**Carol's Perfect Costume**

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Halloween was always a big event on campus. The students competed with each other to come up with the most outrageous costumes and make-up, and the winners were selected at midnight during the rock 'n' roll costume ball in the Student Union basement.

Carol had told me she'd never even attended one of these, never mind dressed up for one, so I was astonished when she told me she wanted to go...and in costume. I said sure, and asked her what she was going to wear—and she just smiled impishly and said, "You'll see."

On the night of the ball I arrived at her door in my standard fallback Halloween costume: an old tuxedo augmented with a cape and a few strategically placed spider webs, my hair gelled straight back, my face a deathly white and eyelids darkened and a pair of plastic fangs in my mouth. But when she opened the door my fangs almost fell out as my jaw dropped.

She was wearing the skimpiest slave-girl out fit imaginable, her breasts and loins barely covered with a clingy red fabric that made it quite apparent she was wearing nothing beneath it. Her upper torso and legs were "covered" with a gauzy fabric that might as well not have been there and she was wearing red felt slippers with curly toes, a small red fez with a gold tassel and was grinning at me from behind a veil of the same gauze which covered her from nose to chin. Her arms glinted with multiple bracelets. Her eyes were exotically made up, and as I entered the room and saw her in better light I noticed she'd painted a red dot in the center of her forehead, and there was something strange about her upper lip but I couldn't make it out beneath the veil.

Carol was giggling with delight had the effect of her costume. She stood in the middle of the room and twirled around for me. "How do you like it?" she asked, her smile suddenly a little shy, "Is it too much?"

"Is it too little, you mean," I said, taking her in my arms. I bared my fangs in a vampiric leer, saying, "Eet makes me vant to bite your neck!"

Carol pretended to swoon backwards in my arms and threw her veil back, exposing her neck to me. I leaned down and licked it instead, a long swoop up to her earlobe, which tickled her so much that she jumped back to her feet as she laughed and tried to wiggle away.

Before her veil fell back into place I was able to see her face—more particularly, her upper lip. On it, in tiny letters the same shade of red as the dot on her forehead, were the letters, "R. F. M. C." The writing was a little wobbly—she must have done it using a mirror.

I looked at her curiously. "R.F.M.C.?"

She just smiled mysteriously and said, "I'll tell you later. Are we ready to go?"

I nodded and said, "Don't you want your coat? It's a little brisk out there."

"Nope. I'll be all right. Now close your eyes and hold out your hand."

I did as she asked. I heard some faint jingling noises and a moment later felt something metallic being placed in my hand. I opened my eyes and looked down to see in my hand the end of a thin, gold-colored chain. Raising my eyes I discovered that the chain led to Carol—more specifically to a golden metal band around her neck. Her eyes above her veil were radiant.

I whistled in surprise and said, "Well, I guess there won't be much doubt about who you belong to."

She smiled and said softly, "That was the idea." She sank to her knees in front of me and looking up into my eyes, asked, "Is there anything your humble slave can do for her Master before we go? Would Master grant this slave the honor of sucking His cock? Would Master like to fuck me?"

"Master would like all of those things—but later," I said, drawing her to her feet and opening the door. "Right now Master wants to show off his most prized possession."

I ushered her out into the hall and started to walk next to her, but she immediately fell into place as far behind me as the chain would allow and walked with her eyes cast demurely down. We passed several people, some in costume and some not, on our way out and we drew some curious glances—and I'm sure some envious ones as well.

Fortunately the Student Union building wasn't far down the road as there was a chill wind blowing. I was afraid Carol was going to catch cold or worse so I had her wrap her arms around my waist and walk behind me under my cape—she didn't seem to mind.

The basement was packed with exotic creatures of all kinds, from aliens, hookers, cartoon characters and famous monsters to the usual dorks who thought that dressing up as a condom or a turd was an original and hilarious idea. The music was ferociously loud and the body-heat index was already beginning to climb. In this environment Carol definitely had the advantage over me; in my heavy tux and cape my make-up was already beginning to run with perspiration but Carol was perfectly comfortable, and had me lead her by her chain out onto the dance floor.

Carol was a transformed woman that night. She danced with complete abandon—or as complete as the chain between us would allow—occasionally grabbing me around the waist and rubbing her body lasciviously against me as we moved around the dance floor. Was this the same Carol who didn't want anyone to know about us? In no time her costume was soaked with sweat and nearly transparent, her nipples and even the lips of her vagina plainly visible through the thin fabric—and if she noticed she just didn't care.

In fact, it seemed to turn her on, as I realized when I saw that her nipples were upright beneath their cover. Of course, that observation became redundant when, eyes blazing, she took my hand, led me off the dance-floor to a spot behind a pillar in a darkened corner of the room and without a word tore off her veil and threw herself against me. I barely had time to remove my fangs before her tongue was darting into my mouth and her hand was groping for my zipper.

I dropped her chain in my shock. It was dark there, but not completely dark and there were people wandering around who could possibly see us. But she was possessed, whimpering with desire against my mouth as she blindly struggled to free my cock and then began stroking and pumping it with an enthusiasm which made it an almost painful experience for me.

Fortunately it wasn't long before Carol found herself unable to resist any longer and dropped to her knees. Even over the pounding music I could hear her moaning and gasping as she licked and kissed and sucked me with a fervor unlike anything I'd ever experienced from her.

When I was about to come I leaned down and, yelling as quietly as I could over the music told her, "Don't swallow it!"

She looked up, her expression puzzled, but nodded briefly, then reached into my zipper and began to stroke and squeeze my balls so that I came almost immediately, slapping my hands against the pillar as I spurted heavily into her waiting mouth.

Afterwards I used my handkerchief to wipe off the white make-up that had transferred itself from my face to hers, but as punishment for not having asked permission to suck my cock I took her back onto the dance floor made her dance with me for another twenty minutes with my come in her mouth. I made her lift her veil and open her mouth for me periodically so I could see that it was still there.

At the end of a song I led her by her chain over to the tables where drinks were being sold. Her forehead was glistening with perspiration and she must have been dying of thirst, so she must have been relieved to see where we were going.

There were three long, adjoining tables covered with the industrial-strength tablecloths the Dining Hall used for events like this, and they were all four-deep in costumed students waiting to buy beer, soda or bottled water. But the far ends were deserted and I led Carol around to one of them.

In the dim, shifting light I was sure nobody noticed when I ducked under the table and pulled Carol down after me. She crawled in on all fours, smiling at me a little uncertainly. She'd been under tables many times at my direction but this was the first time I'd joined her under one.

We weren't really hidden; the tablecloth only came about halfway to the floor, and we could see a crowd of feet not all that far away from us. But between the dim, shifting lights and the fact that no one was likely to look under the table, at least where we were, we were fairly isolated.

We were both perspiring heavily. I took out my fangs and put them in my pocket. I told Carol to stay put and crawled along beneath the table until I got to where the drinks were being served and surreptitiously snagged a couple of Cokes from a cooler. When I got back and handed Carol a can, she nodded and smiled, then pointed to her mouth and raised her eyebrows questioningly.

I'd forgotten she still had her mouth full of my come—largely diluted by then, as I saw when I nodded permission for her to swallow and she tore off her veil and opened her mouth to show me one last time how obedient she'd been before gulping it down.

She immediately followed this by popping the top on her Coke, guzzling at least half of it in one go, and then spending the next couple of minutes stifling burps and giggling.

When we were both finished we looked at each other, smiled and lay down together on our sides. We began to kiss and fondle each other, slowly and sensually. I was simply enjoying it, thinking—to the extent that I was thinking at all—that maybe when we were both fully aroused again we would go back to her room, where she could play my slave to her heart's content. So when, at the conclusion of a long and soulful kiss she drew back, looked at me with hooded eyes and said, "Master, may your slave make a request?" I assumed that's what she had in mind.

But when I nodded permission she kissed me again, more wickedly, her tongue flickering in and out of my mouth like a snake's, then pressed her mouth to my ear and whispered, "I want you to fuck me...right here." And before I could blink had pushed me onto my back and rolled on top of me, kissing me again before adding, "...And I want to be naked."

Considering that there was only about a foot of headroom above her she did an amazingly quick job of squirming out of her costume—and it was quite pleasurable for me since she was lying on top of me while she did it. When she was naked, except for her fez—which she'd apparently forgotten about—and her collar and chain and bracelets, the rest of her costume in a flimsy pile beside us, I kissed her again, deeply, running my hands down her back to cup her buttocks. Then we rolled, slowly, until she was beneath me. I immediately scooted down to return the favor she had done me behind the pillar. As I nuzzled her bush prior to seeking out her clitoris with my tongue, I noticed something through my half-closed eyes that seemed strangely familiar. I opened them to see more clearly and sure enough, there, just above her pubic hair, were the letters "R.F.M.C." in red.

I raised my face to look at her and whispered, "R.F.M.C.?" But she only smiled and reached down with both hands to tilt my head back to the task at hand. As she did so I felt a drop of sweat fall from my chin and fall to the rug just between her legs. Even in the dim light I could see it was mostly white—my make-up was beginning to pour off of my face. I shrugged out of my tux jacket, removed my tie and opened several buttons on my shirt. Then I returned my attention and my tongue to her needs.

She only looked at me once while I was licking and teasing her, then closed her eyes and kept them closed. I assumed that the sight of a sweaty vampire with a melting face between your legs was not much of aphrodisiac. I let her guide me, let her moan and writhe and arch her hips while I continued to please her with my lips and tongue, until she half-whispered, half-gasped, "Oh God...now! Fuck me, Master! Please!...fuck me NOW!"

I paused only long enough to open and push my pants down to my waist before throwing myself on top of her. I didn't dare kiss her for fear of covering her face with smeared make-up so I held myself upright, my head nearly banging the underside of the table, as I entered her.

She came almost at once—not too surprising after nearly an hour of foreplay—but we kept going for quite some time, until my arms were about to give out and we were both ready to come a second time.

Then I stopped.

I pulled out of her and rolled off her, leaving her gasping and panting with frustration. I said, "Get dressed and come with me, slave. I have other uses I want to put you to."

"Yes, Master," she whispered through gritted teeth.

I straightened myself up, then helped Carol back into her costume. When she was ready we crawled out from beneath the table and stood cautiously. In the general uproar nobody seemed to notice anything. I took Carol by her chain and led her through the crowd, out of the ballroom, down the hall...

...And directly into the men's bathroom.

When she saw the name on the door she tried to stop but our momentum was too great and she found herself dragged right into the middle of it. The room was almost as crowded and noisy as the dance floor—not just guys using the urinals or fixing their make-up and costumes in the mirrors, but clusters of them standing around smoking dope and talking. There was even another woman--costumed as a black cat with a long tail--making out with a devil in the corner. So a slightly bedraggled vampire crossing the room with a chained slave-girl in tow drew little notice.

The furthest toilet stall was unoccupied and I took Carol by the shoulders and whispered, "Go in there. Strip. And wait for me," then gave her a gentle shove in its direction. She gave me a slightly panicky look over her shoulder as she went, but entered the stall and closed and latched the door behind her.

I was tired of having make-up running down my face so I waited my turn at one of the sinks and then scrubbed off as much as I could using soap and wet paper towels. Then I returned to the toilet stall and rapped on the door. When I heard the latch open, I entered.

Carol was, as ordered, naked except for her fez, chain and bracelets, standing facing me with hands behind her head and legs apart, straddling the toilet. Her mouth was hanging open and she was breathing hard from anxiety. I closed the door behind me and leaned against it, enjoying the sight of her.

"What a lovely slave I have," I murmured. Carol smiled, a little tremulously. Then I continued, "I'm in a generous mood tonight, slave. Perhaps I'll share your beauty with my friends out here." I reached for her chain and at the same time made as if to open the door to the stall.

Carol was, of course, horrified and backed away from me as far as she could, whispering, "Jon...Uh, Master, no, please don't!"

I had no intention of doing any such thing, of course, but went on, quietly. "Well, slave, I'm bored—I've already fucked your mouth and your pussy. What else can you offer me?"

She understood immediately. "Please Master, you haven't fucked my ass yet!" She quickly turned herself around and bent over to display herself to me, supporting herself on the lid of the toilet seat.

I pretended to think. "Well, perhaps. Show me, slave."

She immediately reached behind her with both hands to separate her cheeks for me.

I let her wait for a while then asked, "Is that what you want, slave?"

"Yes, Master, please! I want your cock in my ass, Master! Look..." She took one hand away and rubbed her fingers on her still-wet pussy before reaching through her legs and using her moisture to lubricate between her cheeks. "I'm getting myself ready for you, Master! For your cock, so you can fuck my ass, Master!' She wormed her middle finger in and out a couple of times, gasping, "Please Master, I beg you for the honor of receiving your come in my ass."

"Very well, slave," I replied, "since you ask so nicely." I stepped forward, unzipping my pants and taking out my cock as I went, and without further preliminaries pushed into her with my full length, making her cry out and immediately clap her hands over her mouth—although the bathroom outside was still in such an uproar that no one would have noticed even if she'd screamed out loud. I stood there like that for a moment, making her wait and enjoying the feel of being inside her. I looked down and noticed some red streaks near the base of her spine. Sweat had all but washed them away but I could still make out the letters, even though the original writing had obviously been even wobblier than the letters in the other two locations.

"All right, slave, I'm tired of waiting. Tell me what "R.F.M.C." stands for."

"Well, I..."

I slapped her hard on the ass with each hand. "Tell me now! Otherwise we'll be doing this with you bent over the bathroom sink out there."

I began fucking and slapping her ass at the same time, and after a few more strokes she began to whimper out her answer. "It..." (Whack!) "Ow!...means" (Whack!) "Uh!... 'Reserved'" (Whack!) "Mm! 'For..For Master's Cock!' ...AHHHH-OOOOHHHHH...!"

Her cry as she came must have sounded like a wolf's howl as there were several answering cries from out in the bathroom, followed by general laughter and applause. I came shortly afterwards, filling her ass with my semen while she gasped with pleasure.

Afterwards we took our time getting dressed and cleaned up, and even waited for several minutes more before exiting the stall, hoping that the crowd would have turned over enough for Carol's wolf-howl to be forgotten. I led her out the way I had led her in, by her chain. Again, in the smoke and general hubbub nobody seemed to be paying much attention to us as we made our way out, but just as the door was closing behind us we heard it: "AHHH-WHOOOOOOO...!"

Carol's face turned beet-red as the muffled laughter rolled out from behind the door, but she managed to smile at me. As we climbed the stairs I looked back and saw that she was obviously stiff and shaky on her feet from everything we'd done, so I went down to her, picked her up and carried her over my shoulder all the way back to her room.

As I set her down outside her door she wrapped her arms around me, kissed me, and whispered, "I'm keeping this costume. Don't make me wait until next Halloween to wear it again, okay?" Then she kissed me again and was gone.