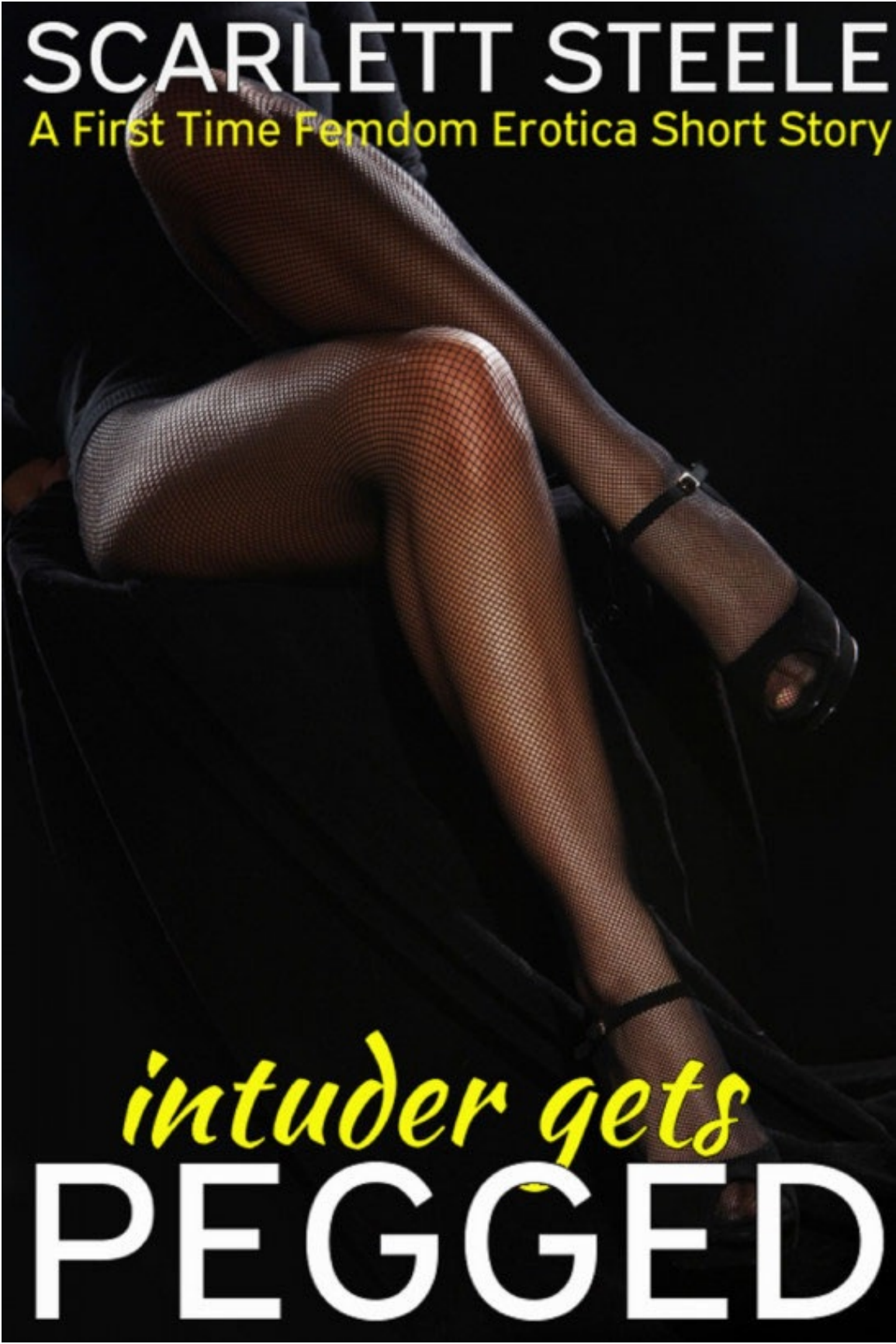
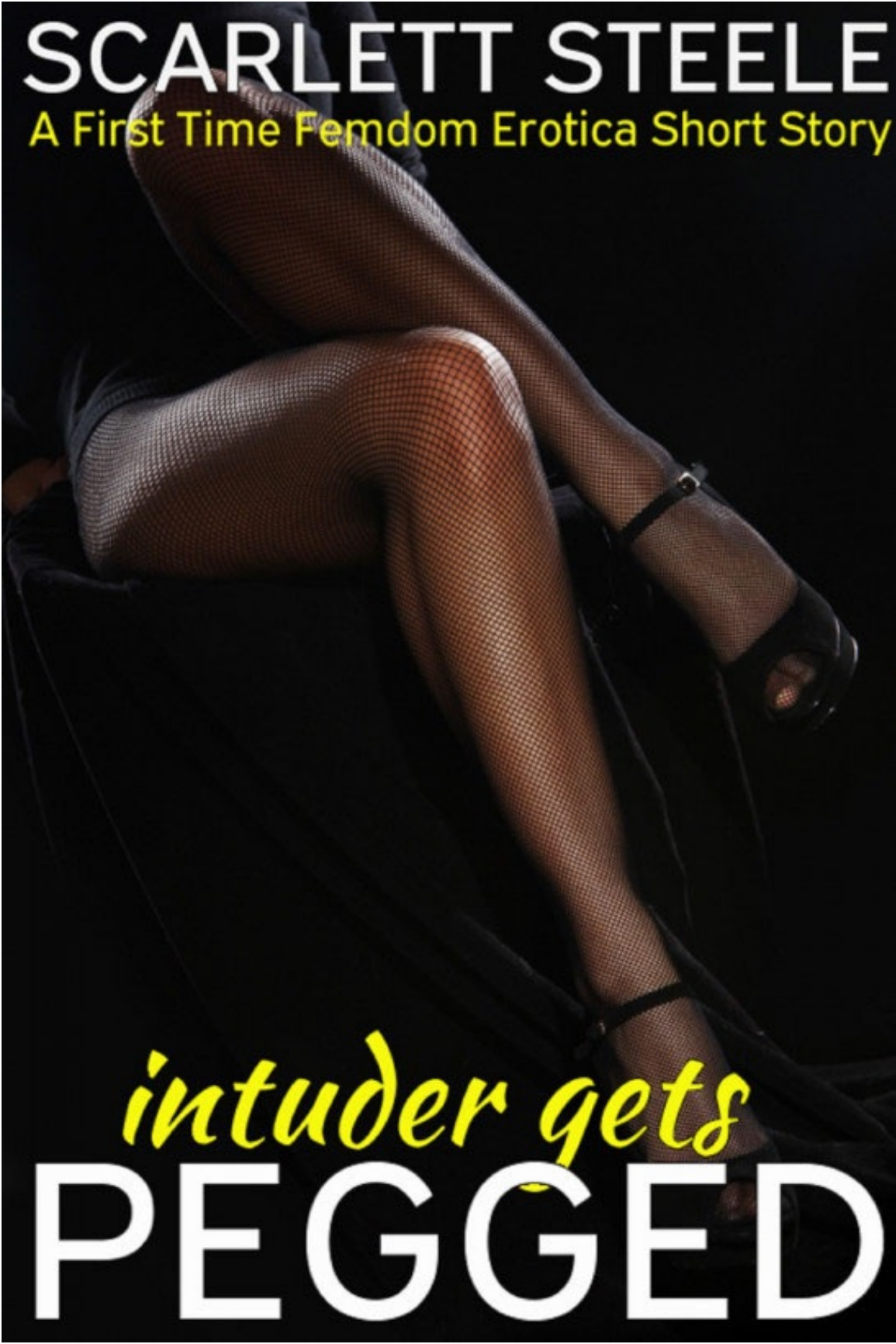


A person is shown from the waist down, sitting on a dark, draped surface. They are wearing dark fishnet stockings and black high-heeled sandals with ankle straps. The background is solid black.

SCARLETT STEELE

A First Time Femdom Erotica Short Story

intruder gets
PEGGED

A person is shown from the waist down, sitting on a dark, draped surface. They are wearing dark fishnet stockings and black high-heeled sandals with ankle straps. The background is solid black.

SCARLETT STEELE

A First Time Femdom Erotica Short Story

intruder gets
PEGGED

Intruder Gets Pegged A First Time Femdom Erotica Short Story

All Right Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2017

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

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.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

Sign up to the mailing list to
download the free book below
<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Intruder Gets Pegged

My friends warned me when I leased the flat on the east side of the city. “Too many shady characters over there. Better have good locks,” they said. Someone breaking into my flat isn’t something I really worried about until my neighbor had her jewelry box stolen.

“The bastard took off with my graduation ring and my grandmother’s diamond and pearl broach. I am sick over it. Who would do such a thing?” Sabrina asked.

I shrugged because it had never happened to me. “Do you have renter’s insurance?” I asked.

“Oh Jenny, I didn’t even consider that. I believe it’s Van Smith from up the street. I’ve seen him lurking around when he thinks no one is watching,” Sabrina said.

“Van Smith?” I asked. I know Van, he’s a tall good-looking man, but he has shifty eyes. He seemed like a quiet type. He acted like he’s a gift to women. I’ve seen him with different women at the Pierced club.

“Yeah, watch out for that guy. He’s bad news,” Sabrina said as she left my flat.

Van Smith has a new thing coming if he tries to break into my flat. The more I thought about it the madder I became. I mulled over a plan in my mind to get back at the guy if I ever caught him breaking into my place. But before I could properly prepare I had to go to work at the boutique on the corner.

When I got off work that afternoon I enjoyed the walk in the dusk of the day, the last rays of the sun warmed the air, but the air in the shadows sent a chill straight through me. I rounded the corner to my flat and was startled when who but Van Smith came walking from behind, his face flushed and he walked fast trotting across the street before I reached my driveway. I squinted in his direction, his footing fast as he disappeared inside his flat.

“Hmm,” I said as I quickened my pace and entered my home, the locks securely in place. I made a bee line to the back door and discovered the lock partially opened, but he didn’t come in. Shaking my head, I shut the door securely and decided it was time to put my plan into action. Mr. Van Smith needed to be taught a lesson he’ll never forget.

I sat at my computer and typed in what I was contemplating. After two hours of research a plan came together that put a weird smile on my face. I winced when I realized how sadistic I could think if I carried through with this plan. Maybe there’s a wicked person lurking inside of me? Maybe it’s people like Van Smith that brings out the worst sadistic nature in others. Whatever the case I shrugged as I plucked my credit card from my wallet and placed a big order. Smiling, I looked forward to bringing the plan to fruition if the bastard breaks into my home.

After I set up my brand new guest bed, I smile as I run a cloth over the bars making the chrome gleam. The box of goodies I placed in the bottom of my closet. I made sure all parts worked as it should, all locks clasped, all keys unlock, all appliances whir to life after I've inserted the batteries. Yes, it should all do nicely. Now for the bait.

I made sure my car stayed parked in the garage, out of sight. Since I walk to work daily, I rarely drive it unless I need to trek to the other parts of the city. But for now, the car stays put as I prepare for the possibility of someone breaking into my home and stealing my stuff. Van Smith had struck again, the family three doors down. I've been watching secretly and Van takes far too many strolls up and down our quiet street with too many incidences of things turning up missing.

I noticed Van watching me from his caddy-cornered flat across the street whenever I leave. He's hit every flat around me but mine is the golden egg. He'll come out to his porch when I leave so he can visibly watch as I head to work. Today, I have the day off but he doesn't know that. I saw him not too long ago as he watched out his window at others leaving. I wait for the right moment and step out in my work smock, so he thinks I'm heading that way. I glance over at him and wave big letting him know I acknowledge him. He nods, no smile.

I hurry along and rounded the corner; he stands on his porch watching as I go. As soon as I am out of sight, I double back and run straight up the alley behind the flats, staying in the shadows in case he's already made his way to my home. I duck inside the back door being as quiet as possible and making sure everything there is in place.

As fast as I can I tear out of my clothing and put it away and slip into the leather teddy. I want to look the part when the man discovers me. The four-inch black leather boots are a nice touch completing the outfit.

Afterwards, I check to see if anyone is approaching the flat and seeing no one I quickly do my hair and face. As I twirled in front of the mirror I gaze at a woman who looks like she could destroy anyone who crossed her path, especially with the baton in my hands. After stuffing it and the appliance along with the handcuffs into a bag and place it in the closet I'm ready to meet Van Smith should he try to rob my home. I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget and hopefully break him of this nasty habit of stealing from others.

Sneaking to the front room I peek out the window and see no one on the street. I tiptoe to my bedroom where I wait for the possible break in hunkered near my closet. I keep my ears peeled for any noises coming from the doors, Van's habits have been to jimmy the locks at the back doors. I glance outside and see nothing but suddenly someone is on my back patio. I placed the table right up next to the back door, so when bumped, the empty tin can planter would tumble down and the small garden spade would cause a loud crash, thus alerting me.

I freeze in the hallway when the tin crashes and it doesn't stop Van from jimmying the lock, the clanking around signaling his arrival as I rush off to my closet on tippy-toes and quietly shut the door. I can hear him if he comes into the bedroom. I hold the gun in my hands ready to scare the shit out of the man. He may victimize me at the moment, but I plan to turn the tables on the man turning him into the victim when he opens my closet door.

My heartbeat thumps hard in my ears as I wait. The muffled sounds come from the kitchen and dining room as Van opens drawers and rifles through my things. I shudder at the thought of someone going through my stuff uninvited. But I'm prepared, and so I wait for him to come into my bedroom where he'll probably piss his pants when I jump out of the closet at him.

Footfalls sound in the hall as he approaches the bedroom. I don't have a lot of

trinkets or a jewelry box out so he'll be compelled to open the closet door, I'm counting on it. He rifles through my night table where my novels are stored. Nothing valuable is there, nothing inviting a strange man to steal. My heartbeat quickens as the footfalls come closer to the door. I raise the gun with one hand and the baton in the other, my feet apart in the flight or fight stance. His hand rests on the doorknob as I try to steady my breaths. I gulp hard as the knob slowly turns. Get on with it, I command silently as something else held his attention. But ever so slowly the knob turns and too slow for my liking. I raise my heeled foot and thrust open the door as I hold out the gun and yell, "FREEZE dirt bag!"

Van Smith's eyes widen as he takes an involuntary step backwards, and his mouth falls agape as he carefully watches me. "Hands in the air, shit face," I yell. His hands come up as he glances sideways at the door, contemplating making a move. "You try it and I'll shoot your fucking knee off."

Van nods, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows. Adrenalin pumps crazily through my veins. I keep a steady eye on the man, my mouth stretched into a tight smile to let him know I'm in charge. I nod to the door.

"Walk slowly backwards to the door. Don't make any sudden moves, asshole, or I'll blow your kneecap to smithereens," I bark. Reaching down, I grab my bag of goodies and lead the scared man to the guest bedroom.

"Remove your clothing," I say as I wave the pistol.

Van stops at the bed, his eyes wide saying nothing. I nod when he glances at me. He pulls off his shirt and pauses. "Pants too, everything. You won't escape as easily if you're naked." Van reluctantly pulls off his shoes and steps out of his pants. I smile when I see his cock is lengthening. "Ah, you enjoy this do you?"

Van looks down at the betrayal of his body, his eyes swimming with a mixture of fear and excitement. “Now, get on the bed, face the headboard while on your knees.” Van, naked and trembling, climbs up and does what I tell him. I fish around in the bag and toss a pair of handcuffs to the man. “Handcuff both hands together to the bedframe,” I command.

“Wait, what?”

“No, you aren’t asking questions, you sonofabitch. You broke into my flat. You won’t be doing this anymore. I’m securing you but good,” I say as I nod to the bed while waving the pistol.

Van turns and did as told, taking the handcuffs and locking it in place while he sits on his knees. “What do you plan to do with me?” Van asks as he tries to turn in my direction.

“I plan to do what you beg me to do,” I say as I step into the strap-on and give the man a wicked grin. His expression turns to terror as his eyes widen when he sees the appliance. “Now, I want you to ask me to spank you with the baton.”

“What? Why in the hell would I do that?”

“Because you will or I’m calling the cops.”

“So you’re saying if I do as you ask you’ll not turn me in?” Van is a smart man.

“Precisely. You will beg me to spank you with the baton, for being such a bad boy. You’re enjoying this, I can tell.” I laugh. “Go on, beg.”

“Spank me, please,” Van says but almost too quiet.

“What? I didn’t hear that. Say it loud and clear,” I demand.

“Spank me, please.” This time his voice is normal but he’s talking through gritted teeth.

“No, you need to beg me. Like you will die if I don’t hit you,” I say as I swing the baton through the air making a swish sound.

“Spank me, please! Please, spank me. I want it. I deserve it!” Thwack! The baton comes down hard over his ass, the cheeks flexing. I smack it once again as he grimaces.

“Oh, does it hurt? Do you want another smack?”

“I really don’t fucking care. Just do it,” Van says.

I land three more smacks on his ass, but I don’t want my work area too marred so I toss the baton to the side. His cock is drooping and I must fix that. “Looks

like mister needs attention,” I coo as I reach around and draw my hand up the length causing it to harden once again. Van moans as I slide my hand back again.

“You enjoy this?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Isn’t this much better than calling the cops? You break in with intent to steal and you have a good looking girl rubbing your hard cock, while you’re naked,” I say.

“Naked and handcuffed to the bed,” Van says.

“But you’re enjoying it, right?” I glide my hand up and down his cock faster.

“Uh, yes.”

“Would you like to come, Van?”

“Uh-huh.” My hand is rubbing, tugging gently pulling. Van moans.

“But you’ve been a bad boy. You’ve stolen stuff from our neighbors.”

“You can’t prove that.”

“Aw, but we both know it’s true. Do you want to come?” I stop stroking his cock and wait for the answer.

“Yes,” Van says.

“Then admit to your wrong doing. Confession is good for you. Admit it,” I say as I hit the record button on my phone and slightly move my hand along his cock.

“Okay, okay, I stole from our neighbors. But I can’t do anything about it because I took the shit to a pawn shop. It’s long gone now,” Van says.

“You stole from our neighbors and took the stolen goods and pawned it?”

“Yes.” Every time he gives me an answer I run my hand over his cock.

“Since you admitted to stealing from our neighbors, will you repay for everything stolen?” My hand slides down over his cock once more.

“Yes. I’ll fucking pay back every penny I received. Please...”

I clicked off the phone. "You want to come?"

"Yes. Stop asking and just jerk me off."

"I'll jerk you off after I do something else. Beg me to fuck you up the ass," I say as I turn on the vibrator.

"Fuck no," Van says.

I pull my hand from his cock and grab my phone. "The cops it is."

"No, please. Don't. I'll do what you ask."

"Then beg me to fuck you up the ass."

"Uh" Van says. I remove my hand.

"I won't get you off and I will call the cops. Fucking beg me to peg your ass, and I'll jerk you off and let you go," I say.

Van whimpers. "Please, fuck me up the ass. Please finish jerking me off."

“What? I can’t hear you. Convince me you want this,” I demand.

“Please! Fuck me up the ass. Please peg me. I want you to peg me,” Van says.

I smile as I bring the vibrator to his ass, and bending him slightly, I shove it in, the lube helping with easy insertion.

“Oomph. Fuck,” Van moans.

“Tell me to fuck you!”

“Please, fuck me! Please fuck me up the ass!”

Smirking I continued to pump in and out of Van’s ass as he whimpered and moaned. “You deserve this. You never steal again or I’ll do worse to you next time,” I threaten.

“I won’t steal again, I promise,” Van says, his voice strained.

“Now, you fucking come,” I command as I reach around and grasp his cock from behind. I shove the appliance all way to my pelvis, and each time the vibrations tickle my clit as I’m enjoying this. Deep thrusting may just get me off too as I slam hard into his ass. Van thrusts forward with each movement, my hand glides

effortlessly over his cock which lengthens even more.

“Uh, when will you be done?” Van turns his head trying to look at me, sweat breaks out on his forehead.

“I’ll be done when you come,” I say.

“Pull that thing out of my ass and I’ll be able to come,” Van begs.

“Nope. You will come while I peg you or I’ll peg you until I drop. Your choice,” I say as I continue pumping.

“Uh, oh, fuck me,” Van says as I glide my hand over his cock, as I pump into his ass.

“UH! FUCK!” I yell as my pelvis trembles and I lose control, thrusting hard and pressing against the strap-on while I explode into a rocking orgasm. I grunt and groan as the room spins out of control, my hand going nuts on Van’s cock, until he too succumbs to the pleasure at my hand.

“FUCK, I’m coming, fuck! AH! UH!” Van moans and groans as his pelvis lurches forward, and he spews his hot cum all over the pillows and headboard.

I slowly pull out, I’m spent and wipe my hand over the brand new bedspread on the bed. I laugh as I roll to my side and catch my breath. Van lays his head over

on top of the headboard while he too catches his breath.

After I rise I disappear into the bathroom to remove the strap-on and wash my hands. Grabbing a towel, I return as Van is struggling with his hands.

“Calm down. Now, you promise you’ll never break into these homes again,” I say as I reach for a video recorder I have stashed in the corner, unseen.

Van’s eyes go to the recorder as he swallows hard. “I... I promise. ” he says.

I run the tape and laugh as I watch it. I show Van where I’ve recorded everything he’s said from admitting to breaking in and stealing items from our neighbors to how he will repay what he’s stolen. He glares at me. “Fine, let me go.”

I click on the SHARE button and send the video to my private email and cloud account. “That’s for safe keeping. I have instructions if anything ever happens to me to check those accounts. If you ever step a toe out of line again, I’ll not only call the cops with the evidence of you confessing, I’ll upload the video to every social media account out there and show the world how you were pegged for being such a bad boy.”

Again, he swallows hard. “I swear on my life; I will never do it again. Just let me go and you’ll never see me again,” Van says.

I unlock the handcuffs and toss a towel at him. He dresses faster than I can blink and he’s out the door before I can say boo. I smile as I clean the room and put

away the video camera. I laugh as I put away the gun which I never loaded. But the pegging and the video are worth it to keep my neighborhood safe and the bastard out of my flat.

THE END

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>