

A close-up photograph of a woman's legs wearing black fishnet stockings. She has silver handcuffs on both ankles, which are connected by a chain. Her hands are visible, with red-painted fingernails, resting on her thighs. The background is plain white.

SCARLETT STEELE

EX-BOYFRIEND BRAGGED ABOUT HIS

BACKDOOR

ADVENTURES AND GETS A

TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

A close-up photograph of a woman's legs wearing black fishnet stockings. She is holding a pair of silver handcuffs, with one cuff around her right ankle and the other around her left ankle. Her hands are visible, with red nail polish. The background is plain white.

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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 foot domination, foot fetish, cum cleanup, female domination 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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pegging
the pervert

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Ex-Boyfriend Bragged About His Back Door Adventures And Gets A Taste Of His Own Medicine!

Xany planned a romantic evening for her boyfriend, Jon. They'd been dating for over two years. He charmed her like crazy in the beginning. The funny thing was she and he were both involved with others. He met her at the club and they hung out with the same crowd. Their paths kept crossing and one day she ran into him at lunch. He didn't even say a word but grabbed her hand and they ducked under an abandoned storefront porch. He planted his lips on hers and kissed her deeply, right there.

"What does this mean?" she had asked. Her body trembled under his hands.

"It means Cindy and I are finished. I want you," he said.

Cindy was his girlfriend. And truth be told, he hadn't broken up with her yet. He grabbed Xany's hand and they rushed across the busy street to the historic hotel across the road. He whipped out his credit card and paid for a room. They barely made it up the elevator, barely parting when the door opened so they could rush to the room. They tumbled onto the bed and ripped each other's clothing off. He took her, and she enjoyed it, immensely. But afterward, he told her he needed to see Cindy that night, to end things.

Xany pulled up on her elbow in the aftermath of an impromptu lovemaking session and glared at him. "You mean to tell me you haven't ended it yet?" It pissed her off that she slept with a guy while he was still involved with another woman. He shrugged and acted as if it weren't a big deal.

"I will," he said. And he was true to his word. He broke up with Cindy.

Xany smiled at the memories. Back then she and Jon were inseparable. He put her in high regards, always thrilled to be with her. But lately, he's slipped in the way he treated her. He'd forget dates, or he'd arrive late. He was often tired and cranky, and she'd send him straight home instead of staying the night with her. She hoped by having a romantic evening, they could reconnect and fan the flames of passion once again.

She glanced at her clock. He was half an hour late. A text came through and she smiled as she reached for her phone. Probably him telling her he was stopping by for ice cream or something. Instead it was a number she didn't recognize, the caller's ID simply stated unknown.

"Maybe you should investigate why Jon is late all the time."

She stared at the text and furrowed her brow.

"Who is this?"

"A concerned party. Investigate. The truth is there."

The words haunted her as she bristled. Jon came in an hour late and she fumed

over it as she shoved her phone into his face. "What the fuck is this? Just why are you so late?" Xany demanded.

Jon blushed, a deep red riding across his cheeks. "I have my reasons. Sometimes I can't help what comes up and makes me late," he stammered.

"So? What's the excuse? Seems someone wants me to find out something," Xany said.

"Okay, it only happened once. I couldn't help it, Xan. You know how I love women's asses. I'm male, I have a thing for the round ass cheeks like it calls to me. I had too many drinks. Okay, I'm confessing this and asking forgiveness. I don't want to lose you. Remember with Cindy? I wanted you. I still want you," Jon said.

"Wait, what? You cheated on me?" The tears stung Xany's eyes. She thought he'd have a reason, but not this.

"Yeah, that's what she's trying to tell you. Bitch. She just wants to make trouble for me," Jon said and shook his head.

"What? Who? You cheated on me? Who's telling me?" Xany shook her head, not believing the words coming out of her mouth.

"Look, I really didn't cheat. I was at the bar with a couple of guys from work, you know how we like to enjoy a relaxer after a long day. Well, Desiree was there, the server. She's had a sweet eye on me for a long time. But she has a nice ass. Like I said, I can't help it if I notice other asses. She kept flaunting it at me like I was getting drunk on boilermakers and she was offering. I'm so sorry. She pulled me into the back room on her break and offered her ass to me. I guess I was too drunk to refuse. Little mister can't refuse a nice ass, especially when alcohol is involved. I promise I will never drink again unless you're with me," Jon said.

The tears flowed freely now. Xany shook her head and backed away from him. "I can't believe you cheated on me like that. Couldn't you resist the bar server? Really? You couldn't help yourself and plowed her ass?"

"That doesn't constitute cheating. Not really. I mean I didn't stick Mister mister in her pussy. Just a quick in and out of her ass."

"So, she steals your phone and gets my number?"

"I guess she did, while I was taking a piss after. There was an employee's restroom right there. I left my phone on the table," Jon said. He hung his head in shame.

"Get out!" Xany screamed. She marched to the door and opened it.

"Please, don't leave me," Jon cried.

"I'm not leaving. You are!" Xany shouted.

"Don't do this to us, please. I'm so sorry. I've been driving around trying to gather the nerve to confess this to you. Because I love you and I don't want to lose you. It only happened once. I swear it will never happen again," Jon begged.

"Just get out! Right now, I don't want to see you."

Xany crumpled to the floor crying her eyes out. Jon didn't listen and instead came to her, trying to console her. She shrugged away from him.

"Look, sweetie. What I did wasn't a real cheat. A real cheat would have entailed sticking dick into pussy. I didn't do that, I promise," Jon said.

Xany turned her teary eyes to the man. "Just how many times did it happen? The ass thing?" she asked.

"Only once. But you understand it's not really cheating. It's almost like a kiss or a blow job, it's just not the real thing. And I feel horrible about it," Jon said.

“Only because you were caught. I doubt you would have told me otherwise,” Xany said. She sat back, the tears dried up.

“That’s why I’m late. I was driving around thinking about it. Trying to come up with the right words to explain it. I had no idea she was going to text you about it. I promise! That’s not why I confessed. I wanted to come clean because I want you and not her. Because I feel horrible for what I did to you. I’m so sorry, Xany. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me for it? I love you,” Jon cried.

"You have a funny way of showing the love. Really, Jon? You pounded some chick's ass and you think that's not really cheating? Not really?" Xany's eyes widened as she couldn't believe the gall of her boyfriend. He had a misconstrued view of fidelity.

"No, it's not. It's really not. Sticking my dick in an ass was just the means to an end. I was drunk, and I was horny. I can't help it. You know how much I love women's asses. She offered it so freely and with the alcohol, I couldn't resist," Jon said.

"For one, I want to hear you admit that butt fucking is as much cheating as pussy fucking. For another, you need to apologize for cheating. For fully cheating," Xany said.

Jon's face stayed in a pained scowl. He looked at Xany and nodded. "Okay, I cheated. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me for doing it. I will never do it again. Please forgive me," Jon begged.

Xany nodded. "I will think about it. Right now, I'm too hurt to offer forgiveness. So please leave me be for now. Let me chew on us for a while. I'm not sure I want there to be an us after this," Xany admitted.

Jon's face lengthened as he turned away forlorn and ashamed. He paused at the door and looked back at her. "I really am sorry. I hope you'll give me another chance," he said.

Giving the man another chance was something Xany would have to consider. Right now, she wasn't too keen on it and she needed to figure it out without him there. She also wanted to find out if he'd remain true while they were on a break from one another.

Xany needed to sleep on it. The trauma of discovering infidelity wore her out. She wondered if Cindy had felt the same way when Jon came to her that day and broke up because he had slept with Xany. It was probably retribution for helping him cheat in the first place.

A couple of days later Xany walked into the same bar where Jon had cheated on her. She looked for the girl who had cheated, and the server came up and her eyes widened

"What can I get for you?" Desiree asked. Xany peered at her nametag and judging from the way the woman reacted to her presence, she had to surmise

Desiree was the girl Jon had pounded.

“Martini, extra olive,” Xany said. Desiree walked away, her round ass swayed causing the short skirt on her uniform to bounce with each step. Yep, she had to be the one.

When Desiree returned, she set the drink down. Xany peered up at her and smiled. She couldn’t blame the girl for doing things with Jon. He was a charmer and she didn’t know about his girlfriend, maybe.

“Thank you. Say, when you have a few minutes, I’d like to speak with you, if that’s okay?” Xany asked.

“Okay,” Desiree said. She smiled curtly and turned away to serve others. Xany sat at the table alone sipping the martini and just when she was about to swallow the last, Desiree appeared and sat in the seat across from her.

“Do you know who I am?” Xany asked as she narrowed her eyes at the girl.

“Yes, I do. I saw your photo by your name on his phone,” Desiree said. She placed her tablet on the table in front of her as she cleared her pocket, so the apron would lie flat against her thigh.

"You sent me the text?" Xany asked.

Desiree nodded. A coy smile stretched across her face. "You want to know why?"

"Well, yeah. That's why I'm here," Xany said.

"I don't know. I just felt you needed to know. I knew Jon wasn't interested in me enough to stick around. He was drunk. I gave him what he wanted. Do you think we're having an affair?" Desiree asked.

"No. But I guess I needed to hear it from you," Xany said.

"Nah. He comes in here some. Always flirts, but that's how I am with all the customers. He was interesting. We got to talking and one thing led to another. No pregnancy scares or anything. I asked him if he was going to fess up to his girl. He shrugged. I had already snuck his phone by then and grabbed your number. If it were me I'd want to know," Desiree said. She pursed her lips and leaned forward. "There's nothing going on between us now. If you two break up over this, it's all on you two and not me. Got to get back to work," she said and stood.

Xany watched as she walked away. It was a strange encounter. She made a mental note to steer clear of the bar from now on.

Jon texted Xany several times over the next couple of days. He desperately wanted to see her, but she kept ignoring him. Finally, on the third day, a florist showed up with a dozen red roses in a gorgeous crystal vase. The card read, "I love you forever, Jon." It struck a chord in her heart but still, she was upset the man had anal sex with another woman behind her back.

It didn't surprise Xany when Jon showed up the next day. He tucked his chin and peered at her with contrite eyes. "I'm hoping you won't turn me away," he said.

"Come in. Thank you for the roses. They are beautiful," Xany said.

"Listen, Xan, I want you back. I want you to forgive me, so we can get back together. Please tell me what I can do to make it happen," Jon begged.

Xany had plenty of time to mull over the possibilities of a reunion with Jon. The one thing she kept coming back to was the need for him to experience what it was like. However, she didn't want to cheat on him, even if it was just anal sex. But a thought came to her and one that would satisfy the need to punish Jon for what he did. "What if I want to administer punishment on you for what you did?" she asked.

Jon's eyes lit up at the suggestion. He got down on a knee. "I will do whatever you want to do if you'll take me back. I'll submit to punishment. Just tell me what to do," he said.

Xany's face stretched into a half smile. She had something in mind. "Okay. If you want me back, you'll let me have my way with you tonight," she said.

Jon's excitement got the best of him as he jumped up and grabbed her. Swinging her around, he whooped and planted his lips on hers. She caved and let him kiss her for the first time in over a week. Her body heated as his lips moved down her neck. He lifted her to him and carried her to the bedroom, laying her gently on the bed.

"No, not like this," she said and tried to sit up. His hand came up and pushed her back down.

"It's okay. I want to do this for you. You can punish me afterward. Consider this part of my pittance," Jon said.

Xany moaned as he pulled her clothing off. His lips moved effortlessly over her body, first on her nipples and then on down where she opened her legs and welcomed his face. His tongue worked magic between her legs as she ground into his face. His hands tweaked her nipples causing her to moan and arch her back. She yelled out in ecstasy as the orgasm seized her pelvis and pleasure rushed through her body. He kept with her through the waves until she'd had enough and shoved him away.

After catching her breath, Xany sat up and considered not punishing Jon. He just gave her the best orgasm, yet when she remembered how he pounded Desiree's ass, she knew she had to administer punishment on the man.

"You need to do as I ask, no questions. Don't fight me. Let me do this and we'll call it even," Xany said. She waved her hand at the bed. "I want you to undress. Face away from me, and put your cock in your hand. I want you to take care of yourself while I punish you."

Jon's eyes widened, but he nodded. "Whatever you want me to do."

Xany smiled. Good boy, he'll take his punishment like a gentleman. She pulled the vibrator from the drawer and squirted a dollop of lube over the tip. Jon watched as she prepared the device. When she approached, he held out his hand ready for help with masturbation. She gave him a generous amount and lifted her brow as she turned him to face away from her. He swallowed hard as she bent him forward slightly.

"Relax. You enjoyed doing this to Desiree with your cock. I want you to know what it's like being fucked up the ass. This is your punishment for cheating on me. A good pegging ought to make you think twice to do this again to me," Xany said.

She swirled the vibrator on his anus. His hand was already moving over his

cock. A small drop of pre-cum shot forth as he groaned. He groaned louder when she flipped the switch on the vibrator. It whirred to life and she pressed it in through his asshole. Penetrating the man was easy, as he didn't fight her. He whimpered and clenched his anus.

"Relax, it will make it easier," she said as she rubbed his lower back. Pressing the vibrator all the way in caused him to groan louder. Then she called to her memory his infidelity. The device moved in and out of her ass faster and faster as she pumped it into him. He whimpered and groaned and every once in a while, clenched.

"Are you done yet?" he asked in a half-cry.

"I'll be done once you come. When the last drop of cum shoots forth from your cock, I'll pull it out," she said through her teeth. She was angry as she pegged Jon, the thought of him pounding into Desiree's ass bringing up the heartache she felt recently.

Jon groaned as his hands moved faster over his cock. He squeezed his fingers over his head, brushing over the tip and back down. Xany kept up with his moves and matched the rhythm, going all the way in as his hand slid down his shaft and back to the tip as she pulled almost out. Finally, he lurched forward with a growl and his hand moved frantically, squeezing the head. Cum shot straight up and landed on her bed as he angled his cock away. He groaned and moaned and came, making a mess. She watched and when he moved for the final swipe over his cock, she pulled out the vibrator. He fell forward, sweat on his brow, and caught his breath.

"Dammit," he breathed.

Xany smiled as she cleaned her vibrator. "And that's how it feels being pegged, my dear. But next time you want to fuck an ass, please do me before sticking it in anyone else's ass. I promise, a pegging will seem like a walk in the park if you ever cheat on me again," Xany said.

THE END

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