

## Knock You Down A Peg

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# Knock You Down A Peg

by [KandiSheek](#)

## Summary

Steve couldn't be happier with his relationship, but he does sometimes miss the feeling of getting fucked. Toni takes it upon herself to blow his mind with a strap-on.

## Notes

Looks like we're going to dive deep into Kinkvember this year, folks. I'm still going to finish all 31 prompts, but it'll take me a lot longer than I had anticipated :) Real life is pretty hectic right now, but I hope it'll calm down soon. Anyway, thanks so much for reading, and I hope you enjoy this one.

Kinktober Prompt 17: Pegging

Steve had found out how much he loved getting fucked long before he'd ever dated a woman.

He'd never planned on it happening like that – he was drawn to men and women equally after all – but his body had seemed to win him a lot more favor with his own gender than it did with the fairer sex. Peggy was the first woman to ever look at him twice, and by then Steve had been around the block more than a couple of times.

After the serum it was a different story. But things had moved so fast that he'd barely had time to sleep anymore, let alone sleep with others. Then there was Bucky and the Red Skull and the plane, and suddenly Steve found himself in a whole new world that everyone seemed to think was the same one he remembered.

He felt like a ghost for those first few weeks, then like a relic trapped in the past with no way forward. Steve didn't know what he would've done if Fury hadn't given him that briefing packet with an emblazoned A on the front that pulled him out of his funk and back into the present.

And then he met Antonia Stark.

She was a whirlwind, as confusing and infuriating as she was mesmerizing, and Steve had fallen for her like a ton of bricks. Toni was the kind of woman that could have any man she wanted with a snap of her fingers, and so Steve had tried hard not to become just another notch on her bedpost, to resist the temptation that she presented. But once he learned to look behind the charming mask and saw her razor sharp mind, the way she cared for those closest to her, her desperate need to be *good*... Yeah, Steve had never stood a chance to begin with.

It barely took a month before she wrangled him – literally – into her bed, and Steve was only left to wonder where they stood for a few minutes the next morning before she turned to him and asked, “So we're doing this, right?”

Steve had simply dragged her back to bed to do it all over again.

He'd be lying if he said dating Toni was easy. She forgot to eat and sleep, not to mention important dates and birthdays, and when they argued things often took a turn for the nasty. But as the months went by they found an equilibrium, recognizing each others' ticks and learning when to back off and when to push further. By the time they celebrated their one-year anniversary, everyone in the tower had started calling them an old married couple.

“What can I say? My hubby's a good influence,” Toni would say, batting her ridiculously long eyelashes, and Steve would kiss her to the sound of Clint's fake gagging noises, his heart drumming at the way her mouth shaped that word. That was only part of the reason why, exactly one year later, he got on one knee and made the joke a reality.

If anyone had told Steve in the forties that he would end up with his dream job, helping people all over the world, living with a team that he called his family and married to the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, Steve would've laughed. Sometimes he almost couldn't believe how lucky he was to have this kind of life. To have everything he'd ever dreamed of.

Well. Almost everything.

Because Steve loved Tony. With all his heart. She filled the corners of his soul that he hadn't even noticed had been empty before she came into his life. And Steve knew that he would never want to spend his life with anyone else. The only thing was...

Sometimes Steve missed the feeling of getting fucked.

Not that he had anything to complain about. His sex life with Toni was fantastic, to the point where it was a struggle to get out bed sometimes. But the memories of being bent over a table or a bed or a trashcan in an alleyway as someone's cock pounded him into next week – well, Steve thought about it more and more often as time went on.

He told Toni about it of course. Even if he never did something about this, because the thought of having sex with anyone else while he was with Toni turned him off faster than a cold shower, she still deserved to know what was on his mind.

He never expected her to shrug, not even looking up from what she was working on, and say, "I mean, I do have a strap-on. I can fuck you, if you want."

It took a long moment of silence for her to look up and see Steve gaping at her, his mind whirring with the implications even as a dozen questions fought for the forefront of his mind. Which was when she smiled and said, "You have no idea what that is, do you?"

Steve didn't. And with every word of Toni's explanation, Steve felt his eyes growing wider and wider, his hands clenching into fists and his cock hardening in his pants. Toni quickly noticed what she was doing to him, so they finished the rest of their talk with her in his lap, riding his cock and whispering all the things she could do to him right in his ear. Steve came so hard he saw stars.

So, as it turned out, Toni was more than willing to fulfill his fantasy. Her only stipulation was that she'd get to choose the cock she'd fuck him with, which was just fine with Steve. It wasn't like anyone got to choose what their bed partner brought to the table.

Plus, it meant that little extra bit of excitement when she finally brought it up again, almost a week later.

They were at one of Toni's charity galas, applauding the speaker on stage when she suddenly leaned over to whisper in his ear. "I'm wearing a present for you, love."

For a second he'd thought he'd misheard her, but when she cast a significant look down into her lap and he followed her gaze – his mouth went abruptly dry.

She'd pulled her dress taut over her crotch, and right there between her legs was the unmistakable bulge of what looked like a cock. As soon as Steve made a choked noise, she let go, smoothing out the wrinkles in the fabric so it hid her secret from view again.

"You'll let me have you later, right?" she purred, her perfectly smoked out eyeshadow shimmering in the dim stage light as she gave him a lewd smirk. Steve struggled to breathe

for a moment before he nodded eagerly, grabbing her hand under the table.

"I love you," he croaked, and Toni's smirk widened as she stroked her thumb over his hand.

"Save the sweet nothings for after, handsome."

The event seemed to drag on forever, so when they finally got back to their hotel room, Steve was practically vibrating with anticipation, his skin itchy from how long he'd been forced to tamp down his arousal. But now that they were alone, he let it fill him to the brim, his hands trembling and his cock quickly hardening to full mast as he looked at Toni in her cherry-red dress.

"Can I see?" he asked hoarsely, and Toni smiled as she gathered her skirt in her hands, pulling it up one inch at a time. Steve stared hungrily at her legs as more and more bare skin was revealed to his eyes until she finally reached the top and – oh, god.

Steve bit into his hand to muffle a groan at the sight of her favorite black lace panties stretched over her strap on, thin red belts peeking out from underneath. He could just make out the shape of her dick, not as big as he'd expected her to go but more than enough to make his own cock twitch in his slacks. She tugged her dress the rest of the way off, revealing her matching bra, but Steve couldn't tear his eyes away from her cock, his heart pounding so hard he could feel it in his wrists.

"Look at you. You're gagging for it, aren't you?" Toni said in a mix of condescension and fondness that hit Steve completely out of left field. He'd always known that Toni had a bit of a dominant streak, especially since she always exuded the kind of natural confidence that anyone around her would envy. And yes, he was well aware of how much he'd enjoyed it when the men he'd had sex with got a little mean, even pushed him around a little. But he never would've expected that hearing *her* turn that tone of voice on him would give him such a sharp curl of pleasure.

"Toni," he said a little desperately, and she tilted her head, raising an eyebrow with a cocky smirk.

"Go on. Take a closer look."

It took a second for the command to click, but when it did Steve readily sank to his knees, his heart pounding as she stepped closer until her cock was right in front of him. Steve almost bit off his tongue when she brought down a hand to rub it through the fabric, and Steve knew she couldn't feel it, but god, the visual alone –

"Can I suck it?" Steve breathed, and her hand paused before she reached out to tangle it in his hair, pulling him in until Steve's lips were pressed right against the lace of her panties. He couldn't have stopped the moan that tore from his mouth as he grabbed her thighs, rubbing his lips over her. The dildo felt just enough like a real cock to make his mouth water instantly.

"Get to it then," Toni said, her voice already a shade rougher, and that combined with the way she pulled down her panties with one thumb, just enough to let her cock bounce free, sent a burst of desire all the way down Steve's spine. He leaned forward to slide his tongue up the

length of the dildo, and the taste was nothing like the real thing, but it didn't matter. His mouth still salivated.

He sat up on his knees to push closer, bringing his head up just enough so he could take her cock in his mouth – but her grip on his hair stopped him short. Steve whined involuntarily, and Toni sucked in a sharp breath that made him look up at her. There was something hungry in her eyes that made Steve shiver as her hand twisted in his hair, sending pleasant tingles of not-quite-pain through his scalp.

“Tell me what you want,” Toni rasped, and Steve took a shuddery breath, feeling small and needy in a way he hadn't for a long time.

“I want to suck your cock, Toni. Please.”

“Fuck,” she hissed, and then Steve had a mouth full of silicone, the weight and heft of it awakening his muscle memory. He reflexively swallowed around it so he could force it deeper, a moan tearing out of him past the cock between his lips, and Toni's fingers clenched in his hair. “Jesus Christ, Steve.”

Steve nodded frantically, his eyes tearing up at the corners when Toni pushed in even further. God, he'd missed this so much.

“Is this what you wanted?” she asked, guiding Steve's head back by his hair before shoving him down again. Her cock wasn't big enough to choke him, but for a moment Steve desperately wished it would push down into his throat, really fill him up – “You want to be stuffed full, huh? Does your hole feel empty without me?”

Steve involuntarily clenched down around nothing as he whined, his fingers digging into Toni's thighs. He *was* empty, so empty, fuck, he *needed* –

Steve couldn't stop the noise of protest he made when Toni abruptly pulled out of his mouth, pushing his head away.

“Take off your suit and get on all fours. Show me where you want my cock.”

Steve scrambled out of his clothes and up onto the bed as quickly as he could, spreading his legs and lowering his shoulders as he remembered doing so many times before the serum. He turned his head when Toni moaned behind him, throat going dry when he saw that she was stroking her cock, probably to get it slick for him. Steve knew she couldn't feel it, but the image was so suggestive that his own cock throbbed in sympathy.

“Look at you,” Toni said with a dark look in her eyes. “You want it so bad, don't you?”

“Yes,” Steve gasped, his heart racing when Toni kneeled up on the bed behind him, her hands laying down gently on his ass before she *squeezed*, making his cheeks spread and his toes curl. “God, *please* –“

“Shh,” Toni said as she trailed one hand down to rub slick fingers directly over his hole, massaging it in tight circles. She'd touched him there before but never like this, with the

promise of fucking him the way he craved. Steve felt like he was going to vibrate right out of his skin if she didn't fuck him soon. "Can you take me like this? Or do you want –"

"Yes, like this, now, Toni, please *now!*" Steve begged, completely shameless in his desperation. He relaxed all of his muscles with practiced ease, so when Toni's cock pushed against him and then *inside*, there was no pain clouding the pure exhilaration he felt, finally scratching that itch he'd been ignoring for the past few years.

To his relief Toni didn't tease him, just kept going in one smooth stroke until her cock was seated all the way inside him, her hip bones pressed against his ass. Steve reached down a hand to grab his cock around the base, squeezing tightly to hold himself back. He was hard as a rock, and he could tell that if he wasn't careful, this would be over in no more than a minute.

"How's that feel, sweetie?" Toni breathed right in his ear, and Steve groaned when she hugged him from behind, her breasts pressing against his back. It was a firm reminder that the cock in his ass belonged to his *wife*, to *Toni*, and Steve squeezed himself tighter, gritting his teeth against the surge of lust that the thought gave him. He was shaking all over he suddenly realized, completely overwhelmed as he curled around the hand on his aching cock. "Steve? Are you okay?"

"It's so good," he whimpered, and Toni cooed, pressing a kiss to his quivering neck.

"You look lovely, sweetheart." Steve gasped when Toni suddenly thrust into him with a lot more force than he'd expected. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Steve could only nod, his mouth bone dry when Toni pulled back until she was kneeling up behind him with both hands propped up on his lower back.

And then she *fucked* him.

Honestly, Steve had been skeptical at first. A big part of what Steve enjoyed about anal sex was the feeling of urgency from his partner as they used his body to get themselves off. And since Toni didn't have a penis, that feeling would be an illusion. A fantasy, nothing more. So he'd wondered if Toni pegging him like this would even give him that feeling that he craved, of being completely overpowered and *taken*.

Turned out he shouldn't have worried, because Toni fucked like a goddamn *professional*.

She was ruthless, pounding into him at a pace that set Steve's nerves alight with pleasure, his whole body jerking with every thrust. He could feel the way she kept adjusting her angle, and when she finally found the one that made him see *stars*, she kept right at it without mercy, making Steve writhe and curse and cry on the bedsheets.

God, it was *so good*.

"You're gorgeous, baby," she panted, and Steve couldn't help the way he preened under her praise, arching his back to give her an even better view – "Fuck. Hold on, one sec –"

“No,” Steve moaned deliriously when she slowed down, pushing his hips back to fuck himself on her cock when she stopped moving altogether. “Why –“

He jolted when he heard the sound of a vibrator turning on, right before she thrust back inside, her hips stuttering as she moaned.

“Fuck yeah,” she breathed, and Steve realized with a start that it had to be a feature of her strap-on, oh fuck, Toni was going to *come while fucking Steve* –

His orgasm hit him out of the blue, so fast that he barely had time to shout a warning before he was coming, pushing his cock through the tight grip he still had on himself. It was over far too soon, and Steve reached back when Toni made to pull out, dragging her back in.

“I can come again,” he panted, and Toni cursed, raking her nails down his back before she fucked into him again, not giving him a break. Steve shouted when she hit his prostate, the overstimulation almost too much too soon, but his cock hadn't even gone soft in his hand, and he could still feel a ball of heat low in his gut as the pleasure built and *kept building*–

“God, Steve, you're killing me,” Toni hissed, fucking Steve even harder, and Steve took his hand off his cock to grab the sheets, twisting them until he heard a tearing sound. Neither of them stopped.

“Toni,” Steve sobbed, and Toni groaned, circling her hips on every thrust now, and Steve suddenly realized that she was probably rubbing her clit on her fake cock, god, why was that so hot –

“Gonna come,” she gritted out, and Steve was just about to tell her it was okay, he was close too, when he suddenly felt a hand on his cock and almost swallowed his tongue.

Toni stroked him hard and fast right from the start, matching the speed of her hips, and Steve bit down on the sheets as he screamed, his back arching into the feeling, fuck, it was too much, it was perfect, it – it –

It pushed him over the edge with the force of a semi-truck.

He was distantly aware of Toni moaning against his back, of the way she shook through her own orgasm before she slumped down on top of him. But all of that was secondary to the absolute *bliss* that flooded his body in the wake of his orgasm, such a bone-deep satisfaction that it felt almost unreal. Steve practically melted into the sheets, eyes closed and head empty of anything except the pleasure of feeling well and truly fucked out.

He smiled when he felt Toni's mouth on his shoulders, peppering him with kisses until she reached his cheek and turned his head with her fingertips to get at his lips. She coaxed his mouth open with her tongue, and Steve sank into the warmth of her, feeling almost drunk on how much he loved this woman.

“Was it good?” she asked quietly, and Steve laughed, twisting just enough to tumble her onto the bed beside him so he could cuddle her like a teddybear.



“You're amazing. How –“ He sighed, burying his nose in her hair. “*Amazing.*”

He could feel her chuckling against him before she tucked her head under his chin and settled down to sleep. She must've taken the strap-on off at some point because when Steve pulled her closer, there was no artifice between them, just skin on skin in the most beautiful way of human connection.

“We should do this again sometime,” she mumbled sleepily, and Steve grinned as he pressed a kiss against her temple, so incandescently happy that his chest felt like it was glowing with sunshine.

“Yeah. We should.”

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