

A woman is shown from the chest down to the waist, wearing a black lace bra and matching lace underwear. She is holding the waistband of her underwear with her right hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**SCARLETT STEELE**  
A Tale of First Time Femdom

**DOMINATING  
PUNISHING  
HER BOSS**

A woman is shown from the chest down to the waist, wearing black lace lingerie. She is holding the sides of her lace bottom piece, which is partially pulled down, revealing her midriff. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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# **Dominating and Punishing the Boss**

## **A Tale of First Time Femdom**

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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, cunninligus 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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## **Punishing and Dominating the Boss**

### **A Tale of First Time Femdom**

“Claire, get in here,” Mr. Struthers calls from his office. I dutifully appear with pen and paper in hand.

“Yes, sir?” I asked with a painted smile on my face. The man regards me for a moment, he’s cocky and thinks he knows so much more than me just because he’s fifteen years older. I’d like to bring him down a notch and show him how much I know. For one, I’m sexually attracted to the man. He’s thirty-nine with thick black hair, a mustache and goatee. He wears these sexy tight jeans, even though he’s the boss, he’s casual in dress. I do my part, wearing clothing proper for a secretary, often dressing sexier than I should, but I enjoy getting under his skin. We have a funny give and take boss employee relationship.

“I bought a new party barge. Was wondering if you’d like to take it for a spin after work today?” Mr. Struthers says.

“Seriously? That sounds like fun. Will there be anyone else along?” I ask.

“Nope. Just you and me if you can handle it.” The man smiles at me, making my heart thump hard. He’s been after me since he hired me but I’ve played hard to get, frankly, because he was married.

I recalled the first weeks of working for the used car salesman. He had a wife and a daughter, but made googly eyes at me. I don't date married men and flat out refused him. Within two months, he divorced his wife, and she moved on, which he let me know. It disgusted me because he wanted to cheat on his wife with me. I refused his advances even though he claimed their marriage was over long before I came along.

Many times I've sat in front of his desk as he tried to figure me out. "You're an intriguing woman," he said more than once. He does not understand why I didn't like him back then.

I've run with a chick who has taught me her ways, and the videos, oh my! Her secret life is filled with intrigue as she is way into domination. Men cower to her as her sexual slave. I've seen it in action, although the first time was by mistake. Well, mistake on my part, I didn't set out to discover this truth with her. But she laughed at how funny it was to have me tag along while she put a man in his place. I remember it well.

The witness to her actions had me startled and shocked. I sat in the room next to the bedroom where it took place. The thin walls left nothing to the imagination. She appeared wearing her dominatrix outfit and literally scared the shit out of me. Her eyes painted with heavy eye-liner, the whip snapping in his direction. He'd yelp, and she'd snap the whip. She shoved a strand of beads up his ass, and then sucked him off, all while being tied to the bed. As he came into her mouth, she pulled the beads out. I thought she was killing him. But later discovered, the man enjoyed being dominated and tortured like that. It intrigued me to the point I asked her how she learned to be that way. She shoved four DVD's in my hands, winked, and told me to enjoy my new transformation.

After watching the DVD's I've put what I've learned into action with my last

boyfriend. Since then I've wanted to practice my newfound skills on a man that deserves to be taken down a notch. Russ Struthers is just the man and tonight on his party barge he shall meet his match.

The man practically drools at me as I walk about the office finishing the work of the day. Maybe it's the mini-skirt business suit I'm wearing. Or it could be the three inch spikes on my shoes. Whatever, he can't take his eyes from me. I act as if I don't see him. Nonchalant, makes him crazy. He's used to women swooning at his attention. A pretty boy with a pocket of cash. Russ gets the women easy enough, but I'm a conquest he hasn't mastered, yet. Little does he realize I will make him my slave later on his new boat. He believes he will show me a few things about life. Ha!

"I'll swing by and pick you up in an hour," Russ Struthers says as he's walking out the door.

I smirk. "I can drive myself. I'll meet you at the marina," I say as I lift a brow.

"Suit yourself. I'm being a gentleman by offering to give you a ride."

"Mr. Struthers? Russ?"

"Yes, dear." He uses sentiments like that to put me in my place.

“Is this a date? I mean, is that what you think of me now?”

He furrows his brow. “Date? Well, I’d like to show you a good time. If it turns into a date, then so be it. We’re both adults. You shouldn’t be nervous around me. I won’t bite,” he says.

I can’t help chuckling. “I might bite.” I straighten my desk and go ahead to exit the building, casting a glance his way. He’s more intrigued now, as he tries to figure me out. He has no clue what I’m about but he’ll soon find out.

“Okay! I don’t mind an occasional bite. See you there in an hour,” Russ calls as I slide into my car. I merely offer a wicked smile and nod as I start the car and drive away leaving him gawking after me in the parking lot.

A party barge outing means I can carry my larger beach bag and not look suspicious. Flipping the switch on the vibrator, it whirs to life. I smile as I shove it to the bottom of the bag along with the silk ties, baton, gag, blindfold, and the lube. He’ll never know what hit him.

Satisfied I have everything I need I make my way to the marina. Russ is in for a big shock when he sees the real me. He’s waiting on the dock, as it gently bobs up and down in the water. Smiling I make my way to him as he puts his hand on my back steadying me while we step to his new boat tethered on the end.

“Nice,” I say as I cautiously step on board. He beams a proud smile as he shows

me around and brags about his sailor knowledge. I stow my bag under the seat for later, snickering as I stand.

“What’s so funny?” Russ asks.

“I’m just happy to be here with you,” I say giving the man encouragement.

The water casts brilliant sparkles with the setting sun as the gentle wind brings a fishy wet aroma. Russ steers the boat through the waterway as he points out the locations which look vastly different from the water than on land. I enjoy the relaxing time as I take a seat at the helm and let the wind blow back my hair.

After we went around the lake, Russ steers into Duck Cove and sets the anchor so we can enjoy a light supper of fried chicken, potato salad, beer, and chocolate donuts. I giggle at the combination he picked up from a convenience store on the way to the marina earlier.

“What? It’s good,” he says with muffled mouth as he chews on a drumstick.

“It’s good. Just funny,” I say.

He regards me with a smirk. “I suppose you’re the type that likes a plate of Italian food with a glass of wine for supper.”

I think for a moment. “Yeah, Angelo’s Fine Italian is a great restaurant. I love their wine list,” I say as I smile at the man. I want him to think he has the upper hand before I swoop down and make him my bitch.

Russ turns on music, the soft romantic tones do give the atmosphere a nice touch, with the setting sun and the gentle bob of the boat, I feel dizzy as I stand, for Russ holds out his hand for me. He pulls me to him as we sway back and forth on the deck. I keep my head turned away, making him work for my undivided attention. He swallows as he’s looking down at me. I finally turn my head and smile up at his face, the colors melting into each other as the sun sinks down leaving the eerie light of dusk. The water below us dark and foreboding. The beer buzz is working me, making me loose and dangerously amorous. Little by little Russ keeps us moving, rocking slowly with the waves and the music and lowers his face to mine. I smile when he’s just inches from me. Then he swoops in, his lips landing on mine in a solid and deep kiss, his tongue parting my lips and exploring my mouth. I grope at the man, he smells of fried chicken, lake, and that cologne he wears every day that tortures me making me want to be in his arms. The barriers slowly dissolve as our passion heats between us.

Russ sighs as he looks at me. “You’re a tough cookie to figure out. I’ve been trying to get you to go out with me for a long time now. Why did you say yes now?”

I shrug slightly with a catty smile. “I dunno. I guess you wore me down,” I say hoping he assumes he’s the one in charge here before I snare him.

Russ smirks. “Yeah, I’ve tried to figure you out for a long time. You seem like a

girl that likes to have a good time, yet you've thwarted my advances until now," Russ says.

I giggle. "You're just amazed I didn't take a handsome, sexy guy like you up on the offer for a night out. But remember, when you hired me and you were married. No way will I ever date a married man."

"Then I divorced. What about then? You still said no."

"That's really got you that I didn't jump at the chance to date you. Do you honestly believe every single woman, or hell with your scruples, every woman who's breathing and warm, should take you up on the offer for a date?"

"Well, yes. I'm handsome and all that, right?" Russ chuckles.

I shake my head as I smile. Russ doesn't get it. He honestly thinks he's a gift to all women. He leans in and lightly brushes my lips with his as his arms slide down mine. Gooseflesh prickles leaving a trail. At least for me to get into character, it helps to have a beer buzz and to be horny, which Russ is making sure I am.

I lean back and grab my second beer and gulp a fourth of the bottle.

“Steady there, girl,” Russ says as he snaps the lid off another beer for him.

“I can hold my liquor. I’ll stop at this. Besides, I figure we’ll be out here for a couple of hours, and I’ll down a cup of coffee at the dock café before driving home.”

“Oh really?” Russ asks, lifting a brow. “Good to know you agree with my good intentions here.”

“More like ulterior motives. You bring me out on the lake on a lazy Friday night, feed me convenient store fried chicken and chocolate donuts with beer to drink. What did you assume would happen?” I giggle as I run my finger over his chest. He grabs me to him, and pulls the bottle from my hand and sets it on the table before leaning me back and planting a passionate kiss, one heavy with tongue and moans. Time for me to make my move and take charge.

After righting myself I nod at the man. “So this is what you’ve waited all these months for? You want to bed me down and have your way, huh?” I brush my fingertips over his face and down his neck. He groans as he looks at me.

“Maybe. I am older and more experienced,” he says getting all cocky on me.

“I bet you haven’t done some of the things I have. I bet I can show you a time like you’ve never had,” I say knowing full well he’s more of a wham am thank

you ma'am kind of man. Good looks can only get you so far and if you can't keep a woman around, obviously there's an issue. I smile.

“Oh really? So show me.”

*It's on! “Okay, but you must do as I say. Give me a few moments to prepare,” I say as I reach under the seat for my bag. He shows me below deck and into the tiny bedroom. It's enough room to do what I want to do to him. I prepare by changing my outfit, a leather suit cut high on the legs and low in the front, studded with chains. I darken my make-up so I will be the part and pull my hair high on my head in a ponytail. After I slide my feet into the black stilettos, I call for Russ to come down as I hide in the shadows of the tiny bathroom.*

“Yoo hoo? Where'd you go,” Russ calls from the bed.

“Take all your clothes off and lay on the bed,” I command. He chuckles and complies. Good boy. When he says he's ready I step out of the bathroom and crack the baton in my hand as I squint at the man and walk to him. At once his cock lengthens as his face stretches into a smile and he nods.

“Nice. Yeah. Spank me, Claire,” Russ says.

“Shhh...” The baton whirrs through the air as I act as if I will hit him. He merely looks up at me, his cock hardening even more.

“Spank me, I don’t mind,” Russ says with a grin.

“Tell me, slave,” I say as I bring my heeled foot up to his thigh, “have you ever been dominated by a woman before?”

“Honestly? No, not like this in the get up and all. But I’m game for new experiences,” Russ says.

“Shut up, slave. You shall have new experiences, but you’re to do as I say.” I remove my foot and look at his solid cock. Running my hand over it elicits a moan from the man, his eyes begging me to continue touching it but I pull back as I raise a brow.

“You want me to suck it?” I ask. He eagerly nods. “If I suck it, you must first endure punishment. Are you game?” Another eager nod. I lean forward and act as if I’m about to put his cock in my mouth and pull back, but his hands come up grabbing my head and pulling me to him. I yank back and narrow my eyes as I shake my head.

“Did I tell you to use your hands? You naughty, naughty boy. No!” I reach inside the bag and pull out the silk ties and tie each of his hands to the headboard and then I smirk. “And for being naughty.” The baton comes down on his thighs hard in a smack. He grimaces but doesn’t protest.

Bending over, I wrap my lips around his swollen cock and draw it in causing him to lurch forward and groan. I quickly release him and pull back the baton and smack his thighs again. "Be still!" Again, I repeat the process and this time I bring a hand up to stroke the base of the cock while I suck the head. He moans, but he holds still. I give him a cross look and pull out the blindfold from my bag. After securing it over his head, I give him another suck and this time he moans loudly.

"Fuck, keep on it," he says.

I rip the blindfold off and give him another thwack over the thighs. "I told you to shut up, slave! Now you'll be punished."

I pull a vibrator out of the bag and it whirs to life. Grinning, I run it over Russ' chest and at the base of his cock. Again, he bucks and moans. Bending forward I suckle his cock again and glance up at him. "Do you like this?"

"Yes."

*Thwack. "Yes what?" I raise the baton, ready to smack if he gives the wrong answer.*

"Yes, Claire." Thwack.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Russ grimaces, his cock drips with pre-cum. I give an evil chuckle and bring the vibrator up again.

“You want to get off?”

“Please, ma’am.”

“But I want to fuck you,” I say and he smiles, as his eyes sparkle.

“By all means,” Russ says.

I climb on top of him and then push back and bring the strap-on vibrator out. “With this.” Russ’ eyes grow wide as I fasten the appliance to my body and I turn it on as I squirt a small amount of lube over the tip of it. He whimpers as I bring the vibrator to the crease of his ass and slap his legs. “Part!” He obeys but I can tell he’s scared. I laugh as I bring my hand down over his phallus as he shuts his eyes and moans and then I shove the vibrator between his cheeks inserting it into his ass.

“Ohhh! What the fuck?”

“Exactly,” I say as I pump the vibrator in and out of his ass, pegging him good as I bend over and handle his cock. I slide the vibrator in and out of his ass while my hand pumps his cock and my other hand smacks his ass cheek. Russ bucks and thrashes as he wants the vibrator out of his ass but I won’t allow it.

“Please remove it,” he begs.

“I’ll remove it when you come,” I say as I lift a brow and slide my hand over his cock, drawing out a drop of pre-cum and rubbing it back over the head. Methodically, I move the vibrator in and out of his anus as I stroke his cock. Soon, his whimpers become moans and then loud groans. He’s biting his lip and rolling his head back and forth. I keep in unison with each buck of his pelvis, squeezing the base of his cock and drawing up to the head, his legs first relax and he grinds his pelvis into the vibrator, then his legs shoot straight out as he tries to lurch forward.

“Mother fucking ass! I’m coming, so fucking intense! Too fucking intense, AH! UH!” Russ yells and bucks and thrashes, while I stay with him, stroking out every last drop of semen out from his cock and keeping the vibrator prodding through his ass. Finally, he screams at me. “STOP!” I release his cock and turn the vibrator off and pull it out of his ass. Russ lays back, fully spent as I stand above him on the bed and snicker.

“FUCK! What the fuck was that?”

*Thwack! “That was me dominating you and giving you an ass pegging to bring you down a notch, you sonofabitch. When I’m dressed like this, you are to call*

*me Ma'am! You hear?"*

I stand over him, feet apart, baton raised and a serious look in my eyes. "Yes ma'am," he says as he struggles with the ties on his hands. I climb down and offer a smile as I untie him and pull my teddy off. "Now eat me," I command. He's dutiful as he laps my wet pussy, bringing me much needed relief as I come. Sometimes I make the man bring me to orgasm first, but often I get really turned on during the play, so the orgasm is a great end to the evening.

"Damn, Claire," Russ says as he rolls to me.

I smile. "What's wrong? Did you think I was too naïve to know what I was doing? Have you ever been pegged before?"

"Fuck no! I can't believe you did that. Shit!"

I giggle. "Does this mean you'll never ask me out again?"

Russ thinks for a moment. "Fuck no. You've just moved to the top of my list. I fucking enjoyed this too much. You're my fucking queen now."

I nod. "Now I've taken you down a notch, I'll let you be my slave."

“Thank you,” Russ says as he smiles and we seal it with a kiss.

THE END

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