

## Knifeplay

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# Knifeplay

by [Tommykaine](#)

## Summary

[...]

She wasn't the type of girl he'd usually go for, but there had been something about her that fascinated him. He wasn't sure why. Maybe it was her confidence, or maybe he just had wanted to feel those strong thighs wrapped around his hips as he banged her senseless. He was a man of simple pleasures.

Anyway, all had seemed to go well up until the point where she invited him in her car, he realized something was off, and she had smashed his head against the car door.

And that was how he ended up in the current situation, tied up in a chair in what seemed like a carpenter's workshop.

[...]

## Notes

Fem!Strade X MC(♂)

Written for the 5th Week of the 8th edition of the COW-T by LandeDiFandom, using the prompt "Genderswap"

When he first came to his senses, Matthew looked around in confusion, feeling groggy and slightly nauseous.

It was so dark he couldn't see anything.

He groaned as he felt the pain spreading from the side to his head, which soon gave way to a throbbing headache.

At first he just thought he was having a particularly bad hangover, until he tried to get up and found himself unable to move. He tried again, panicking as he realized his arms were tied down against his body with what felt like thick ropes.

“H-help!”, he cried out weakly, taking a deep breath before trying again. “HELP!!! PLEASE, SOMEONE? ANYONE!? PLEASE HELP ME!!!”

Nobody responded, but after a few minutes he could feel loud footsteps coming down from behind him.

“I'M HERE!”, he yelled, struggling against his restraints “Please, oh God, please help me!”

The light was turned on, and he squeezed his eyes shut with a grimace, feeling like it was stabbing his brain through them and making his pain even worse.

“You're already awake!”, chirped a weirdly familiar voice.

He blinked a few times, and slowly recognized the blurry figure in front of him as his eyes got used to the light, allowing him to focus on her.

She was fairly short and stocky, her muscular arms showing from the rolled up sleeves of her shirt. She had a cute round face, with big brown eyes and brown curls falling just a few inches past her ears. There was a thin scar on her chin, just below the right corner of her mouth which was spread in a wide full-toothed grin.

He looked at her with growing dread as he finally recognized her.

“S-Strade?”, he croaked out, his voice hoarse from the screaming.

He'd picked her up at a pub, The Braying Mule – or rather, *she'd* picked him up there. He merely suggested to move things elsewhere.

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Anyway, all had seemed to go well up until the point where she invited him in her car, he realized something was off, and she had smashed his head against the car door.

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“How are ya feeling Matthew?”, she asked in her strongly accented voice.

He felt a stirring in his pants despite everything, and he swallowed loudly. Maybe that had been it. He always had a weakness for European accents.

“I'm...”, he murmured, before clearing his throat. “My head hurts. And...my wrists too”.

Her eyes narrowed and she licked her lips.

“Maybe I tied you a bit too tight”, she said, moving in closer and placing her hands on his thighs, resting her weight on them. “I was worried you might just run off on me”.

“W-why would I run off?”, he asked with a nervous laugh, his tone rising despite his attempts to play it cool.

“That's usually what happens”, she replied with a shrug. “Really spoils the fun”.

He gulped again, forcing himself to smile.

“S-so this is how you have fun huh? Didn't think you were into bondage”, he said, trying to stall for time. He got the feeling that whatever “fun” she was mentioning was not exactly his idea of “fun”. “I'm open to trying new things b-but maybe we should get to know each other first... e-establish some boundaries...”.

“Oh, right, right. Before we start, do you want anything to eat? Drink?”.

Matthew felt and heard his stomach grumble. He was hungry but he didn't trust himself not to throw it all up depending on what was to follow.

“I-I guess I'm a bit thirsty”.

“Alright then”, she cheerfully said, patting his thighs before getting up again and moving towards a small fridge, taking out a beer can and walking back to him, cracking it open and bringing it to his lips.

He wasn't sure *more* alcohol was a good idea, given his current state, but then again maybe it would calm his nerves.

She tilted the can as he drank, some of the liquid spilling down from his mouth and dripping on his shirt and jeans. He coughed a bit as she tossed it somewhere, before leaning down on him again.

“Better, yes?”, she asked, smiling encouragingly.

“Y-yeah”, he replied, smiling back at her. The taste was awful, but at least his throat wasn't as dry anymore.

“Good!”, she said, her voice lowering until it was almost a soft purr.

Matthew shivered, unsure of whether to be scared or aroused. His body seemed to settle for both.

He had his answer soon enough anyway, as the woman pulled out a large hunting knife and her eyes narrowed again in a predatory expression.

“W-What are you doing?”, he asked, wiggling against his restraints. They weren't getting any looser.

“Your clothing”, she replied, waving the knife towards it. “It's in the way”.

Before he could do or say anything she was cutting his clothes to shreds, ripping them off of him. He tried to protest but it was like she couldn't even hear him, and the sharp blade got too close to his skin a few times, leaving small cuts on him.

He froze in place, terrified, when he felt it come down to his jeans. They took more effort to rip apart, but soon they were gone too, and the same happened with his underwear.

She stared at him with a hungry gaze and he looked away in discomfort, feeling like his whole body was glowing red from the embarrassment. His half-hard cock was completely exposed between his legs, but as he tried to close them the tip of the knife pressed against his right thigh and pushed, cutting a sharp line from his inner thigh to his hip.

He screamed out in pain, but that just seemed to fire her up more. He looked at her in surprise and fear, shaking as the blade was pressed against his skin again.

“N-no please...AAAH!”.

He started crying as she took her time carving his skin, criss-crossing all over his thighs until they were soaked in blood, her breath growing more and more labored and her face flushing from the excitement.

“Please, please stop!”, he begged as soon as she stopped to admire her handiwork, his whole body shaking as he sobbed in pain and fear.

His pleas however did nothing but arouse her even more. He could see it in her eyes and in the way she licked her lips, before bringing the knife up and running her tongue along the flat side of the blade, lapping up his fresh blood like a delicious nectar.

“Oh no... look at how much you're bleeding...”, she taunted him, running her fingers along a particularly deep gash before pushing them in, laughing as Matthew threw his head back and howled in pain, the sudden agony coursing through his body like an electric shock.

“Please... please let me go!”, he begged again, gasping as she removed her fingers before wiping them off on her pants.

“Oh, but you were so enthusiastic about coming with me yesterday”, she noted, flicking the tip of his dick with a finger before grasping it in her hands and slowly starting to stroke it.

“Maybe it was something different you had in mind?” she suggested, her tone turning huskier and almost vibrating with pleasure.

The pain and the blood loss were making it hard for him to focus, but even through the fog in his head he couldn't ignore the arousal building up inside him. He gasped and moaned as his cock slowly grew to a full erection in her hand, standing up above the gruesome mess on his thighs.

“I don't usually like to be penetrated”, she noted, giving his length a few more stokes before letting go of it. “but I think I could make an exception for you”.

She kicked his chair and he screamed as he fell backwards, almost hitting his head on the floor, but she held on to it at the last second and gently let it slide until its back was resting against the cold floor. Matthew could feel it against his skin between the gaps of the wooden frame, shivering even more.

He could only watch as she unzipped her cargo pants and unbuckled her belt, pulling them down along with her underwear until her crotch was fully exposed.

“Get me ready”, she ordered him as she walked up to him, before squatting down on his face and grasping onto his hair, forcing his mouth against her pussy.

Matthew didn't know if he was moved by fear or by lust, probably a mixture of both, but he obediently started licking at her folds, breathing in her musky smell. Her coarse pubic hair was tickling his nose, and her arousal was already leaking from her inner lips, dribbling down onto his chin.

“Ah, yes”, she praised him, humming in pleasure. She started moving her hips against him, practically riding his face, and he found himself struggling to breathe. He felt her knees fall down beside his head, her thick muscular thighs clamping so hard against him that he feared she was going to squash him open like a watermelon.

He kept flicking on her clit with his tongue and sucking on it as if his life depended on it, and since he was all but suffocating in that position that was not just a figure of speech. When she finally came on his face, her body shuddering and her grasp tightening even more, Matthew was on the verge of passing out.

“Don't die on me now, the fun has just begun”, she told him as soon as she got up again, lightly slapping his cheek as he coughed violently before breathing in deep lungfuls of air.

He barely had time to recover before he felt a sudden stabbing pain in his abdomen. He looked up in horror as he saw the shaft of her hunting knife buried deep into his flesh, too shocked to even make a sound.

Strade grinned, standing on top of him again before lowering herself until her crotch was pressed against the hilt of the knife.

Matthew's eyes grew wide in terror as he glimpsed down behind the bundled up fabric of her pants, watching as her body slowly swallowed up the black handle, inch by inch, until the

weapon disappeared completely between them, enveloped by their warm flesh.

“N-no...”, he cried, desperately shaking his head as he felt her hold on to his chest with one hand to keep her balance, the other grasping on the edge of the chair he was still stuck in. “No no no Strade ple-AAAAAH!”

He screamed at the top of his lungs as she started moving on top of him, pulling out the blade halfway before descending back on him, easily piercing through his skin and his soft organs, again and again, blood spurting out of him in warm gushes with every thrust.

Matthew felt himself grow weaker and weaker, his senses getting duller by the minute as the blood pooled around him, less and less aware of the grunts and moans coming from the woman on top of him as she brought herself closer to her climax again, using his body like nothing more than a prop.

He closed his eyes - or maybe he just thought of doing it, he couldn't tell. Everything was going dark around him, and he was so cold...

“Where...are you... going?”, he barely heard her ask him between pants, sounding like she was further and further away by the second. “I'm... not done... playing with you!”.

His last thought before he finally lost consciousness was to hope he'd never wake up again.

He had had enough of playing her games.

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