

PEGGED

by her

STEEL TOY

SCARLETT STEELE



(Femdom, Ballbusting,
Gagged and Muffled Screams)

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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, kidnapping, suspension, ballbusting, pegging with a thick steel toy and more.....

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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Pegging the Pervert

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I'm suspended in the air, my ankles tied to my wrists, and both of them in turn tied to a suspender bar. Face up, legs spread and my cock standing proud, visible to anyone who wants to see.

But the only person around for miles is a blonde by the name of Scarlett Diaz, who had abducted me on my way home from University earlier today and is responsible for the way I'm currently positioned. I'm wearing nothing but socks and a collar that she has given me, and the room we are in is unheated. Shivers run up my spine, whether of fear or anticipation...or even pleasure, I'm not so sure.

Ordinarily, had a stranger abducted me and then proceeded to strip and suspend me in thin air, I would've been shitting my pants. But here, hanging in front of this busty goddess, in anticipation as to what she might do next overpowers whatever fears I may have had. I don't know why, but ironically, my semi naked curvy abductor makes me feel safe. For some reason I cannot put my finger on, my instincts tell me to...trust her. Trust her to treat me like some sort of sex toy, but also trust her to not really harm me. Maybe it is my penis talking, more likely it is.

At the moment, the former seems like the more viable possibility, so I stop mulling things over and bring my focus back to her. She is standing in front of a shelf, trying to decide which toys to use. I still don't know why she's brought me here, or what sort of interrogation she's about to conduct, but I find myself worried more about what will happen to me, as I am about who she is. It seems to be enough that she is barely dressed, wearing a black g-string with a matching

bra. With a voice of an angel to match, I can't but feel this is any man's fantasy.

She had walked up behind me, dressed in her tight fitting jeans, low cut t-shirt and fuck-me heels. Posing as a lost student, the busty vixen standing before me twirling her hair round her fingers would turn out to be my captor by the end of the day. I turned on the charm and we went for a meal out that evening. The night was perfect, light touching, flirting and I knew I had caught her attention. At the end of the night, she had seductively offered me to join her back home. No sane man could turn down an offer like this.

But as she drove. she had turned the car far away from civilization and brought me to this lodge in the woods. Of course, I hadn't known that the lodge would turn out to be some sort of fetish dungeon, so I had voluntarily stepped out of the car. Naïve idiot that I am, I actually thought she had brought me to a cozy little hideout for a night of uninterrupted casual fucking.

“So Mr Marcelo Lopez.” The soft meltones of her voice bouncing off the walls, hypnotizing my presence. “I must establish a few things at the outset. I don't usually do this, but it had taken all of one photograph to convince me otherwise. You really are a fine specimen of the male species”

“If I was supposed to take that as a compliment, then please back off,” I say, the exhaustion from suspension giving my anger an edge.

“Take that however you will. I've been tasked with finding out about the video clips, DVD's and the missing underwear from the University dorm rooms. And I'm giving you an easy exit. Tell me everything you know, and I'll let you go right away. Otherwise...well, you've seen this dungeon. And suspension is only the beginning.”

“I’m keeping shut.”

“I have ways to make you talk,” she says, all the easy charm gone out of her voice. However, even her coldness manages to cause my penis to twitch. Regardless of my position, she is stunningly hot.

“I’d like to see you try,” I say, the defiance in my words echoing through the hall. It bounces off her, and serves to egg her on. She walks right back to the cupboard, and picks up a huge black dildo. I swallow, and feel my ankles go numb. I am in pain, but I don’t want to give her the satisfaction that she’s managed to make me uncomfortable.

She is walking towards me with the dildo, and it’s only now that I notice the spikes on it. Not embossed for pleasure, but pain. I flinch at the prospect of what she has planned, but she pretends to not notice.

“Who set up the hidden cameras in the girls bedrooms?” she asks in a low rumble. I say nothing. She moves a little closer, and nudges the tip of the dildo against the lower end of my scrotum. I flinch at the mere thought of the damage she could inflict without trying, yet I’m ashamed to see that I’m beginning to get harder. It doesn’t escape her notice, of course, and she smirks.

“How did you get in to install the cameras and tape everything in the bedroom? How did you manage to sell all of the videos and women’s worn underwear so quickly?” I don’t say a word.

One evening, myself and Brad had sneaked in and installed cameras in the bedrooms of the hottest girls on campus. Demand for their sexual exploits on camera was high. We knew we could make a fortune off the videos, and to top it off. We were able to steal the underwear they were wearing at the time. We made a bundle, but it was a bro's code. None of the guys ever dared tell a girl.

I don't have the faintest idea how Scarlett found out, but I can guess it was probably someone in the dorm. They must've seen me one evening, heard the news on campus and put two and two together. Scarlett was known on the campus as a tough ballbuster and was good at extracting information using her charm and toughness. She is not going to get anything out of me.

I'm still lost in my thoughts, and she brutally slaps the dildo against my scrotum. I let out a loud scream, and she ignores it, while slapping the underside of my scrotum again, I want to slap her, but all my limbs are tied.

"Stop it, you motherfucker! You can do whatever you want, but I'm not going to tell you a single word."

She continues as though she hasn't heard me, and then pulls the dildo back. I almost have a sigh of relief, but she slaps my testicles again without warning. My throat is still hurting from the last scream, but a louder scream leaves me as she sets up a rhythm and begins to slap my balls over and over again. It hurts like you can imagine it would: those spikes scraping against the skin of my scrotum, and the dildo itself is bigger than my hard dick, just adding that final insult.

I'm screaming, and she's relentless. "Who, when why and how much money. Exact amount. Tell me, and I'll stop."

I glare daggers at her, and remain silent. It clearly infuriates her, and she starts moving the dildo faster. I don't know if I should be afraid or alarmed that I'm fully aroused by now, and doing all I can to stop myself from coming. It worries me how she's a complete stranger, who clearly doesn't have my best interests in mind, who is literally obliterating my manhood with a huge spiked dildo, and all I can think about is reaching orgasm. I know I should be bothered by the fact that the whole set-up: the abduction, the dungeon-lodge, the sex toys...is evoking lust instead of fear, but no, my dick has taken over, is hungry for more and seems to have taken away my ability to think.

Suddenly, she stops, and I feel the dildo's absence acutely. I want it back, I want her to beat me to orgasm. I'm mildly disgusted by my urges, but I can't deny I've got them. She goes back to the cupboard, presumably to find another toy to torture me with. I wonder what it would be next. I find myself hoping it would cause me as much pain as the dildo did.

She brings a paddle, and smacks me hard across my ass. I whelp, but muffle the groan against my shoulder.

"Tell me who let you into the bedrooms, you dirty little cockslut. TELL ME!" She has raised his voice for the first time all night, and I realize that she sounds even sexier when angry.

When I say nothing, she smacks me again, harder this time. I let out a gasp, whether of pain or pleasure I'm not quite sure. What I do know is that I find myself waiting for the next one.

And she doesn't make me wait. The next hit comes soon enough, and I feel

myself warm up to the act. She's shouting words like "Who paid for them" and "details", and I find it almost funny how all my attention is focused on how much harder I can get. A few more smacks of the paddle, and I'm sure I'll squirt all over myself. Now wouldn't that be a sight!

She's panting, and I can sense her increasing frustration in the tone in which she says, "Just say something, anything, goddamnit!" Despite the pain, I smirk to myself, thoroughly content that I've wrested the power from her hands. Back into mine, where power has always belonged. I feel a little bad for her; experienced ballbusting she might be, but I can't really blame her for not guessing that one of University's most revered athletes could be such a resilient submissive.

The public Marcelo Lopez is confidence, aggression and professionalism personified. He brooks no interference from those not as smart as him, and is known as a formidable rival. But the private Marcelo is a raging submissive. I have never trusted any of the women I've dated or casually fucked with this information, and my public persona ensures that my secret is pretty safe.

But in the hands of this one stranger who picked me up without my consent, and is doing all sorts of semi-erotic, semi-torturous things to me; I feel myself come apart and unable to hide my true desires. I want her to dominate me thoroughly; I want her to not listen to what I'm saying and treat me like her sex slave.

Good for me, she seems to know of my desires without my having to articulate them. She has now brought out a fire wand, and is dangling it threateningly in front of my eyes. Our eyes meet, and I see surprise flit across her face. I know it's because she was probably expecting to see fear instead of arousal. I love how despite being physically vulnerable thanks to the bondage, I still manage to rile her up.

She brings the flame close to my thighs, and speaks. “One last chance, Marcelo. Tell me what I am here to find out, and I’ll let you go. Withhold the information, and I’ll have no choice but to really start the torture.”

“What do you mean” I ask, unable to contain my curiosity.

“You seem smart enough. Can’t you guess?”

“You won’t break me”

She smirks “Once you admit to the truth, you will be my permanent bitch”

“It only makes me more determined to not give anything away.”

She runs the flame along my thigh. I suck in a breath, but don't move my thigh. The flame begins to heat the spot, and I bear it for a few seconds before yelling "OUCH." She pulls back a bit, and then moves the flame to another spot. She keeps doing it until both my thighs are covered with red spots, and are tingling with pain. I don't feel much beyond a little discomfort, and Scarlett clearly looks amazed at my pain tolerance threshold.

"So what are you going to try next?" I ask her, the challenge in my voice obvious.

She heaves a deep sigh, and says, "You've brought this upon yourself, Marcelo, If I can't break you, I must hand you over to Natalia. She will break you". Natalia was the University bitch, tougher than Scarlett, she would permanently break a man's balls for sheer pleasure, there was an aura of violence and mistrust around Natalia. The hardest men are broken and spat out for breakfast every morning at Natalia's breakfast table.."

"Wait. So she's going to subject me the same?" I ask, feeling truly horrified for the first time since last evening. It must be morning by now, and I can't help but feel a twinge of regret over what could happen.

"You made the fatal mistake of videotaping her and selling her underwear. You will never be the same again" she smirks.

I suddenly feel a cloth pressed against my mouth and the world around me fades away.

An hour later, I'm at Natalia's flat, in a similar dungeon. I didn't know she had one set up purely for torture.

Scarlett leaves me with her, grabs some cash and leaves.

"So Marcelo. How nice to see you again," Natalia remarks as she ties me to a St Andrew's Cross. She has stripped me naked, and I feel much more exposed than I had felt around Scarlett. I just stare at her, communicating all my anger in a single glance. It's not lost on her, and she smirks while tightening my bonds. They hurt, and I know that if left too long, they can cause permanent nerve damage. Knowing her, that's probably her intention.

The tall brunette takes out a riding crop, and starts circling me like a hawk. "I know about everything about the panty raid and camera set up, but I am going to make you admit it with your own words."

"I will never admit anything to a weak woman, not while I stand here as a man, the superior sex" I spit out.

"Oh but I've taken care of that. You wouldn't remain a man for very long," she purrs.

I know she isn't bluffing, so I just swallow and say nothing. I don't even let out a yelp of pain as the riding crop hits my thighs right over the fire marks. She hits

again, and demands information. If I'm going to die in this dungeon, with this sadistic bitch, the least I can do is give her the pleasure of victory.

On realizing that the riding crop isn't doing much to cause me any significant pain, she brings out a clear plastic bag and covers my face with it. She ties it under my chin, and continues to hit me with the crop. The idea of breath play has always scared me, and I don't like the fact that my first experience with it is with one of the darkest woman I have ever met.

In about three minutes, I feel as though I'm choking. There's no safe word, no signal, nothing I can do to tell her that I'm about to pass out. I don't even the register the pain on my thighs anymore.

When I come to, I'm lying face down on a hard floor, and Natalia is standing over me.

"You knew what the consequences were" Natalia spoke

"Yet you proceeded to carry out the videotaping of our bedroom, shower and even took pictures of us fucking"

"You then stole the very same underwear we were wearing in those footage"

"How much did you make?" she snapped as she kicked my ankles apart.

I say nothing. Nothing I say at this point is the right answer. I hear her bare feet slapping the floor as she walks towards me. I look up and see her looking down on me. Wearing a short skirt, I catch a glimpse of her pink knickers.

She kneels down and whispers in my ear, “If you have nothing to say then we’ll make sure you say nothing.” I have no idea what she means and she stands back up.

Moments later she stuffs some material into my mouth, I breathe in, it feels moist and smells musky. Before I can say anything she has strapped a gag over me forcing the material further into my mouth.

“Just the thought of what I am going to do to you has made me wet and since you enjoy my panties so much” She slides her toes under my chin and lifts my chin so she meets my eyes.

“You can cry into them as they muffle your screams”.

As she walks away, I can’t help but feel that everything is falling into place. As I breathe in, I suck in the moistness of her underwear, wedged deep in my mouth. I can taste her.

She ties me up, face down, and kneels between my thighs again. I feel more vulnerable than I ever have at this point. I know what is coming and I want her to take me. I want her to violate me and teach me a lesson.

Her finger finds it's way into my asshole, and I shudder. Admittedly I am an anal virgin but my submissive side has wanted to be dominated and pegged by the cruellest of woman. What better way than to piss of the Natalia. How painful is this going to be?, one finger becomes two, and it's beginning to hurt a little.

But the pain is momentary as I gradually stretch enough to accommodate four fingers. She pulls them out, and I can hear her grab her strapon, clicking it around her waist. I suddenly feel the cold steel head of her fake cock near my hole, and she gradually pushes it in. I like the fact that she doesn't care the slightest that I am not lubed up. The tip feels big, pressing against my entrance, I know she wants to punish me. I want her to punish me. This will hurt, thank goodness for the gag.

I feel her steel cock stretch my hole, and a scream of pain escapes my throat, muffled by her wet panties. It doesn't take long, but I get used to it, and she's beginning to thrust in and out. She sets up a tantalizing rhythm, and I want to yell at her to go faster but am helpless. I have no choice but to take what she's giving me.

I am harder than I have ever been before and I can feel myself about to cum. She has increased her pace, and she isn't showing any of the gentleness she has shown thus far. Now, she's simply pounding into me with reckless abandon, and before long, I'm coming. She sees, it encourages her to thrust harder and deeper and she is pounding into my once-virgin anus at unspeakable speed. A few seconds later, her orgasm follows, and she screams "Marcelo!" hoarsely.

She unties me, flips me over and stares deep into my eyes.

“You are mine” she slips into my ear.

My cock starts to twitch again and it’s hardness presses against her thigh.

She leans in closer “I knew you wanted this all along”

A sharp pain strikes my face as my cheeks redden from her vicious slap.

“There are no safe words with me” she grins grabbing the shaft of her strap-on.

Placing her hand over the gag, she pushes her panties into my throat even deeper
“Time for round two....” she smiles.

She kneels between my legs, and spreads my thighs a bit. I know what she’s going to do, but that doesn’t make the contact of the cold tip of her steel dildo with the entrance of my ass any less intense. She strokes the tip against the outer nerves and I want to scream with the toe-curling pleasure, but the gag restrains me. I want to grab her waist and force her deep into me, but the bondage makes it impossible.

She finally push her hips forward and enters me. This time, she takes it slow, and I’m thankful for it. Within a few seconds, the whole metallic length is inside me, and once she’s certain that my once tight hole has engulfed her whole hard silver strap-on, she begins to move it. Gasps of pleasure escape her mouth at every thrust, and her pleasure appears to be heightened by knowing that I cannot escape or cry for help.

My pleasure as I absorb every thrust is knowing that she has me exactly where I want to be. Gagged with her moist underwear in my mouth while she pounds her steel cock into me, my plan to be her submissive is slowly coming to fruition

Who needs safe words.....

THE END

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