Skye in the Tower

by MissTardis

Summary

Skye gets to know the Avengers better when Coulson's team visits Stark Tower for a movie night. Seeing how the Avengers interact with eachother, Skye's kink-dar reacts, especially when she looks at Loki, but she gets more and better than she bargained for.

Notes

So, I’ve been reading so many awesome fics here at AO3, and thought that it was about time that I contributed with one of my own.

In my IRL life I live a BDSM-lifestyle, I teach all manners of kink-related stuff, so it’s wonderful to write kink with a hint of magic to do the things in writing that can’t be done in real life. I know nothing about hacking and a lot about sex and BDSM, so I’ll focus on the topics where my strengths are.

This fic will be hard-core BDSM, in all its wonderful varieties, with minimal plot – so have fun ;-) It will mostly not be SSC (Safe, Sane and Consensual) but rather RACK (Risk Aware Consensual Kink) – it may even play a little with consensual non-consent (which means that the bottom basically says yes to giving up the safety of the safe-word and possibly do some things that he/she won’t normally consent to)

The Skye in this fic is very much Skye, and not Daisy Johnson, no powers for her, yet. I chose her because I wanted an un-gifted girl with wit – and then when I had written part of this fic it occurred to me that I could also have chosen Darcy. But hey, then I may just have to use and abuse her for a fic in the future.

As some of you may recognise that I got a little inspiration from fellow authors in here, amongst these are Cristinuke (5 Times Clint Got Taken Apart and the 1 Time He Got Put Back Together Again), fabricdragon (Someone Had To Say It… & Will You Walk Into My Palor), Bluemarry (Walking in shadows), Nonymous (From the Top and Strangers to Ourselves) and Telaryn (Outside Your Comfort Zone)

When things are written in cursive it’s somethings that is going on in a person’s head, when it’s in cursive and citation it marks someone it talking to another inside their head.

This is my first fic ever, so please be kind :-) And please let me know if I've forgotten some tags.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Even super-heroes have movie-nights

When you are world-famous, slightly odd, super-heroes who do you invite over for movie-night? Other weirdos of course.

When the Avengers had found out about Coulson not being dead after all, they were of course very happy, but also quite annoyed with both Fury and Phil for not having told them right away. But over time things had worked out and now Coulson’s team and the Avenger helped each other out every now and then. They had never all been in the same place at the same time, but this evening Coulson’s team were heading over to Stark Tower for movie-night.

Skye was sooo exited, she had never met any of them in real life and she was the new one already. As a computer-geek herself she, of course, totally fangirled over Stark. Skye found Natasha beautiful, if a little terrifying. The rest she didn’t have a read on, especially not on the other inhabitant of the Tower, Loki. What are you supposed to feel about an ex-villain alien god, who looks super-hot?

Despite all having spoken over the comms at one point or another things were a little awkward first off, but the stories started flowing and that got things jazzed up; stories told from two perspectives really makes them more fun, especially when one person, Clint, is obviously embellishing and trying to tease the rest. It was not that Skye didn’t want to participate in the story-telling, but she was just fascinated by people-watching – not often do you get to see such a weirdly mixed group hang out.

Who Skye couldn’t keep her eyes from, much to her surprise, was Loki. Her eyes kept drifting to him whenever she thought he wasn’t looking. And she couldn’t help picking up the small mannerisms: very courteous, allusions to superiority, quietly and discreetly assertive; subtly telling Clint things that immediately resulted in Clint changing his behaviour, pulling his hair possessively and at some point during the evening Clint even slid down onto the floor to sit. All the things could just be written off as friends feeling comfortable around each other and the rest could perhaps be chalked up to Loki having been raised as a royal. But on the other hand, what Skye was seeing could be interpreted very differently if one spoke kink. Skye spoke fluent kink – having frequented BDSM- and fetish clubs for years – and Loki was text book Dom.

Skye knew from experience that some kinksters have a tendency to bring their games into the real world, just toned down a lot – and unless you knew what you were looking at, you wouldn’t see anything untoward. Skye kept watching Loki, getting caught a few times; she was more and more sure: Loki and Clint had something going on and it was far from vanilla.

Skye had been looking for a play partner for a while, but with her job it was a little difficult to find one who, apart from being of the right age, with matching kinks and personality, and conveniently located, could accept her ridiculous working hours and the fact that her phone might ring during a session, which would mean that all play had to stop. And as people around her didn’t know about her proclivities, Skye had had to land a subspace herself – which is doable with nice people around you, but would be nicer with a partner, who knows both sides of one’s life.

With that in mind she couldn’t help thinking about playing with Loki. She didn’t really know him, but he was trusted by some of the most important people in her life. She also knew that trusted wasn’t the same as well-liked: Coulson would never get to the point of ‘liking’ Loki, but he accepted the usefulness of his presence and had come to trust him. Skye wouldn’t mind in the least walking out of the room right that minute to have fun with Loki, but how do you even proposition a god, and even a god that you don’t know for sure is actually the sadistic dom you’re looking for?
And on the other hand, she could be completely wrong and be seeing things she wanted to see. Though Loki’s smirk, the few times he caught her staring, was very much one that said “busted” and “I’ll get you for this.”
House-breaking is Not for Good Girls

Chapter Summary

The games begin...

Chapter Notes

The chapters in this fic can be read as stand-alone. And for those who are reading them as stand-alone I've put a kink and pairing overview at the top of each chapter.

Pairing: Sky/Loki, Skye/Clint, a little bit Loki/Clint
Kinks: D/s, breath control, a little fear, chains, canes

Skye couldn’t really figure out why, but she had been drawn to Stark Tower for a couple of days now. She had an itchy feeling of wanting to get into the tower unseen, just to see if she could hack past the almighty Stark’s firewalls – it was a siren call like she had never experienced before, it was just on the edge of physical discomfort to stay away. And right there she should have used her brain and realised that something was up.

What is the best time and method for breaking into a 90+ floor high-rise inhabited by geniuses, super heroes and people of flexible moral persuasions? Skye decided that a Wednesday in the early a.m.-hours would be best and just hoped that the night-owl better known as Tony Stark would be on a different floor from where she wanted to go. As she didn’t want to steal anything or do any kind of damage she just wanted to get the best night-view of the city and decided on the floor with the Avengers’ common room.

So in the wee hours of Wednesday, Skye celebrated her success in breaking into Stark Tower by taking in the view of the glittering City in solitude in the quiet common room. Or, well, not complete solitude as it turned out.

As Skye stood in front of the large windows, the silence was broken by a deep and familiar voice.

“You do know that it is impolite to break into people’s homes?”

Skye wanted to turn around to make sure that Loki was actually there, but she felt that turning around would be ‘inadvisable’ – possibly dangerous.

“The other day when you visited I took the liberty of looking around a bit in your head.”

“You WHAT?” she yelped.

“Quiet! I looked around and your impressions are not wrong -”

“You mean you -” Skye started before remembering that with your back to a sadistic magic-wielding trickster god, disobedience might not be the best idea.
“Good” Loki smirked. “Yes, I play. Do you want to play?”

“Are you asking me if I want to play with you? What are the rules? When? Where?” Skye spluttered.

“Do you want to play? Yes or no? I guarantee that you will be safe”

“But what about safe-words? Limits?” Skye babbled until she could feel Loki stand right behind her and slowly, but very determinedly, put his hand around her throat and squeeze just a little.

“YES or NO?” Loki hissed so close that she could feel his breath ghosting over the shell of her ear. She could feel the hand tighten ever so slightly. On the one hand she knew all the rules for safe BDSM, but on the other hand… that voice, those eyes, how could she say no…

“Yes” and as soon as she had replied the hand around her throat squeezed so she couldn’t breathe much, and those nimble fingers had of course found their way to her jugular, so within a few seconds Skye’s world faded to black.

A little while later Skye began to wake up. She was in a different room, stripped down to boy-shorts and camisole. Her hands were in cuffs and connected to a chain hanging down from the ceiling.

What happened? Blood-choking doesn’t make you black-out for more than a few seconds. How did I not notice someone stripping me down and chaining me up? Loki…Magic?

“Nice to see that you are awake again” Loki purred.

A thousand thoughts passed through Skye’s mind at that moment. She had been active on the scene for a while so she knew her way around and her kink-radar was fairly well-tuned; but sometimes you still misjudge or know that people are into BDSM before they know it themselves. While some kinksters can hide in plain some just can’t – Loki couldn’t! His very being scream dominant with a sadist streak a mile wide. Now she would just have to see if his kinks matched hers, but her unfounded impression said that he was ‘very’ versatile.

Loki circled Skye slowly – Typical Dom strategy, but hey, it works, I am now officially a little unsettled – before standing right behind her.

“As I said before, I took a look around your mind the other evening after I noticed that you were staring at me with a calculating look. You looked so far away in your thoughts that I had to satisfy my curiosity – and imagine what I walked into? You on your knees in front of me” and with that Skye started to blush.

“Would you believe me if I said that I had just tripped?” Skye tried asking.

“No. You were naked and in hand-cuffs. So I walked around a little more to see if it was just a superficial fantasy inspired by that horrible book; but I was intrigued to see that you actually know what you are doing – I like it.”

“I was sitting and trying to figure out how to get my suspicions confirmed. So why am I here? I suppose that itch I’ve had for the past couple of days is of your making?”

“Yes. I saw some fantasies in your mind and figured I might just as well play into those, compared to what you have already done, this is quite mild. So I made sure that you felt compelled to come here on your own, but I also made sure that, should you really have wanted to, you could have overcome the compulsion. You are here because you want to.”

“Well played. And yes, I’m fairly certain that I want to be here” Well duh, yes I want to be here, you’re hot and seem like a terrifyingly fantastic top, juuust on the right side of insane.
“Thank you” Loki replied while trying to contain a smirk.

“Get out of my head, you creep. It’s not fair if you read my mind all the time”

“Do not worry, I will not be in your head all the time, I am just familiarizing myself with it in case I need further inspiration or just want to make sure that you are feeling well” Loki replied calmly.

“Okay, that’s fair I suppose”

And at that moment Clint walked in with a big smile.

“You took your sweet time girl. You know, I’ve had to put up with him being even more insane than he usually is. Soooo, I might have bribed him into letting me play with you first’

“Come on! I’m not some toy to be negotiated over.” As soon as the words had left her tongue she felt Loki grasp her hair very tightly and pulling her so far backwards that she would have fallen had she not been tied up.

“And that is where you are entirely wrong. You are a new toy, you are *our* new toy and we will negotiate as we like – I am merely the best at catching wayward girls” Loki replied deadpan.


“It can be, but we generally share in the Tower and I know a fair few people who are looking forward to … uhm … ‘meeting’ you. And I assure you, we might all be a little weird and some may have some megalomaniac insane tendencies, but we take care of each other and what is ours”

“Wauw… So I broke into a house full of polyamorous superheroes who also happen to be sadists?”

“Well, we’ll get to that at some point, but not everybody identifies as only one thing. But apart from that yes”

That was soooo not what Skye had expected; she had had Loki in mind, and that was even just a hypothetical thing. And now, here she was, being propositioned by one of the world’s most famous groups of super heroes to be their… plaything? Someone had a good PR-team for this to never having leaked. But on the other hand: a house full of hot people who all happened to be into BDSM and wanted to play with her – she would be an idiot to say no.

“Okay, I’m in -”

“At last, we can get on with things” Loki replied with a look in this eye that made Skye think of a panther playing with its prey and waiting for it to move a bit. And with a wave of his hand the chain that had held Skye hands a little over head-height now retracted into the ceiling, so much that she had to stand on the balls of her feet to reach the floor.

“You asked about rules before” Loki said stepping into her – now non-existent – personal space and running a hand around her throat and collar bone “The details will follow at some other point, but for now all you need to know is that you are ours and that you are safe.-”

“What about safewords? It-“ Skye said.

“Do not interrupt me. Safe-words, yes, you mortals seem so keen on them. I had never heard of them before coming here, and the rest here in the Tower have only used them for their partners’ sake, so no safe word.”
Skye’s eyes bugged out and she was about to start talking before she remembered how ill-advised that may be.

“A top who cannot read their bottom well should not play so hard with them that the top loses touch with reality, and if you at some point during a scene start to feel ill you just say so, and we stop and talk. Besides, when you play with me, I will just read your mind.” Loki said with that terrifying predatory smile.

Clint walked over to Skye “We play hard here, maybe an occupational hazard; some of the stuff we play with would never be allowed in the clubs, but hey it’s, almost always, consensual, so no harm, no foul. But no, you get no safe-word, you do not get that power. Loki poked around your head, discussed what he found with the rest of us and we all agreed that you are just as fucked up as us, so we had no trouble staying within your limits, because they are our limits, more or less. We promise you that you will not experience anything you do not want to some extent. And even though you don’t have a safe-word, you can still ask us for a break or to stop, but the difference is that you are not the one calling the shots.”

“That… that makes sense. I’m even more terrified, but it makes sense.” Skye admitted.

“Have we covered all the talking now?” Clint asked Loki in a mock-exasperated way. “I want to play with her; you’ve kept me from topping all week.” In the blink of any eye Loki was on Clint and with a hand around his throat Loki sneered “Behave or you get to follow in her footstep – and you know how exited The Widow gets after having played with… what you know she will.”

“Are y’all like this? Or were you just really well-behaved when I visited last?”

Clint disentangled from Loki and from somewhere produced a cane – oh joy – and replied:

“We are always well-behaved. We just know how to camouflage what we are doing; having Captain America himself on his knees in front on an intergalactic war criminal as the front page wouldn’t exactly be good PR”

Clint walked around Skye while stroking her with the finger-thick cane.

“Maybe not, but it would look hot, and I bet all the fanboys and girls would love to see it – I mean I would love to see it”

From the corner, where Loki was sitting, he added “Yes, it is indeed a pretty sight having him sitting at my feet”

“So who plays?” Skye asked.

Clint hit right on her butt, just on the top of the curve, before returning to tapping and stroking all over her body.

“Guess, it’ll hurt if you get it wrong” Clint said smiling.

“Well, Loki tops, almost always. He may, occasionally bottom for… Nat? But only physically, only for the pain”

“Correct” it came from the corner – followed by a hard whack to her thighs.

“You said it would only hurt if I got it wrong, I got it right”

“I didn’t say that it would *only* hurt when you got it wrong” Clint smiled angelically.
“You bastard, you… You switch, obviously. But you mostly bottom, sometimes you top, mostly for Nat.”

With that he started out on Skye’s already straining calves – you conniving BASTARD, going for people’s calves is not fair – and apparently you play as dirty as you said. Skye started squeaking as she jumped around trying to get away from the cane, but she mostly just managed to angle herself so Clint a couple of times accidentally hit her shin-bones.

“I do my best to hit you were I want to, but if you keep jumping around I’ll either have to find a way to keep you from moving, or you could be a good girl and stand still?” Clint said matter of factly.

Skye couldn’t help agreeing with him, a top can have the best aim in the world, Hawkeye being a prime example of this, but if the target moves unexpectedly, hitting the mark gets difficult. So Skye decided to try and stand more still. Which was hard, so many things were going through her head and Clint was going for hitting all the unconventional spots… I mean honestly, who even spanks people’s armpits??? She knew for a fact that this was just a little teasing warm-up, if they regarded her kinks as normal, they were fucked-up – but that was wonderful, but also a little terrifying, because that meant it would be much harder, if not impossible, to manipulate the person topping her.

Skye loved the pain, the intimacy and the game, she had been at it from a quite young age, so she was comparatively experienced to doms her age, which meant that she wasn’t often physically or mentally challenged in games, but she was sure that she would be more than challenged here. Skye was a brat: if someone said “sit” to her she would reply with “no” or “make me” and then proceed to make it as hard for the top as possible. She was stubborn and had gotten used to getting things her way for a while, so the time ahead would be challenging as she was very sure that none of the Avengers would take her bullshit. She would still pull it, but would then enjoy the loss of control all the more.

A hard hit right across the back of her thighs brought her back to reality.

“You haven’t finished guessing at all our orientations” Clint remarked.

“Bucky and Steve are both switches and go at it like rabbits? Steve normally tops? But Bucky is secretly a terrifying top?”

A couple of hard whacks landed over Skye’s thighs – those are going to be an interesting colour tomorrow – apparently Clint didn’t really feel like any kind of rhythm today and just went at her body here and there and everywhere with no discernible system other than “mess with Skye’s head”

A bit breathless from holding in a scream over the thigh-whacks Skye finished guessing at people’s orientations. “Nat mostly tops, but occasionally bottoms for you and Bucky?”

“Bruce? Thor? What about them?” Clint asked

“I have no idea. Bruce seems a little closed off in that department and Thor I have no read on what so ever”

“Yes, my brother, boisterous as he usually is, keeps that part of himself very well hidden. But he does play, occasionally, but he is not often in the Tower, as he stays with his girlfriend in New Mexico”

“And Bruce has his own style, you’ll meet him sometime” Clint concurred.

Clint looked over at Loki and the manacles around Skye’s hands opened and she fell on the floor in a heap, which Clint immediately attacked, with a well-placed, if “gentle”, kick to her thigh and then
her butt. He then proceeded to kick her all over the meaty areas of her body – *at least he isn’t wearing steel-toed boots*. Skye had never tried kicking before, but it definitely had its charm. Kicking always seemed a little cold and hard to control, but Clint did actually make it look easy and kept the balance between kicking so it hurt, but no so much that it would do any damage. The loss of control of being kicked across the floor was liberating, instincts took over and Skye curled up in a little ball, but then Clint would start slapping her back, which made her jerk the other way.

Loki got out of the chair and strode, there was no other way of describing it, over to Clint and casually kicked Skye in the thigh. Crouching down in front of her with a darkly calculating expression on his face Loki said “As I mentioned we share, and the rest of the Tower has been looking forward to meeting you VERY much. So you will be spending the rest of the night enjoying our… hospitality”

“What are you people insane – well, I guess you already answered that question, but what???”

“You’ll enjoy it – mostly” Clint said with an evil smile. And with that he picked up Skye from the floor walked over to the conveniently present elevator and deposited her on its floor.

“Have fun” was the last thing Skye heard before the doors closed and the elevator started moving down.
What happens below

Chapter Summary

Skye gets to meet Tony and play a bit with his toys. She also gets to know more about how insane the Avengers are.

Chapter Notes

Next chapter up - yay :-) I hope that you'll like it. Putting yourself and your kinks out there is kind of daunting.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pairing: Skye/Tony

Kink: Collars, BJs, a little choking, a little electro-play

WHAT. THE. FUCK? How did this happen? Things like this only happen in my head. Skye was lying on the floor of the elevator which was travelling down to… someone? This was the stuff that only happened in dreams or on very kinky camps. These people were insane and apparently insatiable, so now she was going to be the plaything of some of the most famous superheroes.

Good thing that it was the right time of the month, because that meant Skye’s ability to cope with pain and channel it was at its best; so compared to what she had tried in her life up until now they could play with most things without her head exploding – but she had an inkling that these people weren’t “most people” – but she was horny and hungry, so this was a good place to be.

She could feel the elevator slowing down and she just had time to sit up before the doors opened to a smiling Tony Stark.

“Welcome to the insane asylum – you’ll fit right in” with that Tony gave Skye a hand to stand up and led her into his labs.

“Eh… thanks, I guess – I am a little overwhelmed”

“So you’re saying that, when you hacked me earlier this evening – well, done by the way – you didn’t expect to get propositioned by the Avengers to be our sex toy? Well, can’t blame you there, I didn’t have you pegged for the dark side until Loki told us what he saw in your head.”

“Thanks?” Skye was feeling a little awkward standing half-naked in front of Tony Stark discussing her hacking abilities and the generally weird situation she was in.

“Darling, if Loki has just gotten you half right, you’ll fit right in here. I don’t know what they told you, but we play a lot and explore a lot, and with Loki’s recuperative magic you should be able to keep up with us. Even when we do… eh… bad things…” Tony smirked.

“I think he did.” Get a grip Skye, he’s just a guy, you can deal with your nerdgasm later and focus
on what's going on here right now.

“By the way, why did you hack me? Why not just knock on the front door? I mean, we know you, Jarvis would have let you in?”

“I…ehm… wanted to see if I could? I mean, you’re Tony Stark, you’re *the* Tony Stark, genius, nerd, geek all that, so I wanted to see if I could get past your safeguards.”

“Yeah, well, you can’t get in that way next time, thanks for finding that loop-hole by the way, feel free to try again though.”

“So what’s your game? I mean your image elsewhere is hedonistic womaniser and lover of one-night-stands.” Skye asked hesitantly.

“Well, none of that is wrong, as such, I do like women, I am hedonistic, and one-night-stands have their charm, but I also like men, and anything in between, and I like the trust built from longer relationships – you just don’t have an intense BDSM-scene with some random vanilla-girl. And that’s where you come in to the picture hunny-bun. There are slightly too many tops in the Tower and even though we get by because some of us switch, we’ve needed a bottom-girl for a while – and you don’t exactly put an ad in the paper saying: Masochistic girl wanted to provide sexual favours for your friendly neighbourhood superheroes – vanillas need not apply”

“I guess not, but how is this going to work? I mean I still work for Coulson”

“We’ve made an arrangement with him – he owes us. You are currently on loan to us from Coulson’s team, they may come by and borrow you for missions, but you’ll spend the majority of your time around here working for the Avengers, Stark Industries and S.H.I.E.L.D. – so don’t worry about that, we’ve taken care of all the practicalities.”

“Oh, that’s very… ehm … controlling of you. You know normally people are asked?”

“Sweety, nothing is normal here, and Mister Tall-Dark-and-Handsome was fairly certain that you would be okay with it. And on that note I’ve got something for you”

With that Tony opened a box on the table top. Inside was a simple steel collar; no adornments, O-rings or anything, just a smooth steel ring. Moving surprisingly fast Stark stepped behind Skye with the collar in hand and snapped it around her neck.

Smiling one of those big Stark-smiles Tony smirked “We like to tag our stuff”

Skye was a bit surprised, normally tops ask before they put a collar on their bottom, but these people were apparently very sure that she would fit right in. She felt along the collar and couldn’t find the locking mechanism.

“Yeah, you can’t get it off. Only the fingerprints of the Avengers, Loki, Coulson, Fury and May can get that thing off you”

Mouth agape Skye asked “You play with May?”

“You think all that black leather and silent stealth doesn’t translate into the bedroom? You should see what she and Natasha has done to Clint, and me for that matter”

And then, almost as an afterthought, it occurred to Skye that she couldn’t get out of that piece of metal around her neck. These people didn’t do things by halves, so she was fairly certain that it had been reinforced by both science and magic.
Skye had worn collars before; sometimes for the symbolic value it held when in larger crowds of kinksters, sometimes because a top wanted to tie her to something, and a few times because she had been involved in some D/s games, which she hadn’t explored all that much – perhaps that was about to change?

It was an odd feeling; she was both enraged and turned on at the same time.

“You absolute bastar…” and then Skye didn’t get further with that sentence because she was hit with a mild electric zap.

Grinning Stark started to explain her new jewellery “Yeah, you’d better behave; we’ve put a few surprises into our collar. As you’ve felt it can zap you, we all have an app that can control it, and Jarvis have been given a few directions of when to zap you. We can vary the intensity…”

And with that Skye was hit with a very intense zap that brought her to her knees.

“…but don’t worry, we won’t use that much, ‘cos you’ll feel a little weird for a few hours, trust me, Nat had me in one of those collars for a weekend, and apparently nothing is as fun as zapping the electrical engineer. It can change colour, from neutral metal to bright red, green, purple, you get the gist. And with Loki’s help it can now also change shape with a little push in the right place.”

Tony fiddled a bit with the collar and suddenly Skye was wearing a plain necklace that wouldn’t draw any attention. Tony fiddled a bit more and then Skye was wearing the lovechild of a neck-corset, posture collar and a metal cage around her neck – and the thing was slowly strangulating her.

Tony was enjoying the view of Skye on her knees, working for each breath of air, and palming himself through his trousers. Skye was becoming a little panicky; perhaps because of Tony’s very casual approach to her suffocation – he just couldn’t help himself.

Tony had to have her struggling throat around his dick this very moment; having a little time before he had to give her more air, he made the most of it and controlled her head with a hand tightly wrapped in her hair. Skye could not remember being throat-fucked that hard before – was it even nice for Tony? – Because she had no control of anything, not even her teeth; she was gagging so hard and Tony held onto her head as if his life depended on it. But at least Skye was now not getting suffocated by the collar, just by the dick in her throat.

“I really wanted to fuck you in the ass, but Loki wouldn’t let me, the British bastard. We’ve got a rule that says that whoever brings someone home can lay down the rules for the first day – and apparently he has *plans* for your ass. So I’ll just have to make do with your throat – don’t worry though, you don’t really have to speak much beyond the occasional scream for the next day or so, so it’s okay if you have a sore throat.”

Does that man ever shut up?

With his dick down her throat Tony casually started giving his robot orders.

“Dum-E, hold her hands together in front of her”

The inventor briefly withdrew from Skye, both to let her get a few full breaths of air, but also to get the handcuffs. And a moment later Skye found her wrists cuffed together and Tony Stark stepping a foot into the circle of her arms. Huh? Ah, when you are chained to someone’s leg you can’t move your head all that far away from their dick – well-played Stark.

Skye was very happy that it was many hours since she had had dinner. Rough blow jobs were wonderful, but dinner in your nose is not fun. Skye wasn’t into vomiting, but she had to admit that
BJs that were so long and hard that her oesophagus was eventually so tired that it couldn’t contract enough, had a certain charm. Spit and slime was dripping from her chin and her entire face was slick with spit. And added to all the oral fluids were her tears. They were not tears of pain, but the result of a simple physical reflex triggered by excessive gagging. Stark was probably looking down on a panda, as her eye-make-up must surely be on her cheeks now. Skye was a mess – and she was loving the total overload and brutality of the night so far.

“Take a deep breath sweetie, it’s gonna be a while before you get real air”

“Thanks for the warning this time”

“Holding up a passed out girl while you fuck her face is harder than you’d think”

Having your throat continually fucked for just shy of two minutes without any air was an experience. Normally when Skye had been face-fucked she had had some leeway in her movements and some chances of breathing; but with her hands tied behind Stark’s legs she couldn’t lean away, and Tony’s hand were rather strong from all that manual work in the lab. And with the previous deep throating Skye’s nose was stuffed; so Skye basically just had to hold on and ride it out and hope that Stark would finish before the need for air would make her panicky again.

With a grunt Stark pulled out of her mouth and came over her face. Honestly guys, why is it so much fun to spray reproductive material over a girl’s face? It’s impossible to get out of the hair and it stings when it gets into the eyes.

Tony handed Skye a wet towel.

“There you go honey, so you don’t look too sticky when I pass you on to the next”

“Where am I going next?

“You would like to know that wouldn’t you? Well, I won’t tell you, but I have been asked to outfit you with a bit more of my gear. Come here and stand in front of me.”

Tony kept talking as he was rummaging around a large box.

“What is your natural waist size? 24? I hope that it is, because that’s what I prepared. Where is the thing?”

Skye had an idea of where things were heading. In this connection the importance of her waist-size would only be relevant in one connection – corsets. Skye loved corsets, as they made her feel so feminine. She was happy she wasn’t an 18th century woman who had to wear them every day, because they weren’t exactly practical, but damn they give you a good waist.

Tony had a last found what he was looking for, which was a something…? It was kinda shaped like a corset, but it looked as though it was made of metal rather than fabric. And it looked kind of terrifying.

“You won’t ever be able to buy this corset in a shop, I think, because it’s military grade materials, but hey, I’m Tony Stark, so it’s okay. Have you ever tight-laced before? Yes? Good, because I’ve been asked to make it tight. What’s the furthest you’ve gone down? 20 inches? 18 inches?”

“Almost 18 inches, but it’s a while ago in a corset I had worn in”

“Well, this corset will feel worn in in about 10 minutes. It’s not exactly normal fabric. Let’s go with 18 inches. Gotta challenge you every now and then”
“Every now and then? So you haven’t challenged me yet? You really are insane”

Tony had by then unlaced the corset and was motioning to Skye to lift up her arms so he could get it around her waist.

“I looked around a bit for a model to build it around and talked to Natasha about her favourite models and we ended up with variation on the Morticia underbust model – the gored hips make it more comfortable while it can still really be tied in, or so I’ve been told. Close the busk and make sure it’s in the middle”

Tony started pulling the laces. The first pulls were nice, they’re the ones that bring the corset closer to the body and at this point it still felt like a tight hug, but then it started getting really snug. By Skye’s estimate her waist was now about 3 inches smaller than it usually was – and there were still another 3 inches to go. Stark was pulling hard at the laces, so Skye had to hold onto the table so she didn’t fall over.

“Tony, I don’t think I can take it much tighter, my breathing is getting shallower”

“That’s okay, it’s what they asked for. Besides, you’re almost there”

“They?”

“Aaah… yeah… oops… Tadaa, you’re all laced up now. And as you may have guessed, you can’t get out of that either, so better play nice if you want normal amounts of air again tonight”

“You guys are so sick, you know that?”

“Yes, we suspected as much when it turned out that Loki fit in here.” Tony deadpanned. “Jarvis, elevator?”

“Yeah, that kinda is a give-away” Skye agreed.

“Thanks for now honey, wonderful meeting you, again, and I am sure you’ll fit right in here. Now get on the elevator I have work to do”

Chapter End Notes

The Morticia corset model mentioned is normally manufactured by What Katie Did, in case you wanted see what it looked like.

The neck corset described is more or less this https://www.sm-factory.com/en/shop/110/110-040.htm

The plain collar described is called a "Gorean Collar"
Tag-teamed by Geriatrics

Chapter Summary

Skye in a threesome with two of the most perfect humans ever. And all they want to do is to keep her on the edge and tease her.

Chapter Notes

At last I got this chapter finished. I've really struggled with it, for some reason it didn't want to leave my fingers. But it's here at last and I hope that you like it :-)

Pairing: Skye/Steve/Bucky

Kinks: Breath Control (BC), blow jobs, edging

Skye felt a little more dignified getting on the elevator this time; she had a hard time getting normal amounts of air, but at least she had not been dumped in a heap into the elevator. So who were the next people to use and abuse her? Since Tony had accidentally revealed that it was two people Skye guessed that it would be Steve and Bucky, since she couldn’t (yet?) imagine any of the other remaining Avengers teaming up.

The elevator binged and she was greeted by a smirking Winter Soldier in dark jeans and not much else – not only do I get to play with wonderfully kinky people, but they are insanely hot on top, not bad Skye, not bad at all.

Steve then came walking up behind Bucky. “Jarvis said that Stark had said too much, so we thought we might as well both greet you by the elevator.”

Skye was usually quick and clever when she talked to people, a little provocative every now and then, but nothing too bad. Today however was apparently the day Skye had forgotten her brain-to-mouth-filter: “Well, I don’t think he’s the only one who’s said too much – Loki mention that having Captain American sitting at his feet was a good look on you” – why on earth did I say that??

Bucky immediately started cracking up, which earned him a stern glare from Steve. In no time Steve was standing behind Skye and kicked her in the back of her knees, which brought her to her knees on the floor.

“So you think sassing me is a good move? Especially when you know that we are the ones who can get you out of the corset that you are currently wearing and which I suppose is making it a little hard for you to breathe?” Steve asked.

“Now that you mention it – it probably wasn’t my best move. But that still doesn’t change the fact that seeing you kneel next to Loki would be a hot sight. But maybe I shouldn’t have put it quite like that.” And that was about as closes as Skye could get to the apology that she felt would be advantageous to give Steve – he did after all control the locking mechanism on the corset that she
was currently wearing.

“So what to do with you? Loki said that we could do basically anything to you and that it would be alright”

Sitting on the floor and looking up at Steve and Bucky made Skye just a teeny tiny little bit horny. No matter how much she tried to deny it, she wasn’t pure masochist, there was a little bit of submissive in her and looking up at two hot tops made her feel small and reinforced how easily they could overpower her. And it was true, she had agreed to Loki’s terms so they could do just about everything to her.

“We asked Tony to make the corset you’re wearing, both because a lady in a corset is always a nice sight, but mostly because it’s fun to have you being breathless and helpless very easily.” Steve said as he sat down next to her.

She was quite excited to see what kind of things got Steve off. He wasn’t someone Skye would fangirl over, yes, he was hot and all, and she would never dream of saying no to playing with him, but if she had the choice there were other Avengers she would prioritise over him. That blond, corn-fed, goody-two-shoes demeanour was generally not what got Skye off. She wanted, well, tall, dark and handsome. And just a little bit dangerous with a touch of psychopath. Captain America was so clean; the Winter Soldier on the other hand was dirty. Not only had he been brainwashed, was technically a murderer and had most likely tortured in the line of duty and that just made him all the more appealing in Skye’s eyes.

“Lean back against me between my legs” Steve said while sitting down on the floor. Trying to make up for teasing Steve before, Skye did as she was told for a change.

“If I know my fellow Avengers, they will not have catered to your needs. So Bucky will take care of that”

“I will?” Bucky asked provocatively.

“Yes, you will Bucky or you won’t get to have her mouth around your dick later. So please, get down on the floor and put your excellent skills with your tongue to good use. And then I’ll take care of this end, so to speak”

As Bucky got down on the floor Steve’s hands closed over Skye’s mouth and nose. Where she could normally steal a breath here and there when tops held her like this; Steve’s hands were sealed over her mouth and nose. So as her body started to scream for air and she started fighting Steve, no matter how futile she knew this would be. It was something primal that no civilized brain could completely overrule; she tried to pull Steve’s hands off her face, but that small act of rebellion was soon squashed.

“Bucky, please hold onto her hands so she doesn’t end up poking me in the eye”

So now she was trapped between by two of the most perfect specimens of humans that the world had ever seen. And she still couldn’t breathe.

At last Steve let go of Skye’s mouth so she could get a few mouthfuls of air, before he cut it off again. He kept this up so long, that after a while she had a hard time even holding her breath for 20 seconds. The deeper panic was setting in. She intellectually knew that she was safe, but her body still wanted air and did everything it could to get it to her attention.

Bucky’s tongue was indeed skilled, but no matter how skilled it was, her focus would be on her
breath or rather the lack of it.

“You can stop for now Bucky. I think that she is rather out of it, so you can save you skills for later”

Steve let Skye breathe freely and just leaned back and watched her appreciate the air getting into her lungs and how the panic was receding.

“You want her Bucky?” Steve offered. “You even have to ask?” Bucky replied grinning. “Good point” Steve admitted.

Steve turned Skye around so she was resting her upper body in Bucky’s lap. Steve went off for a bit and let Bucky have a bit of his own fun.

Skye was looking up into those blue eyes. She started to close her eyes, but Bucky stopped her.

“Don’t close your eyes, keep them open for me. I want to see you drift off”

Bucky got an arm around her throat and tightened it with his robotic arm. Skye could feel how she got light headed, as less and less blood actually reached her brain. Her eyes started to close.

“Keep them open Skye, I want to see it as you fade away.” It was said ever so gently and completely at odds with what he was doing. Bucky held Skye in a grip that he had no doubt used to kill people, yet Skye felt safe. With the tiny part of Skye’s brain that was still working normally she noted that he knew what he was doing; he had started the blood-choking at the right time so she didn’t get the headache from too much blood being stuck in her head with no means of getting away.

Skye knew that she would soon pass out: sound was disappearing and her field of vision was shrinking, but just a she was about to lose consciousness Bucky let go, yet kept his arms around her throat.

“I like to see you fade. Once you get past the discomfort you look so peaceful” he said softly in her ear. “Your eyes are so expressive and so trusting”

“I trust you” Skye managed to say before Bucky’s arms started to tighten again.

The supply of blood to Skye’s brain was slowly being cut off, but this time he didn’t stop when Skye’s hearing and vision disappeared.

Skye’s world took on a fluffy feel; everything was becoming unreal and the world beyond Bucky’s arms didn’t exist. She was still trying to look up into Bucky’s eyes, but it got harder with each passing second. Her body had stopped obeying her, even if she wanted to, she would not be able to move.

She didn’t feel herself pass out, she never did; she only knew that she had passed out once she woke up again. Every time she surfaced after a blood-choke she felt like she had just had the best sleep of her life and that she had been out far longer than she had in fact been unconscious.

The common belief of BDSM’ers being broken people is wrong. Kinky people come from all walks of life and all types of backgrounds; so there will naturally be a share of tops and bottoms who are broken.

But that was also one of the wonderful parts of the community: people were embraced as whole people, no matter their background, as long as they behaved within the established rules. Where some might be outcasts in the “normal” world, they were part of the group in the BDSM-community. Many of the Avengers were broken to some degree, they had seen and done things that normal people couldn’t comprehend, but that didn’t make them any less of a person deserving love and care.
And it definitely didn’t make them worse play-mates. Skye was turned on by fear, so what better playmates that killers and psychopaths who were tamed just enough to not actually kill her – but still having the skills for it…

Whenever Bucky choked someone out in play he was always very careful, even if you had your technique down to a T, there was always a chance that your victim wouldn’t wake up and you had to start CPR; but that was also what appealed so much to Bucky: Skye literally trusted Bucky with her life. She knew what he had done before joining the Avengers and she knew that he had used the same techniques for both pleasure and death, yet she still trusted him to choke her until she passed out.

When Skye surfaced her ability to speak had temporarily disappeared. It was not that she couldn’t form the words in her mouth, but it was as if the entire notion of words, speech and communication had been erased from the world. Skye’s world only consisted of colours and sensations, but none of these were defined, none had names; she almost felt like a new-born baby, to whom everything is novel and nameless.

Those first moments after she landed back in her body was wonderful, all the worries of the world were gone and she just felt an immensely deep gratitude towards Bucky. Gratitude for what she couldn’t quite say, perhaps for him daring to do something that could potentially kill her and which would weigh on his conscious for the rest of his life.

Resting against Bucky the world felt perfect; her head was still buzzing pleasantly, she wasn’t the most coordinated of people, but she felt warm, safe and cared for.

After a little while Steve came back into the room.

“Put her down on her back on the floor Bucky. We’re just getting to the fun part now” Steve smiled comforting.

Skye had no idea about what was about to happen, she just knew that moving herself would be out of the question for a little while, so laying on the floor was good. What followed however just about drove Skye insane.

Bucky and Steve were being mean to her: they were edging her – for what felt like a minor eternity. Steve was on her right constantly teasing her clit, but never quite getting her over the edge. Every time her breath quickened and her body starting tensing a bit he stopped and instead took to massaging her breast or nipples or slowly sucking and biting her neck.

Skye’s neck was sensitive, it was basically one big erogenous zone, but however nice the biting was or how horny it made her, it just couldn’t bring her over the edge; so instead she was constantly hovering on the verge of orgasm.

While he was teasing her clit and her sanity, Bucky was on her left making sure that she didn’t move. Every time she tried to lift her head, his firm grip in her hair made sure that her head didn’t leave the floor. It was subtle domination, but ever so effective. His metal hand also explored her body, pinching and prodding every time she tried moving, and on top of being a super-soldier, a metal hand has quite a grip.

After the first 40 or 50 minutes Skye had gotten to a state she had never entered before: she was aggressively horny. The edging and teasing had constantly gotten her more and more horny, and while she never came, her horniness didn’t diminish in between spikes. And now she wanted to kill someone to get her orgasm, but she couldn’t go anywhere due to the two super-soldiers trapping her
between them in the meanest sandwich she had ever tried.

She wanted an orgasm and she wanted it NOW! But every time she tried to move she was stilled and every time she tried to speak she was silenced, either by a kiss or a strong metal hand closing her windpipe.

This was one of the most silent games Skye had ever been in. The silence was not forced – well, hers was, but that was beside the point – it was comfortable and companionable silence between Bucky and Steve. They had known each other for so many years, that they knew each other’s reactions as well as their own. It almost felt like there were two bodies, but only one mind.

As Steven started massaging her G-spot vigorously Bucky started strangling her as well as giving her a kiss that literally took her breath away. And if that wasn’t enough Steve also managed to rub her clt at the same time as his fingers were deep inside her – does that man’s fingers ever get tired? – Skye was on the verge of coming, but for some reason it couldn’t push her over the edge …

“Finding it a little hard to cum sweetheart?” Bucky asked teasingly.

“Well, you keep stopping every time I’m close, but yes, I can’t really cum right now.” Skye answered hesitantly. Skye had never been able to cum just like that, but for fucks sake, she had never been this horny, yet she could go that last millimetre.

“You look like you know something. Tell me Bucky, why can’t I come even though I am so horny that I’m basically shaking?”

“Well, a certain green-eyed god may have put a little spell on you that made it impossible for you to come…” Bucky said while cracking the most cheeky of smiles.

“HE DID WHAT??!! How dare he? It’s…that’s…it’s cruel and unusual punishment, that’s what it is”

“We never said that we would play either fair or nice” Steve said in that “I’m-reasonable-and-you-knew-what-you-were-getting-into”-voice.

“And since you can’t cum, we might as well use you a bit for our pleasure” Bucky reasoned.

Bucky’s hand had never left Skye’s hair and now he used it to drag her up on her knees.

“Open up darling. By the way, when did you last eat?”

“Ha ha, very funn…” and then Skye’s protests were cut short by a dick in her throat.

Steve, not wanting to miss a chance to *help* Skye went to crouch behind her, so he could hold her hands behind her back with one hand and force her head down on his boyfriend’s dick with the other.

Skye was coughing and gagging on Bucky’s dick, but that wasn’t anything abnormal – apparently most of the Avengers enjoyed getting deep-throated, or whatever you call it when you do it to the girl, rather than her slowly going down on your dick – skull-fucking perhaps?

Steve had stood up behind Skye and with Bucky’s dick as far down Skye’s throat as it could get, started to kiss Bucky as if their lives depended on it.

*Just my luck – freaking Captain America is snogging the life out of the Winter Soldier and I’m on the floor and can only hear what they are doing. Typical!*
Steve and Bucky stood so close together that Skye was effectively trapped in between their muscular bodies. So when Steve was done taking Bucky’s breath away, he got a good grip in Skye’s hair and started moving her head up and down Bucky’s cocky again – Skye basically just had to hang on for the ride and try to breathe whenever she had the chance.

Skye could feel Bucky getting closer to coming, so for his sake she hoped that Steve would let him come. After a few minutes she could feel Steve tighten his hand in her hair and move her head even faster, however that was possible. Within moments Bucky started coming down Skye’s throat – at last someone who doesn’t feel like painting my face.

While Bucky was cleaning up a bit Skye leaned against Steve’s leg.

“You did well. Especially since you had no idea about what would happen when you broke in here and how many people would want to get their hands on you” Steve declared.

“But I think that it’s about time that we pass you on to the next freak. So let’s get you out of that corset. I know we hardly got to play with it, but we’ll get to that some other day” Bucky continued.

“Well guys, I loved played with you old geezers. How old are you actually? I mean you must be like 95 or something like that?”

“We’re old enough to be your grand-dads, maybe even great-grand-dads so behave. And turn around so I can unlace you.” Bucky replied

Skye for a change did as she was told and turned her back to Bucky so that she could at last get normal amounts of air into her lungs.


“Yup, now get on the elevator honey and give our regards to our favourite freak” Steve smiled while holding onto Bucky as if he couldn’t wait until they could find a horizontal surface to go at it like rabbits on.

Skye’s legs was still a little wobbly from tensing so much when they edged her, so she sat down on the elevator floor to relax for however many floors it would take her to get to the next Avenger.
Alternative Anger-Management

Chapter Summary

Skye tries a bit of Japanese rope bondage with the resident zen enthusiast.

Chapter Notes

So yes, this chapter is posted after an empty chapter. I thought it was a while since I posted last time, I've been crazy busy with starting engineering school, so while I didn't have chapter 4 ready, I did have chapter 5 ready, so I decided to skip chapter 4 for now and instead post an empty chapter 4, so you could get to read chapter 5 :-) Hope you enjoy. :-)

Update: 22. september 2016: At last I got chapter 4 finished, so now you can read what Skye did before reaching Bruce.

Pairing: Skye and Bruce.

Kink: Japanese bondage

Skye had no idea about where and to whom she was heading in the elevator; but if the math held and no one tag-teamed her there was a probability of her next tormenter would be Bruce, Natasha or Thor. Neither Thor nor Bruce seemed like the people who would join this sex-fest, so Skye resigned herself to be tormented by a drop-dead gorgeous Russian spy – not the worst fate in the world, even if “assassin” was in the Black Widow’s job-description.

When Bruce then offered to help her up as the elevator door opened, Skye was a little surprised. After having been worked over by five guys who all seemed like kids on a sugar-high, the calm and timid presence of Bruce was nice and soothing. He even offered her tea.

“Skye… I… I’m not really into classic BDSM like the others, you know I have a little anger-management issue and that doesn’t work well with high-intensity play.”

“That seems like fair reasoning. Why am I here then?” Skye said with a shy smile.

“You know what kinbaku is?”

“Japanese bondage, right? I’ve tried it once or twice, but only briefly”

“I want you to be my bunny. With “the other guy” it won’t really get sexual, and if you don’t want to play it’s completely alright, you have to feel safe with me after all, but I would really like you to become my bunny”

“Wauw, you’re the first one to actually ask today”

With that Bruce grinned a little embarrassed. “Yeah, the others have been pretty excited about you
getting here, especially since we didn’t know when you would come, so they’ve been a rather revved up for a couple of days.”

“So when I said yes to Loki. Jarvis told you all that the game was on?”

“Yes, Miss Skye, your arrival has been eagerly anticipated by all the Avengers” a voice from the ceiling announced.

“Well, thanks Jarvis, you complicit little…” Skye didn’t have time to finish her sentence before the disembodied voice cut her off: “Miss Skye, may I recommend that you do not finish that sentence as both Mr. Stark and Mr. Loki requested that I notify them if you are being ‘a brat’. I believe was the word they used”

Skye looked exasperated towards the ceiling “So that’s what it’s going to be like? You tattling on me, Jarvis?”

“Miss Skye as I am but an artificial intelligence, I do not “tattle”. I am merely telling my maker what he wishes to know” – with that Skye couldn’t help, yet again, marvelling at Jarvis’, his capabilities, and how, despite having just argued against it, Jarvis felt like a real person with real intentions – and sarcasm and wit matching his maker. And a killer accent.

“So Jarvis, you see everything we do? Everything I do?”

“I watch all aspects of this tower and monitor its inhabitants in- and outside the tower, unless I have been asked not to.”

“So can I ask you to like - not look or listen?”

“No, you do not have that power. I have been explicitly asked to ignore anything you may ask or beg for, for the foreseeable future” Jarvis replied with a voice that could best be described as smug. Oh well, just gotta get used to it – the others have. Maybe I’ll be able to find misplaced stuff in the future.

“To be sure of this stance I just conferred with my maker and I shall convey his reply: Within this tower you have no power, Skye, get used to it” said with Stark’s waay too bright and chipper voice. And that little sentence from Jarvis made her perk up a bit, Jarvis had a heart, they could become friends.

Bruce took of his glasses and started to clean them using his shirt. When he had put them back on he look at Skye. “Have you made your decision? Would you like to be my bunny?”

“I don’t know much about it, but yes, I would like to try and be your bunny”

“Thank you, I’m very glad that you are open to trying this. And since I know that you have been through quite a bit before coming here and that there is quite some … ehem … fun, ahead of you on the other floors, I’ll keep our time here light today.” With that Bruce brought out a cloth-covered bundle of ropes from under the sofa. It was like one of those bundles you see vagabonds carrying on a stick in old cartoons. Inside were innumerable coils of rope, carabiners, swivels, suspension rings and all the other stuff needed for rope play.

“Skye, just as with all other play, trust is a very important aspect. I want you to trust me, trust me enough to entrust your life to me. So for now we’ll stick to ground work, suspensions will have to wait”

“Bruce I trust you already, you don’t have to wait on my account”
“Well, I have to trust me too.” Bruce said with a small smile “I have to trust myself to negotiate a truce with The Other Guy that allows me to enjoy this without fearing for your safety”

“Bruce. You’re sweet, you’re caring and we’re in a sentient house, where I’m pretty sure the owner has installed some sort of fail-safe that can knock all its inhabitants out in a safe manner, including the guy with anger management issues. Am I right Jarvis?”

“Yes you are Miss Skye” a cheerful voice replied.

“See, we trust you and we have a Plan B, all at the same time. We’re so inclusive” she said with a cheery smile trying to express how she trusted him, but also recognized that in extreme situations, he wasn’t always in control of himself.

Bruce stood up and offered a hand to help Skye up. They walked over to the plush carpet near the windows.

“I like to be quiet while I play, but if you feel bad or something feels wrong, please just tell me.”

“Okay”

With that as her consent Bruce stepped closer to her and started to map out her body with his fingers. It didn’t feel vulgar or sexual, rather like a marble sculptor getting acquainted with the stone before starting the real work.

Gently Bruce took Skye’s arms and tied them together at her back, hands to elbows, when they were secure at the small of her back he gestured her to sit down on the soft rug. Bruce then started with the foundation works around Skye’s shoulders; slowly laying down the lengths of rope around her torso until the band was about an inch wide. From this anchor-point Skye’s hands were hoisted a bit further up her back, before Bruce started another rope band just below her breasts.

Skye had never really seen the point in bondage just for the sake of bondage; to her bondage served a purpose, which was to make sure someone couldn’t move away while you did horribly wonderful things to them. While this wasn’t her favorite thing in the world to do, there was a certain charm to the intimacy you experienced while being this close to another person.

When Bruce was done with the bottom band he connected the two of them underneath her arms, this also meant that her boobs were now under a very interesting pressure that made everything more sensitive.

Sitting there on the floor, her back leaning against Bruce, Skye felt very peaceful, she had no choices to make, could make no choices and relaxed in that knowledge; Bruce gently nuzzling her shoulders and back also helped her relax. She was a bit sore as a result of visiting some of the other floors, but right now that was just a faint memory. She was sitting in a darkened room, tied up and with her back to one of the most dangerous creatures on this earth, and she felt safe and cared for.

Having enjoyed the view for a while, Bruce started untying Skye, slowly so as not to give her rope-burn.

After a little post-rope cuddling Bruce stirred. “Skye, I think you better get into the elevator again.”

With slow movements Skye got up from the blankets and started to walk towards the elevator “Is there anything you can tell me about what is about to happen?”

As she stepped into the elevator Bruce replied with a fake fearful voice “Natasha has been looking very much forward to having a girl to play with. And you don’t want to keep her waiting, I saw her
toy-chest… it was… colourful…”

“Aaaaw Bruce, now you’re just psyching me out”

“Maybe” he replied with a coy smile as the doors closed.
A Warm Welcome

Chapter Summary

After hours of play Skye has now reached one of the people she fear the most: a certain red-headed Russian. But maybe Skye's fears were unfounded?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. I commute 5.5 hours a day to and from university, so that doesn't leave much time to do anything else.

This chapter really didn't feel like getting written, I felt good and well stuck, but dear Caffiend helped me get out of that rut.

Any way, I hope that you enjoy this chapter.

Pairing: Skye/Natasha

Kink: Spanking, wax-play, canes, a little bit of fire

Skye was fairly certain that the next person she would visit would be Natasha. It was going on more than five hours since she’d “broken in” to Stark Tower and much to her surprise found it full of kinky and sadistic people. Not what she expected, but who would complain, or say no for that matter, when super-heroes ask you to play your favourite game. After the hours with Steve and Bucky, Skye was feeling a little tired, not enough that she wanted to stop (even if she could), but she was looking a little forward to the wakefulness that follows the tiredness if you stay awake long enough. She was waiting for it to kick in before she would be playing with Natasha, as that woman definitely required your full attention.

At least Stark kept the Tower nice and warm. Warmth in a place is often not truly appreciated until you spend a significant amount of time naked or near-naked. Skye had more or less been naked, save a corset, since Loki or Clint undressed her in the beginning of the night. The temperature in playrooms is usually a negotiation as the bottom, who is often naked, wants it a little warmer, whereas the top, who is often dressed and does physical work in the form of spanking, etc., wants it a little cooler.

Skye was, to be honest, terrified of Natasha. Who in their right mind wouldn’t be afraid of a Russian spy whose code-name was “Black Widow” and had a body to kill for and with? The only thing Skye knew of Russia and sex was that Eastern Europe produces some seriously hard-core BDSM-porn. And for her inner eye Skye could easily see Natasha as dominatrix starring in one of those films…

Skye could feel the elevator slowing down – it was time to meet yet another Avenger.

“Hello Skye” a succinct voice said.
Those two small words didn’t reassure Skye that the woman standing in front of her wasn’t a homicidal maniac. \textit{Well, technically she is homicidal as she occasionally kills people.}


“Well… Firstly your code name is “Black Widow” and that is not a name that conjures up images of flowers and teddy-bears. Secondly, Stark said that you had had him in a shock collar similar to mine for a weekend and that you had used it liberally. Thirdly, Loki used the threat of being loaned to you as a way of getting Clint to behave. So all in all your fellow Avengers has pretty much made you out to be a hard-core dom, who is slightly insane. Which is fine by me, but that doesn’t make you any less terrifying.” Skye rambled.

“I see. Yes, they do like to make me out to be quite strict. Never mind, you will come to enjoy my kinks and quirks.” Natasha said with a smile which Skye didn’t quite know how to interpret.

“Don’t worry, this is our first time playing together and you have been through quite a lot already and the night is far from over for you, so I think the others were just messing with your head. I’ll start softly. Come over here to the table. Take off all your clothes and crawl up on the table and lie on your back.”

As Skye was undressing she noticed the numerous candles all over the living-room. Candles are excellent for setting the atmosphere and the warmth from them can also heat up a room a little if the room isn’t too big. She wasn’t afraid of fire per se, but she had very healthy respect for it – okay, she was a little afraid of it. Not enough that fire and wax-play was a no-go, but enough that it could be used for a little fear-play as well. And with all the candles throughout the room Skye could see the writing on the wall.

Natasha was walking towards Skye with a candle in each hand. \textit{“I suggest that you lie very still dear Skye. Loki said that you had a very *respectful* relationship to fire and candles.”}

The candles Natasha had in her hands were not dainty tea-lights, they were probably 30cm tall and had a diameter of 10cm. Natasha then put a candle on each side of Skye’s head. \textit{Don’t worry, I’ll lie as still as a corpse now.}

Natasha had picked up another pair of candles and crawled up to sit across Skye’s legs.

“As I said, I suggest that you lie still when I pour this. It’ll be worst for yourself if you don’t”

Of course Natasha went for Skye’s stomach first. It’s an easy target to hit and you are quite sensitive in that area. Fortunately for Skye, Natasha had been kind and started out with some of the cooler types of wax. Next up were Skye’s nipples. It wasn’t actually as painful as Skye had dreaded.

Natasha bent forward, still with the candle in hand and proceed to kiss Skye, which was rather unnerving - but damn that was a wonderful and tender kiss. Getting back up, Natasha scooted down Skye’s legs so she could get to her pussy – \textit{sadist!}

Small drops hit first, followed by bigger drops and then it felt more as if fluid were being poured over her lower stomach and top of her vulva – Natasha had been a clever girl and let the candles burn for a while, so there was a decent amount of liquid wax for her to pour. It didn’t reach Skye’s clit, but it still felt like it. As it hardened Natasha went to get another candle.

She then proceeded to cover most of Skye’s front-side with wax, which got progressively hotter as she worked her way through the array of candles.

When Nat got to her boobs, the wax was getting seriously hot – probably not hot enough to blister,
but hot enough that Skye accidentally jerked her head a little, which resulted in her moving one of the candles by her head a little. It didn’t turn it over, but Skye got seriously nervous.

“I said that it was in your own best interest to lie still” Natasha smiled innocently. “Never mind, I’ll provide you with another motivation to lie still”

The wax on Skye’s stomach had mostly hardened, but Natasha poured a bit more on and then placed a new candle in the liquid wax so it would be fixed there – and then the maniac lit the candle...

So now on top of having to lie still, Skye also had to monitor how she breathed so that the candle didn’t tilt too much and spill its liquefied content on her stomach.

By now Skye’s front side was covered in several layers of hardened wax.

“Well, you can’t walk away from here with all that wax on – getting wax out of the carpets is a real bother. So I better get it off you. And again, I advise you to lie still”

And with that Natasha brought out a cane.

“What? You’re going to spank it off me? But I can’t keep the candle on my stomach even then…” Skye whimpered.

“And that is my problem how?” Natasha smiled shrewdly.

The first couple of hits weren’t too bad; Skye could even out her breathing, so she only spilled a little wax. Natasha had started with the wax-removal from just above Skye’s knees. But Natasha’s hits weren’t kind; some of them would definitely leave serious red and purple stripes and double-stripes on her thighs.

Skye spilled a little wax on her stomach, fortunately it landed on a spot where the layer was already thick enough that she only felt a little heat rather than the pain from a minor burn.

As Natasha moved up Skye’s leg with her canes, the canes she used also got thinner; so by the time she reached Skye’s pussy they were thin as a pencil and quite painful. Across Skye’s stomach Natasha also used the thin canes – Skye would much have preferred the thick ones, but in consideration of Skye’s inner organs, it was probably good that it was the thin ones being used.

After 15 or 20 min of tender ministrations most of the wax was gone, only small flecks were left here and there.

“How to get the rest off you Skye? Hitting you more won’t do any good – at least in that respect. Hmmm, I think we better melt the rest off of you…”

Skye was still on her back on the table, most of the wax and the candle were off her body, but the two candles on each side of her head were still there to motivate her to be still.

She said “melt it off” – she doesn’t mean… nooo, fire-play on top of this is just not fair.

And just as Skye had predicted, Natasha brought gear for fire-play out from underneath the table.

“That’s just not fair Natasha… You’ve already tenderized me with wax and a cane – on top of all that the others did. Do you really need to fry me on top?”

“Stop begging Skye, it’s not becoming. If you beg any more I’ll get – shall we say uncomfortably close – to your pussy” Natasha said with a smirk.
Skye expected Natasha to start putting on layers of gloves wet from water and later alcohol and light them aflame, but instead she swiped a thin layer of rubbing alcohol down Skye’s thigh and immediately lit it on fire with the flame from a long candle. The first time Nat did it Skye was paralyzed from fear – because the freaking murderer was lighting her on fire.

By the third time Natasha lit Skye on fire, this time the other thigh, Skye had calmed down enough to see what was happening. It looked spectacular: the room was fairly dim, so for a brief instant Skye could see a flimsy flame emanating from just above her thigh, as it was essentially the fumes from the rapidly evaporating alcohol that was lit on fire.

The pain from the flames was remarkably manageable; the burn was so brief and superficial that what Skye felt most was the heat from the candle that lit the alcohol on fire.

Natasha proceeded to light Skye on fire on small areas across her body. Some areas were naturally more sensitive and tender than others, and Nat naturally took extra care in lightening a flame across almost all Skye’s caning marks.

“Well, I better finish you off soon so you can get on with your introductory rounds. Get up girl” Natasha said with a kind smile.

“Could you maybe extinguish the candles before I try sitting up? I really don’t want to light my hair on fire.”

“Naturally dear. Better now? Get up and give me a hug”

_Natasha – The Black Widow: Assassin and international spy is a hugger? Well, I guess the world is full of surprises._

Skye got off the table and walked a little wobbling to Nat, who was surprisingly loving.

“I hope that you enjoyed it and that your fear of me was assuaged a bit”

“Yeah, it was. Maybe the others were just psyching me out, and even if you are as mean, or can be as mean, as the others made you out to be, you’ve definitely shown me that there’s also a sweeter side to you. Thank you for that”

“Just as most people can, I too can play in many directions and with varying intensities. Now get on the elevator before they get impatient upstairs.”

As Skye got on the elevator Natasha smirked at her:

“Good luck – you’re SOOOO going to need it”
Can You Come Before it's Too Late

Chapter Summary

Skye returns to where the night started and get to experience something she had never thought possible.

Pairing: Skye, Loki and Clint

Kink: Anal, breath play, fear play, blood play, knives

The elevator arrived back up at Loki’s floor. Over the past gods know how many hours Skye had been through Hell and back – a very interesting and sexy Hell; but that dickhead Loki had somehow made it impossible for her to cum, sex and play with five super heroes and a fallen god and no orgasm for her. She was lying on the floor of the elevator, sore everywhere, horny like hell and with a smile on her face when Clint came and dragged her out of the elevator by her hair. Clint smiled like the cat that ate the canary, which made her insanely exited and terrified as fuck. He dumped her unceremoniously in the middle of the living room, which “unfortunately” also coincided with being tossed at the feet of a smirking God of Mischief, who promptly stepped on her hair to keep her from moving.

“So Skye, have you had fun yet?”

Despite being almost too tired and worn out to be a smart-ass she just couldn’t help herself.

“Well, a little, but it is as if you’re hardly trying. I thought this tower was full of super-heroes, geniuses and gods…”

Loki pushed her onto her back with his foot and then placed it across her throat, slowly throttling her.

“Now aren’t you the little brat. So you believe that we have gone easy on you today? Well, well – we may have to remedy that”

Gasping for breath Skye couldn’t help looking at that gorgeous, menacing face. She had hoped he swung this way, but one can never know. Then again no one wears that much leather without having some kind of kink.

“But…ah…I…did…” Skye choked out before her air was completely cut off by the well-placed boot.

“So what was it I saw in your mind? What you fear, yet still see the appeal in?” Loki asked inside Skye’s mind.

At this Skye’s eyes went wide with fear – what had he seen in her head? There were so many things in there that she feared, but would still like to try. Her mind was racing like crazy; the promise of pleasure and fear mingling with the lack of air was starting to have an effect. The boot eased off her throat, but as soon as it was off she noticed Loki slowly closing his hand in the air – why? And with that the blood supply to her brain was cut off. The last thing Skye thought before she passed out was: Who does he think he is? Darth Vader?
Skye awoke a short while later in another room – the bedroom? On top of having been moved to a different room she was also not any longer laying on the floor; rather she was on all fours on the floor. Behind her she could feel leather clad legs and cool, slender fingers prodding her ass. Fuck… well FUCK…so that was the fear that he had dug out – anal. A cool presence in her mind then elaborated “Don’t worry pet, this is just the beginning…” Somehow that didn’t feel like reassurance – AT ALL.

Clint had apparently moved with them into the bedroom. He was now sitting a couple of meters from her and studying her like she was an interesting specimen, she couldn’t quite figure out if bothered her or if that small smile on his lips were a sign that this evening held still more surprises. He looked utterly relaxed, but that smile also said that he knew EXACTLY what sadistic horrors she could look forward to before bedtime. Bastard.

Loki had apparently decided that two fingers were enough warm-up before pushing himself in her. Skye did not agree and she screamed with pain and fear – and more lust that she would ever admit to. He sat a punishing pace, fucking her without regard to her pleasure, or pain. She felt her bones shake from the rough fucking, and yet she was almost sure that the evening wouldn’t end here.

Out of the corner of her eye she caught Barton slinking over to Loki and from the sounds they made they were kissing, deeply and passionately – why oh why am I always in the wrong place to see two hot guys make out?

As Barton started to kiss him Loki had to slow down a bit – godly powers goes a long way in bed, but fucking someone hard while kissing someone else passionately isn’t easy.

Loki knew he was hurting Skye; he enjoyed every moment of it and he also knew that she loved hating every moment of it. He knew that he, and the Avengers, was playing right up to the limit, and perhaps a little over the limit for a mortal body, but couldn’t really feel bad about it, especially not when he could read Skye’s mind and see just how much she enjoyed it.

Skye hated and had always hated anal, but she loved that hatred. No one could ever get Skye to ask or even beg for anal, but she loved it as one of the things that could be done against her will without spoiling the mood. Yes, Loki breaching her with basically no prep hurt like hell, on top of that she got no direct sexual stimulation out of it, and yet she was now dripping wet.

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How is this my life? I’ve met these people all of one time in my life and now I’m more or less being dry-fucked by a god after having played with a house full of misfits who are all dirty fucks. I love my life.

Loki’s tight grip in her hair brought Skye out of her thoughts. He pulled her up on her knees so he could fuck her at a different angle and start biting up and down her throat. There were few things Skye liked better in this world than biting, especially on her throat, which was one big erogenous zone. Having your pussy licked is nice and all, but being bitten up and down her throat was soooo much better. And Loki knew what he was doing, switching between firm love bites that were pure pleasure, to the harder ones where Skye started to wonder when her skin would break and the vampire games begin.

With one hard jerk and bite, Loki followed Skye down on all fours, where he picked up the pace and fucked hard until he came while biting the side of Skye throat so hard that Skye was convinced that he had drawn blood.

Loki dragged Skye to her feet and moved his hand up to her face so he could lift it to meet his eyes. “You know this is not over yet?”
With that Clint grabbed her from behind and dragged her onto the bed where he ensured her stillness with a knife to her throat; she was playing with gods and assassins so she had no doubt that the knife was sharp – and a good incentive to sit still no matter how horny she was.

Loki bent down and started caressing her breasts, dragging his fingers further down before burying them in her hot pussy. Looking her deep in the eyes he held out his hand for Clint's knife.

“The question now is: Can you cum before you bleed out…” and with that he cut both her wrists and moved down to start eating her out.

Clint was sitting behind her and nuzzling her neck with kisses and bites and making sure that her arms stayed where Loki had asked him to keep them: within everybody’s sight. Though blood-play of this kind wasn’t what he would choose, he had to admit that it looked fantastic: his pale boyfriend licking the gradually paling Skye who was moaning increasingly loud while she was staining the sheets crimson and in essence dying slowly – playing with a god and sorcerer had its perks.

Loki was on the floor at the foot of the bed with his head buried in Skye’s pussy. Loki was sadistic, cruel, sometimes even mean, but he would never force himself or his kinks on anyone, so having found this particular fantasy in Skye’s mind was a dream coming true – getting to essentially kill a beautiful girl and lick and finger her while her orgasm was racing her death. She had never thought it possible, coming from a world without magic, so the look of surprise on her face as he slit her wrists had been absolutely magnificent: The surprise quickly being replaced by a look of fear and pain and then the lust. And instant wetness.

Skye was floating on a cloud of pain, pleasure, lust and blood. Never had she thought that she would be living out this fantasy, not even with the Avengers who were a lot more fucked up than your average sadomasochists. Before they had started playing Loki had promised that no serious harm would come to her, and she trusted him.

The Avengers hadn’t really welcome him with open arms, an understandable reaction after having destroyed New York, thrown Stark out of a window and mind-fucked Clint in the un-fun way. Having proven himself a decent alley in a couple of battles they started letting him in a bit, enough for him to get a chance to explain how the invasion of New York had not been of his planning, but that he had been forced by Thanos to do it. And what had really cemented his status as an alley to the Avengers was when Clint had started playing with Loki. Of all the Avengers Clint had had the hardest time letting go of the image of Loki as the villain, but if he could – without having turquoise eyes – there must've been a good reason. And after Coulson turned out to be not dead, the Avengers started working with his team every now and then.

So when Loki had slit her wrists she had of course been afraid, but not of dying, rather of passing out and not enjoying this moment enough. Who gets to play with death and walk away alive… She could feel herself getting weaker, though not as fast as she had expected, she might actually have a shot at coming before the blood loss made it impossible. But what a magnificent experience: being held by Clint Barton’s muscular, immovable arms with a raven haired, silver-tongued god teasing her clit and his long fingers massaging her G-spot, all the while bathing in her own blood.

Skye was starting to feel lightheaded and beginning to doubt her ability to cum after all. She was so turned on that it was almost painful, she was tired after many hours of play, so focused on the situation and how she had dreamt of it and how it was so surreal to actually be in it that she almost felt performance anxiety. The pressure eased off her clit and g-spot and she looked down and gasped to see Loki licking and kissing at the gashes in her wrists, at the little sound he looked up and she almost came then and there – those green eyes burning with desire and lust and a divine face smeared with her blood. He brought his hand back to her pussy and teased her clit while kissing her with
abandon. Then she came – like she had never come before. Her world turned upside down, inside out and sideways all at the same time. Her back arched, her body shook and then she passed out.

Clint and Loki both had to work hard to resist the temptation to tie her to the bed and fuck her until she awoke and see how she slowly came to being slightly confused, but that had to wait for another day.

Loki’s magic had made sure that Skye wouldn’t die or become damaged from the blood loss, but she still needed some blood from the infirmary. So when she awoke it was with a needle in her arm, cocooned by Clint and Loki who were talking softly across her.

With a big smile and a slightly hoarse voice she declared

“That was awesome guys”
After the welcome-party Loki cares for Skye as she comes down from her high.

I think I've managed to write an entire chapter without smut - I am so sorry. ;-

The morning after the welcome-committee had made sure that Skye would feel right at home, she woke up in the softest of beds. She faintly remembered that Loki and Clint had been next to her while she slept to make sure that she was okay; it is, after all, not every day that you are essentially killed by your play partner…

Her body was sore just about everywhere, perhaps her pinky muscles weren’t too sore, but that still meant that just about every movement hurt a little. It was the good hurt though, like the day after a hard work-out at the fitness centre, with a few added pains, because you rarely end up with a sore asshole the day after you lift weights, and if you do, you’re doing it wrong!

Skye could feel that someone was nearby, somewhere in the darkness – someone likes their blackout curtains – I wonder which emo-god has a penchant for the dark side…

“How am I an emo-god? And good morning darling – feeling a little sore?”

“Good morning Loki. And yes, if emos had a god, you would be it. Tall, dark and handsome. Pale skin, dark hair, dark clothes, you’d fit perfectly. You’d also fit in very well with the goth-crowd. In my experience a lot of them are actually into BDSM. Not always a dark as the Avengers apparently are, but BDSM and the dark side go quite well together. And how am I so coherent?” Skye babbled.

“We played well into the morning. And once we finished you were more or less dead to the world for the day. So you’ve slept for a good long while.”

“What time is it now? How long did we actually play?” Skye asked eagerly.

“We played for almost nine hours, so it was no wonder that you were very tired afterwards, especially since I cut your wrists and drained you of a lot of blood. It’s a little past midnight now, so you’ve slept for around 12 hours. The others have come in every now to look to you and make sure everything was alright – even for us last night was something special and intense, so it has most likely been many times that for you. But you took it all very well, I looked into your brain many times during the night, and you didn’t for a moment wish for a safe word.”

“Have you slept?”

“Yes, a little. I don’t need much sleep these days. I believe that earth’s sciences have shown that the older people are, the less sleep they need – I’m well older than a millennia, so should I want to, I can
go days without sleep and still feel fine. But I like the darkness, it is good for meditation and at the same time I could keep close to you should you need anything. We didn’t go easy on you, so you never quite know how your head or body will react afterwards.”

“You meditated through the night – well, day? Why?”

“It was an intense night, and despite my age, even I tried something new tonight. I have never met a person who would consent to being killed, in safe circumstances. So I needed a little peace and quiet to get the things in my head into the right places.”

“I’m sooo hungry. You have anything to eat? Where are the others?”

“The others are around the tower landing their respective highs. They’ve asked me to take care of you and make sure that you land safely; we thought that having all of us in here with you would be a little much. And yes, after they finished dinner, they made sure to plate you a large meal – you need it. I shall go get it for you.”

“Can I come with you? I don’t feel like being alone right now.”

“Of course you can. You want me to carry you?”

“No, thank you. Can I just hold onto you?”

“Sure. Shall I get you some clothes? Your pyjamas perhaps?”

“You have my clothes? And yes, my PJs would be fantastic.”

“Yes, when Natasha finished with you, she got some of your stuff so you would feel at home. Now come on, get dressed so we can go to the kitchen.”

“Not the big kitchen right? I don’t think I’m ready for the world yet.”

“Most people are asleep or at least in their rooms. But don’t worry, I got your food down into my kitchen, I thought that you might not be a people-person once you woke up. Do you want something to drink?”

“If you have it, a coke would be fantastic.”

Skye and Loki slowly made it to the small kitchen. Despite the tiredness and sore muscles Skye felt terrific; she felt safe, cared for, perhaps even loved. Her mind was a little fuzzy, but play-time and a long sleep can do that to you. The Avengers had made sure to give her something to drink during the night, but unless you play with forced drinking, you rarely get enough fluids. In the kitchen Skye sat down on the bench and looked at Loki as he got her food and a coke.

“Do you want to sit next to me Loki? I would like your body-heat near me.”

“Of course, darling.”

When Loki had sat down Skye snuggled up to him; this wasn’t the most effective or practical position to eat in, but body-to-body contact was more important right now.

“Is this how you usually react after intense play? You seem very calm and collected – surprisingly so actually.”

“Well, I don’t think that I have landed entirely yet. I still feel quite floaty. I’m mostly eating and drinking because I have taught myself to be thirsty and hungry after play. I’ve had to learn to land
“my highs by myself.”

“Aren’t mortals usually big on aftercare?”

“Usually, yes, but with this job I’ve had to learn to both ground myself so I didn’t float off and to snap out of it and land fast because the world was ending. I much prefer slow landings, but for the solo-landings I’ve conditioned myself to remember to eat and drink afterwards. One thing is being floaty, another is to faint because you haven’t had anything to eat or drink for many hours.”

Skye and Loki sat in companionable silence for a while as Skye ate her food.

“Thanks for the food. Can we go back to bed now? I sort of want to sleep some more.”

“Of course we can. Do you want me to wake you up at some point? Maybe in the morning?”

“That would be great. I like cuddling – so could I maybe get you into bed with me – until I fall asleep at least?”

“I could do with a little sleep as well, so I will be delighted to join you”

Although Skye felt a little more energetic with some food in her, she was pretty much still exhausted. She and Loki walked back to his bedroom and slowly got into bed; both were naked, it was however not the least bit sexual, they just happened not to be wearing any clothes.

Lying back down Skye noticed a familiar feeling creeping into her mind and body. She only felt it after very intense play and it was a rather odd feeling: she felt as if she was going to explode from all the feeling in her, sort of like trying to keep a mental sneeze in. And there was only one way to let it out, curl up in foetal position and let the tears run free.

Fortunately Loki had just gotten into bed, so she could curl into him. Along with the excess of feeling came also a dislike for space, so Skye turned into Loki’s chest and pulled the duvet over her head and let the tears fall free.

Along with the tears came also the spasms. It was as if her excess of feeling was being let out by her eyes and her body, both in equally uncontrollable ways.

She could feel Loki touch her mind in the most gentle of ways:

“Do you need me to do anything?”

“No”

As the full-body spasms subsided and the tears dried out Skye could again concentrate enough to give Loki an explanation.

“Sorry I forgot to tell you about the spasms and the tears, they are not dangerous and the tears aren’t negative. I think it’s just my body dealing with an excess of everything. After a while they both pass, sometimes I just go through it once, and sometimes I get another wave a bit later. But don’t worry, it’s not because you did something wrong”
“Are you alright now?”

“As alright as you can be after having been through a hell designed by people with a seriously fucked up definition of a welcome-party” Skye smiled.

“Yes, we did go all out with the welcome party. Everybody just really wanted to play with you, so we negotiated a bit beforehand, so no one went too hard on you, but still – I was not a gentle introduction. I hope we didn’t scare you off”

“Not at all, I had a lot of fun, but that doesn’t mean that it is any less exhausting” Skye smiled. “And yes, the Avengers’ definition of “not too hard” is probably a fair bit harder than most people’s. But then again, you are not really normal people are you?”

“No, we do take advantage of the fact that a number of us are very… sturdy. But please let us know if we are too hard on you. I cannot promise that we will necessarily go easier on you, but it will remind us that you are in fact human – which we also sometimes forget about Clint and Stark.”

“I feel like you’ll be challenging me a lot, both physically and mentally. But for now I just really need to sleep. Thanks for an amazing night”

“And thank you, you are not the only one who had a fantastic night. Good night, pet” Loki said with a wry smile.

“I’m not your pet” Skye replied with mock offence.

“Not yet, my dear, not yet’
Breathing is Overrated Anyways

Chapter Summary

Clint has a little time to pass before an assignment, so he decides to show Skye the merits of not breathing and how wonderful a sore throat can be.

Chapter Notes

At last another chapter, and on my birthday none the less :-) This chapter was actually not supposed to be here, but the next chapter is taking me very long to write, so I decided to give you a short-ish chapter to tide you over to the next chapter. And the next chapter is worth the wait I hope, because Loki introduces Skye to his old friend Lucifer...

Pairing: Skye/Clint

Kink: Breath Control, very rough blowjobs, a bit of choking, gagging, slapping, bodily fluids (NOT pee or poo)

Skye was sitting and working on her laptop, when an arm snaked around her throat and tightened. Not enough to choke her out, but enough that whoever it was had her full attention. She tried to grab at the arm encircling her throat, but what chance does a human girl have against an assassin, god or super-soldier?

The arm was slowly dragging her backwards and didn’t let her get much air, yet for some reason Skye thought that she ought to close the lid on her laptop, which caused her assailant to chuckle. *Clint it is then, no wonder those arms are so inescapable. I really should take up bow hunting. Skye! Concentrate, being surprise-choked may be a hint of what’s to come so get some air before it’s gone.*

Once Skye’s body was free of the table and chairs Clint dumped her on the floor, leaving her to cough a little as she could breathe again – *oh she’ll be coughing a lot before I’m done with her…*

“When did you eat last girl?”

“Uhhhm, two hours ago?”

“One chance: If you want to keep that tiny summer-dress somewhat clean, you have about 10 seconds to get out of it” Clint said with a cheeky grin.

“What? But why?”

“10 … 9 … 8 …”
“Yeah, yeah, I’ll take it off” Skye said a bit hesitantly.

Skye had just taken off the last of her underwear and tossed it into the corner when she was pushed onto her back and Clint promptly held her down by stepping a foot on her chest: “Stay down” Well this is a nice view: Hawkeye in dark jeans and nothing else. Clint quickly undressed himself and straddled her upper body. She wasn’t restrained as such, but when one piece of hot, well-muscled super-hero sits on you, you can’t really move. Skye had a hard time going down without a fight, and for a chance her opponent wasn’t actually super-anything, but “just” a regular human in peak shape, so she had a chance didn’t she? NO! Most emphatically NO! As Clint was hovering over her with an arm on each side of her head, she tried to wriggle free, but the only thing she managed was to get into a more uncomfortable position where Clint’s shin bone was digging into her humerus. And Clint just grinned at her.

Clint had been standing in the shower when the urge to face-fuck Skye into next week had come over him. He was mostly into men, but men don’t wear make-up; and seeing eyeliner and mascara running down the cheeks of a girl kneeling in front of him with his dick down her throat was a sight Clint just couldn’t resist. And he had noticed earlier that Skye had put on make-up…

Skye looked into Clint’s bemused eyes. She had no idea what was about to happen, which turned her on. Being teased over time was hot; getting little bits of information about what would happen could gradually drive her insane and make her ridiculously horny, but so could surprise. There were certain lead-ins that hints as to which game you are about to play: if the top brings rope, you’re most likely getting tied up, if he bends you over a table you probably getting fucked or spanked, but getting asked to undress to keep your clothes clean didn’t have a clear path associated with it.

Clint grabbed the hair at the back of Skye’s head and forced his dick in to her mouth. It happened so fast and in such a smooth motion that Skye didn’t even have time to protest. Giving a blow job to a guy sitting on your chest isn’t the most comfortable experience. Your mouth bends one way and the dick the other, and for some reason men are quite sensitive about their dicks, so in the battle between the comfort of their dicks and your mouth and neck, the dick wins. So Skye could do nothing, but hang on, breath when she could and try not to scratch Clint with her teeth, as she had a feeling that it would be the sensible choice in this situation.

After a little while Clint withdrew from her mouth, only to start slapping her face rather hard. Not enough to bruise or do damage to her neck, but enough that it could definitely be felt. This again prompted Skye to fight back, which was of course futile, although she managed to get one hand free, Clint quickly trapped that and moved further up her body so he could sit on it again. Positioned as they were Skye felt very helpless, because both her arms and legs were immobilized, so the only thing she could move was her head, but Clint would just slap her on the other side, so that movement was basically pointless. This time Clint had managed to move so far up her body that he had one shin across her throat. Hmm... flexible men – kinda hot and very annoying.

With a leg across your throat breathing is definitely an issue. And the weight is actually a little painful. But the cold look in Clint’s eyes combined with his little smile was worth the discomfort. That was another thing most vanilla people would most likely also have a little trouble understanding: while the pain definitely could get you high, another thing that really appealed to Skye was all the fantastic facial and bodily expressions she got to see. This fact was also the reason Skye preferred erotic novellas and fanfics over porn; in videos you rarely get to see those fantastic facial expressions that can be described so much better with words than attempted shown in videos.

Clint was also enjoying the view: the alternating expressions of fear, pain and hunger which flickered across Skye’s face was a huge turn on. Her attempts to fight him off were cute; they both knew that she had no chance of winning, but many attempts were just instinctual. When someone tries to
strangle you, your lizard-brain tells you to fight it and the body reacts without the rational brain having time to weight in. Playing with those instinctual reactions were fantastic, because they’re so real, there’s no pretense, only raw emotion. When bottoming himself, he couldn’t play along with half-arsed bondage; you either had to tie him up so he couldn’t get loose or you should let him stand free, only limited by his own desire to remain. And if the top did a poor job of tying him up, they would quickly realise it, as he would be free in no time and ready to turn the tables on anyone who made that mistake. Tops usually made that mistake with him only once.

He tumbled Skye and himself on their sides and with a jerk to her head shoved his dick so far down her throat that his balls touched her chin. She coughed and gagged, but he just held onto her hair with both hands giving her no quarter. Skye tried to grab onto his thighs to push herself off his dick, but in the battle between an archer’s biceps and a hacker’s, the archer will win every time. He could feel Skye getting panicky, but kept throat-fucking her. This was way past deep-throating; tears were welling up in Skye’s eyes, her nose was running and she was drooling – this was not sexy or hot in their regular meaning, this was dirty and gritty – and absolutely wonderful. I should probably let Skye have some air now.

Skye was struggling against him with her entire body and it had zero effect, except spurring Clint on. He jerked Skye’s face down over his dick one last time and let her head go. She immediately pushed away and coughed and spluttered like someone who had gotten an entire meal down the wrong way. It almost felt as if she had had the air knocked out of her and now she had a hard time actually getting air back in.

“You evil, evil man! That’s the horrible thing about playing with you switches: you know exactly how very far you can take the human body.” Skye said with a very hoarse voice.

“You’re welcome” Clint replied with a big grin.

While she was trying to wipe some of the goo off her face, but only managing to move it around her face and mix it further, Clint had stood up. Skye was still coughing and wheezing, but apparently Clint had deemed that to be enough air for the next round of face-fucking. He grabbed Skye by the hair again and pulled her up on her knees, and despite her pleading eyes, forced his dick down her throat again. This time he gave her a little leeway to control the action – he wanted to see how she wanted to give a blowjob. And her blowjob was magnificent, it really was, but nothing beats the feeling of forcing his dick down her throat – the brutality of it was intoxicating. And even though she had made a valiant attempt, she just couldn’t take him to the root by herself, with his “help” however she had no problem. She may be complaining about it being uncomfortable and her not getting enough air, well, he assumed that was what she was trying to convey – but breathing’s overrated anyways…

Skye loved giving head, she would prefer it over getting eaten out any day, but getting face-fucked topped the list of any type of oral; she had no control over what happened and both parties knew that these kinds of blowjobs weren’t “nice”, they were physically and figuratively dirty, with fluids all over the place.

Clint pulled out of her, but immediately replaced his dick with two fingers which he roughly moved down her throat as far as he could. Skye started gagging violently; but he kept his fingers moving far enough down that eventually her diaphragm started convulsing. Oh, fuck, he’s going *there* - so that’s why he asked about the clothes. Clint was tiring out Skye’s diaphragm and oesophagus – do it long enough and ‘hello lunch, good to see you again’. He was holding onto her hair, so her head couldn’t move away from his grip; every now and then she felt his nails graze the inside of her throat when she moved unexpectedly – she knew that he didn’t do that on purpose, so despite really wanting to move away, Skye tried to remain still in order to not get too many scratches on the inside.
Clint wasn’t into vomiting as such; it wasn’t the vomiting that got him off, but the fact that the blowjob got so rough that the girl couldn’t keep her stomach content down after a while. When he had asked about lunch he already knew her answer, he also knew that her lunch had been reasonably light, there are just some foods you don’t want to get reunited with…

You can throat-fuck a girl with your dick to the point where the oesophagus gives in, but you can get there faster with two or more fingers, and Clint actually had somewhere to be, so he couldn’t spend the entire afternoon skull-fucking Skye.

Skye was drooling like crazy by now, her eyes were running and the only place you could see her dark make-up was on her cheeks. The saliva running down her chin was thick and gooey from all the gagging and was running down her boobs to. Skye wasn’t into vomit either, but she had to admit that these very rough blowjobs had their charm, and with a shower afterwards she would be as good as new. Maybe also a cup of camomile tea with honey, because tomorrow her throat would feel as if she had a sore throat from being sick.

She could feel that she was fast approaching the point where even though she would try to keep stuff down, she couldn’t – the bile was, so to speak, rising. That stuff doesn’t taste nice, so she spit it out on the floor.

That was apparently Clint’s cue, because the fingers were replaced with his dick in a heartbeat. By now Skye’s nose was completely stuffed, so she only got air when Clint withdrew from her mouth, which he was careful not to do too often, because as he said “air is overrated.” He was fucking her hard and deep and just to breathe when she could she had to spit out whatever came up and into her mouth, which meant that she was now kneeling in a small puddle of various fluids. Thank god I got out of that dress; I don’t think thin cotton goes well with stomach acid.

Skye’s throat was really starting to hurt, so when she felt Clint speed up she was relieved. But juuust as she thought he was about to finish, he went for once last round of breath control. His dick was so far down that she was fairly certain that it could see her lungs, and there he just remained for what felt like an eternity. She was gagging and coughing so hard, but he just held onto her head not giving her as much as an inch of leeway.

Is it even nice to have a dick down a choking girl’s throat? Apparently it is.

One of the things that really appealed to Clint about those really rough and dirty blowjobs was that when his dick was that far down a girl’s throat, it almost started to feel like a pussy. At the same time he also got to see the discomfort in his partner’s pleading eyes as he or she was struggling to breathe – what’s not to like?

Clint could feel Skye go panicky, so he kept his dick down her throat for another 10 seconds before pulling out to let her get a few mouthfuls of air. As soon as she had just had a little air, it was back to fucking her throat, not all the way down, but most of the way; going all the way down is kinda hard on the guy as well, and right now he was chasing his orgasm, and the more rough blow jobs took a bit more concentration than he could spare right now. As he came he pulled out to make sure that Skye had one more type of fluid running down her face – just because he could.

Even though Skye was coughing like mad and could hardly breathe, he couldn’t keep from one more evil deed. Clint grabbed Skye by the throat and forced her body backwards, so she was now lying down with her legs bent under her – nice, she’s flexible, we could play with that one day – as he grabbed onto her throat, of course not gently, Skye squeaked; probably both in pain and surprise.

“No, Clint, please don’t, I can’t… *cough* it hurts”

“Too bad.” Clint smirked.
With Skye’s back arching and his one hand firmly on her throat, the other went to explore her pussy. Not to make her come, that was not the point of this game, and they both knew it. He just wanted to harass her a bit more, so he forced his fingers up as far as he could, which was apparently quite painful for Skye, because her back arched even more. Clint pulled his fingers out again and they were glistening with Skye’s slick and immediately smeared that fluid over her face. She tried to turn her face away, but tiredness and a hand restricting your breathing can be fantastic motivators to remain where you are. His hand was now sticky with many different fluids, which he nonchalantly wiped off in Skye’s hair. *Asshole!! I’m sure glad that Stark’s showers are really nice.*

Skye rolled onto her side to get out of the uncomfortable position and Clint then helped her stand up on slightly wobbly legs.

“See, you don’t need as much air as you think. And you’re more flexible than I thought – I just might want to challenge that one day” Clint smiled “We both gotta go shower, wanna join me? I may sort of have messed up your hair, so if you want me to, I can wash it for you.”

“A shower and a scalp massage sounds amazing; so yes, I would love to join you in the shower. And could we please hurry, I feel kinda sticky and disgusting like this”

“Sure. Step around the puddle, I’ll handle that later. And yeah, we are a little disgusting right now – it’s funny because while you’re doing it, it’s fantastic and you’re in the moment, but afterwards, or if you have to explain it to other people, it sounds rather yucky.”

“The things we do…” Skye mused.

“And thanks for excellent teeth control by the way, you only scraped me once, and that was probably my own fault”

“I don’t know when I scraped you, but I know for sure that it was your own fault” Skye replied dryly.
What You Hate Most of All

Chapter Summary

Loki gets to play with Skye's mind, and body. She hates submitting - he loves having people on their knees, and he can get very creative about getting people there.<

(Sorry guys, I had to have him say *it* ;P)

Chapter Notes

This chapter started out being more than 10 A4-pages long, but then I decided to break it up into many shorter chapters; this however also means that I haven't finished writing - or plotting - this story-line all the way to its end. So as more chapters come up, I may make smaller changes to the previous chapters in this story-line; but don't worry, I think most changes will be in regards to such things as timing, numbers and such.

Pairing: Skye/Loki, Skye/Loki/Lucifer, Skye/Lucifer

Kinks: Heavy D/s, consensual non-consent, humiliation, fetish outfits, butt-plugs, dildos, tight-lacing, punishment

It had been a little while since Skye had moved into the Tower. Although she loved her work with Coulson and his team, it was nice to have a stationary base and a somewhat predictable daily schedule, i.e. not having to fly across the world to deal with some catastrophe every other day.

The Avengers could call on her at any time for sexual, or computer-related, favours, but so far they had been quite nice about it – which piqued Skye a bit – Loki had said something about rules that first night when she had broken in to the Tower, but nothing had happened on that front.

So far they had “only” played with “regular” BDSM, nothing as extreme as that first night. Of course you can’t play on the edge every time – and where would the fun be in that any way – but Skye felt as if something was building in the Tower.

Over the past days she had tried some suspension bondage with Bruce, a short breath control and blowjob session with Clint, a work-out session mixed with corporeal punishment with Steve (talk about motivation for exercising), Loki had tried to get Skye on her knees to submit, which had resulted in a longer monologue from Skye on how she was a masochist, not a sub, to which Loki had replied dryly and with a wry little smile that he would get her there some day; but things had, overall been, quiet.

Skye was sitting in the Avengers’ common room enjoying a good book, something she had done way too rarely while travelling with Coulson, so now that she was a bit more stationary she enjoyed being able to read. She was so engrossed in the story that she failed to notice that Loki had entered the room, or perhaps she hadn’t noticed him because he had simply materialised next to the couch where she was sprawled out.
“Please put the book down Skye”

“Not right now, I’m just getting to the good bit. I’ll be done with this chapter in like 5 min”


That voice. This was not the voice that said that Loki wanted a passionate discussion on the merits of expressionist French painters in the late 18th century. It was the oh-so smooth voice of the regal, dominant sadist who expected his commands to be obeyed immediately.

“Put the book down NOW and get on your knees”

“Loki, you know I don’t do that stuff” Skye tried explaining patiently.

“Kneel!” Loki smiled maniacally “Or it will be the worse for you”

“No” Skye stated, but as soon as the word had left her mouth Skye started to wonder if that had been the sensible answer, because Loki’s face changed to one of almost pleasure; like he had put out a trap and Skye had just sprung it.

“Very well then” Loki said and grabbed Skye’s hair and dragged her unceremoniously out of the sofa and onto the floor and just started walking with Skye being dragged behind him. After a few meters Skye had managed to get her legs under her, but that didn’t help much on her pride as Loki purposefully kept her head down, so she had to walk with her body at a 90° angle.

“You are so going to hate this Skye, but never mind, I will very much enjoy breaking you”

Loki had kept most of his casual evilness inside, along with almost all his D/s-tendencies, but now was the time to let them out. He had an agreement with the Avengers that for the foreseeable future Skye was his. Naturally Loki enjoyed inflicting pain and the upside to having been labelled a villain was that no one questioned his motivations or capabilities. And he was not truly evil, just mischievous and egotistical – most of the time. But for the coming days or weeks he could let all his darkest D/s-fantasies out and no one would stop him, probably. And boy did he have plans for Skye.

Skye had been adamant about the fact that she was not into D/s-games, but Loki knew better; while rummaging around her mind that first day he had seen a fantasy, buried as deep as she could, but it was there, the urge to submit.

Skye knew that she had a slight submissive kink, but she would never admit it, she was too proud and it was so predictive that she, a girl, would submit. She KNEW that being a submissive didn’t mean that she was a weak, brainless push-over with no will of her own, but still, admitting to herself, let alone others, that she had an urge, however small, to submit, was something that she just couldn’t do.

When they reached the play-room Loki dumped Skye on the floor with a casual kick and a comment of “Don’t bother getting up”

“For the foreseeable future, you will not need your mouth for speaking so open wide pet”

Skye tried to keep her mouth shut, but a firm grip in her hair yanking her head backwards far enough, made that hard. The gag Loki forced into her mouth was a spider gag, which meant that her mouth was kept wide open by a large metal ring just behind her teeth.

“Behave yourself and I may exchange that gag for a more comfortable one, don’t and I’ll just find something worse”
Oh joy, I’ll be drooling a lot then.

Loki pushed Skye down on her back and straddled her pelvis.

“Now for the mittens, we can’t have your clever fingers going places they should not”

Skye tried to fight Loki a bit, but that resulted in a very painful pinch of her inner thigh.

“That’s your last warning.” Loki said that with such menace that Skye for a change didn’t dare fight him.

The mittens went all the way past Skye’s elbows, but what worried Skye was that it was as if they had been moulded for her hands, like they had been made to be worn comfortably for a long time. As her hand slid into them she could feel how her hand was fistied with a firm layer of foam between her thumb and the remaining four fingers. They also made her hands and fingers completely useless for anything except crawling – Skye did not like where this was going. The mittens were made of a leathery material, though it has some elasticity to it, so they stuck to her arms. It wasn’t rubber – they were too comfortable for that. A couple of D-rings had been strategically placed at her wrists and elbows. Loki connected the two at her wrists with a carabiner and suspended her from the ceiling, so she was balancing on the balls of her feet.

“You won’t need all that clothes, so let’s take that off and get you into something more appropriate”

When Skye’s regular clothes was off, Loki brought out the corset Stark had dressed her in the night she broke in.

“You know this one I see. I won’t tighten it as much as last time *now*, because you will be wearing it for a long time, but I will tighten it every day for the next couple of days. By the end of the week your waist will be smaller than what Steve and Bucky had you at. If you behave very well I may be persuaded to loosen it a bit during the night’’

Even though Loki didn’t tighten it as much as Stark had done that first time, it was still tight – and Skye feared having it tightened more. This was going to be seriously uncomfortable. And with her useless hands she couldn’t do a darn thing about even the smallest itch.

Loki was slowly stripping away Skye’s independence, he was taking her towards what she feared and hated most, helplessness. He could feel the fear and anger emanating from Skye, both those feelings were completely natural and expected. He didn’t exactly know how long Skye’s anger would stoke the fire of her defiance, but he would have to remain determined and perhaps even cruel until she surrendered – and he looked forward to it. Taking an (almost) willing person apart and reassembling them was not something you got to do every day. Of course Loki wouldn’t go completely insane and brainwash her for real, though there was an appeal to that thought, but he liked her spirit and didn’t want to break it. He just wanted to show her the joys of heavy D/s and the only reason he couldn’t do it in a softer manner was Skye’s pride, so that had to be broken, just a little.

Loki unsnapped the carabiner and let Skye drop to the floor.

“Now for some footwear”

Somehow the resident alien had discovered ballerina boots. The boots were knee-highs, but their peculiarity was that they were shaped like a ballerina’s pointe shoe, just in black leather. Ballerina boots usually had a ridiculously high heel that did nothing, except prevent the wearer from putting weight anywhere, but the tips of her toes. These however did not have any heel – perhaps Loki
didn’t want Skye to have the weapon that a stiletto is.

The boots were lace-ups, which gave Skye some hope, as even when you wear mitten, you can pull the laces. But that optimism was quickly curbed as Loki brought out several small padlocks.

“I see that you had hoped that I would overlook the fact that you can unlace a pair of boots without fingers. Don’t worry pet, I’ve thought about that too”

Loki started lacing up the boots, not unbearably tight, but tight enough that there was no chance that she could slide them down, and then he padlocked the two buckles that had appeared at the ankles and at the top of the boots.

“We can’t have the padlocks bother you when you crawl around on the floor now can we?” Loki said with a sugary sweet smile.

Yeah right, I will not be doing much crawling!

“We shall see dear pet, we shall see”

This wasn’t going Skye’s way at all; Loki were hitting on all the things that she hated and feared – but still, there was that small voice at the back of Skye’s mind trying to remind her that she had actually fantasised about this. But Skye tried to repress this thought and rather bring the anger to the forefront to keep her going.

“Get on your hands and knees, pet, and show me your rear. It is about time we challenge that a bit”

Skye hesitated more than a bit, prompting Loki to warn her:

“You may as well understand it now: from here on onwards I expect my orders to be followed immediately and to the best of your abilities. I may become very demanding, but I can promise you now that I will not ask anything of you that I do not expect you to be able to do, at least to some extent. And if you do what you are told to the best of your abilities, I will be compassionate, but if you refuse or give up, punishment will be swift and severe. So I tell you again – and I very much suggest that you comply – get on your hands and knees and turn around”

Skye did as she was told, but not without more than a pang of fear.

She could hear the characteristic sound of a tube being opened and soon after the cool feeling of a fair about of lube being smeared around her ass hole. Loki started slowly sliding one finger into her ass to get her used to the feeling, soon after a second and a third finger followed. She had to admit that even though she didn’t like ass play, Loki was being nice about it and going slow.

Loki knew that Skye hated everything anal, which meant that it was an ideal place to start breaking her down. He could feel her muscles starting to relax a bit, so he pulled out his fingers and found the butt plug that he had had Stark make for him. There was a bit of magic in it, but mostly it was technology that could be controlled by both him and Jarvis.

Going in the plug was fairly small, but it could grow *fairly* big – and seriously uncomfortable. He was looking very much forward to how Skye would react to his little surprise – she would hate him.

Skye could feel the smooth metal being pressed against her ass and going in surprisingly easy. She knew that resisting would only be more painful, on top of being completely futile.

“I have had Stark make this for you. As you may suspect, both the base and the bulb can change size. And it will change size – depending on a number of things, among these how you behave.”
Loki had decided on a full-frontal attack to start off Skye’s conditioning: starting off with implementing all the constraints and conditions to overwhelm her and make her realise that her best option was compliance. From there Loki hoped that Skye would have a period of semi-acceptable behaviour, where he could tone down the harshness. This would then probably lead to a rebellion, which could again be met with harshness. A couple of waves back and forth and Loki hoped for Skye to have realised that she actually found some pleasure in D/s-play; which would mean that their games could be put on the backburner for now.

“As I expect you to be curious about the features, you get to feel most of them right away”

“uck ooh” Skye grunted.

“Now why did you say that? We were getting off to such a nice start. Very well then, you’ll get one of the more challenging settings then, and the only one to thank for that is yourself, remember that”

Skye could feel the base expanding, which pinched quite a lot. She was almost certain that Loki would keep the stretch “safe”, but that didn’t make it hurt any less. Then the bulb started expanding and naturally that was expanding further than the base.

“Turn around and lie on your back. Spread your legs so I can get to your pussy.”

This time Skye was quick to react – no reason to make things worse for herself.

Loki got a sizable dildo out “You didn’t think that I would only fill your ass, did you? For the coming days or weeks all you holes will be either very open for easy access or very closed for… shall we say training?”

Getting the dildo in was not nice. When your ass is already full, getting a dildo up brings little pleasure if any. In Skye’s case in was just pain.

“How to make sure the dildo does not fall out of you? I had considered a number of piercings on each labia and then padlocking them together… I could also just sew your pussy shut, but that seems a little extreme for now doesn’t it? Well, we’ll just have to make do with magic then”

Having stuff kept in you with magic was a bit weird in Skye’s mind, but then again, why not use magic now that you have it – and it was better than the stitching anyways.

“One thing left to do to your dear pussy. Natasha introduced me to this smart little clamp – it doesn’t exactly work as a cock-ring would on a man, but it makes sure that your clit is extra sensitive. You can still come, but we will get to that later”

Getting the clamp on wasn’t painful; it felt a bit tight, but that was about it.

While Skye had been focused on how her clit was getting slightly more sensitive, Loki had crossed the room and sat down in a chair.

“Come over here and rest next to me”
What You Hate Most of All – The Rules

Chapter Summary

And so the games begin. Skye gets a glimpse of how her life will be for the foreseeable future, and she hates it - and is horribly fascinated by it.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay guys. Life has just been crazy with university.

I hope to get into writing a bit more again, so I'm open to prompts, both in regards to pairings and situations/scenes/toys/etc. ;-)

Comments make my day :-) 

Pairing: Skye/Loki

Kinks: Heavy D/s, kneeling, mind-fuck, rules

Skye knew that Loki meant for her to crawl, but she refused to do just that. She was an accomplished stiletto-wearer and had even tried ballerina boots a few times; when walking in those she wasn’t exactly elegant, but she could at least walk. But as soon as Skye tried to stand up she fell over. She tried a second time, but fell on her “hands” once again; the balance of the shoes was somehow off.

“Having trouble standing up?” Loki asked sarcastically.

Skye took a good look at the boots and now noticed that the plane of the toe had been tipped a little so standing up would be a geometrical impossibility. So that’s what he meant that he would have me on my knees crawling… Bastard!

So much to her displeasure Skye had to start crawling across the floor on her hands and knees as some sort of animal. She had no problem crawling under the dining room table to get her dropped cutlery, but crawling across the floor to a smirking Loki, who sat relaxed on the chair as if it was a throne, was something completely different; it was not on her terms and it was humiliating.

The space between her and Loki seemed to be infinite, but at long last Skye reached Loki’s chair. There was a stool next to him that Skye tried to sit on, but as soon as her buttocks connected with the wood, a shooting pain went up from her ass – the base of the butt plug had been made so it poked out between her butt cheeks.

“Ah, yes. As you may have discovered, you aren’t able to sit down. Since you so hate to kneel, I decided to make it impossible for you to sit as you like – I do believe that I have saved you from many a punishment this way, as I expect that you would not be able to resist sitting down as the rest of us do.”
So within a very short time Skye had gone from independent woman to what? A pet? A sub? A slave? No matter the name, she was now completely dependent on Loki and was cut off from several normal human activities. Kneeling next to Loki, Skye realised a number of things she would now need help with: eating, drinking, going to the rest-room, using tech – if she would even be allowed to do that. Skye hated the situation, but what she hated even more was the fact that her treacherous pussy was dripping wet.

“I see that you realise what the future has in store for you. I have a few rules for you, they will be in effect until I decide otherwise. And you better listen, because you won’t get them in writing. You will not use the furniture, unless you have been explicitly asked to do so – but don’t expect that to happen much, pets belong on the floor – wouldn’t you agree? When you “sit” on the floor, you will of course kneel with your knees apart.”

Loki grabbed Skye’s hair and pulled her head back so he could look her in the eyes.

“No talking. You have a gag in now, it needs to come out every now and then, but that is not an invitation to talk. You are not allowed to come unless I’ve given you explicit permission and since you can’t ask, it means that unless I think about it and give you permission, you are not allowed to come. And I strongly suggest that you don’t come without permission.”

He let go of her hair and started petting her head instead like she was a cat.

“From what I’ve read about Midgardian D/s-relationships, there are many more possible rules, but many of those are irrelevant as you will not leave the Tower for a while, nor will you speak or chose your own clothes – or really anything at all really” and with that Loki started to smile like a maniac, not something you want to see on someone who has the key to your freedom and independence – yet Skye still found it hot – why are psychopaths so hot?

“You will follow me around unless I tell you otherwise; and when you rest you will naturally kneel next to me. Me being stationary for a while means you will be still for a while too and remember, I don’t like fidgeting.”

Oh joy – not only did Skye hate to kneel, because her body didn’t like it, but what it made it worse for her was its connotations. And now she could look forward to an indefinitely long time of being on the floor. And she could probably also look forward to many hours alone in head as she was fairly certain that Loki wouldn’t provide her with outside stimuli such as any entertainment or intellectual challenges such as books or working with her beloved tech while he was working or relaxing. So on top of getting used to this insane life-style, she would also go through tech-withdrawal.

Skye had read a bit about real life torture – which hard-core BDSM’er hadn’t – and Loki was borrowing a lot from those manuals. Within the limitations of BDSM, where you want the person to survive to play another day, there are a number of things you cannot do to the body and mind; in long-time play the mind will break before the body; and Skye had a feeling that Loki would take her right to that breaking point, balance a bit on it, hold her over the depth and then bring her back in. He had taken all her independence, except the one inside of her head, he had made it impossible for her to obtain any information about the world other than what he let her and he had made it impossible for her to communicate with the world – he had essentially trapped her within her own head, with him being the only access point to the outside world. These were the games that Skye had always found fascinating because they were so extreme, but she had never considered participating in them, because who is that insane? Apparently her…
Loki touched Skye’s collar “A last little detail, you can’t walk around with such a dainty, little collar”  
Skye could feel the collar change shape; it didn’t turn into the neck-corset she had seen before, but it became a substantial and very sturdy band around her throat. It also became a little bit too tight, not to a dangerous degree, but it ensured that she could feel the collar at all times. She was also quite certain that it had turned green and gold.
What You Hate Most of All – Silence is Gold

Chapter Summary

Time for dinner - and for Skye to get used to her new role.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay guys. I've just had a few really intense months where I for a while had to leave home around 5.30 in the morning and would be home around 7 in the evening, so that didn't leave much time for fun. After that it was time for my exams (I passed - yay :-) Then two days after my last exam I got the flu, and when I got over that I had 36 healthy hours before I got food poisoning :-(

But now it's the summer holidays, and the summer here in Denmark is especially crappy this year (I still wear long trousers and a jacket a lot of the time) So there should be some time for writing.

Enjoy :-)

It was nearing dinner-time when Loki was done dressing Skye and laying out the rules.

“Are you feeling hungry pet? I am – so let’s go down to the kitchen”

Skye had hoped that she would have some time to get used to her new situation before she had to deal with the Avengers. She knew for a fact that they wouldn’t think any less of her because of the situation she was now in. They might either tease her or ignore her, but there would be no malice; but that didn’t mean that Skye wasn’t apprehensive about crawling into the dining room at Loki’s heel.

Bruce had cooked dinner, it smelled like a very authentic curry, probably one that he had learned to cook while in India; this resulted in Skye’s mouth starting to water even more than it already was.

Clint and Natasha were already in the dining room when Loki and Skye arrived. Both of them smiled at Loki and briefly looked down at Skye, but other than that just ignored her and instead started talking about some new gear Tony had made for Natasha.

Unbeknownst to Skye, Loki had asked the Avengers to refrain from addressing Skye unless it was strictly necessary – such as “duck for cover, we’re being invaded by Doom-bots.” But Skye was none the less happy for not having to deal with people in her current situation.

“I’ll take the gag out now. While it is possible to eat with the gag, I do not want to interrupt my meal by having to perform what I believe you call “the Heimlich Maneuver” on you when you get it down the wrong way. But remember, no gag is not an invitation to talk.”

Naturally Stark wasn’t one to keep his mouth closed. “The floor is a good look on you honey – how
are the toys treating you? You love the butt-plug, right?”

“Fuck you Stark!” Skye replied reflexively and as soon as the words had left her mouth she regretted it. But it was too late; the damage was done and her collar delivered a massive shock to her system and as she tumbled onto her back Loki placed his boot in the middle of her chest and put some weight onto it.

“You were doing so well and then you do something so stupid. We’ll deal with that in depth later, but for now kneel by my chair and try not to get yourself into more trouble than you already are.”

Skye’s stomach was rumbling from hunger, she was very much looking forward to dinner, so when Loki started handfeeding her only plain rice disappointment set in. She didn’t know if it was punishment for cursing at Stark, or if Loki was just an arsehole when it came to feeding her – she suspected a bit of both. Eating plain rice while kneeling on the floor next to the seated Avengers who were enjoying a delicious meal started to drive home the point that this week, or however long it would be, wasn’t just for shit and giggles – Loki really had a goal in mind and wanted to achieve it through conditioning and other means, psychological as well as physical. She also suspected that this experience, which she would most definitely hate while ongoing, would be one that she would treasure later – while she was in it, it would be painful, harsh and unrelenting.

Skye knew that what Loki had set out for her was not “play-time conditioning” it was the real deal – and she had a creeping fear that he most definitely knew what he was doing – a thousand years of playing around meant that he had tried a lot – and perhaps he had also learned something from more sinister applications of these techniques. She didn’t know how far he would take her, but she hoped that he wouldn’t take her past the point of no return – and she had no idea as to how he would avoid this as she didn’t know where her “point of no return” was, so how could he?

How the other Avengers didn’t even acknowledge her presence, as well as the scrumptious smells of the curry in comparison to the blandness of the rice started to irk Skye. She knew these were just small ways of slowly breaking her down, but the knowledge of what was happening, didn’t prevent it from working.

Even though the games hadn’t begun until mid-afternoon, Skye was tired, but apparently, she wouldn’t get much sleep tonight. Perhaps I should learn to shut my mouth on occasion…

Skye sensed that the meal was about to end and hoped to go back to Loki’s rooms and go to bed – and she really hoped that her punishment would be manageable. Loki helped carry the plates and pans to the kitchen and then motioned for Skye to follow him back to his quarters.

“I love the fact that Stark installed one of those fancy Japanese toilets in his Tower, because it means that you can take care of those things yourself. While there is an appeal to control all aspects of your bodily functions, waste products just lack style. While you are tied up or being punished you will not be allowed to use the toilet, but otherwise you may go as you please as long as you do it as quickly as possible. So I recommend that you use it now, while I go and find a toothbrush for you.”

Skye, too, was glad that Stark had installed a system for going to the toilet that could be used without hands; but it worried her a bit that Loki recommended that she went now, because that meant that she most likely wouldn’t be able to go again until morning. As Skye finished Loki came back with a toothbrush.

“Just because your hands are useless, your teeth shall not suffer.”

Loki sat down on the edge of the bathtub. “Come over here and kneel with your back to me and then
lean back so you can rest your head in my lap.”

Having someone else brush your teeth when you are an adult is a little humiliating. Skye could, fortunately for her, rationalize it and just see it as Loki being concerned for her, but she knew that if she thought too much about it, her face would turn beet red. Apart from that, Skye noted that Loki was quite good at brushing her teeth.

“Nice and clean again” Loki remarked “I had hoped that I could now have put the more comfortable gag in, it wouldn’t strain you jaw as much during the night; but with your behaviour at dinner, you made sure that you would keep the spider-gag for at least another day. And you will have a very uncomfortable night too” Loki smiled.

This time Skye didn’t fight Loki as he put in the gag, she knew that she was in enough trouble as it was.
Skye is punished for her slip-up at dinner and she is not happy about it - too bad, because Loki is loving every minute of it.

So sorry for the delay. My summer holiday has been really good, but also crazy busy. My apartment is being renovated, so I'm living bit here and there at family and friend’s places. But - Good news, I've gotten accepted into a university that's only 25 min away by bus, rather than the 3 hours I've traveled for the past year :-

And I've recently gotten plenty of inspiration after having been on a kinky holiday for a week, so I'm looking forward to writing more of this fic :)

Kinks: Predicament bondage, anal hook, bondage, clamps.

Loki rarely looked angry or shouted at her, but his perpetual slightly maniacal smile, coupled with a voice that was at times ice-cold and at time disturbingly playful, was even more scary and intimidating, because you didn’t know where things were heading.

“Remember that this was entirely of your own making. And you will have plenty of time to think during the night”

Skye was kneeling on the bedroom floor as Loki was getting a frightening amount of toys ready.

“I won’t put the butt-plug in, because I have something else for you to enjoy during the night.”

Loki showed Skye a smooth piece of metal that had been bent into the shape of a hook; at the end that would go into her there was a ball the size of a small ping-pong ball. The other end had an eye, so rope could be threaded through it.

“Aren’t anal hooks a wonderful toy? I did consider the type without a ball, but Stark lend me his where the ball can vibrate”

As things were, it wasn’t the worst thing to have shoved into your ass, it wasn’t overly large or a weird shape. But Skye was certain that Loki had more cruelties up his sleeve.

Loki threaded the rope through the eye and tied it loosely around her throat – it didn’t feel as if this was supposed to be the final arrangement, more like he just had to keep track of it while he did other things.

The next thing Loki brought out was a single sleeve. The mittens Skye wore could be connected at the wrists and above the elbows, but apparently, Loki wanted something more uncomfortable. And the sleeve was definitely not comfortable. When Loki put it one her and started to lace it up, Skye
could feel that he tightened it a lot - not all the way, but enough to put a bit of a strain on her shoulders and enough for her to have to push out her boobs, which then prompted Loki to put some seriously tight straps around them.

When the sleeve was on, Loki made Skye move towards a pole that had been mounted between two pillars and then lifted her up so her arms were on one side and her body on the other.

“We wouldn’t want you to fall over during the night. Rise a bit so I can fit the thigh cuffs on you”

The combination of ankle cuffs and thigh cuffs is never a good one when you are already kneeling, because it almost always means that your thighs will be connected to your ankles – and you will then not be able to rise. Skye could feel Loki connecting the ankles to her thighs - Oh joy…

“You’ll have more than enough to keep you company during the night, so you just get at set of love balls in your pussy.” More than enough, so I guess that he’s not done…

And just as she had suspected, Loki brought out more toys. The straps had been around her boobs a little while now, so they were sensitive, not painful, just very responsive to touch. So of course Loki took out the Japanese clover-clamps – the kind of clamps where they tighten the more you pull on the chain connecting them… How considerate of him.

“Yes, I am very considerate. But don’t worry, you won’t be wearing them all night – at some point you’ll pull them off” I will pull them off?

He then connected them to a hook in the floor, so she would have something to pull against.

“I’ve magicked them a bit so you can’t just pull them off right away – where would the fun be in that? Now stick out your tongue, I have a clamp for that as well”

Skye really didn’t want a clamp on her tongue, you drool like crazy and your tongue is really sensitive. She tried keeping her tongue in; but in the end Loki persuaded her to stick it out – by pinching her nipples on top of the clamps… This clamp was then connected to the hook in the floor, just like the nipple clamps.

“I see that you are getting the point, this too won’t come off right away, but it’ll come off at some point. What more to decorate you with? I think that’s about it for now.”

Loki walked behind Skye and got the rope waiting around Skye’s neck. With all the other stuff going on, Skye had just about forgotten it; but now she was made acutely aware of it – because Loki had attached the end of it to a pulley-system in the ceiling and was starting to pull her up. And with a metal hook up your ass you follow. Skye rose until the chain between her ankles and thighs stopped her – and of course Loki had made sure that she ran out of chain before her thighs were vertical, so she could get no rest from her aching legs this way. When the chain was at its max. extension the hook in her ass wasn’t too uncomfortable. But she didn’t have to lower herself much before the hook became uncomfortable.

“I see that you are noticing your problems – don’t you just love predicament bondage?” Loki said with a ridiculously wide smile.

When Skye alleviated the pain in her ass by rising, the pinch in her tongue and tits, became very intense – not unbearable, but close, and when she lowered herself all the way the pain in her ass became almost unbearable.

Skye was see-sawing a bit back and forth to see if she could find a compromise between ass and tits, but she couldn’t really find one, so she decided to give her boobs a rest.
“Oh, I almost forgot; you’re not supposed to have the straps around you boobs all night, so I’ll just take the off.”

Skye didn’t know if he had disappeared them by magic or had just done it very fast manually, but the pain in her pinched nipples as the blood rushed back was quite impressive. She instinctively sat down to alleviate the pull, but this resulted in a sharp pull to her ass, causing her to cry out and shoot up again. Skye’s eyes started to get wet – this was just too much.

At the same time she could feel the bulb of the hook starting to expand and vibrate.

“Clint told me about this neat machine Stark had built, it reacts to a person’s voice, so the more you scream or cry, the more the bulb will inflate. I hope this will motivate you to be quiet during the night - after all, I don’t think it would be wise to keep me awake. This nice machine will however also reward you, the longer you remain quiet, the more the bulb will shrink; but it’ll never go back to the start setting. You’ve now made sure that you can’t go back to setting zero, it can only shrink to setting 1, so try and not getting it too big. And if you keep quiet for long enough, it’ll also reward you with some vibrations”

The night was just beginning and Skye was already feeling seriously challenged.

“I think you are just about dressed up for the night.”

Loki then reached around from behind and fastened a blindfold over Skye’s eyes. Fair enough, that’s pretty standard. But then she felt a pair of industrial strength earmuffs being fitted over her ears.

The last thing Skye saw was Loki’s arrogant smile and the last thing she heard was a soft “Goodnight pet.”
What You Hate Most of All - Goodnight? Probably not

Chapter Summary

Skye's night in hell progresses, she's alone in her head and Loki is having a blast of a time.

Loki you mother-fucking #¤#”%^%&”%^%’#¤ son of a #¤(“^%^)”%^=’#¤ whore!

Skye was scared, really and truly scared, she would have to spend an entire night only accompanied by herself and the ever-present pain – there would be no unconsciousness or sleep and she doubted that she would be able to swim off into sub-space. No matter what she did, she was in pain, and on top of that she was trapped in her head with no way of distracting herself or escaping her ever-active brain; she was blind, deaf, mute and almost paralyzed. And her mind and body was on fire.

Loki could feel Skye’s mind starting to unravel – things were working out just as he had hoped. He had started dressing Skye up around 11 pm and had put the earmuffs on around an hour later; his promise had been that she would stay there ‘the night’ – how long would a night be? With this kind of conditioning he couldn’t go back on his word just because he felt sorry for her. She would have to stay there for a significant length of time – enough that she would feel that she had stayed there “a night”, otherwise he would just undermine his own authority. In a small corner of his mind, he did feel sorry for her; what she was going through was absolutely horrible, but mostly he enjoyed seeing the tears running down her cheeks in a steady stream and feeling how her mind was an inferno of hatred, pain, helplessness and fortunately a bit of lust. The lust was far, far, from being the predominant feeling, but it would help her deal with all the rest.

When would he call it a night? Skye hoped that it wouldn’t be a straight 8 hours, because she honestly didn’t know if she could do it – but if she couldn’t do it, what would happen? She had no safe-word and was trapped inside her own head with the only channel of communication being through Loki’s brain, which would probably be asleep during the night. With the small part of Skye’s brain which was still capable of rational thought, she realized that she would remain in this Hell for some time, Loki couldn’t, nor would, go back on his promise, so she had to find a way to deal with the pain, panic and fear.

Loki had deliberately put Skye in a position where she wouldn’t be in danger even if she happened to pass out, she would be very sore when she came to, but nothing would be harmed. He was, mostly, a responsible top, so he wouldn’t leave her entirely unsupervised, but he would go to sleep – though with a spell on Skye that would tell him if she was in severe distress.

Skye had alternated between having a pain in her ass and having her nipples pulled a few times and she could feel how the clamps had been moved so they were now even more painful as they were now at the tips of her nipples, but there was no logic as to when the winch pulled them slightly more off. She considered moving up and down a lot to pull them off sooner, but she suspected that Loki’s cruel system would then just make them stay on longer…

Loki knew that Skye would be in pain for the entire night, but he also knew that the thing that would, most likely, break her would be the uncertainty of when the torture would end, how painful it could potentially become and her general helplessness. She had tried pain before, bondage before and mind-games before; but she had never tried them together in such a potent cocktail, where she
couldn’t even escape through a safe-word. Loki had planned most elements of these days, but one thing he hadn’t decided on yet was whether or not to provide after-care for Skye. On the one hand this was hard-core punishment in a 24/7 TPE setting; punishments are not supposed to have any silver-linings and after-care would be comfort, consideration and love. But on the other hand, the after-care would probably cause her to feel a profound gratitude towards him, because kind words and physical contact after torture is very effective at forging a bond where she would feel indebted to him and would therefore obey him.

She had no sense of how long she had been kneeling in the quiet darkness, it could be minutes or hours, and that was almost the worst thing, when you know the duration of something you can count yourself through the experience – running and swimming long distances had made her excellent at doing fractions, because what else should you occupy your brain with when the only concrete thing you have in your vicinity is lanes and miles? But now she had nothing, no sense of time and no idea as to how far she would have to count even if she found a way to count.

Even though the pain was excruciating, she had managed to only make a little noise, so the hook hadn’t expanded to a painful size and was still manageable; but that didn’t prevent the tears from continually running down her cheeks. The main cause of the tears was not the pain, but rather the helplessness – and the annoyance of feeling that her pussy was more moist that she would like it to be.

Sometimes having a villainous streak came in handy – right now Loki was glad that he could, more or less, turn his compassion off, because otherwise it would be hard to leave Skye to suffer through the night.

On Asgard he had played a bit and even though people were more sturdy there, he had never played like this – on the other hand: had anyone ever played like this? Mortals and gods engaging in extreme BDSM isn’t exactly a common occurrence… Previously he had had to hold back, he still had to hold back some of his physical power, but he could let lust and cruelty run free without feeling bad about it – he had been granted a carte blanche by the Avengers to do most things and to enjoy everything.

For the first couple of hours Loki sat in a chair a few meters from Skye, where he alternated between reading a book and enjoying the chaos inside Skye’s mind. He would go to sleep for a few hours, just to enjoy the fact that he could leave her to suffer on her own while he was having even more obscene dreams - even with magic there are things that can only be done in dreams…

It took Skye about two and a half hours to pull off the clamps, and by the end Skye couldn’t help trying to move up and down more in the hopes that they would be pulled off sooner rather than later; because once the clamps are right at the edge of the skin the pull is the greatest and the skin the most sensitive. The seconds, and maybe minutes, right after the clamps came off, Skye however wondered why she had wanted the clamps off, because now blood was rushing back into the harassed nipples and tongue which just made them all the more sensitive.

A little while after Skye had managed to pull of the clamps Loki decided to go to bed and get a few hours of sleep. Before letting himself drift off into some truly vulgar and obscene dreams Loki took a peek into Skye’s brain, just to be on the safe side and make sure that she was still more or less sane.

Much to his surprise Skye had managed to find some calmness now that she didn’t have to balance three types of pain, but rather two. The pain coming from the clamps had been unpredictable, as Skye hadn’t known when it would change, but at the same time she knew that it would stop at some point. But now she could control the pain and had found a rhythm where she counted her way through equally long periods where either her thighs were burning, but her butt go some rest, or her
thighs got some rest, while the hook pulled on her ass.

With a little trial and not too much error Skye had also found the threshold of how much noise she could make without triggering the mechanism that would inflate the hook. She was now able to let out a little steam through some very quiet sounds, but as it was, every little thing helped.

With the small outlet of noise and the calmer mind, Skye now started counting her way through the night. She had no idea of how long she would count, but at least she had found something meditative to keep her mind occupied with.
What You Hate Most of All – Good morning?

Chapter Summary

Skye’s hellish night is almost over and Loki’s more tender side shows.

Chapter Notes

I know it’s been a while, but this story-line is really doing me in. I feel as if I’ve painted myself into a corner, and now I’m just waiting for the paint to dry so I can tip-toe across the floor and get on with other story-lines. There’s a few chapters left in the "What you hate most of all" story and then we get back to one-story-one-chapter for a while. As usual I don’t know when the next chapter will be up, as the exam-period at uni is starting next week - and my last exam is on December 21st... But I have a good long holiday where I hope to be able to write a bit :)

Skye had no idea of how much time had passed, when she felt the swish of air from someone walking close by; but her thighs had given out more than a few counts back, so for a while she had been stuck with a very painful pull in her ass. No matter how much she had tried, she just couldn’t get her shaking thigh muscles to do what she wanted them to.

That small indication of her not being alone anymore gave her some hope that her pains would soon be over. And of course, Loki used this against her, so from the moment he had let her know that he was awake, he’d let her wait another 15 min or so – or maybe it was only 2 min, any time was too long.

During the morning Loki had come to the conclusion that Skye would get some aftercare. It wouldn’t be the one he would usually provide (cuddles and kind words), rather he would give Skye a bath.

Loki had carried Skye into the bathroom and put her on the plush bath mat in front of the steaming tub and crouched down to look her in the eyes.

“I’m going to take this gag out for a little while before I put the more comfy one in - and just as I said last time, this is not an invitation for you to talk. You will not like the consequences.”

Skye’s mouth had been kept open for hours and hours, so getting the spider gag out was a release.

“And can I trust you to not try and stand up or grab anything when I take the boots and mittens off you?” Loki asked slowly.

Skye nodded - she was simply too tired and worn out to put up any sort of resistance.

Even though Skye was exhausted and in pain just about everywhere, she was still experiencing a feeling of devotion towards Loki. Her brain was somewhat sluggish, but Skye still gave it a thought
that she was having mostly positive feelings towards tormentor. Loki had orchestrated her pain and punishment, but for some reason Skye couldn’t resent him for it; he had done it because he cared for her - *this really sounds like Stockholm Syndrome* - but Skye knew (hoped?) that it wasn’t, it was “merely” the feeling of gratitude and love towards a person she trusted enough to do horrible things to her. Skye had played with many kinds of tops and had had many fun and exciting games, but the best ones were the intense ones. The ones where she trusted the top so much that she could let everything go and afterwards enjoy this wonderful feeling.

Loki had gotten most of Skye’s clothes off; he had done it by hand rather than by magic, as he could then be close to Skye and hold her as he undressed her. Even though they had a very high-intensity game going on, you couldn’t be at 100% all the time, and this little interlude would also provide Skye with an opportunity to feel the gratitude towards him, that was so important in his further plan. Molding someone with only pain is a good way to ensure that something break for good - and Loki didn’t want break Skye like that.

He lifted her into the tub, but stayed outside himself, getting in would have put them at too much of the same level and he still wanted to maintain the difference and dominance. But unless Skye did something incredibly stupid, this would just be a tender bath for her.

She had a faraway look in her eyes, so Loki decided not to try and talk to her, he would have to bring her back to earth at some point, but decided that it could wait as long as possible. For now, he just bathed her and lifted her out of the tub, so he could dry her and dress her again.

When Loki grabbed onto her to lift her up, Skye did reach out to hold onto him, but a quick look into her mind showed that it was simply a reflex of being lifted up by someone.

While he had bathed Skye, he had been careful to be almost asexual and very gentle, he knew that she would be in a very fragile frame of mind. But now that she was out he had to get her dressed and that would be a drop back down into reality for her.

“Now pet, it’s time to get dressed. And please don’t make a fuss, you know you won’t win and you’ll just hurt yourself.” Loki said in an annoyingly reasonable voice as he brought out a fresh set of her previous outfit.

“If you behave nicely I will let you eat before I put in the new gag.”

Putting on the clothes this time was just as cumbersome as the first time, but this time it hurt a little more, because she had just been free for a little while, but was now being forced back into it again.

Skye had been sitting on the floor as he put on the mittens and boots, but now she had to get up on her knees for him to have enough space to manoeuvre the corset on to her.

“Remember I said that the corset would be tightened every day? What shall we go with… an inch? You’ve been a good girl”

The corset had started out tight, so Skye was not looking forward to having it tightened. The tight corset didn’t restrict her breathing much, but it was the compressed feeling around her lower ribs that got uncomfortable. It wasn’t so bad that she would call it pain, but it was a constant annoyance in the back of her mind. A loosely tied corset was a tight hug, a firmly laced corset took away some of your mobility. But Skye would soon, perhaps already tomorrow, reach the point where the corset was so tight that if you lay down on your back, the abdominal muscled will be useless due to their constriction and you won’t be able to sit up unless you use your hands to push you up. For a brief second Skye considered pleading with Loki to not tighten it as much, but just before she opened her mouth her brain kicked into gear and shut it again.
Loki had watched Skye’s eyes in the mirror and seen her pleading eyes, but had only smiled at them and then taken yet another peek into her mind and to his surprise found her to be self-monitoring and weighing her actions and behaviour against consequences. Her night in hell had worked just as intended, their game was far from done, but it was a good start that she wasn’t as defiant as when they started.

“On your hands and knees, time to get the plug and dildo in”

At that Skye just couldn’t help making a sound, she had almost said a certain word, but had (almost?) managed to turn it into just a sound before it left her mouth. Her ass was just so sore after having an anal hook pull at it all night. As soon as the sound left her mouth Loki had a painfully firm hold on her hair pulling her so far back that she was off balance - if he let go she would fall to the hard bathroom floor - *yup, my carefully trained abs are now useless.*

“Consider your next move very carefully. You have been a very good girl so far this morning, but I can make it turn very torturous very fast - and do you really want to anger me?” Loki sneered. He pulled her head just a bit more backwards just to underscore his point, before getting her back up to an upright position.

“Remember, without me you are helpless” Loki stated matter-of-factly.

And he was right, she really was on her own - with an alien demi-god and mass murderer, who enjoyed hard-core BDSM…

She slowly got on her hands and knees, even though the mere thought of having anything shoved up her butt was painful, what Loki would do if she resisted would undoubtedly be much worse.

Skye had had a moment of rebellion, but had surrendered fast when confronted with her helplessness and dependency, so in the end Loki hadn’t had to use pain and the consequences of this little hiccup wouldn’t be unbearable.

“I had planned on hardly expanding the plug, but your little show of defiance has forced me to expand it. Please don’t do anymore stupid things today. It would be in your best interests.”

Getting the plug in hurt just as much as she had feared. Although she had a rough idea of how much the human body could take, and knew that this was probably still within normally safe limits, it still felt as if the fine skin around her hole was splitting. It felt like an age to get the damned thing in, but it was probably more like 5 minutes - Loki really had been gentle in getting it in. The stretch over the bulb really was the worst, but after that it was almost bearable and fortunately only made a little more painful by the slight expansion Loki had promised.

“Dressed and ready to face the day? Good - let’s have breakfast in my kitchen today.”

Skye was so happy that she wouldn’t have to face any more of the tower just yet, her brain was still mushy and would probably stay that for a while. In the kitchen Loki ordered her to kneel next to his chair so he could handfeed her pieces of his breakfast; although the corset was making her stomach much smaller, getting some food was fantastic after the night she had had. The drinking part was a little harder though, as drinking from a glass someone else holds is surprisingly difficult - the coordination is just off and you end up with water down the front.

It was still very early in the morning, so after breakfast Loki let Skye curl up around his feet to sleep a little while he relaxed with a book, before he had to “get to work” i.e. help the Avengers around the Tower. Just as before they had promised to ignore Skye, which was probably good as her mind had gone very quiet.
For the following days Loki and Skye followed a very calming daily rhythm of getting up rather early for breakfast followed by him reading with her curled around his feet like a content cat, after this he would join the Avengers for most of the day, where Skye just crawled after him like a dedicated pet. Lunches they would have with the other Avengers, while dinners would be eaten on their own.

After breakfast on the first day Loki had introduced Skye to the “comfy gag.” It still prevented her from closing her teeth, but she could close her lips, so the drooling was kept down a bit. And the gag really was comfy; it was mostly made of stiff wire, but it fit entirely into her mouth so there were no straps digging into the corners of her mouth, yet it was impossible to spit out.

The ‘not being allowed in the furniture’ also extended to the bed - which Skye really disliked. She loved cosying up on a soft mattress under a warm duvet, but now all she got was one of Bruce’s tatami mats placed at the foot of Loki’s bed and a woollen blanket - and what she disliked the most was that during the night she was chained to Loki’s bed by her collar.

But apart from being chained to a bed post like a dog, Skye was surprised to find that she was appreciating the experience. After that first time in hell, things had quieted down a lot - especially in her head. She had heard about how there is a calmness and freedom to not having to think or make decisions. Skye loved and treasured her freedom and independence, so she hadn’t really been able to empathise with those people until now - because that peace in being ruled really was there.

She had seen the video from Loki’s speech in Germany and clearly remembered how his words and his manners had terrified her - and turned her on. And now she was crawling at the feet of that god. He really had subjugated her, and she had found peace in that place.
What You Hate Most of All – Guest from Hell

Chapter Summary

“Yes darling, I am *that* Lucifer” he said with a big grin on his face as his eyes briefly turned the colour of flames.

Chapter Notes

So - at last the story is moving elsewhere. I like D/s in moderation and I wrote myself into a corner with too much D/s, so now for something completely different.

There is not enough Lucifer BDSM-smut! And since Tom Ellis' Lucifer is so fantastic, I had to have him meet Loki.

There won’t be much smut in this chapter, just snark and banter, but in the following chapter the devil get's to have some fun - any requests?

Gotta get to bed now, tomorrow - on a Saturday - I have a 4 hour written exam...

Pairing: Skye/Loki, Skye/Loki/Lucifer, Skye/Lucifer

“You’ll get to meet a friend of mine today. He is actually from a different universe, so I don’t get to see him much. But I just found out that he’s taking a holiday here on Midgard.”

Loki opened a portal and out of thin air stepped yet another tall, dark and hand-some man.

Loki went to embrace the stranger whose face beamed with a cocky smile.

“Lucifer Morningstar – I haven’t seen you in ages.”

Skye’s head went up to really look at the stranger, because that’s not a name just anyone has. No, it couldn’t be, I mean, the Lord of Hell, but that’s…

“Yes darling, I am *that* Lucifer” he said with a big grin on his face as his eyes briefly turned the colour of flames.

What. The. Actual. Fuck?

As Loki and Lucifer were catching up, Skye’s brain was melting. Playing with the Avengers, Skye often thought “How is this my life?” but today definitely took the price for the most out-there experience: she was in a room with the Devil himself. And apparently, the Father of All Lies and the God of Lies were besties – “Where did you meet? Support-group for supernatural entities with daddy-issues?” - and just as that thought passed through her brain both men, for lack of a better word, turned around to look at her as if they could hear her.

Good god - of whatever religion - that sight turned her on: sitting at the feet of one handsome god
clad in dark green leather and one hot fallen angel in the most well-cut suit, both of them were looking down at her with their most predatory smiles. Skye could have melted right then and there, from pure overload of horniness.

Lucifer crouched down in front of her and tilted her chin, so he could look her in the eyes.

“You know how Loki feels about his dad and I assume that you know how I feel about mine, which means ‘daddy-issues’ is the understatement of the millennium; so do you really think that it is a good idea broach this topic, being in the position you are in? No? Good.”

*Oh my god that man… devil… whatever… has charisma. But he doesn’t look like the devil. Have we mere mortals misunderstood the concept like we’ve done with so many other things? I mean Loki isn’t actually evil, he’s just… morally ambiguous? Is Hell not what we think Hell is?*

“Don’t worry dear, Hell can be exactly what you’d think it’d be, but I only accept actual evil people, so we’ll take the paedophiles, the murderers and the rapists, but we don’t want the homosexuals or those who mix fibres – what is up with that weird law you humans came up with? I mean how would I ever get wrinkle-free dress shirts if I couldn’t mix fibres? Anyways, Hell is whatever you fear most, so guess what a violent homophobe will do for eternity? Yes, I can look like “The Devil” – but why look like that when I can look like my handsome angelic self? You’re a curious one aren’t you?”

“Well – duh! – it’s not like you meet the actual Devil himself every other day.”

“Fair point” Lucifer replied.

“So what is your deal here, Loki? Last time we met, you were walking around the outer branches of The Tree seeking all sorts of obscure secrets. From what I gather you’re living in the tower belonging to an eccentric billionaire, who is also regarded by many as a hero – not your usual crowd – as I remember you find heroes boring?”

“After we met in your universe, I returned to my own realm for a while, made some insensible choices, tried to invade Earth, got thrown into *Dad’s* prison, and was then more or less exiled here, into the custody of the Avengers and my brother. Our relationship was cordial, but boring, until we found out that we shared similar proclivities – and then the fun began.”

“What about your pet then? How did you get to meet her?”

“She worked with them a few times. But it wasn’t until her team visited the tower for a social gathering that I met her. And then again, I didn’t really get to know her until the little minx broke into the tower a few days later. Anyways, we needed a bottom, preferably female, in the tower, and there she was: already quite experienced and very – shall we say – adventurous, so we borrowed her from her team and she’s now our live-in playmate.”

“So what am I doing here, Loki? Your message just said to come here if I wanted a bit of kinky fun.”

*Ha ha ha… so the Devil is both an off-duty and on-duty sadist… it figures.*

“Last time we met, you complained a bit about a lack of play-partners for other things than casual sex. And while I know that you never hide who you are, no one really know who you are. So I’m offering you to play with someone who *do* know of your angelic nature and won’t run away – even if she could” Loki replied with a smirk on his lips.

“Well, isn’t that kind of you. Although she knows what and who I am, what difference does it make? She seems to be human, so she can’t exactly withstand angelic strength…”
“I made her a bit more durable when we started playing; it doesn’t interfere with either her mortality or humanity - it just makes her rather hard to kill unless that is your intention. I wanted to be able to play with her without having to hold back too much, so I figure that’ll work out for you too.”

“So - what you are saying is that I can get to play with a fully informed fuck doll, who can withstand much more that mere mortals? Sometimes I do envy your universe’s magic” The Devil said with a contemplative smile in his eyes.

“But what can I do to her and with her? There are so many things that I haven’t played with in ages, because most people don’t really lean that way - you know what I mean…” and with that Lucifer’s eyes blazed red just for a brief moment and Skye could see how the Devil could play the same game for fun and for genuine eternal torment. I guess some skills are transferable from Hell after all…

“The first evening I played with her I more or less killed her - I slit her wrists and asked her to come before she bled out…”

“That is seriously fucked up, man - and absolutely ingenious.”

“What are the limits?” Lucifer eagerly asked.

“None really… just hand her back in a condition where she can be healed without too much magic on soul or body.” Loki replied with a very casual voice and a seriously wicked smile. Lucifer turned his back to Skye, so she couldn’t see his face for the next question.

“Can I take her back to…?”

She could hear the smile in his voice, but what scared her more was the look on Loki’s face: his eyes were shining with malice. And when Loki replied he could hardly contain his grin.

“Of course, I wouldn’t deny you the comfort of playing on your home turf, so to speak”

Skye was kneeling on the floor and just staring at the mouth agape, so she hardly resisted when Lucifer walked over to her and picked her up, hoisted her over his shoulder and walked over to the portal Loki had opened. Was she going to hell??? What?? Admittedly she was more curious than most people, but even for her wanting to visit Hell was a stretch.

“When should I have her back?”

“Within a couple of days, I guess? When you have sated your desires? Just give me a call - and please don’t kill her too much.”
Chapter Summary

Lucifer and Skye get to play - and Skye learns that she really has to be careful about what she wishes for...

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the long wait. My muse apparently decided to take a very long holiday :-( But I hope that my muse will help me finish these chapters in the "What You Hate Most of All", because I've actually got several stand-alone chapters that I wrote ages ago.

Any ideas for what Skye should offer Lucifer? I decided to end the story here even though I wanted to write her entire play-date with Lucifer in one chapter, but then I got stuck with what she would offer him, so I decided to post what I had - but I'm totally open for ideas.

Pairing: Skye/Lucifer

Kinks: Forced orgasms, multiple orgasms, fixation, bondage

Going through the portal was no different from stepping through a dark walkway, but that hadn’t prevented Skye from closing her eyes so hard that it almost hurt, and now she hardly dared opening them again, because what would Hell be like?

Much to her surprise what she saw when she at last opened her eyes was a metropolitan skyline outside the window of what looked like a luxury penthouse apartment.

“Eh…. Huh?” was all Skye could articulate and ask through the gag.

Lucifer had almost gently deposited her on a soft rug and had gone to get himself something to drink.

“You didn’t think I would take you to Hell, did you? I’m on Earth because I got tired of ruling that dreadful place, so that’s the last place I would take you.”

He took a sip of his drink and turned to Skye.

“Now, as you may have picked up on, I like to talk - I don’t do villain monologues like Loki, but I do like the back-and-forth with my partner. And since Loki said I could do with you as I wanted, I’ll take out the gag”

“Thank you” Skye said as soon as the gag was out of her mouth.

“So… Loki have had you crawling around on the floor for the past week then? The bastard always liked power - not that I can blame him, his dad really is an asshole and would probably end up in my backyard if we lived in the same universe and he could, you know, die…”
Lucifer walked over to Skye and crouched down.

“I know I may be undoing some of Loki’s ideas, but although blow jobs are good - hand-jobs are too, so I’ll take of the mittens. The boots look fantastic on you, but I want you mobile - besides you know who I am and what I am, so you also know that I will get what I want…”

Getting the boots and mittens off were fantastic - you don’t appreciate your hands and feet enough, until you are robbed of their use for a long time.

“Now tell me, Skye, what do you want more than anything in this world? What’s your deepest, darkest desire?” Lucifer asked while looking deep in her eyes with that devilish smile playing on his face.

Wauw there’s some powerful magic behind those words. “I want to come, please, Lucifer?”

“Ask and you shall receive - like good old Matthew said. But be careful what you wish for, dear” Lucifer replied with that glint in his eye that said that he had some trick up his sleeve that Skye couldn’t yet see.

“And by the way - it’s not magic, it’s divinity.”

Skye had been denied orgasms for the better part of a week, which meant that by now she was really horny, so when Lucifer asked what she wanted, it wasn’t a hard question to answer. Having just been sitting at the feet of two sexy predators had really turned her on - she knew how dangerous they were, knew that they had wreaked havoc on so many people and places, yet here they were playing with her. It was her vampire/psychopath fascination coming happily out to play - the idea of playing with something potentially deadly turned her on so damn much.

Lucifer took Skye into a small playroom off his bedroom.

“We could play in my bed, but I can’t immobilize you as well there.”

The playroom was not large, when you play together only two people a ballroom just isn’t intimate, there is such a thing as too much space; but it was furnished just as you would think the devil would do it - in all black and burgundy. It may be cliché, but those two colours really would be the national colours of BDSM’ers should the ever found a nation. Lucifer walked Skye over to a “chair” in a corner.

“Get up darling - I need you at a proper working height”

The chair didn’t look particularly comfy, it was all harsh angles and corners and with a very narrow seat. Skye got up on it and sat as comfortably as she could.

“You asked to come - so you’ll get to come, but just to make sure you won’t stop me before *I’m* done having fun, let’s just get you strapped on to the chair”

Firstly, Lucifer strapped the belt hanging from the chair around Skye’s waist, so she wouldn’t fall anywhere, then he attached Skye’s collar to the high back of the chair. Next up were Skye’s wrists, which were attached to the crossbar, so her arms were stretched out to each side (as if she was on a cross - ha ha). And next up were her legs - this was where Skye knew she would have to fight a little to give herself a bit of slack in the rope for later, but with Lucifer’s strength that thought left her mind quite fast. All she was thinking about was not getting skin stuck between the rows of rope strapping her to the chair. While the seat was very narrow, two padded surfaces extended at a 100-degree angle from the seat - one for each leg. So as Lucifer were tying Skye’s legs down he was also ensuring that she would not be able to close her legs.
“Well then, now you won’t go anywhere. As I said before - be careful what you wish for, because
you will get to come, but you will get to come until you scream in pain.”

Skye had never really tried forced orgasms before, normally when tops started going that way she
just stopped responding. It wasn’t like guys who start reciting baseball statistics to avoid coming, but
more like ignoring what was happening and then just not coming - and when the tops noticed that
she wasn’t coming, they stopped their ministrations - but Skye had a feeling that this wouldn’t be the
case here. Just as with Loki, Lucifer had millennia of practise. He may have been playing on the
darker side of the force, but some skills are useful for more than one thing - hacking had gotten Skye
at job at S.H.I.E.L.D. and the most intense and insane sexual experiences.

“You humans have one thing going for you - your inventiveness. Unfortunately, a lot of that goes
into new ways of killing each other, but fortunately for me, a lot of creativity goes into inventing sex
toys. Maze recommended this little thing. It’ a Black Fairy - perhaps you have heard of it?”

Yeah, Skye most definitely had heard about it. While Hitatchis were “the original” vibrator, Fairies
had soon caught up, especially since they were actually meant for sex, whereas Hitachi didn’t really
want their vibrators associated with sex. Fairies were nice vibrators, but apparently some insane
engineer had decided that you needed 13500 rpm on a sex toy… as the add said “That’s more than
most washing machines…” Anyways the “beauty” of Black Fairies were that they could go from
“nice, normal vibrator” to “vibrator from hell, go the fuck away” - Skye started to sense where things
were going - because a Black Fairy is one thing that is hard to escape, even if you want to.

Sitting in the position Skye were, she had no defence against Lucifer pushing the Fairy against her
clit. He was nice and started out with the vibrator on a low setting, but apart from that he just went
right for the prize.

Skye could at times have a hard time coming, but as soon as the Fairy touched her clit she could feel
that that would not be the case today. Lucifer and Loki had turned her on by just being there and add
to that that she hadn’t come in quite a while - so she was good and ready for an orgasm.

She could feel that the first orgasm was approaching fast, her legs and arms were tensing and
relaxing in their ropes and cuffs and she could feel how here pussy was squeezing together; as her
breathing was growing more ragged and she was just about to topple over the edge Lucifer stopped.

“You bastard!”

“Well, not really a bastard, but I get where you are coming from.”

That feeling of having an orgasm stopped right when you’ve let go is so frustrating. It’s almost as
annoying as having a yawn stolen… eh, perhaps a stolen orgasm was worse.

Lucifer soon brought the vibrator back to her clit and Skye started the roller coaster climb to the top,
she was a bit hesitant to let go, because what if Lucifer would stop again. But this time he had
already let her get further, so she let go… aaaand Lucifer stopped again.

“You motherfucking son of a bitch!”

“Now now, mind your language. Let’s go again - I’m having so much fun with this.”

Lucifer was sitting in a chair in front of Skye, so he could clearly see how she writhed in her seat and
see how she approached her orgasm. The second time he prevented her from coming really made
him smile, because he could sense how she was a little apprehensive about letting go after the last
attempt at orgasm had been stopped so abruptly. But this time he let her get a little further, far enough
that she trusted him to let her come, and then he stopped.

The girls Lucifer usually had sex with were more bland - they were good in bed and all that, but as Loki had said: it was a while since Lucifer had let go. When you run a sexy night club, where you want the clientele to come back it’s good to have a reputation of being a womanizer and good in bed, a reputation for being a sadist with “freaky” tendencies were however not good. But now Lucifer had a willing “victim” - more than willing actually, he could see how both he and Loki affected her, she was putty in his hands, and faced with all the opportunities he had the age-old problem: Where to start? What to do?

Lucifer brought the vibrator back to Skye’s clit and let her ride the roller-coaster up. He had turned down the speed to an almost annoyingly slow pace. The Fairy’s onslaught on Skye’s pussy was no longer painful, but with the speed all the way down, she continually felt as if she was just about to come, but couldn’t quite gain the momentum to get over the edge.

Lucifer could feel Skye’s frustration, he wouldn’t be much of a devil if he didn’t know how to taunt people. Let’s let her get a bit further. He turned up the speed just enough for Skye to hope for an orgasm, it would be an unfulfilling one, but she could probably come.

“I know that you know that I’ve just sped up this wand enough for you to come, but both of us also know that the orgasm you would get out of it would be… unfulfilling, so I suggest that you hold off”

Holding off a mediocre orgasm for a really good one, when you basically just want to come is really hard; Skye was squirming around the chair like crazy and trying to inch away from the vibrator.

“I tied you up so nicely, and we both know that you won’t be going anywhere. But maybe you’re moving because you need more of a challenge?”

“Fuck you!”

“Yes dear, we’ll get to that later when you are appropriately sore. But I think you need a challenge - I still suggest that you try not to come.

Lucifer turned up the speed on the vibrator, so much that she would easily be able to come, but a strong hand also closed over her nose and mouth. Yeah, yeah, they say that you get mind-blowing orgasms when you combine it with asphyxia. They are nice, but only if you get some real air just as you start coming, because otherwise there’s just not enough oxygen in your system to truly enjoy it. So now Skye really was challenged, because she could easily come, but she wasn’t sure that Lucifer would let her breathe at the crucial point - the word ‘devilish’ came to mind.

Skye tried to wrench her head to the side in the hope that Lucifer’s hand would come off, but no such luck - playing with non-humans really made a lot of her usual tricks useless; it annoyed her, but it also really turned her on because it emphasised her true helplessness. Often when she had played with “normal” people, she hadn’t really been helpless. They were normal people, with almost normal morals, normal strength, etc. and that all added up to a certain amount of caution, which gave her some leeway, both physically as well as mentally, but now she was playing with people for whom caution wasn’t a frequently used word. It made them unpredictable and volatile, but it also made Skye truly helpless: their physical strength was so much greater than hers, and their age and origin made their minds that much more twisted.

Skye could feel her orgasm approach at a rapid pace; the sounds that she usually made as she neared her orgasm were muffled, but she just couldn’t help herself from making them. At the point where Skye would usually start to moan and bite everything she could get her teeth on Lucifer was so
gracious at to turn up the wand, not so much that it was painful, but it was very intense. She was truly struggling to keep her orgasm at bay, but it was a battle that she was losing. She could feel how her pussy was contracting - she was so far along that there was no turning back and then her stomach started spasming and her back arched, her orgasm had started. She screamed into Lucifer’s hand in the vain hope that he would take a hint and let her have some air. And to her surprise he relented and let her draw in those crucial breaths that made her ecstasy all the better. The orgasm had hit her like a ton of bricks and seem to just continue. She wasn’t in pain yet, but she was tiring of the continual onslaught on her mind and body - as some fictional character had said at some point “nobody in their right might would want an orgasm if it didn’t feel so damn good”

“Please… stop…” Skye gasped out between peaks of pleasure.

“No dear, you asked to come, so now you come”

He had said ‘be careful what you wish for’ and now she was paying the price. Skye could see where things were going, she would be coming and coming until she couldn’t anymore and then he would probably force her to come some more - and she had a suspicion that even when she couldn’t come anymore he would keep the pressure on her clit, just to torture her.

“You… utter… bastard”

“Still not a bastard, more like a disgraced son”

Watching Skye writhe in a mixture of pain and pleasure really was a balm for the soul, because who says that any kind of torture must be only pain. Even in Hell he had used a mixture of pleasure and pain to torment his guests: fucking a violent homophone hard in the arse and making him enjoy it wreaked havoc on his self-esteem and his identity. He didn’t have to, or want to, go to those extremes with Skye, she was a willing victim, and a pretty adventurous at that.

Neither Lucifer or Skye has kept track of how many times she had come or how long he had tortured her, but the orgasms had stopped, and she was just begging him to remove the Fairy from her lady bits.

“Please Lucifer, I can’t take this anymore. Please stop, please…”

“Perhaps - what will you give me in return?”

“I’ll let you fuck me in the ass?”

“Let me fuck you in the arse..? I think you’ve missed something important here girl, even though I don’t want you crawling around my apartment, you have no more power than you did at Loki’s, so you won’t be “letting” me do anything - I do what I want. So try again - what will you give me in return for stopping?”

“Eehh..?”

Skye really was in a bind now, because she had nothing to offer - and making a deal with the devil is very hard when you don’t have any bargaining chips.
Skye now gets an inkling of what "A Deal with the Devil" entails. And a certain British warlock makes and entry.

Sorry of the long wait, the words just don't want to come out :(

If you want to read about Lucifer and Constantine’s fun times read Skalidra’s “Devil’s Bargain” - it’s fantastic, I mean FANTASTIC! You can read it here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/9980306

Pairing: Skye/Lucifer, Lucifer/Constantine (teeny tiny bit)
Kinks: Fucking machine, painful sex, BJ

“Yes? I’m waiting darling - what can you offer me to stop tormenting you, because I am rather enjoying it’"

“My soul?” Skye said. She knew that it was a daring, potentially catastrophic, move as soon as the words left her mouth - but what else did she have to offer the Devil himself - I mean, he does collect souls doesn’t he?

“You would willingly give up your soul to make me stop teasing you? Wauw. You must really be dying to have me cease my ministrations. Thanks for the offer, but I must decline: I’m not in the soul-sucking business anymore” Lucifer replied “… but there is something along those lines that you can offer. Let me take a spin in your body?”

“Let you WHAT?” Skye almost screeched.

“Yes, let me take your body for a ride: We swap bodies - or souls - for a little while, pop back to your universe and take the piss out of Loki” Lucifer clarified.

“Uhm… I guess, but I do get my body back afterwards with no lingering aftereffects and all that, right?”

“Yes, you go back to be the delicious little masochist that you are, and I go back to being my dashing old self.”

“Okay, but how is it something I can offer - can’t you just take it if you want to?

“Well, yes and no: I could take it without your consent, but it would require me to kill you first, and that just wouldn’t be any fun. On the other hand, if you consent and cooperate all we need is a Warlock and we’re good to go.”
“And you just happen to know one such? Because magic is real - of course.” Skye replied sarcastically.

“You might say I know a Warlock, although he prefers the title of Master of the Dark Arts. He is a trickery one: sold his soul to several demons, so instead of him ending up with Dad we cured him of his illness and sent him back to Earth. The theory was then that he would fuck up his life again and eventually end up in my backyard, but he has behaved, and when I came up here, we started having some real fun - he is one kinky bastard”

For the past months Constantine had been travelling through time and space with the weirdest bunch of heroes and anti-heroes he had met in a long time - so when adventures and a good shag had called how could he have said no.

But now something even better, and odder, had called: the former king of Hell had asked about kinky sex and a soul-swapping - what those had to do with each other Constantine couldn’t wait to figure out.

He had asked Sara to drop him off near Lux, so he could gather his thoughts on the short walk, because who knew what was awaiting him

It turned out that Maze was there to greet him, she was a formidable woman, but Constantine’s eyes had always been on Lucifer -at least when it came to people from Hell.

“Hello Maze, how’s it hanging? And what is good old Luci up to now? I got the weirdest message from him”

“He borrowed a girl off some god in a parallel-universe and now he wants to mess with that god when he goes back to that universe”

“You seem a bit bitter Maze darling”

“Yes I am: they are having kinky fun in the penthouse and Lucifer hasn’t invited me”

“He must have a good reason as to why?”

“Yeah… well, apparently she’s unkillable as long as your intention isn’t to kill her”

“Ah! I suppose that would get his attention. Should I go straight up?”

“No, he asked to have you wait a bit- he wasn’t quite done last time I checked”

In the penthouse Skye had gotten used to the idea of a soul-swapping, so now her hormones was back in full swing - fortunately, because Lucifer was nowhere near done with her.

“So you’ve had enough of coming now?” Lucifer asked tauntingly while Skye was nodding vigorously. “Time to make you sore somewhere else then”

“What? Didn’t I just promise my soul to have you stop?”

“Stop me attacking your clit? Yes, but you have so many other body parts that I can make sore in the best of ways” Lucifer clarified with a beaming smile on his lips.

“One really has to read the fine print when playing with you - huh?”
“Of course; it’s not called “A Deal with the Devil” for no reason”

Lucifer started to undo the buckles on the chair so he could get Skye off it and on to the next stage of sexual torment: getting fucked until it hurt.

“Time to get you filled up darling. I want you to scream in pain when I fuck you later. Your clit is nice and sore now, so it’s time to set your pussy on fire. Have you ever tried a fucking machine?”

“No… please no…”

“Skye dear, I think you should stop begging - it’s not good for your health” Lucifer admonished with mock-severity.

“No, I haven’t tried a fucking machine and with your description and I’m not looking forward to it”

“Too bad. Now be a good girl and climb on to my bed with your head near the end of it”

Skye did as she was told - The Lord of Hell was probably not someone you would want to mess with, but she was still not looking forward to having her pussy fucked until it was painful.

Lucifer soon brought in a contraption; it was a metal frame that locked her hands and feet in place on all fours with a bar in front of her thighs, so she couldn’t move away from the thing that would soon attack her now “slightly” damp pussy. Because while Skye on the one had didn’t relish the idea of something like friction burns on her insides, the helplessness of the situation was appealing.

“Now since we don’t have all day to get you nice and sore - I’ve found one of the biggest dildoes I have, so you’ll get both stretch and burn - and since it would defeat the purpose, it’ll be going in without extra lubrication - so I hope that you have kept wet.

Lucifer had put the dildo on the bed near her head and it was large - and it would hurt like hell… and Skye couldn’t wait for it.

Never had Skye been more happy for her ability to get ridiculously wet from thinking about being forced to do something. Because even with her being wetter than she had been in a long time, it still hurt to get the damn thing in - and once it started moving it felt like the entire area was cramping - and of course Lucifer had made sure that it was just a little bit too long, so every time the machine bottomed out, the tip of the dildo poked into the opening of her uterus, which hurt like a motherfucker.

After Lucifer had secured the dildo and made sure that everything was in its place he walked around to kneel in front of Skye, so he could look her in the eyes.

“Now dear. I’m sure that you have noticed that the dildo is a little too big, so how long do you think it’ll be before you’ll cry? An hour? Half an hour? Longer than what I can wait right now - so open up.”

The mere idea of having to give a blow-job while still dealing with the onslaught of pain in her pussy seemed to be almost too much. Fortunately, Lucifer had anticipated this and didn’t as much want her to give him a blow job, but rather wanted to fuck her face, so she basically just had to open up, watch her teeth and breathe whenever possible. And anyways, those were the blow jobs Skye preferred, because then she was sure that the guy got what he wanted, because what he got was what he took.

Skye had often wondered if she was just lazy when it came to sex - because being a bottom could also be called being the passive part, and quite a bit of the games she played included her either
doing what she was told or having stuff to her rather than doing stuff herself. I wasn’t as if she imitated a sea star during sex, she tried to engage her partner, touching her partner, moaning and all that stuff, but when you are on your back it can be hard to contribute much - and she hated being on top (your arms get tired quite fast)

And in this case Lucifer was kind enough to do all the work, but he was still enough of a bastard to time some of his thrusts with the machine, so it bottomed out, when he rammed his cock down her throat and making her gag - oh joy.

Skye thanked the stars that it was a brief affair - it felt as if the Devil had just needed to take the top off, so he could concentrate, while he waited for her pussy to become sore enough - and boy was it already sore.

It was hard to think of anything else when you have a dick so far down your throat that you’re gagging, but the pain from the dildo was giving it a run for its money.

“Thank you dear, that was wonderful” Lucifer said in a sing-song voice “If you just stay there, I’ll go out and greet our guest”

Lucifer’s bedroom opened out to his living room, so even as he stood in front of the elevator and waited for Constantine, he could see the dildo pumping in and out of Skye.

“Constantine, so good to see you. I hear that you’ve jumped around time and space with some motley crew of miscreants and do-g…”

Lucifer didn’t get to finish his sentence before Skye could hear a very passionate kiss.

“Now THAT is a proper hello” Lucifer commented slightly breathless.

“Yeah, got a gig on a ship. And you know me, if there’s danger and adventure, I’ll be there. And then it didn’t hurt that the captain was hot former assassin. If that isn’t flirting with death, I don’t know what is… well… besides you dear. But you have your own category”

“Why thank you, but yes, how couldn’t I have a category for myself, last time I checked I was the only Morningstar.” He replied with one of his self-satisfied smiles.

“Now why is it that you called me here? Sex and soul-swapping are not normally two words you get in the same sentence.”

End Notes

I have no idea of how often I will be able to post, I'm a slow writer.

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