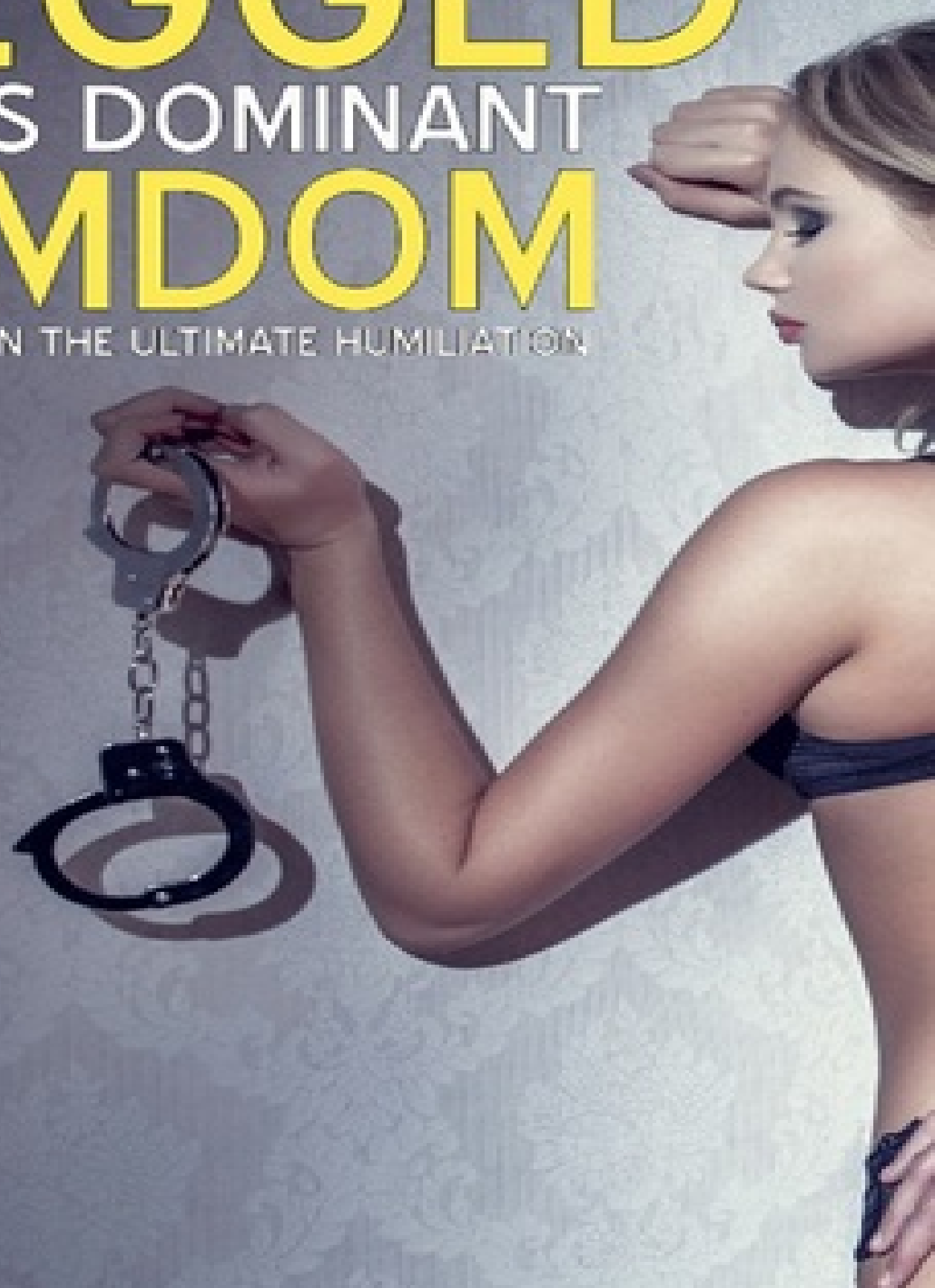


BOYFRIEND BULLY IS DOMINATED AND
PEGGED
BY HIS DOMINANT
FEMDOM
GIRLFRIEND IN THE ULTIMATE HUMILIATION



SCARLETT STEELE

Boyfriend Bully Is Dominated and Pegged By His Dominant Femdom Girlfriend In The Ultimate Humiliation!

by Scarlett Steele

Renee was the flirty type, always smiling and batting her eyes. She played right into the hands of the men around her by acting like the damsel in distress. More often than not, men loved swooping in and rescuing a woman. Though in reality, Renee was a resourceful and smart girl. She felt her ability to play the role well suited her and helped her move ahead in her career as a human resource manager. The medical laboratory in which she worked employed over fifty people in which she had to help manage. She was a good people person and kept others happy with her wit.

Jacob Fellowes strolled into the facility as the head of maintenance guy. He had the HVAC certification as well as experience in running and maintaining a building the size of the lab. His dark eyes looked at Renee with approval the first time they met. She instantly liked the man. He had a mess of dark curls on top of his head. While he kept his face freshly shaven in the mornings, by the end of the day he had the scratchy five o'clock shadow that gave him a ruddy manly look. Though he was of shorter stature, he still stood a head and shoulders above Renee.

The crowded break room filled with workers at the ten o'clock break. Renee always had friends who vied for her attention, all male, of course. Jacob joined the gang as he pulled out a chair at the table across from her. She enjoyed flirting with the man. He kept his eyes on her the entire time. As the days passed, she got to know the head of maintenance better. He wasn't married, he wasn't tied to anyone.

"Footloose and fancy-free," Jacob quipped one day while sipping a soda. He nodded to her as he lifted his chin. "What about

you?"

Here we go. Renee lifted her brow as she smiled at the man. Her no dating people from work policy was about to receive a refresher course. "Nope, no one special in my life. I guess you could say I'm married to my job," Renee said as she pulled her soda can with straw to her lips.

Jacob sat back and smiled as he looked at Renee. "Hmmm, perhaps the young lady would go out with a certain maintenance man if he were to ask. She'd be treated well and certainly lucky to be on the arm of said maintenance man," Jacob said as he lifted his brow.

"What if the young lady has a policy not to date men she works with?" Renee twisted her head and smiled.

Jacob's brow furrowed as the smile melted from his face. "It's a stupid rule. You should be honored a man like me would ask you out in the first place. Know your worth and take the risks appropriately," Jacob said as he pushed his chair back and stood. He glared at her, honestly hurt by her rejection. Pivoting on his heels, he stomped out of the breakroom, leaving Renee gaping after him.

"I guess you put him in his place," Joe Parkman said as he chuckled. Joe had been one who asked Renee out a couple of years back and received the same answer. Renee shoved out with her chair and rolled her eyes at Joe.

"Considering how he just reacted, I'm glad I have that policy in place," she said.

Two months later and after she and Jacob worked on being just friends, she found herself sitting in her boss's office. "Looks like the Grayson Lab needs you. We're promoting you to head of HR and

sending you to the new facility. Starting Monday, you're to report there," Carlton said.

Friday morning when Renee came to work for her last day at the old location, her co-workers threw her a going-away party. She couldn't help but smile the entire day as she enjoyed spending time with the people she'd gotten to know well as HR manager over the past three years. When Friday afternoon arrived, she looked around and realized she hadn't seen Jacob all day. She frowned because she was hoping to at least touch base with him. Perhaps open the possibility of the fact they would no longer be working together.

Monday morning, Renee reported to work at the Grayson facility. It was a whole new lab and new employees. As head of HR, she had to make it her business to get to know each employee. Right off the bat, she met a couple of men who acted interested in her. She held her staunch belief that she couldn't date co-workers. She smiled as she considered the men at the other facility. Now she was free game to date. The idea to let a couple of them know filtered through her thoughts.

Establishing the boundaries in her new job finally fell into place a week in. Renee was glad the constant barrage of invitations from the single men stopped. Some were sexy and sweet, and she'd love to go out with them otherwise. But if she dated a co-worker and it didn't work out, it would create a very uncomfortable situation at the job. She wanted to avoid that.

Pulling out her phone while on break, she thought about her friends and ex-co-workers at the other facility. She missed some of them and wondered how they were doing. On an impulse, she punched in a text to Jacob, for kicks and giggles. Just a quick, "Hey, how's it going over there?"

Renee frowned at the end of the day when no responses came from Jacob. He must have moved on and is sniffing up someone

else's dress. She chuckled at her line of thinking about him. He was a crass man, assumptive and thought himself as a stud of sorts to the ladies. His words rang through her mind. "You'd be a lucky lady to be on my arm." That made her shudder. She was glad he hadn't answered because on second thought she didn't need that kind of aggravation in her life.

Friday afternoon the text came through from Jacob. It's about damn time. Renee glanced down at her phone. "Does this mean you want to go out now?" He sure was presumptive. He took three days to answer her text and didn't even answer her question. How could he answer, "Does this mean you want to go out now?" with her question of, "Hey, how's it going over there?" She shook her head at his audacity.

"What kind of an answer is that? And a bit late with the response..." She giggled when she hit send and shoved the phone into her purse. She had to finish up on some work and didn't have time to banter back and forth with the man.

On the train ride home, Renee pulled out her phone and giggled to see four messages from Jacob. She really got to the man when she didn't answer back immediately. "Turnabout's fair play," she said as she read the messages.

His messages blinked up at her from her phone. "I figured you are just now texting me because you realized we are no longer co-workers." "Isn't that what you meant?" "Okay, I get it. Things are good over here. How about there?" "Hello? You're not answering me now." "Did I piss you off?" "How about we meet for drinks. My treat."

Giggling, Renee sent Jacob a reply. "I was at work, silly. Things are great here. Sure, on the drinks. Where?"

"Hal's at eight. Meet me there."

Simple enough. Renee made it home and dressed in a clubbing dress. A short number that hit above her knees and fit snug around her ass and boobs. She rather enjoyed showing off her body and taunting the boys with her figure. After sliding her feet into the high heeled strappy sandals, she made her way to the bus station. No sense in taking a cab when the bus drove right by Hal's Supper Club at the River's Edge. She enjoyed the ride and the attention she received from a couple of gentlemen sitting across the aisle from her.

Hal's thumped with loud music heard the moment Renee stepped from the bus. She hoped she'd be able to hear Jacob over the beat. Inside, blue lights twinkled from the dancefloor. The floor reflected the mass of people moving and swaying on top. She peered into the crowd hoping to see Jacob. Finally, he was at the far end of the club, seated at a small table along the wall. She smiled and waved and made her way through the people to him.

Jacob stood and scrutinized Renee as she approached. While she smiled dearly at the man, he merely regarded her. But when she made it to the table, he pulled her to him and embraced her. Then he whispered in her ears, "You look delicious enough to eat."

Renee chuckled nervously as she took the seat at the small table. The music changed to a slow song and the people dancing melted into couples, pressing into one another. She didn't want Jacob getting the wrong idea about her. But then she wasn't sure what idea he should have about her. After he sat down and smiled, she decided to give him a chance.

Renee was pulled into the man's enchanting conversation as he spoke of her old co-workers. She hadn't heard much and felt out of the loop. Jacob seemed on top of everything at the lab as he went through each of the co-workers one by one. By the time he finished bringing her up to date on the happenings of everyone, Renee wondered if she was smitten with the man. He was growing on her, making her happy to be at Hal's with him.

The songs picked up to a fast pace and Jacob smiled. "Come on, let's dance," he said as he stood and held out his hand to Renee.

She gleefully stood and took his hand as he practically ran to the dance floor. The catchy song had a strong beat and the best of the best dancers were on the dance floor. Renee felt a little self-conscious because she didn't think of herself as a great dancer. But it didn't matter much because all dancing entailed was moving the body to the beat of the music. She swayed her hips and twirled around while raising her hands. Jacob danced to her, his body wiggling and moving up and down hers. He pretended to hump her and grab her which she found distasteful. But still, she didn't want to hurt his feelings so she merely laughed while she moved to the beat.

Renee breathed a sigh of relief when the slow song played. She turned to make her way back to their little table, but Jacob stopped her and grabbed her hand. She whipped around, her brow lifted and a smile on her face. "Dance," he said.

She stepped back into his arms and this time the dance was easy, a slow swaying to the dragging beat of the love song. Still, she felt a smidgen uncomfortable, because she felt they weren't at that point in their relationship to merit looking longingly into each other's eyes while slow-dancing.

"You are a beautiful woman, you really should try to get out more often." Jacob stared down into her eyes.

Renee took it as a compliment. She smiled. "Thank you," she said.

"Hang out with me and you'll have all kinds of women jealous," Jacob said.

Renee wasn't sure if she heard that right. She furrowed her brow. "Come again?" she asked.

"Boy, I'd like to," Jacob said as he chuckled. His hand snaked down to her ass and squeezed it.

Renee reared back and scowled. She didn't like being treated like a piece of meat. "Excuse me?"

"You know, I'm understanding your issue now. You need to loosen up. Let someone plow that fine ass of yours and you'll be as loose as a wet noodle in a pot of boiling water," Jacob said.

Renee laughed. Not just a snicker or a guffaw but a true belly laugh. Jacob was absurd. She shook her head and almost teared-up from laughing so hard. "You are something, you know that?" she said.

"I have something for you," Jacob said as he pressed his swelling middle to her. He had no scruples. In fact, he was downright crass, an idiot.

"You think I want your something?" Renee asked.

"I do. I think a lady like you would be happy I'm offering it. You need a good ass fucking to help you loosen up. You need to drop the prudish attitude," Jacob said.

"You're an idiot. You think I'm a prude?" Renee asked. She was amazed that she still managed to dance properly with the man during the heated conversation they were having.

"I think you're very uptight and prudish. I don't think you've had a lot of fun sexy times," Jacob said.

"What makes you say that?" Renee really wanted to know.

"You think you're better than everyone else. Like your shit doesn't stink or something. I think if you let me, I can loosen you up and make you beg for more. I'm that good," Jacob said as he pulled her tightly to him. His rock solid hard on left nothing to the imagination.

"So good that if I let you plow my ass, I'll be all loose and giggly afterward?" Renee asked. Her sarcastic tone went unnoticed by Jacob. He lifted his brow and nodded his head slowly at her.

"Sweetie, have you ever had your ass plowed? I mean really plowed? An ass fucking that left you screaming from the intense pleasure and breathless all at the same time?" Jacob asked.

Renee stewed over Jacob's crass words. He just wouldn't stop. Then she remembered the special toy she had at her house. She wanted to give the man a piece of action he intended on her. She had to turn the tables on him. Pulling back, she smiled sweetly at the man.

"How about we come back to my place? We can give your suggestions a try," she said.

"Hells to the yes," Jacob said as he grabbed her hand and made his way from the dance floor to the exit.

Renee played it carefully. She was coy and sexy and wanted the man right where she wanted him. But first, he begged to have a taste of her. She relented and slipped out of her panties. May as well go ahead and enjoy it before she punished the man.

Jacob was good with his tongue. He licked up her slit and swirled over her hard knob. As she arched her back, she imagined what she was about to do to him and it really turned her on. One more swipe with his tongue and she nearly blacked out as the

intense pleasure exploded in her pelvis. She bucked up and down and ground her ass into the bed.

"Do you want to plow my ass, Jacob?" she asked as she panted during the orgasm.

"Fuck yeah," he said.

Renee stood and grabbed the dildo she had hidden behind her pillow. "I will let you plow my ass if I get to go first," she said and wagged her brow.

Jacob looked confused. "You just went, my turn, turn around," he said as he reached for her hips.

"Nope!" Renee jumped away from the man. "Fair is fair. If you want to plow my ass, I get to plow yours first. I'll even give you a hand job while plowing it," she said. "Or I'll let you plow mine, while yours is being plowed at the same time."

Jacob did a doubletake. He winced and looked at the dildo she turned on and it whirred to life. "The fuck?"

"Yes, bend over and me stick this up your ass first. Then once it's in there, you can plow mine. Otherwise, forget it," Renee said.

Jacob looked stunned for a second. Then a slow smile crossed his face. "Okay, I'll give it a try. I've always wondered what it was like. Women seem to like it."

Renee grinned wickedly as she poured lube into the palm of her hand. She had other dubious intentions for Mr. Jacob. She slowly rubbed the lube over the wand and looked at his ass. He bent over the bed to take it. She was surprised he went for it so easily. She rubbed her fingers through his crack, and just as men had done to her before, she prodded a finger through his anus. He squealed in

shock but straightened up and relaxed. In one move she shoved the dildo into his ass and pegged him good.

"Aaack. Ouch. Fuck. Oh, my. Fuck," Jacob said.

Renee moved it slowly in and out, thus fucking his ass. He lopped forward and groaned as he seemed to enjoy it. That's when she went for it. She reached around the man as he was moaning and grabbed his stiff cock and ran her lubed hand over it. He lurched forward and moaned loudly, and soon he was bucking his pelvis into her hand. He got carried away by her hand as she quickly slid it up and down over his cock, squeezing his head and sliding to the base. She swiped her hand down and massaged his balls and came swiftly back up. It all happened so fast he was unable to control his urge. He groaned and bucked his pelvis into her hand in unison with the pegging she did behind him. Suddenly he lurched forward and spewed his cum all over her hand. He growled and groaned as she kept her hand moving. Only when he finally shoved her away did she stop moving the dildo in and out of his ass. She giggled as she pulled it out quickly.

"What the fuck?" Jacob said as he held his wet cock in his hand. Sweat beaded on his brow.

"I thought it was fitting. You kept telling me how a good ass fucking would help me drop the prude. Well, you first, mister," Renee said as she fell into a fit of laughter.

THE END