

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a red, shiny, corset-style top with black buttons down the center. She is holding a black whip in her right hand, which is raised towards her head. The background is dark and out of focus.

SCARLETT STEELE

A Female Domination Femdom Short Story Erotica

DOMINANT WIFE PEGS

SUBMISSIVE HUSBAND'S VIRGIN ASS FOR THE FIRST TIME

A woman is shown from the back, wearing a red, shiny, corset-style top with black buttons down the center. She is holding a black whip in her right hand, which is raised. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Dominant Wife Pegs Submissive Husband
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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 for the first time and a busty young women taking a man on the ultimate ride he will ever experience.....

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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pegging
the pervert

Dominant Wife Pegs Submissive Husband for the
First Time

“Roll over,” Russel commands. I’m an obedient wife, most of the time. But he likes sex a certain way, the same way every damn time. After living together for two years and now three years of marriage, you think we’d have moved on to trying it differently.

I roll onto my belly and come up on all fours for the umpteenth time. He enjoys anal and I really don’t. I like it in my pussy where he can hit my G-spot. He hands me the vibrator so I can insert it while he pounds my asshole. “Hold still,” he says as he comes at me with his hard cock.

I grimace, as it’s always uncomfortable at first. I admit, I enjoy it after a while, I just get tired of his obsession with anal sex. The man has a thing for me getting off while he’s ass fucking at the same time. He says it constricts and I can control the orgasm better than when we do it missionary.

“Why don’t you try inserting into my pussy this time?” I ask as I turn to look at the man.

Russel makes a face. “No, it’s difficult to reach like that. I like to bury up to my balls in your fine ass,” he says. “Oomph!”

I grimace as I hang on to the pillows while he starts pumping. I flick the vibrator on and insert it into my pussy while he’s moaning behind me. Rolling my eyes, I try mentally to get into it. This bores me and it’s his idea of fun.

“Uh, ah, fuck your ass is tight,” Russel says as he slams into my ass.

I grind into him as the vibrator hits my G-spot causing the pleasure to intensify in my pelvis. He's pounding so hard I have to brace myself with my other hand and I'm unable to hit my clit in time to catch his orgasm.

"Come, dammit. Get off, I'm about to lose it," Russel commands as he pounds.

"I'm fucking trying, but it's hard to balance the damn vibrator while rubbing my clit. Shit, you should be on my end," I say as I lay the top of my body on the pile of pillows so my fingers can dance across my clit while I hold the vibrator with my other hand. Finally, my pelvis warms and explodes with heat and the rocking orgasm while Russel slams into my ass, growling as he fills my butt with his hot semen. Like every time we do this, he collapses on top of me, with my ass still in the air, his cock still thrust inside my anus. I wait for him to collect his breath and get off me, leaving a trail of semen as he heads to the bathroom, satisfied.

He emerges moments later. "Hey, this is the best birth control and we're having sex. You have to admit we've done well with it," Russel says. I merely regard the man as I hop up and rush to the bathroom before my ass explodes.

"Hey, you seem a little put out with me. What's wrong," Russel asks as we're mulling over what to cook for supper. I glance up at my man, the one with whom I promised to spend the rest of my life with and I shrug as I shift food in the refrigerator to the side.

When I close the door while holding plastic containers of leftovers, he's still eyeing me. He's perceptive, chirpy even, but he's also rut-worthy. "It's just that I'm tired of doing things the same way in the bedroom. You're stuck on anal sex all the time," I say.

“Yeah, it’s good. Why mess up a good thing,” Russel says as he pulls plates from the cupboard. His boyish face grins at me, the flecks of gold shining in his brown eyes.

“Maybe for you.”

“You get off too. I can tell.”

I roll my eyes. “Yeah, same way. I slide in the vibrator, tickle the clit with my fingers while you’re thrusting me forward from behind. I just wish you could see things from my point of view,” I say.

Russel nods. “I know. It would be cool to switch bodies for a day and understand how you feel and perceive things.”

A thought beams through my mind. “You know, that’s not a bad idea. I have a challenge for you,” I say because I know that anything sex needs to be his idea. He hates it when I come up with stuff. The last time we tried some other position, both of us ended up pulling muscles we didn’t know we had. “Why don’t you figure out something to do. Perhaps a way of us reversing roles. I know there’s got to be something. Read through those websites you’re always researching.” I giggle because he’ll visit porn websites all in the name of research he claims. I’ve gone back through the computer history to see how he’s looking at anal sex, men having anal sex with women. It’s how he came up with the idea to make anal sex our go to pleasure drive back when we were trying out different birth control methods. I trust his research to find something to make our love life livelier.

“Mmm. Maybe. Maybe there are toys we can get,” Russel suggests.

“Maybe. Take a look at that one website that sells adult toys. Come up with more ideas we can try. Please. I need something different,” I say.

Russel kisses the top of my head. “I will, my love. Leave it to me. I’ll find something exciting we can do.” He gets on the computer for a couple of days looking and reading. When I ask him about it he gives me the oddest answer.

“I stumbled upon something I’ve heard about before, but not sure if I want to try what I’ve found, Maxi,” Russel says.

“Oh? Tell me what? Maybe it’s just what we need.” I bounce up and down excited for him to find something besides what we’ve been doing on the horizon and it sounds good.

“The role reversal thing I’m thinking about. I mean, I’m not sure I even want to do what I’ve discovered,” Russel says as he looks down and shakes his head.

“Well, what is it?” I ask my hand goes to my hip.

“It’s called pegging. You know of it?”

“Pegging? I’m not sure...”

“Pegging is where you’d wear a strap-on and well, ass fuck me,” Russel says, his face devoid of a smile.

Now my cogs are turning. “Yes, I have read about pegging. This is what we need! Yes, I want you to experience what I do every time we are together,” I say, probably too fast for he throws a hurt expression my way.

“You really want to fuck me up the ass? I’m not gay.”

“I didn’t say you were gay. But it’s only fair. I’m not that keen on our constant anal-sex fest. I’d like for you to experience what I do while being fucked up the ass. This is a game changer!” I’m a little too enthusiastic. But I’ve gotten to where I’d rather not do any sex with the man with his constant need of ramming his cock up my back door.

“You,” Russel shakes his head. “You act as if you want to hurt me with it.”

“Russel! Listen to yourself. It’s okay for you to pound my ass several times a week, making me use the vibrator and my own fingers, but you’re not willing to take exactly what you dose out? I’m rather put off with your reaction to this. You never stop and ask how I feel about the ass fucking, you just do it,” I say.

“I do it as birth control,” Russel says as he glares at me.

“There are other things we can do and you know it. Besides, I’m only fertile a small time out of each month. I think you use birth control as an excuse. It’s only fair you experience this too. It won’t make you gay and you can experience the same things I do. In fact, I will refuse to let you ever stick your cock up my ass, pussy or anywhere until you allow me to peg you proper,” I say, not giving in to his pouting.

“We don’t have the right equipment.”

I grab my purse and credit card and sit at the computer. I flash a wicked grin at my husband as I quickly find the strap-on appliances and order one, express delivery. "Tomorrow night, it's your turn," I say as I walk away while laughing.

I can't help but giggle as I open the package that just arrived. The strap-on is the same length of Russ's hard cock. I think it's fair. I'm serious too, if he doesn't do this, his idea he's not coming anywhere near me with his hard cock again.

"You might want to shower first," I say while wagging my brow at my husband.

"Uh-uh. You're not touching me with that thing," Russel says as he shakes his head.

"Sweetie, it was your idea. I told you to come up with something, you found the perfect thing in my opinion. Come on, it will be fun," I say as I turn on my charm. Russel has a hard time refusing me at times. After he showers, he's dressed in his shorts and T-shirt and heads to the family room to watch TV. Oh no, I'm not letting him get away with it. I dress in one of my new black crotchless teddies, with ulterior motives. I know how to get to my husband and force him to do what I want.

Grabbing a beer out of the fridge I walk into the family room and hand it to Russel. His brow lifts as he regards me. "What's this?" he asks as he ganders at my outfit. I twirl seductively.

"You like?" I ask.

“Yeah, but what gives,” he says. He’s being a hard nut to crack while he takes a long drink of his beer.

I take the bottle from him and after setting it on the table crawl up on his lap and entwine my hands around his neck. “This,” I say as I nibble his ear eliciting a groan. “Is what’s up.” He can’t resist my advances as I continue kissing his neck and licking his earlobe.

“Mmm. Why are you doing this to me, oh feisty one?”

“Trying to break you,” I say as I kiss his neck and pull his shirt over to continue over his shoulders. His hand explores my body, first squeezing my mounds and then slides between my legs and to the crotchless slit.

“What is this?” he asks as his face stretches into a wide grin.

“Easy access,” I say as I lick his neck and back up to his ear.

“Uhh, you know how to weaken me, my queen.”

Yes! Perfect, refer to me as his queen. “Let’s go have some fun,” I whisper and jump up. His hand comes out and slaps my ass as I walk and I squeal. He practically chases me into the bedroom, growling as we run. I climb on the bed and turn to him.

“Bark like a dog,” Russel commands. Furrowing my brow, I don’t want to hear this, for it means he wants me on all fours for easy access entrance, and I’m not giving that to him. But I do bark and growl to toy with the man.

“Come on, wag your tail at me,” Russel says as he comes out of his shirt and shorts, his cock hard and ready for action.

Give the man what he wants and then pounce. I rise on all fours, wagging my ass at the man, while barking and smiling seductively. He growls as he comes to me, his cock ready for insertion. But before he inserts I flip around quickly and arch my brow as I grasp his swollen manhood with my hands.

“Oh, soft,” Russel moans as I run my hand down the length of his shaft. Aiming to get him to the point of no return I bend down and lightly kiss the tip sliding my lips over it. He moans louder as I do this and bring my hand up cupping his ball sack as I massage.

“Uh, fuck, Max, you will make me come like this.”

“Is that okay?”

Russel gives me a half smile and nods. “Yeah, we want to try something different. Let’s do this.”

“Let me do it the way I want?” I slide my mouth over his cock knowing full well

what answer I'll receive. I look up with brow lifted.

"Mmm-hmm, yes, whatever you want," Russel says as he moans. I suck his cock for a few moments until it stiffens, and he's on the verge of coming and I pull back. His face skews into a grimace.

"One second," I say as I hop up quickly and run into the bathroom. With lightning speed, I place the strap-on around my waist, with the little knob securely against my clit so I can have fun too. Russel moans as his hand is on his cock.

"Keeping it hard," he says with a smile when I return.

"Turn around, keep your hand on your cock and bend," I command as I squirt a drop of lube on the tip of the strap-on, which he didn't notice.

"Fuck! What the hell?" Russel backs away, his eyes wild.

"No, you don't. You do this all the damn time to me. It's your turn to experience an ass fucking. Fair is fair," I say as I grasp his cock and give it a tug causing him to groan. "Come on, it's a great experience. I've read orgasms for men are intense when they take it up the ass while getting off."

Russel is hesitant but I nod and smile. "Come on, do it once for me," I beg as I bat my eyes. He doesn't like it. "You can jack off while I do it. And after that I'll let you do whatever you want to me."

A slight smile forms on his face as he nods. “Okay, just this once. Shit.” Russel turns and places a hand on the wall, bracing himself while his other hand strokes his hard cock.

“Just relax. I’ll go slow at first,” I say as I’ve heard him say to me. He groans as I bring the vibrator to his ass and flip the switch. At once heat floods my pelvis as the knob vibrates against my clit. I adjust it so it’s not fully on it but I can still feel it and then I insert the vibrator through my husband’s anus.

“Oomph!” Russel lurches forward as I fully insert the whirring vibrator, his hand clenches at the wall but he doesn’t protest. I pump in and out of his ass, going slow. His hand moves over his cock as he whimpers and moans.

“As soon as you get off, I’ll pull it out,” I say as I lean in, the pleasure blooming in my pelvis from the smaller vibrator.

“Uh, fuck, I like this,” I say as I grasp Russel’s side and pump faster. Russel’s hand moves faster in unison as he moans with me. I slam into his ass hard with each thrust my clit bumps the knob as I grind my midsection into him. My breathing quickens as I’m pumping, shoving the vibrator all the way into Russel’s ass. Suddenly, my pelvis explodes in heat waves of pleasure as I come, moaning and pressing hard against his back until the orgasm wanes and I let off the knob as I pull out and back in until Russel comes.

“Uh, fuck! UH, AH! Fucking ass, I’m coming,” Russel yelps as his hand slides over his head and he squeezes as hot semen pours out onto his hand, and spilling onto the bed. Russel moans as his movements slow.

“Pull that fucking thing out!” Russel yells as I slowly pull it out while flipping off the switch. He rests with his forehead against the wall, his hand still bracing him before he buckles over onto his side catching his breath.

I yank off the strap-on and take it to the bathroom to clean. When I return Russel is sitting on the side of the bed as he cleans his cock with a tissue, a scowl on his face. He glares at me without saying a word. I offer a wicked smile but he ignores me as he brushes past me to the bathroom where he slams the door in my face.

I clean up the mess he made on the bed and strip the sheets. When he returns moments later, he still glares at me, his brow furrowed. “Are you seriously mad at me?”

“I feel as if you really coerced me into that!” Russel says.

I laugh, uncontrollably while he patiently waits. “You fucking think I pressured you? It was consensual and you fucking know it,” I say while gritting my teeth.

“Consensual? I guess so but now I feel so used and violated.”

“Touché! Seriously, Russel. I did that to show you what it feels like, every fucking time. The only difference is that the vibrator has batteries and vibrates. You spew your hot man juice in me when you fuck me up the ass. I wanted you to experience what I do,” I say while keeping my eyes steady on his.

His jaw flexes as he considers what I'm saying. "Okay, I get it. If I fuck you up the ass I deserve an ass fucking too?"

I hadn't really considered it like that but now as he says it I nod. "Yes. If you want to fuck me up the ass, you have to take a turn being pegged. Fair is fair. I rather enjoyed pegging you like that. It turned me on. So as long as you want to fuck my ass, I get to fuck yours. Deal?"

Russel didn't answer right away but thought about it. "Okay, it's a deal. But I'll probably think of other things we can do too, to make it different, to add spice," he says.

I smile. "Good. That's what I wanted all along," I say as I step to my husband and run my hand through his hair before bending down to kiss him like he hadn't been kissed in a long time. His arms pull me to him, his eyes intense as we lay back on the bed. I giggle, for I know he's open to trying new things and I'm giddy with excitement to discover just what he has in mind next.

THE END

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