

SCARLETT STEELE

A First Time Femdom Female Domination Erotica Short Story

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a shiny red latex dress and black leather boots. She is holding a black whip with both hands, positioned in front of her legs. The background is plain white.

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Dominant Woman Pegs Her Bully and Exacts

The Ultimate Revenge

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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

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The Ultimate Revenge

I do a double take because I see Barry Finch, the guy who dumped me in college. Handsome jock that he was he treated me and most women like we were property to be used and tossed aside. He left me in a heap of hurt, a college freshman, so tender about life. He had paid attention to me as we met at a frat party. I thought he was everything I could ever want in a man until we dated a few times, just long enough for me to fall for him. Then I caught him with Amber Pells. That's when I realized what a dick he was and moved on with life. That's when I became bitter and made it my life's goal to learn how to dominate men rather than be dominated. Now I have a reputation with a certain few and only a special kind of man wants to date me.

By day I'm a calm marketing rep for a major retail firm, by night I turn into a woman of raw talent bringing men to their knees, literally. I make it my conquest to put men in their place if they so much as step a toe out of line. I really enjoy dating men who are into this kink. But, I'm at a conference in the city and there stands my ex beau from college, the one who put me on this path.

"Tanya? Tanya Fisher? Is that you?" Barry asks as he makes his way to my table on the conference floor. Like we look a ton different, it's only been six years since he dumped me at that party. He's still handsome, his dark brown hair cut short and neat, muscles flex behind the suit that barely stretches over his still-ripped body. I beam a smile at the man.

"Barry Finch, as I live and breathe. How the hell are you?" I ask in my most professional tone.

"Well, damn, I'm good. How are you? You work for the company too?" Barry seems legitimately interested and surprised I'm standing here. I tilt my head and shove my golden curls from my shoulder.

“I’ve been with the company as a marketing executive since graduation. I did my internship with them during the year of studying for my masters. They hired me right away. You?”

Barry nods as he looks around as the room is filled with people from all over the country, people who either work for the merchandising company or who are here vying for wholesale contracts. “I was hired about six months ago. I was hired with Campbell Trust right out of college, but I didn’t enjoy that as much as I do working on accounts,” Barry says.

“That’s right, you went for an accounting major,” I say.

“Yes. I could become a CPA, eventually. I wanted to gain experience first working with a big company like this. I’m here to learn the marketing side so I can understand how the company runs as a whole,” Barry says.

“It’s nice seeing you again, Barry. I need to discuss accounts with these people,” I say as I offer the man a small wink and turn to the crowd gathered at my table.

Barry nods and gives me a sheepish smile. “Catch ya later,” he says as he walks away from my table.

I spend the afternoon discussing accounts and marketing options with several vendors while Barry moves around the room looking more like a lost puppy. His eyes keep coming back to me. I try not to let him catch me staring at him, but I constantly wonder where he is. He presents me with a conquest and I aim to

make him see just what I'm capable of now.

Barry makes his way back to my table as I'm clearing it and packing the materials in boxes later that afternoon. "So productive day, eh?"

I smile up at the man from my position kneeling on the floor. Lifting my brow, I smile and nod. "I suppose it was. I nailed some big accounts so you'll be busy crunching numbers over the next year," I say as I stand and secure the boxes.

Barry helps and together we carry the boxes to the company vans in the parking garage. "You want to grab a bite to eat?" Barry asks.

I thought he'd never ask. I always let the man think he's in charge, it helps him to soften and become my bitch. I beam the handsome ex-jock a big smile. "Of course. Just give me a few minutes to wash up and change," I say.

We meet in the lobby, Barry changed into casual wear, the polo shirt stretching over his muscles, the khakis he fills out nicely. I step up wearing a blue dress, stretched over my ample curves, and a pair of matching strappy sandals. His brow lifts in appreciation as I walk right to him and stretch to kiss his cheek. He nods as if I answered an unspoken question. He's probably thinking about how he'll nail me later. Little does he know he's the one that will be nailed.

"Shall we?" I say as I hold out my hand to take his arm. He escorts me to his little sports car rental and we whiz into the city in search of a good place to eat dinner.

“What are you hungry for? Steak? Seafood? Italian? Mexican?” Barry asks.

“Hmm, I don’t know. Do you have any preferences? The last time I was here I had Italian, I’d like to try something different. Pick for us,” I suggest.

Barry chuckles. “Little lady can’t make up her own mind. I’ll take us to a nice place up by the lake,” Barry says. Cocky little shit that he is I smile as if I’m thankful he’s the big man who can make the decisions for little ole indecisive me.

We eat the seafood overlooking the Great Lake, the atmosphere is nice with music playing in the background, the dock before us. Full from the meal of all you can eat shrimp, we pull back the chairs and enjoy the view. The sun sinks to the west below the horizon and as if on cue, the moon rises brilliant and silvery in the sky.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Barry suggests as we walk towards the shore. The water laps gently but the wind is fierce, and a bit cool. I wrap my arms about my chest. “Here.” Barry wraps his arm about my shoulders as we walk along.

“I should have brought my wind breaker. I forget why they call this place The Windy City. Even though it’s summer, the evenings are rather a bit cool compared to back home,” I say.

Barry smirks. “Little ladies are always cold. Shivering, needing heat. Barry has plenty of heat.” He runs his hands up and down my arms.

“Little lady? That’s pretty demeaning, you know,” I say as I glance up at the brute.

“Yeah, well, if the shoe fits.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? Do you ever chill? You know, you were an ass in college,” I say as I shake out of his embrace.

Barry chuckles. “I suppose I was. Still am. Just my personality I guess.”

“You get told that a lot?”

“Sometimes. I am who I am. You can take me or leave me,” Barry says.

I kick my strappy sandals off to walk along the sand, even though it’s cool it’s easier to walk. “I recall, you dumped me.”

Barry looks confused. “Did I? Hell, freshman year is a fuzz.”

“Seriously? You don’t remember? You probably left a trail of broken hearts behind you. Look at you now. College grad and still not married. How come?” I smirk.

“Really? You’re chastising me for not being married right now. What are you? Wait, you have a husband back in St. Louis?”

I laugh. “No, of course not. I’ve had a few serious relationships. I’m choosing not to settle down right now.”

“Hmm. Well I guess that’s my choice too. Too many fish in the sea. I have my hook in the water you know. Some good nibbles here and there, but nothing I want to keep.”

“Present company included?” I stop and turn to the man. I need to make him feel in charge and in my grasp.

“Present company a possibility for a keeper. No promises though,” Barry mutters.

I kick sand at him. “I just didn’t do it for you before, not enough to keep you interested, huh?”

Barry picks up a pebble and tosses it, skipping it across the water’s surface. “I didn’t say that. Freshman year is a blur. There were too many good looking chicks. I wanted to sample the tray instead of committing to a solid meal. Does that make sense?”

I laugh. “I guess. It’s not how I saw it and you didn’t even take time to dump me properly. You just walked away and found another.”

“Shit yeah. I had to keep sampling. I’m a man of big appetite.”

“Have you ever had a serious relationship? Have you ever been in love?” I ask.

“In love? Not really. Not with you or with any of those girls. Sorry. I didn’t mean to break the little lady’s heart,” Barry says as his face turns to the water, the moonlight casting a nice glow.

“Well, maybe I’m wasting my time here,” I say and turn to leave.

“What? Wait, who says you’re wasting your time? We’re talking about freshman year in college, not about right now, real grown up life.” He reaches out and grabs my arm stopping me.

“So we’re grownups here. What are we doing exactly?”

“Tan, I don’t understand. We ran into each other. If it helps, I’m interested,” Barry says.

I soften my look and give the man a slight smile as I step up to him. Reaching up I brush my hand over his chiseled jaw. He lifts a brow and smiles. “I’m not sure what I am to be honest. Barry, you need to realize, I’m not the same naïve college girl you knew. I’ve changed, a lot. I’ve changed because you changed me,” I say.

Barry leans in, his face inches from mine. “Change is good sometimes. I’m not the same man either. But I’m basically who I am. You either like me or you don’t,” he says.

My lips part as I peer at his full lips bending closer. “I did like you, but I’ve

changed. You may not like who I am now,” I say but he doesn’t let me finish for his lips brush against mine. He pulls me close, roughly, his hands rubbing my back and grabbing my ass. I warm to his touch; he still lights a fire in me. I become pliable in his embrace as my arms entwine his neck and I kiss back with fervor and passion. I want to nail him, badly.

When we pull back Barry says, “Now that’s more like it.” Still a cocky shit but I smile and nod.

“If you’d like to reacquaint yourself with me, let’s go back to the hotel,” I say.

“Fuck yeah! I thought you’d never ask. And yes, I’d love to become reacquainted with you. All night long,” he says and chuckles as he turns and grabs my hand almost making us run back up the beach to the seafood restaurant parking lot. Once in the car, he revs the engine.

“Horny much?” I ask point blank.

“I’m a red-blooded male, I’m always horny.”

“Are you game for some fun then?” I ask as I swoop in for the kill.

Barry turns to me while we’re stopped at a traffic light. “Fun? If it’s fuck fun, then yes,” he says.

“Oh, I bet you’ve never had this kind of fun,” I say.

“I bet I’m willing to try it.”

“Are you? You’re not afraid of me?”

“Fuck no. You’re a little lady. What the fuck could you ever do to make me afraid. I’m game for whatever sexy fun you have in mind.”

“Good.” I turn and face forward, the smile on my face stuck for I am looking forward to showing him just what I’m all about now.

We waste no time racing to the elevator and to my room at my insistence. I’m working Barry into a frenzy and he’ll be just where I want him. We burst through the door and Barry gropes at me, pulling me to him and working on lifting my dress.

“Whoa, slow down cowboy,” I say as I step back with my hand on his chest. He looks at me with desire in his eyes. “I need to freshen up. Make yourself comfortable, I’ll be right back,” I say as I lift my chin.

“Okay!” he says as he rips his shirt off and hops on the bed.

“That’s good. Take your clothes off,” I say and smile and disappear into the bathroom. I hear his clothing hit the floor as he’s all too willing to do as I say.

After I dress in the black leather crotchless teddy, I darken my face by making smoky eyes and deep red lips. Pulling my hair tight I secure the band giving my face a severe appearance. I must look the part. I grab the small whip, silk ties, and put the strap-on vibrator on the counter for later. Opening the door, I call, "Are you ready Barry?"

"Fuck yeah, I'm standing at attention waiting on my little lady," Barry says.

I step out, my stilettos thumping across the floor. Barry's eyes widen in surprise as he sits up in the bed. He's completely naked, his eyes dance over my body. Swallowing hard, he licks his lips. Even in my current dominatrix stance, he's practically drooling. "You've been a bad boy. You deserve punishment," I say as I snap the whip through the air.

"Fuck yeah! Spank me hard. Make me pay," Barry says.

"Has anyone ever done this with you before?" I ask.

"Eh, I dated a girl that enjoyed spankings. But I've never been spanked. Please spank me." Barry turns over, his ass in the air. I step forward and snap the whip over his bare ass. "Yeouch!"

"Shut up!" I snap the whip over him again. My face devoid of a smile I glare down at him. "You are not to speak unless spoken to, you hear?" He didn't answer. Snap went the whip over his ass. "I said, you hear?"

“Yes, mistress, I hear,” Barry says, his face rapt with attention on me.

“Good. You behave, you’ll be rewarded. Now, I want you over here,” I say as I pat the center of the bed. I pull a pillow close. “Lay down, with your ass in the air and grasp the bed frame.”

His brow furrows. I snap the whip as his bare ass again. “Do it,” I command. He climbs up and does exactly what I tell him, laying his head on the pillow, his ass in the air on his knees, and grasps the headboard. “Now, be still while I tie your hands to the headboard.” With great swiftness I tie his hands to the spindles with the silk ties. Barry keeps an amused expression on his face.

I give him a wicked grin and move around to his backside and run my hand over his ass. I lean into him, and reach around, grasping his cock with my hand with ease. He groans as I move back and stand.

“Don’t stop,” He says as he turns his head. I smile and smack the whip on his ass again.

“Did I tell you to talk?”

“No, mistress.”

“Good, keep your mouth shut. I’ll be right back. Don’t move.” I rush into the bathroom pull up the strap-on the vibrator which also has a nub that will vibrate

my slit giving me pleasure as I fuck him. I return and stand where he can see me. His eyes grow large as a frightened expression crosses his face. He says nothing as I smear a couple of drops of lube over the tip. He's wanting to say something.

"Speak," I command.

"What the fuck, Tanya?"

"Are you a scaredy cat? Are you man enough to take a pegging by a woman? I will fuck you and the only way I'll stop fucking you is if you come. You hear?" I ask.

Barry swallows hard and nods. I smile. "Good, prepare for the fucking of your life," I say as I climb on the bed and turn the vibrator on, giving me immediate warmth to my pelvis as the nub vibrates at my now wet slit. I moan as I bend forward and drip more lube onto my hand. Before I penetrate his ass, I reach around and give his pre-cum dripping cock a few good strokes. He moans as I do it and I slide my fingers up to his asshole where I rim around before inserting a couple of fingers.

"Fuck," he says as I do it. I laugh as I pull my fingers out and go back to his cock, stroking and tugging and making him groan and buck. Before he knows what's happening, I shove the vibrator into his ass. "Oomph." He juts forwards as I slide the vibrator in and out of his asshole, making him squirm. My hand strokes his hard pole as my fingers dance over the head.

"Remember, you come and I'll stop," I say. I pump in and almost out of his ass fucking him like he fucked all those girls in college. My hand goes lightning fast

over his swollen cock as he whimpers and moans. I go slow at first, in his ass, and then as the pleasure builds in me I pump faster. “You need to fucking come when I do,” I say as I catch my breath feeling on the verge of orgasm.

“Uhh, ohh, fuck, you will make me come,” Barry says. I speed the pumping and the tugging on his hard cock. He flexes and juts his ass, meeting me with each pump. I gyrate and grind into the vibrator as the orgasm fires through my pelvis.

“Fuck! I’m coming! Come with me, Uh! Ah! Fuck,” I yelp as I grinding into him, my hand sliding up and down over his cock. Suddenly, his cock lengthens as his ass flexes out, and he growls into a raging orgasm, as I pump in rhythm with his moves, soiling the bed linens with his cum.

“I’m done! Fuck, I’m done, please stop!” Barry shouts. I turn the vibrator off and remove it from his ass slowly. He collapses on the bed, spent from the ass fucking of his life. I giggle as I toss the strap-on to the side and untie his hands.

He looks at me with watery eyes. “You’re a fucking wench, you know that?” he says, his face serious.

“You’re my fucking bitch. That’s what you are. Now you know what it feels like,” I say as I stand and make my way to the bathroom and start the shower.

I no longer than wet my hair when he opens the door and steps in, his eyes still watery, his expression that of a combination of awe and surprise.

“You sure pegged me good. I’ve never had that before. Shit. I think I like it though. Want me to wash your back?”

I smile at the man as I shrug. “Sure, wash my back. And do you want to see me again?” I turn to glimpse his face.

He gives me a slight smile. “I think I might enjoy this again. You sure know how to knock the bully out of a person. Damn, I’ve never come that intense before. I guess you taught me a thing or two.”

Good to know! If I could I’d pat myself on the back I would for a job well done.

THE END

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