

SCARLETT STEELE



FEMDOM GIRLFRIEND
DOMINATES HER SUBMISSIVE
BOYFRIEND IN AN AFTERNOON
OF FIRST TIME PEGGING
HUMILIATION

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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

Femdom Girlfriend Dominates her Submissive Boyfriend in an Afternoon of First Time Pegging Humiliation

Dusty pins me to the wall, his breath hot on my face. I tilt my head while arching a brow as I take in his boyish face, his honey blond hair cut neat, his rippled biceps. The man has a tight fit body, one that makes me squirm with delight at times. But Dusty and I are just friends as we both have another year and a half of college before we can jet out of here and go on our way with life.

His eyes dance over my face as he leans in, threatening a kiss. He knows this titillates me and drives me batty. He opens his mouth as if he's about to land on my face, tongue first and simply kisses the tip of my nose. Rearing back, he chuckles as he races across the vast room to the kitchen and grabs the popcorn that finished popping in the microwave. He nods towards his room and I, like a faithful puppy, follow him.

“What’s wrong princess Shari?” Dusty asks as he plops down on his bed and flips on the television. I take a seat at his desk.

“Where’s Ethan?” My eyes go to his roommate’s empty bed.

“He’s taking Ash to Hillsboro for the night. Fuck fest. Sheesh,” Dusty says as he shakes his head.

I envy Ashley because at least Ethan treats her like a girlfriend. Dusty has been my crush since freshmen year when I met him at a rally at the coliseum. He’s a jock, and a looker, and had too many choices for girlfriends. Though he knew I had crushed on him he toyed with my affections all these years as we’ve remained just friends.

“So what? What would you like to do today?” Dusty throws a pillow at me, causing my auburn hair to mash into my mouth.

“Jerk. What the fuck?” I say as I shake my head and fix my hair.

“I know, let’s go hiking. Perkins trail. Come on,” Dusty stands and pulls me to my feet. It’s cold outside so I shrug into my jacket and follow the man to his beat up truck.

Once we arrive Dusty grabs my hand and pulls me along the trail. He doesn’t let go and I’m filled with hope yet again that the man has real feelings for me. As we climb the steep trail he lets go as he rushes ahead and laughs when we come upon a resting bench off to the side of the trail. “The last time I was here a couple was going at it right here. They saw me too and kept going. I watched until he finished. Then I laughed my ass off,” Dusty says.

“You’re mean. Maybe they were sharing a tender moment, and you ruined it,” I say as I look away in disgust.

“Naw. They were horny while hiking. They just wanted a quick fuck. People do that,” Dusty says as he shrugs.

“Are you ever horny?” I ask, probably the dumbest question in the world for the man gives me a confused expression as he strides to where I stand.

“Horny? Would you like me to show you how much?” Dusty says as he grabs

my arms.

“Yeah, I dare you,” I say. I figure he won’t have the gumption to follow through with anything because he never has.

His lips land on mine before I know what happened, his tongue exploring my mouth. Somehow, our first kiss didn’t match up to the romantic notion I had dreamed for so long. I giggle as he pulls back and roughly yanks at my pants. My heart pounds within my chest. The romantic tones didn’t sound, instead we hear the whisper of the wind through the leafless trees above.

“You want to do this?” Dusty asks as he unzips my jeans.

“Do you?” I shoot back.

“Yeah. No one questions my manhood,” he says.

I giggle again. “I didn’t question your manhood. I stated that you never seem horny.”

“To a man, manhood and horny are synonymous. Pull off your boots, we can do this right here,” Dusty says as he unzips his pants and pulls out his stiff cock. I marvel at it for a moment, the first time I’ve ever seen it.

“No, wait! We can’t do this,” I say, a horrid thought strikes me.

“Why the fuck not? You tease me about not being horny and then tell me no,” Dusty says.

“I’m fertile probably and not on birth control, unless you brought a rubber?”

“Nope, just turn around, we don’t need birth control for me to show you how horny I am,” Dusty says and gives me that boyish grin I love.

He forces me around and bends me over the back of the bench. I turn and try to look at him. “Just relax, we can do this. I’m glad you suggested it,” Dusty says as he rubs his dick on my anus. I flinch and try to get away from him.

“What the hell?”

“Oh, Shari, come on. Anal sex is great. And it’s a great alternation to pussy sex, no pregnancies will occur here today.” He laughs at his quip. “Come on.” He pulls me to him and kisses me again, a long passionate kiss, I enjoy more this time. Then he pulls back and turns me around. Why I let him, I don’t know. He’s in a frenzy of horniness and I egged it on with my comment. I bend and succumb to my fate as he toys with my anus, rubbing his pre-cum dripping cock over it. I relax as he slides it in a little at a time.

“Oh fuck!” My ass is stretched by the thickness of Dusty’s cock.

“It’ll be okay, I’ll go slow”

I nod as I moan and he's true to his word. He pumps his hard cock into my ass and within a minute the tight sensation stops and it feels enjoyable. I moan as Dusty brings his fingers to my clit and tickles it while he pumps into me. He increases the pumping as he groans. Within moments my pelvis explodes with hot pleasure as I come for the first time in front of Dusty as my eyes shut and I grind in ecstasy while the orgasm rocks through my mid-section. Just as I'm coming down Dusty loses his load as he slams hard into my ass, his cock thrusting deep as he groans and growls as he fills my ass with his hot cum. Finally, he's done and the sound of footfalls through leaves coming down from the mountain top reaches us. Before I have all my bearings about me, I pull up my jeans in a flash as Dusty does his and by the time the couple makes it to the rest bench, we walk on, with Dusty whistling as if nothing happened moments earlier.

Dusty pulls me to him as we approach the summit, his arm warm on my neck and shoulders. "Isn't this gorgeous? Aren't you glad we came out here?" He smiles as he looks at the river valley below.

I nod as I give a confused look. Moments earlier he fucked me up my ass and now it's business as usual. I fume as we walk to the railing and he pulls out his phone for a selfie with me. "Smile, the post anal sex smile," Dusty says.

"Really? You're so crass."

As we take the trail back to the bottom, he pauses at the bench which I'll forever remember being pounded from behind. "Ah, good memories from here. Must be some mumbo jumbo in the earth to bring on acute horniness like that."

“Must be,” I say as I roll my eyes.

Try as I may, over the next several days I fume over the anal sex incident. I consider getting back at him for it, somehow.

For kicks and giggles my best friend and roommate, Tabitha, and I sent off to an adult sex toy website for a mystery package. The site promised two good items included in the box. I was away at class when the box arrived and upon arriving at the dorm Tabitha opened it and laid claim on her prize a Jack Rabbit. She flips the switch and laughs as she waves her hand at me.

I reach inside the box to retrieve the other prize, a strap-on. “Really?” I say as I toss the box to my bed. Tabitha laughs so hard she almost pees herself.

“Yeah, have fun with that,” she says.

“Maybe I’ll give it to Ruth. She can put it to good use,” I say regarding our lesbian friend.

Tabitha fell back on her bed and sat up still laughing. “No, hang onto it. Who says you have to use it on a woman?” She winks at me as I shake my head and throw the device in the plastic bin under my bed and forget I have it.

Sometimes opportunities happen when we least expect it. It’s business as usual with Dusty and me. He acts as if our time on the trail never happened. What aggravates me is how much time I’ve wasted wishing he and I connected only to experience the disappointment of being fucked up the ass. Still, Dusty and I are good friends and with the holidays around the corner, his roomy and mine are gone. Today we end up in my dorm room, the constant frigid drizzle keeping us indoors where it’s warm and dry.

Dusty picks up a deck of cards from my desk and lifts his brow at me. “Want to play?”

“Sure,” I say as I plop on my bed, tired of the boredom.

“Poker. Let’s make it interesting. How about strip poker? First person completely naked loses.”

I laugh because I’m good at poker. “But it’s more interesting if there’s a wager involved.”

Dusty gives me a half smile. “Okay, like money?”

“Naw, that’s boring. If we go with strip poker and the loser will be naked, hmmm. How about the loser has to give their body to the winner, to do with them whatever they desire,” I say as I give the man a wicked grin.

“Damn girl. You’re a glutton for punishment. You sure you want another ass fucking?” Dusty gazes at me as if he’s already won. It pisses me off that he’s so pompous.

“Yeah, I’m game and who’s saying I’ll lose?” I say as I grab the deck from his hands and shuffle it.

“Okay, say best out of five hands. Winner gets to have control over loser’s body.

You can go ahead and strip now if you want, just make me hornier and that way we'll be good to go," Dusty says.

"No point in stripping if we have this bet going," I say as I deal the hand.

"Fuck! Dammit! That's just one hand," Dusty says as he pitches the cards onto the bed and rolls over in mock torment.

"Just the first hand. Get used to it, sucker. Your body is mine," I say as I flash another wicked grin at Dusty. He rolls over and grins at me.

"I don't know. Maybe I want to lose. I'd like to see what you'd do with me," he says while wagging his brow at me.

Second shuffle and I deal the hand. Within fifteen minutes, I'm pouting as Dusty does his winner dance around my dorm room "Ha! Ha! Ha! Your ass is mine," he chants.

"Not yet it isn't, best out of five, we're even now. Get over here, it may be your ass is mine," I say as I deal the third hand.

By the end of the third and then fourth hand, we are at a stand-off with an even score. I shuffle the fifth hand and nod. "This determines who will be the slave," I say as I deal the final round.

Dusty grimaces as he throws down the hand, the cards scattering across my bed. “I guess I’m the loser,” he says as he rolls to his back and glares at the ceiling. He’s a sore loser but I can’t help grinning.

“Aw! Winner! Yes, let me think.” At first I thought about making him make love to me like I always dreamed about doing, but his crass way of treating me on the hiking trail several days ago has me thinking of another possibility. Tilting my head to the side, I spy the plastic crate stored under my bed. “Yes. Yes, that will do. Okay, you’re my slave, you must do exactly as I say.”

Dusty rolls to his side, propping his head under his arm and hand. “Okay. I will do what you want. This should be interesting,” he says flatly.

“Oh, trust me it will be interesting and I bet you’ve never done what I want you to do,” I say as I crouch down and reach for the crate, pulling it out from my bed.

“I doubt it. I’ve done way more than you have,” he says. Cocky little shit.

“We shall see. If you’ve done this particular thing, then I’ll stand corrected.” I reach for the bag with the appliance and thrust it behind my back. “Now, I’m going to prepare in the bathroom. While I’m in there, I want you to strip down to nothing. When I return, you are to do exactly as I say, are we clear?”

“Yes, I’ll do what you say. Looking forward to it,” Dusty says as he pulls his shirt over his head while I disappear into the bathroom.

Pulling out the strap-on I'm pleased to find a smaller vibrator for me strategically placed so I'll feel pleasure too. I giggle as I pull off my clothing and place the strap on securely in place. I turn it on briefly to make sure it works, the instant vibrations already working on building heat between my legs. "Are you ready?" I call as I open the bathroom door an inch.

Dusty is sprawled naked on my bed. He throws his hands out to the side. "As ready as I'll ever be. I'm even saluting in anticipation," he says.

After I grab the tube of lube I open the door. "I'll need you to be standing on your knees on my bed. Face the wall, please," I say as I stand in the shadows where he can't see me yet.

He furrows his brow as he sits and then turns around doing as I ask. I step out and giggle and Dusty turns to gander at what I have going on.

"Fuck you say! What the hell is that?" His eyes are wide as he looks at the appliance jutting from me looking like a plastic hard-on.

"Yep! You lose, you're my slave. I want to play with you with my new toy," I say as I step to the bed.

I stifle a giggle as Dusty gulps hard as he turns and submits to his fate. "It's okay, I'll give you a reach around too," I say as I bring the tip of the strap-on to his anus. I don't immediately insert but toy with it, helping him to relax. Reaching around I grasp his drooping cock and it springs back to life within my hands as I gently run my hand up and down the shaft eliciting a groan.

“Just get it over with,” Dusty says through gritted teeth.

“Kind of like you did with me?” I ask as I thrust forward and insert the tip of the vibrator in his ass.

“Oomph. Fuck.” Dusty places his hands on the wall as I shove all way in and make sure I can keep a grasp on his now hard cock.

“Ready?” I ask as I flip the switch and the vibrator within his ass and the one within my pussy whirrs to life. “Uh, mmmm,” I moan as I slowly pull in and out, pumping the appliance giving the man the ass fucking he deserves.

I pause and add a little lube to my hand so I can easily glide my fingers over Dusty’s cock. The heat pools in my pelvis as I grind and thrust, the orgasm sneaking up on the edges of my awareness. Soon, I don’t care about anything except the pleasure building between my legs, each full thrust presses my clit into the vibrating strap, making the room spin out of control. I run my hands up and down his cock as I thrust back and forth. Dusty juts his ass, meeting me with each thrust and lurching forward as his cock lengthens as he moans and groans.

“Uh, AH, FUCK! I’m coming,” I yelp as I slam into Dusty’s ass as my pelvis gyrates, the orgasm causing me to lose full consciousness for a split second as my pelvis rocks with the tremors of pleasure. I slide my hand over his cock with fury as I continue pounding his ass. Finally, Dusty bangs his fist on the wall as he lurches forward.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, I’m fucking coming. UH UH UH! FUCK!” Dusty thrashes about as I slow the pumping in his ass and keep in tune with the spurts of hot

cum gushing forth onto the wall and all over my hand and quilt. Finally, his hands come down and he grabs my hands and shoves back, causing me to pull out of him quickly and tumble to the floor, the vibrator still whirring as I laugh out of control. Dusty crumbles to the bed and rolls onto his side as he's whimpering with the last rocks of the powerful orgasm, his hand on his cock.

"Fuck, Shari. Damn. I can't believe you did that," Dusty says as he hugs himself.

I stand and toss the strap-on to the side, still fully naked. "Touché, my dear. That's how it feels to be fucked up the ass. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, or however that saying goes," I say as I make my way to the bathroom. I'm not sure how this will affect our relationship, but I bet he'll either go strong for it because he liked it, or he'll avoid it. It's hard to tell. I gave the man a dose of his own medicine.

"So, ready to play another five hands?" I ask as a wicked grin stretches across my face as I shuffle the deck of cards.

Dusty arches a brow. "Perhaps, perhaps we should up the ante. Say winner gets loser's body for a solid week?"

Yep, he enjoyed it. I smile and agree as I deal the next hand.

THE END

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