



**BALLBUSTING**  
*yoga*

**DIARY OF A** *dominatrix*

**SCARLETT STEELE**



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## Ballbusting Yoga

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, ballbusting, small penis humiliation and a dominatrix's quest on emasculating a male yoga instructor who tried to grope her.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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## Ballbusting Yoga

Hitting the age of 25 and I'm doing pretty well for myself. The experiences I am building up over the years are keeping me well. Dominating and destroying men in as many creative ways that I can think of has become my goal in life. Hurting and ruining them when they least suspect it.

When I was with my ex-boyfriend Adam, just before I financially ruined him, locked his cock into a spiked cage and crushed his precious little balls, he had always suggested I took up yoga.

To be honest, I only think he mentioned it because we wanted to see me in a tight yoga outfit. My physique is perfect if I do say so myself, bouncy big breasts and a sexy ass which has men drooling for days on end.

Adam was a pervert to say the least, but so are all the men I met in my life, they only want one thing from my, and that is to get inside my knickers.

Either way, I am now going to take up yoga classes, it's the perfect place for Kirsty to snatch her next victim and subject him to my painful dominating ways.

The brick building across the street from where I live has a lot of women going in and out of the building and I am looking in on one of the sessions through a glass window. The classes look to be run by a male and he looks rather cute, part of me is turned on just by looking at him and part of me is hungry to dominate him. You know there's only one thing for me to do right?

That's right, somehow get the instructor alone, to give me some private lessons in yoga, just the two of us.

The man is tall with curly brown hair and blue eyes. He is nimble, quick on his feet as he teaches the women in the class all sorts of different styles of yoga. They go through all sorts of crazy poses.

I don't know his name but I do know that through his one piece yoga outfit that's black and looks more like spandex type fabric I can make out the outline of his limp cock and his testicles. His cock looks average in size but it is his balls that stand out, they appear larger than the norm.

I was concentrating so hard on the instructor that I didn't notice that the class was over and the women were coming out in a single file. I didn't notice anything until I saw the instructor coming out of the room and standing beside me.

“Have you signed up for my classes yet?” He grinned at me as I looked over at him, surprised to see him standing so close to me.

“I have. I start tomorrow morning.” I blushed slightly, since I was concentrating on him so much I hadn't expected him to come up and talk to me or stand so close to me. I could feel the heat coming from his body, I could see the sweat trickling down the side of his face coming from his forehead.

“Great, my name is Mr. Helms but everyone calls me Tom. I think that you should do the same. I can't wait to see you in class.” He winked at me and turned around to go in the other direction. I couldn't wait to see him and sink my fingernails into him.

The first thing I did after leaving the yoga studio was go shopping for the tightest yoga clothing and some video tapes so that I had an idea what yoga was all about. It was going to be a long night of studying, but I was going to prep myself up to get the most out of Tom .

I had to be smart on the subject to impress him but dumb enough to need help after classes even if I had to pay him extra I knew that it would be worth it.

As I was watching the videos at home, I compared Tom to the instructors on the videos and saw that he was more graceful than the women that were on the television screen. I don't know how they could put themselves into positions that I don't think I would be able to get out of. Like bringing their legs around to the back of them, touching their shoulders while their hands were flat on the floor. I was hoping that Tom didn't expect me to do something like that my first day of class or any day during the first week. I was a beginner and didn't know much about yoga.

I saw one instructor standing on her head against a wall, her legs straight up in the air and remembered Tom doing that at the end of his class. She was wavering a little while she was in her stance, unlike Tom who stood sturdy without a

muscle quivering.

I thought back to the way Tom was and thought about smothering him with my spandex covered pussy, sitting on his face and grinding him into unconsciousness. I could see myself in the yoga classroom just the two of us. He was desperate to slide his tongue inside my, trying to tear the thin yoga pants fabric with his teeth, I could feel his hot breath beating against my pussy and heard him whimpering for me as he was doing it.

My mind switched gears and I thought about his yoga pants and those testicles of his bulging out begging for my attention. Tom was on the floor again, he was on his back again. But this time he was clutching his balls in agony. Tom's tongue meets the corner of my pussy, my heels meet the meat of Tom's balls.

"God, I have to think of something and quick. I need this." I muttered to myself as I watched the end of the yoga video, I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter at the mere thought of dominating Tom.

It had been a few months since I had a man to pick out of the crowd. Not that any of them were worth time, I was just out of routine trying to make sure that I got my life back in order myself and catching up on bills. I didn't have the time to go out like I used to and have fun.

I could still turn heads, but I always used my beauty for evil over good. Everywhere I went, men were trying to fuck me, down the street, at the shop, even at the dentist's. My last visit to the dentist was only last week. I could see the old man staring down my cleavage as he was prodding instruments in my mouth. The door was shut and we were all alone so I thought why not.

While he had turned around to wash his instruments, I adjusted my top to show even more cleavage and flip my bra strap down. I slipped my black lacy knickers off and dropped them to his feet. As he turned back round, the old fucker couldn't help stop staring down my top, the red bra strap dangling, begging him to dive in.

"Oooooops, my panties seem to have slipped off" I motioned to the floor. As he kneeled down to pick them up, a big grin came across his face. And why not, he had a 25 year old busty young pantyless women in his office who was coming onto him. He was probably thinking about tearing into my tender young body on the patient's couch there and then.

He leaned in and sniffed the panties, breathing in my female aroma, I smiled back and at the same time traced my fingers around his balls. I unzipped him and slipped my hand in.

Dirty old man had no idea, once I wrapped my fingers around his isolated nut and trapped his precious ball. He was in a world of pain.

Ten minutes later, I left the dental surgery, the dentist on the floor clutching his sore, bruised and probably seriously damaged testicles with tears rolling down his eyes. Before I left I kicked his nuts again, the tip of my red pointed shoes caught the centre of one of his balls and I'm pretty sure I felt my shoe rip through one of them.

Oh well, I left him my knickers as a little present, a reminder of me and our little session.

I would have carried on but there was a queue of patients waiting to see him, why make them wait, I swung the door open and left him in the fetal position for the world to see.

Dominating and destroying men was something I lived and breathed. I was hungry for Tom and I couldn't wait to take him on.

I fell asleep sometime during the second yoga video I bought and when I opened my eyes the sun was shining through my living room window letting me know it was time to get up.

Groaning, I laid there staring at the ceiling for a few minutes and then thought of Tom, that was what had put me in gear that morning. Getting my pink, one piece yoga outfit I took a shower and put on a matching pink bra and panties before putting my yoga suit on, looking at myself in the mirror I couldn't believe how hot I looked, my breasts proud and visible through the outfit and my curvy ass showing off it's entry into my inside, all the other women would be jealous.

I put on a little make up and put my damp hair in a tight bun as I picked up my gym bag that I had bought which was also pink. I liked to match and I knew that I was going to make Tom's head turn when I walked into class.

Walking across the street after I made sure that I was perfect from head to toe I walked into the class room. I saw that Tom wasn't there yet and looked around for him.

“He's usually a few minutes late, giving the rest of us time to get here before he does.” A short, thin, woman said to me standing at the bar and lifting one leg,

stretching out.

“Thank you, this is my first day.” I smiled at her, grabbing a hold of the bar and looking at myself in the mirror behind me.

I slipped off my sneakers and felt the hard, blue, carpet underneath my socks. I stretched one leg out as far as I could manage as it started to hurt. I kept the stance as long as the woman beside me.

“This is my first week.” The woman nodded her head at me but never bothered giving me her name so I didn't tell her mine.

“What do you think of Tom?” I asked her, I wanted to get a feel of what the other female thought of him.

“He is very good looking isn't he?” The woman giggled, the way she had blushed, I knew for a fact that she was interested in him, this didn't surprise me one bit, he probably had women at his feet following his every word.

“He is very good looking like I said but he's also married. I think that he has a kid on the way. His wife, she looks like she just came out of a fashion magazine herself even though she's pregnant she still looks radiant.” The woman filled me in a little bit about Tom.

“My name is Kristy.” I told her, holding out my hand for her to shake. I wasn't going to introduce myself but changed my mind. Figuring that Tom would make

the introductions when he showed up to class.

“Melinda. Nice to meet you.” She took my hand and gave me a smile.

“Nice to meet you too.” I repeated her, then all talking stopped as Tom walked into the room. I looked around the room and saw that there were five other women there as they all greeted Tom together.

“Good morning Tom.” The woman all said and giggled at him, even Melinda had done it.

“Good morning class. I want to introduce you to a new woman in the class. Its her first day and I want to give her a warm welcome. In the back all in pink standing with Melinda is Kristy.” Tom looked my way and right then and there I knew that he was interested in me. I didn't have to worry if he was married or not. Just like all men he had the look of lust in his eyes.

The women all greeted me the same way that they had Tom and then we started the class. The first half hour was just warming up. Stretching out our arms and legs, that was the easy part. At the end of the session though it wasn't so easy for me.

Just like I didn't want to do, we had to stand on our heads with our hands supporting us so that we didn't fall over. One thing that I wasn't sure that I could do.

Tom looked over each and every one of us, inspecting us. When he came to me he glazed over my legs, slowly eyeing them up and down. Over the years, I have strengthened my legs in many ways. My legs and thighs were strong and lethal, the men I have crossed paths with will attest to that. I could see in his eyes, that he was started to get turned on. I glanced towards his crotch and his hardening cock confirmed this.

Tom stroked the top of my leg and and slowly slide his hand down, I glanced at his huge testicles bulging out from his yoga shorts.

“I would like to see you after class if you have time.” Tom told me, looking into my eyes. He was making it easier then what I thought it was going to be and he didn't even know it yet.

“I have nothing planned.” I licked my lips as he let go of my thighs and my feet came down hard on the floor of the room. I rubbed my thighs together as I felt my own wetness, I was getting turned on at the prospect of breaking this man in a ways he would never forget.

I watched as the women left, some of the eyed me and it looked like they were giving me an accusing look. I knew they were jealous that Tom had asked me to stay after class to talk to me. I gave them each a smile, pushing their jealousy even further. I wonder if they would feel the same once I had finished with Tom.

When the class was empty and the hallway lights were dimming I looked out the window seeing that even the janitor was leaving.

“I didn't realize the whole building closed down all at the same time.” I giggled

at him, seeing that he was looking up and down my body. The lights still on in the class.

“Oh yes, they like to all get out on time every day. I guess I really can't blame them. I saw earlier that you were having a problem with the upside down stance.” He pointed out to me.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes when he brought it up. He laughed at me when I did but I really didn't want to get into the stance again unless I really had to.

“You could tell huh?” I finally asked him.

“Yes, you did good for your first day. Better than most of the women in here. How long have you been doing yoga?” Tom asked me.

“This is my first day” I smiled at him, seeing that he was impressed with me.

“It looks like you know what you're doing but in order to get your monies worth I want to make sure that you are perfect in every stance when it comes to my class. I like to make sure that all of you who join my class get your monies worth.” Tom explained to me.

“Okay.” I replied, he was aching to see me in the same stance.

“I want you to stand upside down for me and I will show you how to hold the stance without quivering for a while.” Tom told me, watching me as I went to one of the walls and the second I was in perfect stance he walked over to me.

“Now, squeeze your buttocks for me.” Tom said as if it was an everyday conversation.

I did as he told me and felt his hands come around to my ass, he squeezed my ass cheeks and nodded his head. He felt that I was squeezing them as hard as I could. I loved that he was getting a good feel, the longer he felt and the harder he squeezed would just come back to him in spades.

When ten minutes were up and I still hadn't gotten out of stance, Tom brought my legs down for me and I was laying on my stomach, looking over my shoulder at him I saw that he was checking out my ass.

“Tomorrow morning I would like you to come in earlier if you could. I would like to help you out more but I'm already late for dinner.” He looked at his watch and watched as I got on all fours before getting to my feet.

“How early would you like me here?” I asked, not shy about showing off my body to him. I stood very close to him, my breasts grazing his hard chest through our thin fabric.

“How about four in the morning?” He groaned as I made my way around him, still standing close to him, intentionally allowing my hard nipples to graze his arm and then his back as I walked around the other side of him in a complete circle.

“I would be more than happy to come in and see you at four.” I told him in a seductive voice as I looked down at the yoga outfit he was wearing, both his cock and his testicles bulging out, his cock was the last thing on my mind right now. What I really wanted was his nuts, they were bigger than average and I could hear them. They were whispering for me, asking me out on a date, soon enough they would meet my feet.

“Great. See you in the morning.” He nodded his head and watched me as I grabbed my bag and headed out of the room, throwing him a smile over my shoulder seeing that he was still watching me until I was out of sight.

I was up at three in the morning the next morning, I had a cup of coffee in me and before I headed out in my white yoga outfit. Looking myself over in the full length mirror on my door before I headed out of the apartment. You could see my thongs that I was wearing and my thin bra was showing off. I knew that I was going to be sweating by the time regular classes started so I brought another outfit to change into before the women came to class.

As soon as I walked into the classroom I saw Tom standing there. He was wearing a brown yoga uniform, a one piece with thin shoulder straps. Any other time I would think he was funny looking, he looked like a male ballerina in the outfit he was wearing.

“I see that you are bright eyed and bushy tailed.” Tom laughed, turning around to face me when he heard me clear my throat.

“I had an hour to wake up.” I laughed at him, putting my gym bag on the floor. I knew that I had to make my move that morning. I was getting wet at the thought of what was about to come.

I watched Tom as he got down on his back and began spreading his legs and arms, stretching them out as far as he could. His outfit stretching over his large flaccid cock and his even bigger balls. As I focused my eyes on his balls, they appeared to be held in place by the yoga material stretching over it.

I was still wearing my brand new white sneakers that have yet to crush a pair of balls with. He smiled at me while he was stretching, obviously hoping I was notice his crotch and would be impressed.

I smiled back, as I slowly lifted my leg up.

Poor man had no time to react as I drove my sneaker down smashing into his big round balls. I stomped down with vicious force, his balls were going nowhere, they were already trapped under his spandex outfit. As I lifted my sneaker up, I looked down and saw his balls were a tad flatter and had an imprint of my sneakers.

Tom howled in pain and tried to close his legs to contain the pain that was now pounding through his lower body.

Before he could, I lifted my foot up and smashed it down on his nuts again and began rubbing them with the toe of my sneaker. Slowly I began grinding my sneaker into him. With the pressure applied on his balls, I started to roll them around, I could feel his cock getting under my sneakers.

“Was he enjoying this” my inner voice asked me

“What are you doing?” He grunted at me, a grin on his face.

“I thought this was something you were looking for when you told me to come in early to see you.” I winked at him, keeping my voice controlled and deep.

“Ahhhh .....ah.....ah.....” He struggled to get his words out as I pressed down harder on his balls, his cock was getting harder and harder. I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. I had trapped his nuts under my foot and was crushing them

and this man's body was telling me he wanted more.

I took my foot off his balls and crawled between his spread legs, I grinded my crotch against his stiffening cock. I felt his balls throbbing against my pussy, they must be killing him. I pressed my crotch down even harder and continued gyrating against his crotch. I let out a gentle yet audible moan.

“Do you like this?” I looked into his eyes “Do you know how long it has been since I have dominated a man?” His eyes showed a mixture of emotions, of fear and of hidden pleasure.

I leant in and pressed my lips into his, taking away his pain with a kiss. As my tongue explored his mouth, his cock grew even bigger. My pussy was now resting on top of his cock and it could tell he was dying to burst out. His world was now captivated by my kiss, I lifted my knee up and left it lingering in the air to build up weight momentum.

Without any warning, I quickly thrust my knee down smashing my knee cap into his sore and tender balls. He screamed into my mouth, I could taste his pain enter my body.

He tried to push me off and close his legs, but couldn't move, I shifted my entire body weight onto my knee, pressing onto his balls which were trapped in his tight outfit.

My pussy was getting wetter and wetter, and the wetness was starting to seep through my yoga outfit. I held my knee for a few moments as he screamed into my mouth. The taste of a man's pain was a taste like no other.

I didn't care about the pain he was going through or the pain that was yet to come. I had singled him out and he had proven to me that I had made the right choice. If he hadn't squeezed my ass cheeks, I would have turned away at this point, but he really did deserve everything I was taking him through.

Tom was still struggling beneath me, most men would be in total fear and would find it hard to get turned on, yet Tom erection was screaming as it pressed against my thigh.

I reach down and fondled around roughly for his balls. I found his orbs and pressed down on them, I felt them pulsating between my thumb and fingers. I tore the material covering his crotch and exposed his hard cock and balls. Despite the look of agony on his face, Tom was turned on, there was no question of that.

I pinched the tip of his penis tightly and pulled, Tom screamed as my pinch threatened to tear the tip off. He started to leak pre-cum.

I slapped him balls "I don't see how your wife can be happy with this small cock. It's tiny" I laughed and pointed at his cock.

Looking up into Tom's face I saw that he was blushing. I could see the anger in his eyes as he clenched his jaw.

"I wonder how your wife would like it if I tore that off of you!" I snarled at him, grabbing his cock and yanking on it until he yelped out in pain.

“Aaarrrrhhhhggggg” He angered through his gritted teeth.

“I guess that's what you get when you ask women to come in for early morning sessions. You can't tell me that you don't flirt with these women? I saw you staring at me last night.” I sneered at him, gripping his cock tighter in my hand.

“It's harmless flirting.” He whimpered at me, closing his eyes tightly and probably praying that I would let go of his cock.

“You came up against the wrong one. You think that you can just grope me, fondle me and I'm not going to do anything about it?” I asked him, letting go of his cock and before he could react it I thrust my knee up as hard as I could and slammed it into his balls.

I stood up and gazed at the pathetic little man in front of me. I laughed, I couldn't help myself, I couldn't believe he already crying for me to stop. He had tears rolling down his face as I pushed my foot against his chest and made him fall onto his back.

“You seem to have met your match bitch-boy, you think you can get away by manipulating and harassing innocent woman, getting your kicks you dirty old pervert. I should cut your cock off and send it to your wife in the mail with a little note saying that you are out of commission for good.” I threatened him as I brought the heel of my shoe down on his balls, grinding my heel back and forth on his balls as if I was putting out a cigarette.

“Stop!” He begged, trying to get off his back.

“Yeah, I bet that she would keep that thing in the freezer, locked away while she pleasures herself with a real man’s cock. She certainly can’t get any pleasure from a small cock like yours.!” I screamed at him, getting madder at him for asking me to stop.

“Get out of my class! Just go!” He feebly lifted his head up and screamed at me, his face red. I could tell that he wanted to hurt me, if only he could stand up.

“You are no match for me Tom. I might just call your wife up if you think you're going to get up and hurt me. I might call her up when I get home and tell her the reason why you kicked me out of your class. I bet she would really like that.” I laughed, shaking my head back and forth at him. Seeing his eyes widen with fear.

Tom shook his head as I brought my heel up off his balls, They were getting larger and larger and were bright red, he was going to be bruised and sore for a very long time.

“Please just go, leave me alone.” He begged as he curled up in a fetal position clutching his balls.

“All these ladies drool over you and you try and take advantage. I am sure they would laugh at the small penis that you have Tom if you showed it to them.....” I pointed my little finger at him and wiggle it in the air, he was too embarrassed to look at me as I grabbed my bag.

“If you don't leave here I am going to call the cops for assault. I am going to tell them that you took advantage of me here in my classroom since no one else was here with us it would be my word against yours.” Tom tried threatening me, he seemed shocked when I just smiled at him.

“You really think that the police are going to believe you? If they questioned every woman in here they would ask if you have ever come onto them. The police would ask if you gave any hint that you wanted to be with them. What do you think their answers would be?” I raised my eyebrows at him and saw him look away from me. I already had the answer. I didn't need him to verbally tell me.

I slung my bag over my shoulder and walked out of the room. I didn't need to take yoga anymore, I had gotten the pleasure I wanted. I watched through the window as Tom stayed curled up on the floor, in the fetal position, cradling his aching balls. He was probably dreading me coming back in and hurt him some more. I thought he was funny laying there with his yoga outfit wrapped around his ankles as he disappeared out of my sight.

There was one more thing I had to do before my day was finished, when I got back home and took a shower I looked over the yoga papers I had signed. I saw that he had not only put his cell phone number on top of the paper but he had also put his home number.

Tom was so dumb, just like all the rest of the men I had encountered in my travels of life. Picking up my phone as I sat down on the couch I dialed his house number and it rang three times before a sweet, innocent, voice came on the line.

“Hello?” A mousy voice asked when she picked up the phone.

“Is this Mrs. Helms?” I asked, pretending to be crying.

“Yes it is.” She told me, I could hear the growing concern in her voice. I couldn't help myself, Tom was going to pay in more ways than one.

“Your husband is a pervert, he cornered me alone after class and tried to push himself onto me, I'm sorry but I had to retaliate. I kicked, stomped and crushed him , he wouldn't get off me. I kept kicking and stomping him. I'm sorry but I had to defend myself” I sobbed into the phone.

A few seconds later I heard the woman crying and she hung up the phone. I knew that she was calling Tom after she hung up with me. All I had to do was sit back and watch the fireworks begin.

Tom Helms didn't know what I was capable of but he was soon going to find out. He was going to wish that I never signed up for his class.

All that I knew at that point in time was that he was going to be furious with me and I was going to wait around all day to see if he showed up at my door. He knew my address, I had put it down on the paper work when I filled it out to take his yoga class.

If he dared tried to come into my house, he better come prepared as he knew what I was capable of. He must be surely aware that I would permanently

damage his nuts and ruin his life for good.

THE END

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