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CHASTITY

SCARLETT STEELE

DIARY OF A *dominatrix*

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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, tease and denial, chastity cage lockup, orgasm denial and a dominatrix's quest on leading on an teasing a man to the point of extreme agonyr.....

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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Welcome to my world. My name is Kristy Henderson, and at the age of eighteen years old. I find it easy to make friends with men, woman not so much.

It may be that my blonde hair and my beautiful blue eyes hypnotise them before they even have a chance to blink, it may be that my body is exactly when the men want. Lusting after me with their promises and gifts,

I know exactly how to tease them, brushing past them, my fingers dancing on their shoulders as they talk to me , my eyelashes bouncing as they stare down my cleavage, Their desire for me grows stronger and stronger the more they see of me.

A good friend of mine, Dillon Andrews liked to rub my ass through my leather skirt, sometimes 'accidentally' spanking me. I giggle, the world can see that I'm leading him on because I can. I am a woman of many talents and the best talent I have is seducing men, putting on a sweet act until I get them where I want them and then I strike when they least suspect, sinking my teeth into them, letting my venom run through their veins.

I believe that all men are weak. They see a pretty lady walking down the street

their heads turn, their minds are led by their cocks, dying to get a piece of the action. They need to realise that not all women are sweet and innocent and some will take them and turn them into their submissive slaves, willing or unwilling, it will happen.

“Are we going to study after school today?” Dillon asked, putting his arm around me as we walked down the hallway to our history class, his fingers slowly inching towards my large breasts, barely contained in my tight, white, shirt. My nipples are hard, I know he likes me, I know that I can make him submit to me. To do anything I want.

“I would love to but it’s going to have to be in my parents garage. They are gone for a week while the renovations are being done to the house and my bedroom is just a mess.” I rolled my eyes at him, not really liking the fact the house was being redone but knowing it was my chance to get him alone.

“Didn't you say that your garage was sound proof?” Dillon moaned against my ear, I felt his hot breath tickling the side of my neck.

“Yes, yes it sure is. Come over around five o'clock tonight!” I impressed upon him with a stern yet seductive tone, moving away from him before his finger could make their way to my nipple.

“Sure. Five o'clock on the dot. I’ll be there.” He nodded his head as we walked on together.

I could a slight look of disappointment in his eyes as I moved away from him. I knew his wandering hands were on their way to groping my breasts, he was so

close yet so far. Like I said, men are weak and Dillon was just like every other man I knew. As long as there was a woman with a hot body, they would be chasing them. Reveal some skin and they are putty in your hands.

I was surprised when I looked up at the clock during my last class of the day. It was four in the evening and I was glad that the day was almost done. Packing up my bag, I got up from my seat and watched as other students were making their way to the door to leave themselves, our professor was too busy correcting papers and tests for his classes to be bothered with us leaving a few minutes early.

The second I got home I slid out of my clothing and placed my favourite spiked, dog collar around my neck. Hair sprayed my blonde hair so I looked like a rock star and put dark eye shadow around my beautiful eyes. Looking in the mirror I looked like I was a freak/rock star, this was going to drive Dillon wild.

I went downstairs completely naked, the workers were gone for the day so I wasn't worried about anyone seeing me the way I was. I made my way to the garage where I had set up my little trap corner, to play with my male victims. Dillon would be my latest. The thought of the pain and torture I was going to take him through was turning me on, I couldn't wait until he turned up.

I have had this plan in the back of my mind for a while now. To show men, any kind of man that women weren't just sex tools, we weren't toys for them to just fuck and discard. Any man who was going to touch me and want me was going to pay the price. Like I said before, all men are the same.

The garage had a cool, black, marble slab with leather straps for the wrists and arms. I made sure that they were thick enough to hold any man down. As I was looking over at the bench behind the slab I eyed the male chastity belt, it was

beautiful, with spikes surrounding the outside of it. The key lay innocently on the bench beside it, the control will be all mine.

As I went to go pick it up there was a soft rap on the garage door, my smile growing wider, I knew who it was.

I went over to the closed garage door and hit the green button, watching the garage door jolt and then slide up on its own. Who I saw standing in the driveway was just who I expected it to be. Dillon.

“Aren't you a little bit early?” I giggled at him, biting on my lip, teasing him as he looked at my naked body while he made his way towards me.

“Mm, I like this look on you baby. Completely naked except for the dog collar. You look really hot.” Dillon winked at me and wrapped his arms around my waist as I hit the red button that made the garage door jolt again before sliding down, closing us in.

I let Dillon touch me, I let him run his hands over my body. More for my pleasure than for his. I like to have a man's touch every once in a while.

“You have such a sexy body.” Dillon grunted in my ear, pressing against me I could feel his cock stiffening in his jeans rubbing against my naked pussy.

“I know.” I giggled, acting like a girly girl which was out of my nature but I knew that it would turn him on even more.

Dillon brought his mouth to my breasts, hoping to lick the tip of my nipple, I stopped, pushing him back.

“Hey, I thought that we had something going here? I show up and you're completely naked and I just thought.....” He moaned.

“I am going to give you something that you are really going to enjoy.” I nodded my head as I licked my lips slowly.

“Oh yeah?” He asked, his smile returning to his face, I knew I had him hook, line, and sinker.

“Oh yeah. I want you Dillon. I want you so fucking bad.” I told him in a deep voice, walking over to him.

I think he was a little surprised that I was making the moves on him. I unbuttoned his pants and slid his zipper down. He took his shoes off without me even having to tell him. As I slid his pants down I saw the head of his cock winking at me from under his long shirt that he was quickly unbuttoning and tossing to the garage floor.

“I knew you wanted my body baby, I just knew it.” He told me in a husky voice as he tried throwing himself at me.

Once again I let him push me up against one of the walls in the garage. I let him

run the head of his cock up and down my pussy lips, spreading them to get to my hungry and wet clit. Dillon was slowly bringing his cock down to my pussy hole, I was soaking wet and it was at that moment when I pushed him away again, harder than the last time.

“What the hell Kristy?” He glared at him when he almost fell to the floor of the garage. I had a big smile on my face when he looked at me.

“I’m wet.” I whined, rubbing my lips with the tips of my fingers.

“You are nothing but a tease! You get me all hot and let me touch you and then you push me away!” Dillon snapped, I didn't flinch. His cold stare and hard voice didn't bother me at all. I think the reason was I knew what was going to happen that night and he didn't.

“Isn't this what you call foreplay Dillon?” I laughed and pointed a finger at him.

“If I had known that all you were going to do was tease me tonight I never would have come over. You walk around like your pussy is golden and lead me on but once I try to fuck you, you push me away. That's what a tease does. Denying me the thing that I want most, your hot pussy.” He growled at me, looking down at my covered pussy I could see the lust in his eyes.

There was no way he was going to turn away from me like I had him. He wasn't going to leave me there, he was thinking with his cock and what he wanted to do with me. There was no way he was dumb enough, all men thought that if they could something out of a situation they would stay until the end.

“Come on baby, let me make it up to you.” I told him, it was time to get him strapped down. There was no doubt about it, my pussy was on fire and I had to stop teasing myself, it was however it was a lot of fun playing with Dillon and seeing the sexual frustration through the tears welling up in his eyes.

I don't know where I got this fetish of mine. I think one day I just figured that the men I came in contact with were going to have to realize that women were the stronger sex, they were the ones who could make any man do exactly what they wanted and the more I thought about it the more I put myself into situations to start out all the plans I had in the back of my mind.

“You seriously want to make it up to me?” Dillon asked me, proceeding with caution this time. Of course I knew he would, because the last two times I had pushed him away. Dillon was no fool.

“Of course I am. Get on that slab for me baby. Let me strap you down and see what you are made off, if you are lucky enough, I will jump on and ride your brains out” I pouted at him, lifting my soft, blue, eyes and making contact with his dark blue eyes.

Dillon was slightly tanned, with blonde hair and dark blue eyes himself. He had a nice, hard, cock and I loved looking at him naked in my garage. The both of us standing a few feet away from each other completely naked was torture for him, I was getting turned on with every passing second knowing that he was in agony not knowing what was going to happen next.

“You want me to lay down on that?” Dillon asked me, looking at the marble slab in the middle of the room.

“You are going to love it. Let me show you that I can make it up to you Dillon. I didn't mean to make you mad. I am just as horny as you are and I can't wait to fuck you. You know you want that hard cock inside of my wet and hungry pussy even if you are mad at me.” I pointed a finger at him, a small smile on my face.

“Okay, and for the record I'm not mad at you. I've been trying for the past week to fuck you. Whether from behind or having you on top of me. “ He reminded me, though there was no need to.

“I know baby, now you are going to get what you've wanted all week. Get up there and let me please you.” I told him as softly as I could though I wanted to be rough with him and not sweet I knew that I could attract more bees with honey than with vinegar I would have to wait until he was strapped down to do exactly what I had set out to do.

Dillon hopped up on the table and laid down on his back as I went over to him. He reached up again for one of my hard nipples and I kept just out of his reach as I put his arm down to his side to strap him tightly to the slab.

“This is kind of hot. I've never had a woman want to be in control for a change. It's always me having to make sure that I perform the best I can.” Dillon laughed, nodding his head as I made my way over to the other side of him and strapped down his other wrist.

“I'm going to show you just how good its going to be to have me in control.” I giggled at him as I strapped his ankles into place. Making sure that they were as tight as I could get them. I didn't want him trying to get out of straps.

“You are turning me on so much honey, I’m dying to get a piece of you.” Dillon confessed to me, thinking that would make me completely happy with him

. A man will say anything he can to make a woman happy in order to get what they want. I was more than happy to hear him beg for me as I glanced behind him and saw the chastity Belt. It was time.

Dillon gave me a confused look, he thought I was going to get on top of him, thought I was going to let him pleasure my breasts and push my wet pussy against his hard cock. Little did he know that was not in my plans at all. I was out to please myself and that's exactly what I was going to do.

“Hey, where are you going?” Dillon asked, looking around and seeing that I was standing at the work bench.

“Don't worry I haven't forgotten about you baby. I am just going to make this interesting.” I picked up the chastity belt and swiftly moved towards him.

“What the hell is that thing?” He asked me when I popped a latch and it sprung open. I giggled as I brought it to his hard cock.

“This my dear is something to tease your cock just a little bit more.” I winked at him. I grabbed his testicles and started to pinch, Dillon started to squirm as he felt his balls being crushed under my grip. The more he squirmed, the softer his cock became. The softer he became, the harder I squeezed.

Within seconds, Dillon was focused entirely on the pain coursing through his testicles and forgot about fucking me. His cock has become as flaccid as it could get. I quickly locked the chastity cage into place, hearing the latch snap into place and knowing the head of his cock was tight against the end of the chastity belt.

“Kristy, this isn't funny. I don't find this funny at all!” Dillon reeled from the pain and looking down at the contraption in which his manhood was locked inside. . The dumb and confused look on his face was priceless.

“Come on, don't you want to make this interesting?” I asked him, getting on top of him, making sure I avoided touching the chastity belt, I knew those spikes would hurt if I touched them.

I straddled Dillon's hard stomach, rubbing my wet pussy up and down his soft skin. How I loved feeling my pussy getting wetter as I denied him the ultimate pleasure. What I set out to do was for myself, the pleasures, the pain it was all for me. Dillon was soon going to realize that.

I pushed one of my breasts against his mouth only to feel the heat of his hot breath on my hard nipple. Pulling back away from him as he brought his tongue out to lick it, I heard him groan and shake his head back and forth.

I laughed at him and pushed both of my large breasts together as I began grinding my pussy harder and harder against his hard stomach. Showing him just how wet I had become. Not from him turning me on, but my thoughts and my teasing him was turning me on.

Pushing my tits together I brought them back down to his mouth and this time he quickly took his tongue out and began licking my hard nipples. I whimpered and moaned, his tongue felt so good massaging my hard nipples , just as he was about to attach his mouth to them I pulled away from him again.

“Kristy!” He snapped, he tried not to sound it but he started to beg, the more he sounded like this, the wetter I became.

“You want me so bad don't you? I bet your cock is straining against that small cage, getting harder and harder just to get a lick of me.” I snickered

“Please, it hurts in that contraption that you put me into. It’s too small for my

cock.” He told me gently, seeing that my tone of voice had changed I think he knew better than to snap at me again. Something that I wasn't going to tolerate.

“It's going to keep you from cumming my darling. You are going to want to cum so bad when I take that off of you that the second your cock hits my wet pussy hole you are going to explode. You won't even have a chance to slam your cock inside of me.” I explained to him, covering my mouth as I laughed at him. To me it was pretty funny, to him not so much.

“I just want to fuck you Kristy.” He whined at me as I brought my mouth to the side of his neck and began licking him.

“I know you do honey. I know you want to take my pussy hard and cum deep inside of me, and then when you are satisfied, you will simply move and on, Won't you? You don't think I know how men think?” I asked him, biting hard into his neck after talking to him.

Dillon actually cried out in pain as I sunk my teeth into his neck. I thought it was hot and that most men liked being bitten but evidently Dillon didn't like the biting sensation I was giving to him.

“Please. God, release me and let me taste you!” He continued whimpering out to me, I thought he was actually going to cry because he wanted my pussy so much.

“We are going to have a little fun first, my pussy is so wet Dillon that I don't even think that I can wait for your cock to become unleashed from that thing.” I moaned to him, licking his ear and darting my tongue in and out of his ear hole

hearing him murmur my name I knew he liked it.

“Then take it off of me! Take this fucking thing off of me and fuck me!” He screamed at me. I knew that his screams was because of the pressure of the chastity belt holding his cock inside a spiked container and I was the only one with the key which meant I could let him go whenever I chose to.

My pussy was threatening to cum on his hard stomach and I was praying to god that it would hold off for a little while longer myself. I was having fun being in control and showing him that women weren't just going to lay around and wait for a man.

I lifted my mouth from his ear, looking him in the eye I brought my pussy up closer and closer to his mouth. I knew that I was going to enjoy his hot, wet, tongue deep inside my pussy. That was the only way I liked getting off at that time in my life. Later on I learned that I liked other ways to get my pussy to cum.

“Yes. Cover my mouth with that warm, wet, pussy of yours.” Dillon whispered, nodding his head. That was the last thing he was able to say as I brought my pussy down hard on his lips.

I felt Dillon's mouth open slightly for me, felt the tip of his tongue slide between my pussy lips and touch my hungry clit. I jumped slightly when I felt him running the tip of his tongue up and down my clit because it felt so amazing.

“Now lick my pussy!” I demanded, ordering him to shove his tongue deep inside of me as he quickly did so.

I think he was slightly surprised that I was being so demanding, I would always push him away from me when he got too close at college or too touchy with me. He probably thought that I wasn't ready for his kind just yet. I was there to prove him wrong, to be the bitch that I am. That much hasn't changed I remained who I was through every stage of experience.

“Yes, that's it. Right fucking there.” I grunted to him as I began riding his tongue like it was his cock.

“Now close your eyes and picture me riding your hard cock, your hard throbbing cock. I want you pretend that you're driving your cock further and further into me.” I told him, teasing him even more to make him imagine it. Knowing it was cruel and painful for him.

The more he grunted and moaned for me the more I felt my pussy getting ready to cum. I knew he would love licking my pussy. It wasn't his reward that I was thinking of though, I was thinking of my own needs and that moment in time I needed my pussy to cum. I didn't care how I made it cum, it just had to.

“I'm cumming for you baby, I'm fucking cumming!” I threw my head back and cried out with pleasure as my pussy came for him full force.

I don't think he was expecting me to release so much, he couldn't contain it all. It dribbled down his chin and the sides of his mouth. I didn't care though as long as he got some of it in his mouth. As long as my pussy was cumming that was all that mattered to me.

When I finally got off his mouth and off the slab, my bare feet felt cold on the cement floor he looked at me with anger in his eyes.

“What's the matter baby?” I asked him so innocently I thought he was going to lose his top, but I hid a smile the best I could.

“You told me that you were going to please me.” He snarled at me, if he was an animal he would be baring his teeth.

“You were pleased though, weren't you? You loved licking my pussy and I'm sure you loved drinking down the pussy juice that you could.” I bit down on my lip, playing dumb with him.

“Take this fucking device of my cock, it's tight and I need to release myself!” He grunted, mad as hell as I went to the work bench and got the key, going back to him I unlocked it and he sighed with relief when it sprung open. Instant relief from the pain that he had been feeling.

“I don't know what to tell you sweetie. I got exactly what I wanted, my pussy came so hard from you licking and teasing it.” I shrugged my shoulders as I unstrapped him. As far as I was concerned I was done.

“Look, I have pleased you, you have had your fun, Come on, take the tip of my cock and let's party” Dillon almost sounded like he was begging again as I undid the straps around his ankles.

“I'm just not in the mood to fuck now. I feel fully refreshed and satisfied. Maybe next time.” I laughed meanly at him as he sat up on the marble table seeing that he was still reeling in pain from the crushing device around his cock and his throbbing blue balls.

“You're fucking killing me you know that? You're nothing but a fucking tease in my eyes!” He shouted at me when he saw that I wasn't going to touch his cock. I wasn't even going to go near his cock.

Dillon jumped off the slab and put his clothing back on. I pushed the green button and we watched as the garage door opened up and he walked away without looking back.

I knew that I had ruined a perfectly good orgasm that he might have had. Like he said, he had pleased me to no end and he was ready to release, all I had to do was play with his cock a little and he would have had his release. I wouldn't even do that.

The next day I knew that he wasn't going to talk to me anymore, that we weren't even going to be friends anymore. He walked right past me when I reached the college as if I was a complete stranger to him.

My smile grew wide across my face, he had passed a lot of women that were good looking without even taking a second glance like he use to always do. That is something that I would like to take credit for, showing him without a doubt that not all women were the same. Not all women were going to lay down, spread their legs for him and let him have what he wanted.

THE END

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Pegging the Pervert

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