

## A Toy for Steed

NSFW/ Adult 18+

PWP

Anal Sex/ Anal Plug for straight man

Pairing: Emma Peel & John Steed

by Agent\_Acos

She watches Steed. His muffled moans are music in her ears. He's breathing heavily, shivering from exhaustion, pain, lust, and pleasure, which she's inflicting all at the same time. Sweat is dripping from his overheated body, dripping down his temples and his chest. She's tempted to run her fingers over that hot skin, tempted to touch him, or sink on him and ride him hard until she comes—but she resists, enjoys watching the sweet torture instead, listening to the sounds he makes, when she turns the switches and masters the control of the gadget she made only for him.

They started half an hour ago, minutes which must feel like an eternity for him.

He's lying naked on the bed, face down, relaxed from the gentle massage she gave him before. He softly giggles as she starts the sweet torture by licking his ass for a while, massaging his buttocks. Then she lubes his sensitive hole and slowly starts opening him wider, fingering him, stretching him first with one, then two digits, until he's moaning every time when she hits his prostate. She takes her time, doesn't want to inflict later more pain than necessary. Long minutes pass before she she finally lubes up the plug – it's a different one from last time, longer, but with a smaller head that expands toward a thicker base. He sighs in a combination of pleasure and pain when she slides it into him.

She allows him to take the large plug slowly, knowing that he does not want it too deep straight away. He makes tiny noises when she presses it deeper into his hole; his hips are tightening, his fingers grab the sheets, he moans her name as she pushes the thicker part in. Even before it's completely inserted against the sensitive insides of his ass, it already has started to press constantly against his prostate. Soon he whimpers and moans loud in rising pleasure, trembling whenever she moves it a bit. Now Emma pushes it even deeper inside, until the small cable with the tiny control device hangs out of his ass. Now she's fully in control of the plug; she's the mistress of his pleasure.

But this is only the beginning. She lets him rest for a few minutes, allowing him to adjust to the object in his ass, while she kneels between his thighs, caressing his butt and balls between his legs. Then she helps him to sit up, blows a quick kiss on his half erected penis. He grunts in a mixture of lust and pain when his weight pushes the toy deep inside. She guides him to the chair beside the bed and he sits down - slowly - onto it. His face already displays the beautiful, tortured dilemma that awaits him during the next minutes.

Steed sinks onto the chair, groaning loudly and with the plug firmly twitching. He trembles with a combination of light pain and arousal while the plug presses hard against his prostate. Any small movement sends waves of pleasure up his spine. Emma is kissing him hard on the mouth, pushing her tongue deep, tasting him, sucking his neck, biting his nipples, before she finally starts to tie him to the chair. She isn't gentle -

he doesn't like her being gentle, when they're doing this. The ropes will hold him firmly, she makes excellent knots. Hands, arms, chest, legs and ankles – he won't be able to move much, he's not allowed to do so. When she's finished, she sucks his now fully erected cock, almost makes him come, but stops seconds away from it. She's already making him beg for her to finish him off, but of course she won't allow that – it's part of the game they play tonight.

She gags him and blindfolds him—from now on he will never know what she will do next, all he can do is listen to the noises, can try to smell her, but she's clever, silent like a mouse, and she keeps her distance.

His long penis is now hard as a rock, pre-cum dripping from its head. She can't help herself: She has to play with his balls, presses them hard. For a second she thinks about using the cockring on him, but decides against it – this time. Emma's wet, as much aroused as he is, but this is for him, just for him. She will not touch herself, will not climb him for her own pleasure, but she will make him moan, make him tear at the bonds, will listen to his strained breathing, his frustrated grunts, while he is denied his release.

The control device in her hand is a masterpiece. She likes to construct things, especially when building them is so much fun. She' designed the anal plugs for him. She smiles, when she remembers the first time she inserted one in his ass. He was shaking that day, moaning from the pain she inflicted, begging her to take it out , because he could not bear the feeling of it. Soon enough, however, he was begging her to never take it out again.

Now she lightly touches the switches of the control device, unsure how to start his sweet torture. Right now only the size and the angle of the plug give him joy. Until now, he been in control of it, by moving his butt and tensing or relaxing his muscles.

She sits on the bed opposite to him, watching him; his body is trembling, he looks beautiful. She decides on the lowest level, which causes a gentle vibration against this prostate. She can see how his fingernails press into his hand, how his body gets tense, how he's struggling at the ropes – it makes her smile. She sets the timer and chooses another program, a combination of soft vibration and intense pressure that lasts a few minutes and will only allow him to relax for a minute before it starts again, with stronger vibrations each time. She licks her lips and smiles.The more he moves against the bondage from now on, the more intensely he will feel the plug in his ass. Soon his body is shaking uncontrollably; he's breathing heavily through his nostrils, his head bouncing from one side to another, while he moans in ecstasy.

She lets him rest for a while after it's over, watches his penis soften a bit in the minutes afterwards, when he tries to control his body using breathing techniques. It's then that she grabs his penis, massages it, moving her hand up and down, pumping it hard, licking the tip of his cock, sucking him, until he is hard again and throbbing with anticipation. It's time for him to feel her. She moans when she sinks down onto his length, grinding his ass into the chair with her weigh, and so pushes the butt plug even deeper inside him. She circles her hips until he's bucks against her. He's close, so close, but she won't let him come, is withdrawing once again.

Now its time for harder constant vibrations for his ass. Intense minutes follow, without even the tiniest break for him. He's convulsing while the plug vibrates inside him. Emma

takes Steed's cock in her mouth, deep throat, circles her tongue around its sensitive head, rolling his balls and squeezing them firmly the way he likes it.

But seconds before an orgasm can hit him she pulls back, switches the device off, hears him groan in frustration and despair. Sweat is all over his body now, his heart is racing and she decides to remove the gag and allows him to breath more easily. She hears him whisper, begging her to make him come, and she will—soon.

Emma is tempted to run her fingers over his hot skin, tempted to touch him, to once again sink down on him and ride him hard until they will both come—but she resists, enjoys watching him instead, listening to the sound he makes when she once again turns the switch on, now for the last time, at the maximum level. He howls as she presses the button, pulls at his restrains with such a force that it will leave marks. She lies down on the bed, listening to his painful grunts and loud moaning for a while—he is exhausted, can't take much more. She watches him: He's desperate now, clenches his ass on the plug, hoping to trigger his orgasm. It's about time.

When she gets up, she touches his balls with her fingertips only, runs her fingers like a feather over his shaft, before she takes him in her mouth, just the tip of his penis, circeing her tongue around him. He pulls at the ropes, as the ache gets him closer and closer, and moans when the plug hits the most sensitive parts inside him. She smiles against him, because she already feels the pumping of his penis, listens to the harsh, sharp scream, the final grunt of anguish and lust, feels his cock twitching hard inside her mouth, when she finally swallows him deep. He comes incredibly hard, with a grasp that is her name, spilling his salty semen in her mouth. She rarely allows that. It's a precious gift for him and today she even swallows his seed in the aftermath of his orgasm. She's kissing him now, removing the blindfold, while he can taste his seed on her lips. Then she unties the knots, helps him up. He's shaking, his ass still pulsating from the orgasm and the plug, his thick shaft still dripping.

He's shivering from exhaustion when he sinks on the bed, moans when she gently pulls the plug out of his sore ass, before she cuddles against his back and covers him with a blanket.

“Love you, Emma,” he whispers.