

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Master/Slave, Big Dick, Rough Sex

Summary: An AU of Iron Man 2. They all think that Tony Stark is easily controlled. That he can be led around by the nose using the insecurities rounded up in a Psych Profile made by the Black Widow. What SHIELD doesn't know is that Natasha was Tony's creature long before she was theirs. What they don't know is that the Black Widow's true loyalties lie with her Master... and his big fat cock.

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Sitting at his desk in the depths of his Malibu Estate, Tony tinkers for a moment longer before setting aside his current project just in time for a familiar set of high heels to come clicking and clacking down the stairs. A moment later and a familiar red head scans her ID against the reinforced glass door, which opens and admits her after a green beep.

It's not Pepper Potts, now permanent CEO of Stark Industries who saunters rather seductively into Tony's lab, however. No, it's none other than Natasha Romanoff, aka Natalie Rushman, aka Black Widow and Agent of SHIELD.

Tony watches as she approaches, once again wearing the guise of Natalie Rushman, meaning that she's dressed in a white blouse with a lacy red bra, a black pencil skirt, and heels.

"Sir."

Eyeing her up and down for a moment, Tony smirks.

"I suppose SHIELD saw the value in assigning you to watch over me permanently, did they?"

Smirking, Natasha inclines her head in acknowledgment.

“Natalie Rushman going from SI lawyer to SI secretary might look like a bit of a demotion, but not if the secretary position is for Tony Stark.”

Tony hums and nods.

“And your recommendation to SHIELD?”

For a moment, Natasha pauses. Her eyes flicker around the lab... and then upwards to the ceiling. Up above, in the main Malibu Residence, SHIELD Agents had been scurrying all over the place like ants mere days before. They'd been all up in Tony's business, taking control of his life. Or so they thought anyways.

“Not to worry. JARVIS has things under control.”

“... Iron Man yes, Tony Stark not recommended.”

Tony grins.

“Good girl.”

That brings a flush to Natasha's face, along with an honest, happy smile that almost looks out of place on her features. Sauntering closer still, her hips swaying with each step, she comes to a stop right in front of him.

“Did I do good... sir?”

The emphasis she puts on that last word is obvious, as is the intent behind the seductive lilt to her tone. Tony, for his part, just reaches out and grabs a firm fistful of Natasha's hair, before dragging one of the most dangerous women in the world closer to kiss her soundly on the lips.

The beautiful red haired femme fatale all but melts as she moans into his mouth, her hands going to his shoulders to anchor herself while they makeout. Tony's tongue pushes past her lips, making her let out a muffled groan. Their tongues wind up dancing for a moment, before Tony steadily uses his grip on Natasha's hair to push her down to her knees.

She doesn't resist, descending down until she's kneeling there on the floor of his lab, looking up at him as their lips finally part and a strand of saliva connects them for a moment before breaking.

Leaning back, Tony smirks as Natasha pants, her eagerness evident in her eyes.

"They think they sent me back here to be your babysitter, Tony. Little do they know... I'm yours. I've always been yours."

Well... not always. But certainly long enough that it doesn't matter. SHIELD really thinks they turned Natasha away from the Red Room and into one of their best Field Agents, when in reality, Natasha has been Tony's agent for longer than they even knew she existed.

"I know, pet. And you've done so well... you've earned a reward, haven't you?"

Natasha takes that as permission and shuffles forward, positioning herself properly between his legs. Looking up at him with a mix of reverence and unfiltered lust, the femme fatale reaches out and begins the process of extracting his hardening cock from its confines.

As soon as its out, she coos over it, her eyes lighting up as his full size comes to light. Funnily enough, that was part of what led Tony to taming her in the first place. When the Red Room sent her after him a long time ago, it had been a subtle fact finding mission. They wanted to see if she could uncover any dirt on him by which they might be able to gain leverage over him and his company.

That night, after she'd seduced him into bed, Tony had completely and utterly ruined other men for Natasha. His big fat cock, combined with an experience

and a willingness to use it to bring her to multiple orgasms, had singlehandedly flipped back on the libido that the Red Room originally took from her and had the Black Widow swearing fealty to him right then and there.

Now, all these years later, she'd gone from spying on the Red Room for him to spying on SHIELD for him. And best of all, now SHIELD themselves had effectively assigned her to stay by his side and watch over him.

Wrapping her fingers around his thick, powerful shaft, Natasha pumps slowly at the start, just like she always does. She loves to feel Tony grow more and more rigid in her grasp. Finally, once he's fully erect, she leans forward and runs her tongue along the underside of his dick, tracing across from base all the way to tip.

Staring him in the eye, the femme fatale swirls her tongue around the swollen head of his member, tasting the first drops of precum to bead from his tip. Tony enjoys every last moment of the 'show' she's putting on for him, until eventually she takes a deep breath and parts her lips, taking the first few inches of his cock into her mouth.

Natasha sucks gently at first, working her tongue along his sensitive cockflesh as she bobs her head up and down slowly. But after a bit, she takes him deeper, inch after inch, until he feels the head of his cock start to hit the back of her throat.

But of course, a woman like the Black Widow isn't about to choke on anyone's cock. Not when she's in control, anyways. She swallows around him, her throat massaging Tony's shaft as she takes him deeper and deeper, until her nose is pressed against his pelvis and he's fully hilted in her hot, willing, experienced mouth.

Tony groans as Natasha begins to suck in earnest, her head starting to bob faster as she in turn begins working his thick cock over with a single-minded sort of determination. The Black Widow hollows her cheeks, creating a tight vacuum as she pleasures him, swallowing continuously all the while to keep her gag reflex suppressed.

Soft, wet sounds fill the lab as Natasha sucks him off, utilizing skills taught by the Red Room to help her take down her targets and secure mission objectives. But here and now, her only target is his next orgasm, her only mission objective is his satisfaction.

The noises her sucking makes are like a symphony of submission... her submission to him.

Letting out a telltale groan, Tony runs a hand through Natasha's hair, his fingers scraping across her scalp.

"Getting close... swallow every last drop, pet."

Sensing that he's telling the truth, she redoubles her efforts, sucking harder and faster and flicking her tongue this way and that along the underside of Tony's dick. Until finally, his orgasm hits, his cock pulses and jerks, and hot seed erupts into her mouth and throat.

Not even hesitating, Natasha swallows rapidly, gulping down each hot, salty spurt of Tony's cum as she shows just how determined she is to fulfill his command. Only when the last of his release tapers off does she slowly pull back, her lips releasing his cock from their grasp with a lewd 'pop!'. The Black Widow licks her lips clean for a moment before looking up at him with a satisfied, feline-like smirk.

"Every. Last. Drop."

Such provocation cannot go... unaddressed. With a growl, Tony proceeds to drag Natasha up to her feet via a renewed grip on her hair. He then clears a space before roughly bending her over the desk he'd been working at before.

Natasha lets out a sharp gasp, a mix of pleasure and pain leaving her red lips as she eagerly and submissively arches her back for him. Pushing her ass up into the air, pressing herself flat to the desk, she presents herself to her true Master... the one and only Tony Stark.

With his free hand, Tony hikes up her pencil skirt, the black fabric bunching around her waist. Then, he drags her panties down to her knees, all but yanking them out of the way. Finally... he presses his fingers against her slit to find out just how wet she is for him at this point.

The Black Widow is already drooling for him, a strangled moan leaving her mouth at the intimate contact. She's positively soaked through, the evidence of her arousal coating Tony's digits as he parts her slick slit. Natasha grinds back against his hand, her hips undulating instinctively and seductively, seeking more of his touch.

After just a moment, Tony pulls his fingers back... and proceeds to replace them with his throbbing mast. Natasha cries out in ecstasy as he slams his thick, hard cock into her cunt right there on the spot. It's been a bit since they've been able to get together for a fuck, after all.

Too long, Tony suspects she would say if he asked. Too long without his magnificent member. Too long without the only man who could truly satisfy the libido he'd reawakened in the horny, needy, lustful Black Widow.

A sharp, wanton squeal tears its way out of Natasha's lips as Tony sheathes himself inside of her again and again, each a strong, powerful thrust. He stretches her tight walls around his girth in a way no other man has ever been able to, making her back arch even more sharply than before and making her moan all the more happily in the process.

Natasha's fingers scrabble for purchase against the cold desk beneath her, though they make no progress in the metal desk. It's more of a workbench than a desk truth be told, and it barely moves as Tony pounds her into it rather relentlessly.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Each thrust makes her moan louder. Each thrust makes her whimper more. Natasha meets him of course, pushing back as much as she can to take him even deeper, greedy as ever for every inch of his thick cock splitting her open.

The femme fatale's loud cries, squeals, and screams of pleasure fill the laboratory, a symphony of carnal ecstasy as Tony fucks her with a fierce, almost primal intensity. The obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh echo through the room as he brings her to the first orgasm... and then the second... and then the third.

This is why he is her true Master. This is why nobody else, not the Red Room nor SHIELD, can possibly understand where Natasha Romanoff's loyalties REALLY lie. Her body is an instrument that has been tuned to Tony Stark's whims. And he plays her with a mastery that always leaves her breathless and wanting.

Using his grip on her red locks to pull her head backwards, Tony looks and isn't surprised when he finds her eyes have rolled back in her skull, her tongue lolling out of her mouth. His pet Widow is lost in a haze of sensation as he takes his pleasure from her... and in doing so, brings her to the heights of bliss, again and again.

Her inner walls clench and tighten around Tony's pistoning prick as he continues to fuck her without pause, the slick heat of her pussy walls allowing him to plunge in and out of her depths with ease. In this moment, Natasha Romanoff is nothing more than a vessel for her Master's desire... a receptacle for his release.

As a final explosive orgasm overtakes the spasming Black Widow, Tony lets himself be overtaken with it. His cock, milked extremely well by her insides, finally tips over the edge too. Letting out a victorious roar, Tony snarls as he fills Natasha with his seed, pumping her to the brim with his cum.

She takes it with a shudder, a quiver, and finally a collapse as he lets go of her hair, allowing her to slump forward over the desk while pulling his cock out of her

gushing cunt. Panting heavily, Natasha is clearly struggling to catch her breath as she half-lays, half stands for the next few moments.

Finally though, she slides off of the desk and drops back to her knees, turning to face him without even an order. Taking him in her mouth, she sucks him clean quite greedily, clearly doing it more for her own greed than anything else.

Smirking down at her, Tony runs his fingers through her locks once more and sighs.

“One day... it will mean something when I fill you with my seed. One day I will heal what the Red Room did to you and make you a mother, Natasha. You have my word.”

Natasha freezes for a moment... before sucking him all the harder, not even able to look him in the eyes as she flushes at his earnest promises.

“Mark my words... one day.”

But he wasn't quite there yet. He had to keep working on it, though he had some decent ideas. Similar ideas to what would eventually let him get the shrapnel out of his chest. For now though... he and Natasha would continue to do great things together. Of that, Tony was sure.