

Capes and Crowns

What a strange world we live in.

Ten years ago, the world was a very different place. A normal place, with normal people. No 'superheroes' or 'villains', no city-devastating battles or unnatural powers. Back then, life had been so simple. Nine-to-five jobs, mortgages, white-picket fences. Simpler, happier times.

Then it all changed.

It started off small, an unnaturally strong person here, a genius inventing impossible things there. And, before we knew it, the world belonged to *them*. The freaks.

Some were the product of genetic experimentation – projects to create super-soldiers – the super-strong, super-fast and resilient but still human men and women. Others were totally human, average guys with access to almost mystical technology. Jet-packs and rocket-boots for flight, energy weapons built into their suits, visors over their eyes so they could see an enhanced version of the world – night vision and infrared, scanners and analytical software.

And then, there were the *true* freaks.

The ones that defied the laws of reality. The monsters that didn't need enhancements – biological or mechanical – to achieve inhuman feats. Flight, godlike strength, able to shoot heat-rays out of their eyes and lasers out of their fingertips.

Unnatural abominations.

The world loved them, admired them. Sheep, the lot. Worshipping the wolves, never realising they were the prey.

Ten years ago, the world had been normal.

Then the superheroes had appeared to 'save us'.

Bullshit. Even if no-one else saw it, I could. They weren't here to 'protect' or 'save' or 'guide' us. They were here to *own* us. To *replace* us.

So what if they stopped crime? So what if they stopped a big meteor from hitting the planet? Who cared that they'd stopped a few wars here and there? It was all a front, a show. A way of fooling those too stupid to see the truth.

They, the self-proclaimed *heroes*, were the enemy.

A pantheon of false gods, with a king and queen sitting at the head.

Captain Bright and Lady Tempest.

I'd begin with those two. The most powerful, most beloved of the *heroes*. The patriarch and matriarch of the *hero* way of life.

I'd show the world exactly what their *saviours* were.

As much as I might hate it, one thing was clear from the beginning. If I was going to expose the freaks and monsters for what they truly were, I'd need to use their own tools. A normal human, no matter how wise and intelligent, didn't stand a chance against one of the freaks – let alone *all* of them.

So, I'd sacrifice a piece of my soul, use the unnatural technology that'd been invented so recently and conveniently.

I didn't want to, but I had to. There was no other way.

In this new world, gaining unnatural power was as simple as having money and knowing the right people. I had money and knew the people. It was as easy as turning up at the meeting place, handing over a briefcase filled with cash and receiving a package in return.

As the dealer man counted the money, I opened the package and examined the goodies inside.

A small cylindrical object, metal. No interface save for a single red button. It'd fit comfortably in my hand, easy to point and click at whoever I wanted. No instruction

manual required.

But did it work?

I turned the tool on the delivery guy, pressed the button.

"Slap yourself," I commanded.

Instantly, the guy's hand lashed out. He struck himself in the face - eyes widening in shock, then narrowing in anger.

Yes. Yes, this would do the job just fine.

Most of them kept their identities a secret. Wore masks to hide their faces from the public. Like criminals. But a handful didn't hide who they were, basked in the fame and attention their acts of faux heroism brought them.

Captain Bright and Lady Tempest were two such egotists.

No-one knew their human names, or even if they'd had human identities before appearing in the spotlight a few years ago.

But their addresses, where they lived, was a matter of public record.

Mansions, wouldn't you know it.

A walled off community. Likely filled with freaks. Cut off from the rest of the world, out of sight from normal people like myself. Inaccessible to most. But not to me. Not with my new toy.

It was as simple as walking to one of the heavily armed guards, pointing the device in his face, and telling him to lead me inside. A command to make him strip so I could put on his security uniform, another to make sure he'd stay quiet and out of sight until my job was done. Easy, really.

A little detour to find a map of the area, figure out which freak lived where, and I was on my way.

The king and queen of the freaks, of course, lived in the largest mansion. A huge, elegant structure paid for by the public at large.

The Captain and Lady were a couple. Not married, but together.

He was a seven-foot tall, muscled monstrosity. Short dark hair, wide jawline, pale green eyes. For some reason, women seemed to find the freak impossibly attractive. Likely, the 'Captain' was using some kind of hypnotic charm on the public, one which only I was immune to. Because, whenever I saw him on the news, all I felt was disgust.

He wore red and blue, a flowing cape that seemed to sway even when there was no wind. With the inhuman ability to fly, monstrous strength and speed, supposedly a talent for reading minds.

If that last part was true, I'd need to be cautious.

Lady Tempest was - arguably - the more powerful of the two. Flight and strength like her lover, but instead of being able to read minds or melt metal with her eyes, Tempest could control the very weather itself - make snow or blizzards appear at will.

Inhumanly beautiful. Even I, with my great perception and intellect, was not immune to *that*.

Bright blonde hair that flowed down her shoulders and back, icy blue eyes that shone with judgement. She wore a skin-tight blue and white outfit, complete with waving cape. Full lips that were always curled into a fake smile of compassion.

And that body. An hourglass. A perfect human form. Large chest and wide hips with a bouncy, full ass. A slender waist, lean figure. A titillating body which radiated temptation and desire.

A succubus. A devil with the face and body of an angel.

Why could no-one else see it but me?

The mansion the two shared had its own security. Guards and patrols and the like. Easy enough to get past with my new device.

Science that made no sense. Technology that defied the natural laws of reality. Using it made my stomach churn with disgust, but it was necessary. Without this mind-warping tool, I'd have no way of destroying the false heroes.

And destroying them was what I fully intended to do.

The world thought these freaks were their savours, believed that the unnatural, unholy abominations were benevolent.

I'd show them the truth.

As I made my way inside the large mansion, I felt a shiver run up my spine. The sensation that I was being watched. My heart pulsed in my chest. I inhaled a deep lung-full of air, held onto it.

And, sure enough, a few heartbeats later, they came for me.

I stood in a large entry way; two elegant, curved staircases on either side. And, as I watched, two figures appeared atop those staircases. One on the left, one on the right. One male, the other female.

Pushing all thoughts aside, I watched as they descended the staircases towards me.

"You're not supposed to be here," Lady Tempest said. Her soft voice echoing through the mansion's entry area.

"An intruder," Captain Bright stated, voice powerful. "Not one of the guards, that much is obvious. Who are you and why are you here? What do you want?"

I could *feel* him in my mind, poking and prodding. Searching.

"I'm here," I smiled, raising the device, "to make things right."

In the fraction of a second between my pointing the device at the freak and actually pressing the button, Captain Bright shot forward with inhuman speed – hand reached out to snatch the device from me.

A millisecond before he reached me, my thumb managed to press down on the button.

"Stop!" I commanded, flinching backwards.

And he did. Captain Bright froze, all his godlike power rendered useless as he stood there, staring at me wide-eyed.

"Don't move until I command you to," I added quickly. Then turned the device on Lady Tempest before she could react. "Same goes for you. No moving until I give you permission."

"Hello!" The impossibly attractive woman said, voice bubbly, filled with excitement. "I'm Lady Tempest, the real one! Welcome to the stream!"

She smiled into the camera, gave it a little wink.

Captain Spark was no-where to be seen.

I glanced at the two screens. One was real-time news feed for the city – boring filler stuff. The other showed a live feed of the camera I'd set up, along with an endless flow of messages from all the livestream viewers.

Most didn't seem to believe it was really her on their screens.

In a world with shape-shifters and sophisticated, advanced technologies, I couldn't blame them. Still, I needed them to see the truth, to believe it. If I was going to destroy society's obsession with these false saviours, I needed them all to know the truth.

"Prove it's you," I commanded Lady Tempest.

The beauty pursed her lips, thoughtful. Then she beamed and waved her arms. A small sprinkling of snow flowed out from her fingertips, falling onto the bed she sat cross-legged on.

No normal shape-shifter would be able to do that. But such things could be faked with CGI. It wasn't enough.

"Make it snow," I ordered her. "Over the entire city."

Lady Tempest nodded her head excitedly. Closed her eyes and concentrated.

It was mid-summer. The only way it could possibly snow was if Lady Tempest herself had made it happen.

Soon enough, the people watching the livestream were convinced.

This was the real Lady Tempest.

Now to show them her true colours.

Two huge, perfect tits bounced in front of the camera.

"Say it," I growled, hand lashing out to slap the freak's ass.

"I don't care about helping people," the whore moaned, lips curled into a naughty smile. "I just want their money. I want them to love me, to think about me."

It'd taken a lot of effort to finally get her to admit it.

At first, when I'd asked why she'd become a hero, she'd been adamant that it was to 'protect people'. Even when I'd used the device, ordered her to be honest, she'd repeated the same thing – somehow able to resist its effects. Yet, in the end, she'd broken. It'd taken using the device, telling her exactly why I knew she'd become a 'hero', to finally get the truth.

"More," I growled, spanking her again.

Let the world see how much of a heartless slut their idol was.

She bounced harder on my cock, screaming in pleasure. The snow outside had become a storm, a raging blizzard.

Her perfect ass bounced, those huge tits jiggling. Her otherwise flawless skin was coated in sweat and little marks. Tiny bruises, hand prints, bite-marks.

"I'm a whore," Lady Tempest gasped happily, repeated the words I'd forced her to admit with the device. "We all are. Vain and self-serving and evil. I love it! Watch me! See me!"

On one screen, I could see the whore's face contorted in pleasure. See all the comments from horny men enjoying the show, the occasional comment from a heart-broken fool weeping at seeing their beloved *Lady Tempest* being used and abused.

On the other screen, I saw desolation. City blocks being decimated as Captain Spark sent rays of death and destruction down upon the city he'd sworn to defend.

This. This was what these freaks *truly* were.

Monsters.

Not human, not really. Not like me.