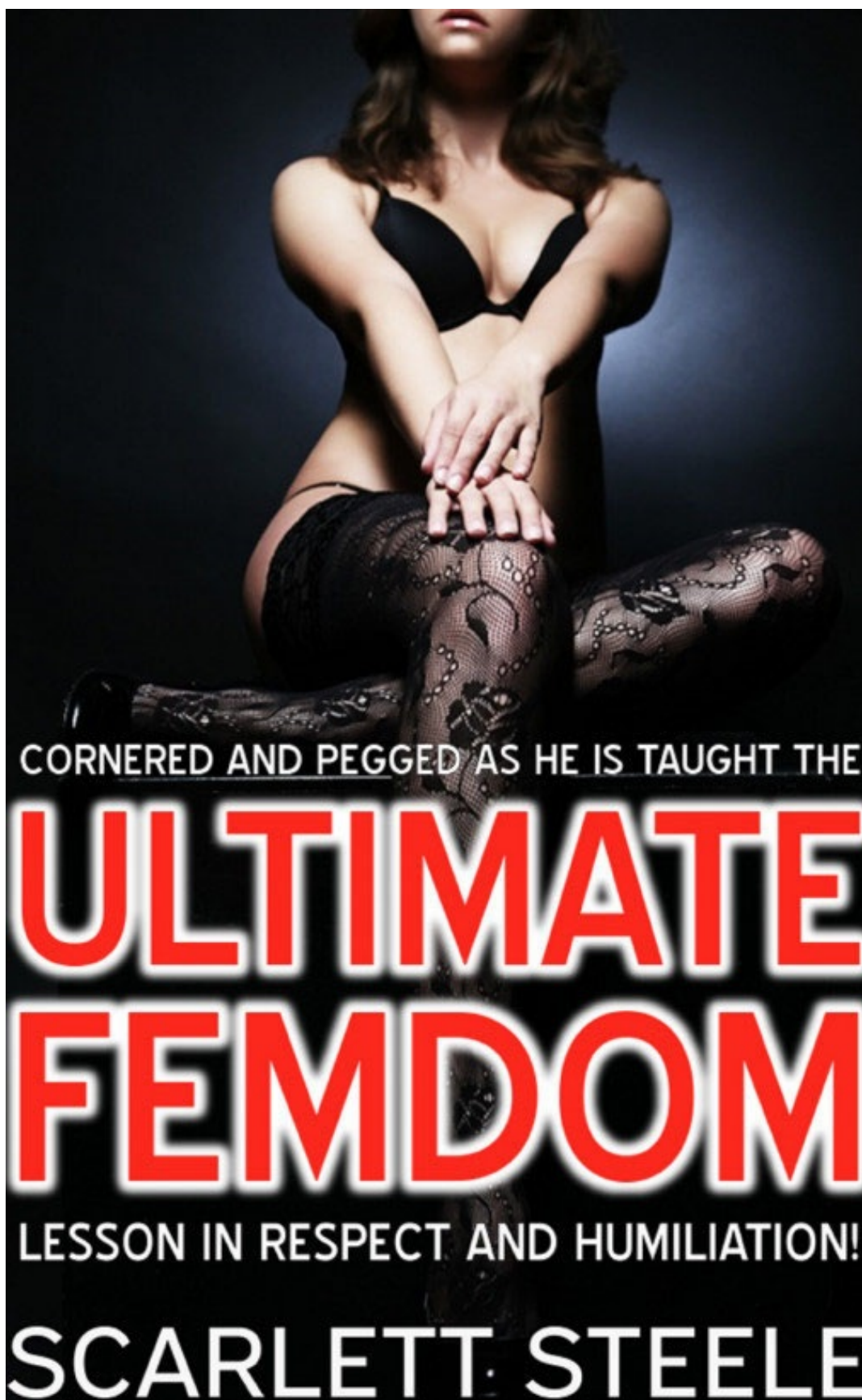


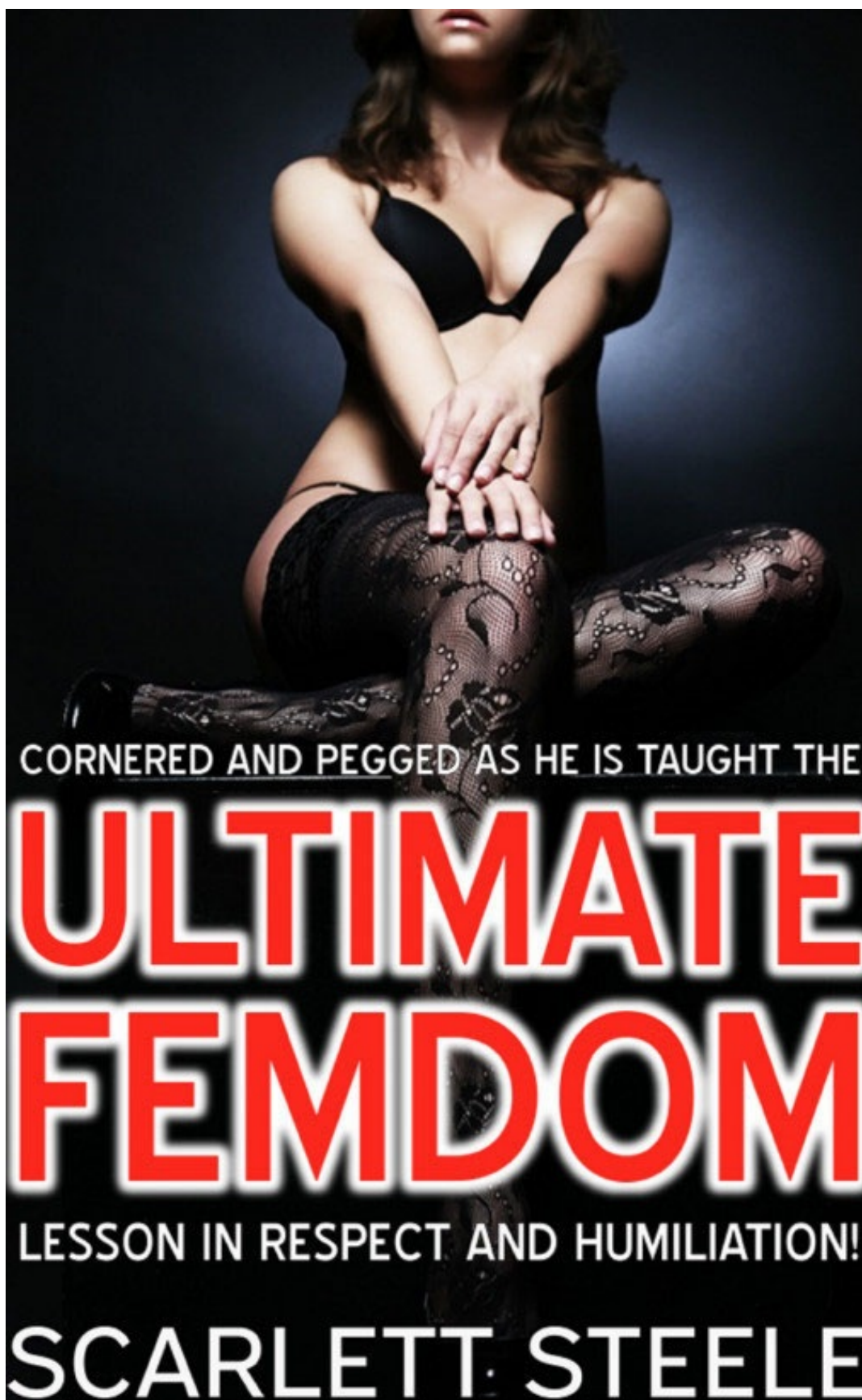


CORNERED AND PEGGED AS HE IS TAUGHT THE

ULTIMATE FEMDOM

LESSON IN RESPECT AND HUMILIATION!

SCARLETT STEELE



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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, pegging, tease and denial, orgasm denial and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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Cornered and Pegged As He Is Taught The Ultimate Femdom Lesson Is Respect and Humiliation!

Rita wiped the table down after the group of women left. Her eyes glanced up at Hank as he grinned from behind the bar. The tall man had a sexy body, big and bulky, muscled from his hours at the gym. It seemed the only thing he did these days was work and go to the gym. He was good looking and knew it. Women clamored for his attention, but his attention was anything but nice and kind. He was crass and degrading. The sad thing was a lot of women took it because of his looks. He could comment on their body making lewd remarks and she'd just giggle and bat her stupid eyes. Rita hated that about him. Still, his good looks captured her attention, and many times she wished he had a better personality. She might want a chance at him if he did.

A group of three women walked into the club, one was already drunk by the way she stumbled to the bar and lifted her chin to Hank. "My girls and I want a round of martinis, please," she said as her words slurred.

"Sure thing, hot tart," Hank said. The woman wore a tight mini-dress, the blue material riding high on her thighs. Hank craned his neck as he watched her sway her hips when she turned to look for a table.

Rita smiled and helped her. "Right this way," she said and directed the group to a table near the dance floor. The other two were sober as they grinned at Rita.

"She's already hit the bottle," one lady said.

"Boyfriend dumped her," the other said.

The drunk lady grinned as she stumbled into a chair. Hank came up with a tray and three martinis. His eyes scanned the ladies at the table. He handed the drunk one hers. "You know the best way to relieve a broken heart is a romp with another. I'm happy to offer my services," he said.

Rita shook her head. "They don't want a romp with you," she said as she handed the ladies napkins.

"Speak for yourself. Maybe I'll take him up on his offer," the drunk lady said.

"Phyllis, stop," her friend said.

"Hey, I'll pound that for you later," Hank said.

"No, he won't. I'll make sure he behaves," Rita said as she grabbed his arm and pulled him away from the table.

"Really? Keep your cock in your pants," Rita whispered to Hank as they walked back to the bar. The place was slow at the moment, which was why he had time

to deliver the drinks. Normally the server served the drinks to the customers sitting at the tables. But Hank couldn't resist a group of women.

"You're just jealous that I'm not making the same offer to you," Hank said as he grabbed a cloth and rubbed it over the surface of the bar.

"Jealous of those ladies? And jealous for attention from you? You're a hound dog, just wanting to bone," Rita said.

She turned and walked away, as new customers came in and took a seat at the circular booth near the wall. "Shake it don't break it. I'm happy to pound your ass too, honey," Hank called to her. He was so crass he didn't care who heard him. Rita ignored the man as she approached the booth. After taking their orders, she had to bring it to Hank again. By now the bar had several people sitting around and Hank was busy creating cocktails.

Rita stood by waiting and watching the man put on a show for the people at the bar. After they received their drinks, he came back to her and leaned forward. "You know, I'll meet you in the break room later for a quickie pussy tap," he whispered. He pulled back grinning big, showing his perfect row of white teeth.

"Why would I want that? Do you honestly think you can just suggest it and do any woman you want?" Rita asked.

Hank straightened and looked thoughtful for a moment. "Hmmm, yeah. Pretty much. That drunk thing over there, she'd hop into a corner for a quick bang. I'd

insert my penis into her ass and she'd feel so much better about being dumped," he said.

"You're disgusting. Just disgusting," she said as she pushed the drink order to him.

"Most women say I'm very satisfying. Just satisfying. If you think mind-blowing orgasms by my Henry is mind-blowing." He chuckled as he quickly put together the drinks for the booth.

"Do you even have a heart? I mean, or are you just all cock and balls?" Rita asked.

"Well, you know, as big as mine are, I can't say that it's my heart that attracts the ladies. Mister Henry here, he's the lady killer," Hank said as he patted the front of his pants.

"Do you even wash your hands? I'm sure you have your hand down your pants all the time," Rita said.

Hank scowled at her. "Why would I even need to do that? I have my pick of the ladies. My hands don't see much action these days. He stays satisfied with all the pussys that cross my path. And asses, oh my, the lush asses that I plow," Hank said.

"Shut up and do your job," Rita said. She tapped her fingers over the bar impatiently.

"I'll do you later. I promise, one tap from me will have you begging for me. Try me on for a size. Better yet, let me try you on for a size. I bet you're tighter than a pair of too small bicycle shorts." He just wouldn't quit with the crass disgusting talk.

"You'll never know." Rita's eyes widened. She couldn't believe he kept talking.

"Ah, but sweets, I'd love to pound your ass. My Henry loves to slide into tight cramped places. He slides and enjoys it and fills your cannoli with his awesome cream sauce," Hank said.

Rita put her hands over her ears and shook her head. "I can't listen to this. You're a sicko," she said.

Hank laughed, a deep belly laugh. He slid the tray to her and added the drinks for the booth. "Go serve your customers. And think about how I can make you howl later. Cause your tight little ass is begging for a prodding from me," he said.

Rita served the drinks to the booth. Every time she looked around at Hank, he was staring in her direction with a shit-eating grin on his face. She wanted to wipe the grin from his face and give him a dose of his own medicine.

The evening advanced with more people flowing into the club. Rita stayed busy serving drinks and trying to keep up with customers. Even while on the dance floor, customers would order drinks. The tips were good and worth it, but it wore her out having to run all night long.

A lull in the orders gave Rita time to take a break. She walked to the bar and eyed Hank warily. He motioned for another server to step behind the bar and followed her into the break room.

"Time for the ass pounding," Hank said as he shut and locked the break room door.

Rita spun around and glared at the man. "You honestly think I'm going to let you touch me? You're sadly mistaken," she said as she turned and made a seltzer water.

Hank grinned as he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. Her eyes nearly popped out of her head at his audacity. But he had one thing in his favor, his cock was the longest she'd ever seen. She wanted to touch it, try it but remembered he was a crass ass hole and she didn't want to give him the pleasure.

"You are so fucking crass. Put the beast away," she said as she took a sip of her seltzer.

"What? Don't you want a chance to ride this? Better yet, don't you want to know what it's like to have this inside you? He can turn your ticker until you scream. Come on, drop your panties and bend over the table. I'll let him tickle your ass until you quake into a mess of ecstasy." Hank stroked his big long cock.

While his sheer size mesmerized Rita, she didn't want the man to win. "Seriously, put it away. I don't care to have you pierce anything on me," she said as she turned away. She acted bored hoping he'd stuff it back into his pants.

Hank walked up to her with his cock still in his hands. "Come on Rita. Just touch him, you know you want to," he cooed.

Rita looked down, Hank's hand gently stroked over his long hard phallus. "Are you going to jack off right here in front of me?" she asked incredulously.

"I don't need to jack off. He does so much better coming into your ass or pussy if you'd rather. I'm good with the pounding. I've wanted to pound that sweet tight ass of yours since I met you," Hank said.

Rita shook her head. The man had no filter, had no scruples, had no restraints. He stepped to her and touched her hand with his cock head. He groaned. Instead of jerking away, like she knew she should do, the man strangely turned up her libido. She wanted to touch his long hard cock. She sucked in a deep breath and grasped it. He groaned again and bucked forward. She pushed it through his open pants, stuffing it back within and stepped back.

Hank casted a hurt look at Rita. He slowly stuffed his hard cock into his pants and zipped it. The bulge stuck out obviously with the hard-on within his pants. She almost felt sorry for the man. But he was so crass with the way he assumed if he produced his cock, she'd be all over it. He sighed heavily.

"Your loss," he said as he turned his back on her and headed for the door. He paused before opening it and left.

He had a lot of nerve thinking she'd just jump at the chance to mess around with him. He assumed all women he showed his cock to would be happy to let him pound her. He didn't know how to romance and woo a woman. He was all about making lewd comments. Rita wanted to teach the man a lesson. Perhaps if he experienced a touch of it, he'd think twice before opening his mouth or assuming that all women wanted a piece of him.

Rita formulated a plan to lure Hank back to her house. She had toys there she could easily teach the man a big lesson. But first, she needed to make nice with him. Though he didn't deserve her kindness, she had to pour it on in order to win his trust. It wouldn't take much, because all he needed was a little encouragement that he'd be getting off later. She'd keep that promise too, but it would come at a price, she'd make sure of it.

When Rita approached the bar, Hank was at the other end tending to customers. He laughed and joked as he created the drink and handed it to the man. Turning back, he saw Rita standing at the end of the bar. Thinking she had an order for him he approached her, his face set in a grim scowl.

"What can I do for you, Rita?" he asked.

"Oh, calling me by my first name. Wow, that's a change," she said and giggled.

Hank pulled the cloth out and wiped the counter in front of him. "Yeah, it's your name. What do you need?" he asked again.

"Hey, I'm sorry about earlier," she said quietly.

He leaned forward. "Which part?"

"Am I sorry for?" She blinked at the man as he slowly nodded. "For turning you away like I did. I feel bad about it."

"Yeah, any of it," Hank asked. He pulled a glass from the sink and dried it.

"I'm sorry for how I reacted to you. I'd like to make it up to you, later at my place, which is if you're willing," Rita said.

"Your... your place?" Hank's brow lifted.

Rita smiled. "Yeah, I'd like you to come over. Let me make it up to you in the privacy of my home," she said.

"Oh, I see. You like privacy. You can't resist Henry. After seeing him and touching him, he got to you, didn't he?" Hank asked as he grinned.

Rita swallowed hard. She had to choose her words carefully. What she really wanted to say was, "I can resist, you piece of shit." Instead, she said, "Something like that. I guarantee you'll leave with a smile on your face." She smiled, swallowing her pride.

"Can't resist him. Okay, I'll come by and give you a good pounding. I think the best way to make it up to me is with some ass pounding," he said. His brow lifted. He wasn't joking, his face had a serious expression etched across it.

"Yes, I agree. The best way to make up for this is with a good ass pounding," Rita said. She almost laughed at how well her plans were coming together.

After work, Hank followed Rita home. She played the kind hostess and offered him a drink. He took the gin and tonic and relaxed on her sofa while watching TV. After handing him a second drink he looked at the seat beside him. She sat down, and his hand snaked up her knee and over her body. He was quick and lusty. She caved in and let him make out with her as they tumbled to the sofa with him on top of her. His tongue jutted through her mouth, the passion building. His desire stuffed firmly in his pants and she finally sat up and grabbed his belt.

"Time to release the beast," he said with a grin.

"You know what? I enjoy playing. I bet you didn't know that about me, did you? Let's go to my room so I can show you," Rita said as she hopped up.

By the time Hank reached the hall, he was out of his pants already. She giggled when she saw his hard cock bobbing in front of him. His eyes widened in shock when he beheld the handcuffs on her pillow. She grinned.

"I'd like to tie you up and blindfold you. Would you let me?" she asked.

"Fuck yeah. Tie me up and do unspeakable things to me. Do you have a whip?"

he asked.

Rita shook her head and glanced at the dresser where the vibrator, lube, and blindfold was. "No, but I have other toys I can use," she said. She grinned, and he eagerly nodded.

"I'm down for it," he said as he thrust his hands together for Rita to lock. She was surprised at how willing he was about the whole thing.

"I want your hands up here," Rita said as she leaned toward the headboard. Intricate metal scrollwork left many spots open in which to lace a pair of handcuffs. After securing him to the headboard, he remained on his knees facing the headboard. He looked confused.

"Don't worry about how it will all happen. Just trust me. You're submitting to doing whatever I want," she said.

"Just do it. Henry needs attention before I get blue balls. Although wait, I thought I'd be pounding you," he said.

"If you can hold back by the time I'm done, you have permission to pound my ass," Rita promised.

Hank nodded. She slid the blindfold over his face as he grinned. She needed to throw him off guard, so she squirted lube into the palm of her hand. After setting the vibrator on the bed behind him, she grasped his long hard cock with her hand. He lurched forward and bucked his pelvis into her hands when she ran her lubed fingers over the head. As she gently squeezed, she rubbed down the full shaft. He groaned as she worked him up. He needed more distraction, so she crawled up and sucked one of his nipples between her lips. He groaned and bucked his cock in her hand, wanting more attention there.

As Rita kept squeezing her hand over his cock, she reached for the lube and squeezed a touch to the tip of the vibrator. Hank had no idea what she was doing. She plucked up the vibrator and turned it on. Hank groaned as she ran the tip through his crack.

"Oh, you play very dirty," he said with a moan. He leaned forward, bucking his cock into her hand. She penetrated his ass, pegging him with the vibrator. He lurched forward with a groan. She moved both hands in unison. When she squeezed to the base she thrust the vibrator into his ass deeper. As she pulled out, her other hand slid to his head. Back and forth, the pegging and hand job went. Finally, Hank growled and lurched forward, his cock shooting great amounts of cum straight up. She kept moving both the vibrator and her hand until he finally stopped shooting. Cum splattered over her pillows and headboard and on her hand. She yanked the vibrator from his ass and unlocked his hands from the cuffs.

"Mother fucking, what was that?" Hank asked, his eyes wild.

"Didn't you enjoy it?" Rita asked as she grinned.

Hank nodded. "Now it's your turn," he said as he pulled her hands together. He laid her on her belly, her hands bound. What shocked her was the fact that he recovered from the orgasm in record time. He swiftly penetrated her ass, giving her the ass fucking of her life. His hand snaked around and tickled her clit, so she got off too. It happened so fast, her body reeled from it as he left her a quivering quaking mess.

THE END

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