breeze felt incredible blowing against my cleavage. But it was only a temporary solution. There was only one way to cool down this fever.

I looked out over the edge of the roof at the city — *my* city. "God, I love being a superhero." I sighed.

I let the night air fill my lungs. I held it in only a moment. As I exhaled, I let myself fall off toward the alley below. Eleven stories go by very quickly, so it wasn't long before I was crouched on the ground, my feet ready to spring into action.

And spring they did.

I leapt over the next edifice and soared through the air toward a flagpole jutting out from a nearby municipal building. I latched on with my hands and spun around it. After a few twirls, I let go and launched over a few more structures toward another rooftop in the distance.

"Woo hoo!" The city was my fucking playground.

I loved my powers. How I got them was... No. That's one embarrassing story that I will *never* tell. But the results of that drunken evening were well worth it. Having the proportionate abilities of a grasshopper didn't sound very cool at first, but I soon found out it was oh so very awesome. Gliding through the air after a hard push off the ground was the most exhilarating feeling in the world. Superheroing was my extreme sport.

There was a study or something where they discovered this thing called the R2D2 gene. Or was it D4DR? It had something to do with dopamine. Basically, the people with a lot of the letter-number gene thing could process a lot of dopamine and as a result took lots of risks. Well, a few years later, they discovered that capes, especially the ones with superpowers, had more of the stuff than scientists previously thought possible. So much that it not only made us do things like leap away from gunfire off twenty story buildings and take on supers ten times our strength, but it also made us feel oh so incredibly sexy.

Hence the clingy fetish outfits.

I landed on the roof of a fifteen story building that was basically the center point of the entire city. I gazed about in search of either a fuck or a fight. And maybe, if I was lucky, both. Nothing really jumped out at me at first.

That is, until the explosion knocked me on my ass.

I scrambled to my feet and raced to the edge of the building. Smoke billowed from the museum just down the block. Alarms sounded. It wasn't long before the distant wail of police sirens could be heard. They would be too late, but it looked like I would at least get to take out some of my...*frustrations*. I wondered who the lucky villain was.

Arcing bolts of electricity shooting from a hole in the side of the museum answered my question.

"Circuit-Breaker." I chuckled. "This is gonna be fun."

I spread my arms out and dove off the top of the building. The wind stung against my face and cleavage. I loved every second of it. Two stories before the ground, I flipped and made a perfect landing on the sidewalk. People were running and screaming all around me as I came out of my crouch. I ignored them and strutted straight toward my villain. He waved his electrified whip in a circle above his head with his right hand as he hugged an ancient vase close to his chest with his left.

"Is it *vays* or *vahz*? I can never remember," I quipped.

"Grasshopper. I was hoping you'd show up." He smiled at me. He was kind of cute in his black leather with yellow lightning bolt patches. You know, in an evil villain sort of way.

"Forgive me if I'm short with you this evening. I *really* need to take out some frustrations, and you just happen to be the closest thing I have to a punching bag at the moment."

"Well then, by all means—punch away!"

So I did. Of course, unlike a punching bag, Circuit-Breaker didn't just stand there and take it. He dodged both of my jabs and my high kick. Then he tried to lash me with his whip. I jumped out of its way and over his head. Attacking him from behind, I finally landed a few punches and knocked him off balance.

At first, this pleased me. It was often good news when your fist made contact with a villainous skull. But when I realized that my actions caused him to lose his grip on the priceless vase, I was decidedly less amused.

Luckily I was not only an ace at jumping, but super fast as well. I dove across the sidewalk with my hands outstretched ready to catch the antique. It fell gingerly into my hands. But I, on the other hand, slammed hard into the concrete. I wheezed as the breath ran out of me. First thing was first; I placed the vase safely on the concrete. Once I was confident in its safety, I concentrated on myself. I placed my hands on the ground to help me stand, but I didn't get up. I couldn't until I caught my breath again.

Circuit-Breaker wasn't one to let the opportunity pass him by. I heard the crack before I felt it, so I wasn't completely positive that he had actually hit me until my ass began to sting. It hurt like hell, but at the same time.... Let's just say that I was already aroused *before* he pulled out the S&M maneuver.

But my arousal soon became embarrassment when I realized that his toy had busted the bottom zipper of my suit. The same zipper that was a convenience earlier. The same zipper that went from my belly button all the way around to my coin-slot. The same exact zipper that until a moment ago was keeping me from mooning and flashing fifty or so bystanders.

Mothers covered their children's eyes. Fathers pretended to be horrified while wishing they had their cameras. I stood and tried to run

the zipper back over the tracks, but it was useless. Guess that's what I got for getting the skin-tight cat suit. I gave up and decided it was best to just save the vase. But when I went to grab it, it was gone. I searched around, looking past the crowds and flashing cameras. Finally I spotted my mark just a couple of blocks away.

I crouched, revealing more of myself than I meant to, and hopped into the air. As I ascended over the crowd, I yelled back at them, "I swear if I see my naked ass on Youtube...!" But I didn't finish my threat. I knew it was fruitless. Better to concentrate on problems I could solve.

As the cop cars flew past CB toward the scene he just left, I landed only a few feet from him. But coming out of a jump into a straight run was *not* easy. By the time I was up to my full speed, he was another block away. I was about to jump again when he abruptly stopped and turned toward me.

I've already mentioned how hard it was going into a straight run after landing. Well, when running at my top speed, stopping on a dime was even harder. I did manage to slow down, but by that time he already had his whip around me. And when he pulled with the momentum I already had, it was a cinch for him to sling me around and into the side of a building. And if having my head bashed into a hard surface wasn't bad enough, he sent an electric current down his weapon, through me, and into the bricks my head was crashing into.

The wall exploded, and I flew through the hole that was created. The whip snapped at its end, and I unraveled from it, spinning through the air into a pile of wooden crates.

Pieces of brick and drywall showered around me. I groaned and tossed broken pieces of wood off of my lap. I looked around at the boxes, shelves, and forklifts. "Warehouse? How cliché." I coughed. I tried to stand, but the rubber bottoms of my boots were fucked by the electricity. "Shit." I removed them and tossed them aside. Then I stumbled to my bare feet and shook stray pieces of rubble and dust out of my hair. Dusting off my suit, I inspected the damage.

"Aw, great." There were more rips in my latex. They would just get bigger as I fought.

"Don't worry, I'll pay for your dry cleaning."

I looked up. CB wore a smug smile across his face. "Where's the vase?" I asked.

"It's safe." He smirked. "Unlike you."

I didn't want to give him the chance to make the first move. I faked a punch to his left, and as he dodged to the right, I landed a roundhouse kick on his face. He stumbled backward and grabbed his jaw.

"Now we're talkin'." He unzipped his black leather jacket adorned with yellow lightning bolts and tossed it to the floor. He cracked his knuckles and flexed his chest. The taught muscles combined with his shining sweat made my loins twitch. I gasped but shook it off. I had to get my mind back on the right "F" word.

I ran at him and tried to fake him out again, but this time he was ready. He grabbed my leg and sent me face first to the sealed concrete floor.

That's when I heard the crack again.

This time I didn't feel a thing, so I didn't realize what he had hit until I stood up and felt something missing. I looked on the ground and found my black corset splayed open with every one of the ties in the back ripped in two. Now I was only wearing what was left of my green cat suit and my mask. I wrinkled my nose and gazed at CB in anger. "You son of a bitch."

I hopped straight at him. This time I went for speed and strength instead of tricks and cunning. And this time it worked. I slammed into him, knocking him on his back. I came down hard on top of him, my knees around his head. I squeezed my legs together around his skull and reached down to pull his hair. If he didn't talk, I would pop his head off.

"The vase! Tell me where it is n—" And suddenly I didn't care about the vase anymore. I had forgotten about my broken lower zipper, so to say that feeling a warm, moist tongue inside me was surprising would be quite the understatement.

I gasped and fell forward on my hands. "You-you're f-fighting... You're fighting d-dirty."

"Mmm hmm." He hummed into my clit. I almost lost my balance.

Suddenly there were flashes of a vase and a museum and a... That's right. I was supposed to be stopping him. "No. No. No! We're fighting." I barely managed to crawl off of his face. I climbed to my feet and tried to stop breathing so hard. By the time I could see straight, he was right in front of me, his sweaty pectorals almost touching my cheek.

He pushed me up against a crate and leaned in close to my neck. "We can fight if that's what you really want," he whispered in my ear just before he licked it.

That was the point at which I stopped struggling.

He grabbed my top zipper and pulled it down well past my cleavage. My chest rose and fell at a rapid pace as he dropped the whip from his right hand and pressed his fingers under my now fully unzipped cat suit. The bit covering my left breast crept away as his palm glided across my nipple. I'm not sure if it was his power or my arousal, but his touch was absolutely electric.

And then he opened his mouth. Sparks arced from his top lip to his bottom. My eyes widened out of fear and curiosity. He removed his hand from my breast and gave my nipple the lightest kiss. Then he kissed it again, but this time he let the sparks fly.

My head flew back and I screamed.

He pulled away. My eyes pleaded with him. "More please," they said. Instead, he peeled off my suit with care, making sure to "accidentally" brush his electrified fingers against all of my tender spots. With my suit tossed to the floor, he reached for my mask.

I pulled back and shook my finger at him. *Not yet, big boy.*

He nodded and took a step back. He drank me in with his eyes, admiring my mostly naked form. I was breathing harder than I ever had in my life. Being stared at with hungry eyes like that was...it was better than soaring above the rooftops.

I smiled. "You can't win. Give up and tell me where the vase is."

His response was to laugh and point his fingers at me. Bolts of electricity shot from his fingers and crashed into me. They danced all up and down my body. I convulsed in place and moaned. The mixture of

pain and pleasure was...*moistening*. When he stopped, I crumpled to the floor.

I looked up at him. "More."

He walked forward, stopping with his crotch right in front of my face. "For a kiss," he said, and then he unzipped his black leather pants. I reached past the unfastened leather flaps into his boxers and pulled out his member. It felt warm in my hands. For a moment, I just gazed at it. It looked so innocent in my palm. Finally, I leaned forward to kiss his tip, but when I got within an inch of it, it shocked me.

No, not innocent at all.

The red arc that jumped from his tip to my lip was more startling than painful. Prepared for it this time, I went in for the kiss.

The spark danced past my lips and all through my mouth. He had only demanded one kiss, but I gave him a second for good measure. Then I leaned back.

"My turn," I said, too desperate to crack a smile.

CB wasn't too desperate. He put on a playful smile as he leaned forward. He cupped both of his hands and placed them less than an inch from my ears. I gasped solely from the anticipation. But despite my shivers underneath his unmoving hands, nothing happened. No sparks, no touching, nothing.

He just stared at me. After what seemed like an eternity of him just watching me squirm for more of his electric delight, I burst. "This is torture!"

"No," he said. "This is." And then he turned it on. Oh, did he turn it on.

Streaks of Tesla goodness jumped from his cupped hands to my ears. And as his hands hovered down my neck, the current followed. He moved from my neck to my breasts, pausing for just a moment before moving down my torso. I don't know how hard I was shaking, and I didn't care. I just wanted him to keep going lower.

And lower he went. But, sadly, not as far as I wanted. He stopped in the center of my crotch, causing my landing strip of hair to stand

straight up. I looked down and watched the tendrils of his energy stop just above where I wanted it.

And then he turned it off.

“No!” I almost cried.

He stood once more and this time pulled his pants and boxers all the way off. “Again, for a kiss.”

My want, no, my *need* to feel his lightning on my clit was too great. If he wanted a kiss, I’d give him a kiss.

I opened my mouth and took him entirely in. This time *I* surprised him. He grabbed my head and moaned. And as he throbbed against my palate, I felt the now familiar tingle of electricity flowing through me. I trailed my tongue down his shaft and yelped at each spark that pricked me. Wrapping my lips around his head, I pushed back down, groaning as his electric pleasure filled me once more.

I reached around and grabbed his tensed ass for a better grip. His cock slipped easily in and out of my mouth. I felt his hands pull against my hair and his hips begin to undulate against me. Perhaps this was the turning point—the part where I gained control.

I opened my mouth and pulled off of him. Once I had no more contact with his skin, the soft buzz throughout my entire body stopped. The suddenness of it made me lose my breath. I caught it again and looked up at CB.

“More...” he asked.

I smiled at my newfound power. I shook my head “no” and leaned back on the floor. It felt cold against my bare ass, but I didn’t care. I spread my legs apart one at a time and pointed to my pussy.

“You,” I finally replied.

He grabbed the leather pants he had tossed aside and threw them on the floor in front of me. Then he dropped to his knees, landing softly on his cushier-than-concrete garment. He reached forward with a finger and let one single arc streak out to my clit.

I screeched.

I looked back wantonly, expecting more. But he didn’t give me more. At least not right away. First he looked as if he were thinking,

considering some mysterious choice. I was about to pop when he finally seemed to come to a decision. And it wasn't long before I found out what that decision was.

Instead of letting his hands hover above my labia like he had with my breasts earlier, he leaned in and dragged his tongue across them.

I had lost again; he was back in control.

His electrified tongue explored every crevice of my pussy. If I had known his real name, I'd have been screaming it. I beat my hands against the floor, not caring that the sealed concrete was tougher than my skin. I screamed a string of obscenities that would make Quentin Tarantino blush. And that was before his tongue found my clit. When it did, I had quite the embarrassing reflex. I pressed my feet against the floor as hard as I could and sent myself flying away from CB and into another crate.

I stood, dusting myself off again. I was about to apologize when something interrupted me. It was CB's mouth pressing against mine. I forgot all about my apology and kissed him back. I brushed my fingers through his hair and down his sinewy back. Our tongues battled like the hero and villain they were, all the while our hands searched for places they had yet to touch.

And when CB's hands ran out of new places to discover, they pushed me away and in between the prongs of a nearby forklift. I waited like the good girl I was as he retrieved his whip. My mind raced, wondering what he was going to do with it.

At first he did nothing with it. He just held it as he grabbed my arm with his free hand and rubbed down to the tips of my fingers. Then with a sudden burst of speed, he pressed my arm to the closest tine of the lift.

That's what the whip was for.

He wrapped the tip of his lash around my wrist, tying it securely to the metal protrusion. I pulled against it, but it was too tight. Then he grabbed my second arm and pressed it against the opposite tine of the vehicle, tying it with the other end of his whip. Suddenly my nerves bubbled to the surface. This villain had me just where he wanted me. Then again, he had me just where I wanted me as well. I put my anxieties away and waited for his next advance.

At first he repeated some of his old moves. I didn't mind, I couldn't get enough of his lightning hands on my skin. But he soon changed his routine. He walked around to the driver's seat of the forklift and turned it on. It wasn't long before I felt my arms lifting above my head. And it wasn't long after that I felt my feet lift off the floor. He turned off the machine once my toes could no longer touch the ground, even by stretching them down. I wriggled in mid-air.

He was taller than me, so when he came back into view, I was at eye-level. I had no idea why I was dangling, but I wasn't complaining. He answered my silent question by grabbing one of my legs and wrapping it around his waist. He then did the same with my remaining leg.

I felt his cock twitch against my ass.

He reached down between my legs and pulled himself up so his member laid on my clit. And then he turned on the fireworks.

He held my legs in place and his whip kept my arms secure as my torso gyrated against the wind. I imagine he was smiling at his handiwork, but I wasn't sure because my eyes were closed and I honestly didn't give a shit. I just wanted him to—

"Fuck me, goddammit!"

And he did. He pushed his manhood lower, and with as wet as I was, it went right in. There are no words for the noises I made as he plunged inside me. His fingers gripped my hips so hard, I was sure there would be bruises. But as long as he kept pounding me, all would be forgiven. Besides, the tough grip was the only thing keeping me steady enough for his hips to be able to do the work they needed to.

Tears streamed out of my eyes and steamed off my face. Bolts visibly leapt from him to me to the forklift. I squeezed my pussy around him and made him scream as well. It was incredible.

I arched my back as I reached my plateau. "Don't stop! Don't you *fucking* stop!" I bellowed in all directions. His breathing became labored as he steadied his rhythm. I grunted against each thrust and rode my plateau as long as it would let me.

And what a glorious ride it was. The world around me disappeared; all that existed were my muscles and the pricks of electricity

tagging each and every one of my neurons. I gasped, groaned, wheezed. I made every noise imaginable as my muscles tensed and finally let go. And when they did that, I let out one final scream.

Once CB was sure I had finished, he pulled out and finished off on my stomach, holding me up with his sturdy left arm. I watched helpless as he thanked God for my body and spurted onto me. First my neck and then lower and lower until he dribbled straight down, just below my bellybutton.

We both breathed quickly and deeply, still attached at the hip. When he had caught his breath, he let go of me. I fell like a punching bag. Remembering my earlier quip, I cursed irony. CB just let me dangle there. My anxieties crept back to the surface. Now that he was done with me...what was going to happen? I struggled against the knots but just ended up hurting my wrists.

I calmed down when he kissed my cheek. He was so tender. He was bound to let me go. I smiled at him. "You gonna untie me?"

He looked me up and down and finally sighed. "I'm sorry. I'm horrible at goodbyes."

"What?" I said. But it was too late.

All I remembered was his electrified fist coming at my face. My next memory was of waking up crumpled on the floor of the warehouse, the sun barely peaking in through one of the high windows. I groaned but not in a good way like the night before. I was sore in places I didn't know could be sore. Every inch of me felt bruised and beaten. I grabbed my throbbing head but pulled my hand away when I felt statically fizzled hair. "Oh great."

I stood up and looked around. The first thing I noticed was that I was wearing Circuit-Breaker's jacket. It was too big for me, but considering I had no other clothing, it was perfect. I shivered and bundled up in it.

"Bastard," I said to no one in general. "You got everything you wanted, didn't you? Me *and* the v—"

I stopped. There was something in the seat of the forklift. I strolled over to it and took a closer look. It was newspaper. Well, something

wrapped in newspaper. I ripped at the paper, littering the pieces on the floor. I think I knew what it was before I finished unwrapping it, but I just couldn't believe it.

The vase sat in a pile of torn newsprint. He'd actually left it for me to return. I still got to be the hero! But there was something else...something stuck to the vase. At first I thought it was a bit of paper that resisted my rips, but on closer inspection I found it to be a note stuck with a bit of tape. I pulled the note off and opened it. In plain print scrawled in thick permanent marker, it asked one simple question:

Same time tomorrow night?

It was signed with a little winky face like it was an E-Mail or I.M. I chuckled and hugged his jacket close to my body.

"Oh hells yeah."

Author Bio

P. Andrews is a mild-mannered comic book aficionado by day, and an ace fiction monger by night. Aided by a trusty spousal sidekick, two dogs, two ferrets, and two cats, P. Andrews fights the forces of evil one slain adverb at a time.