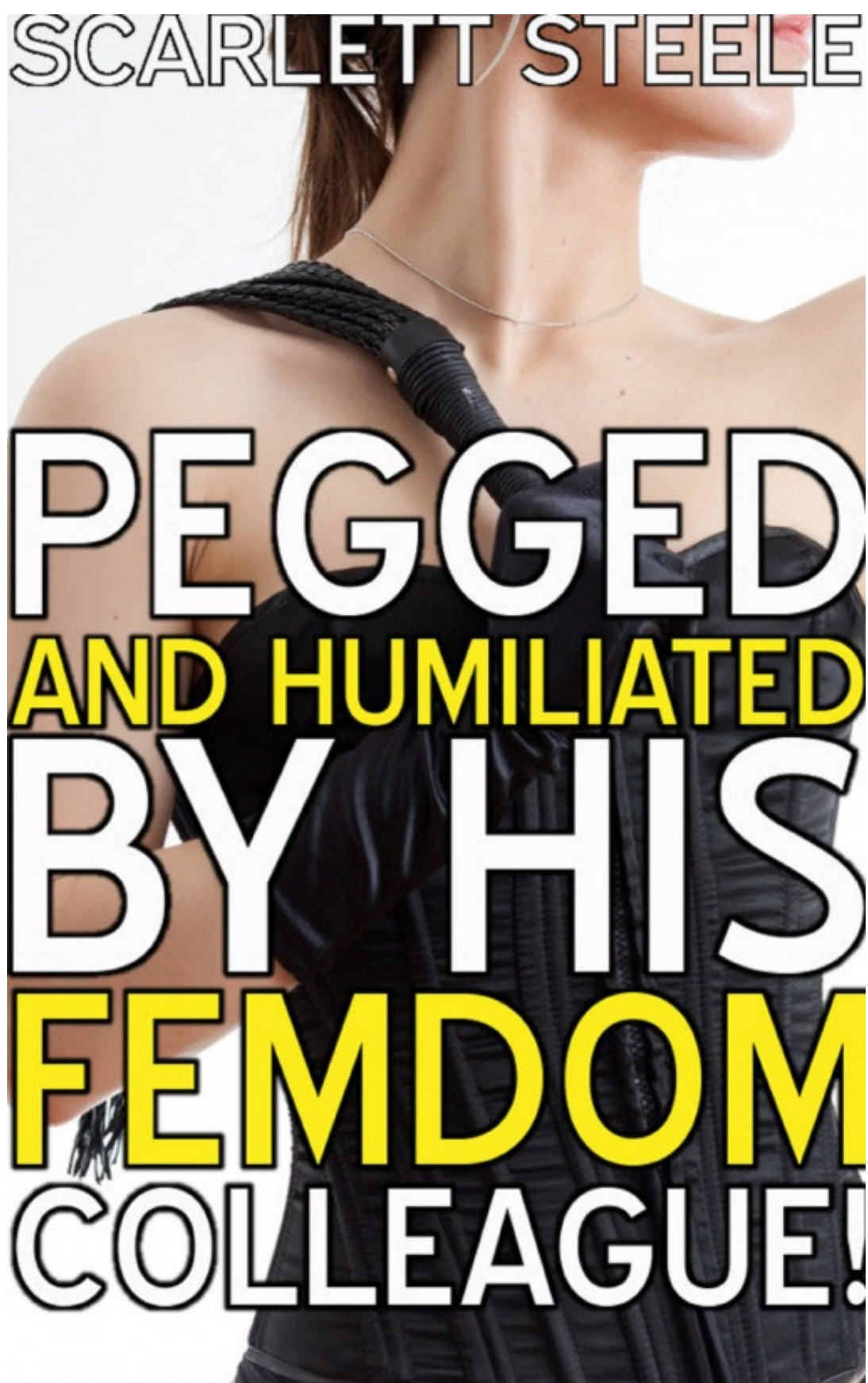
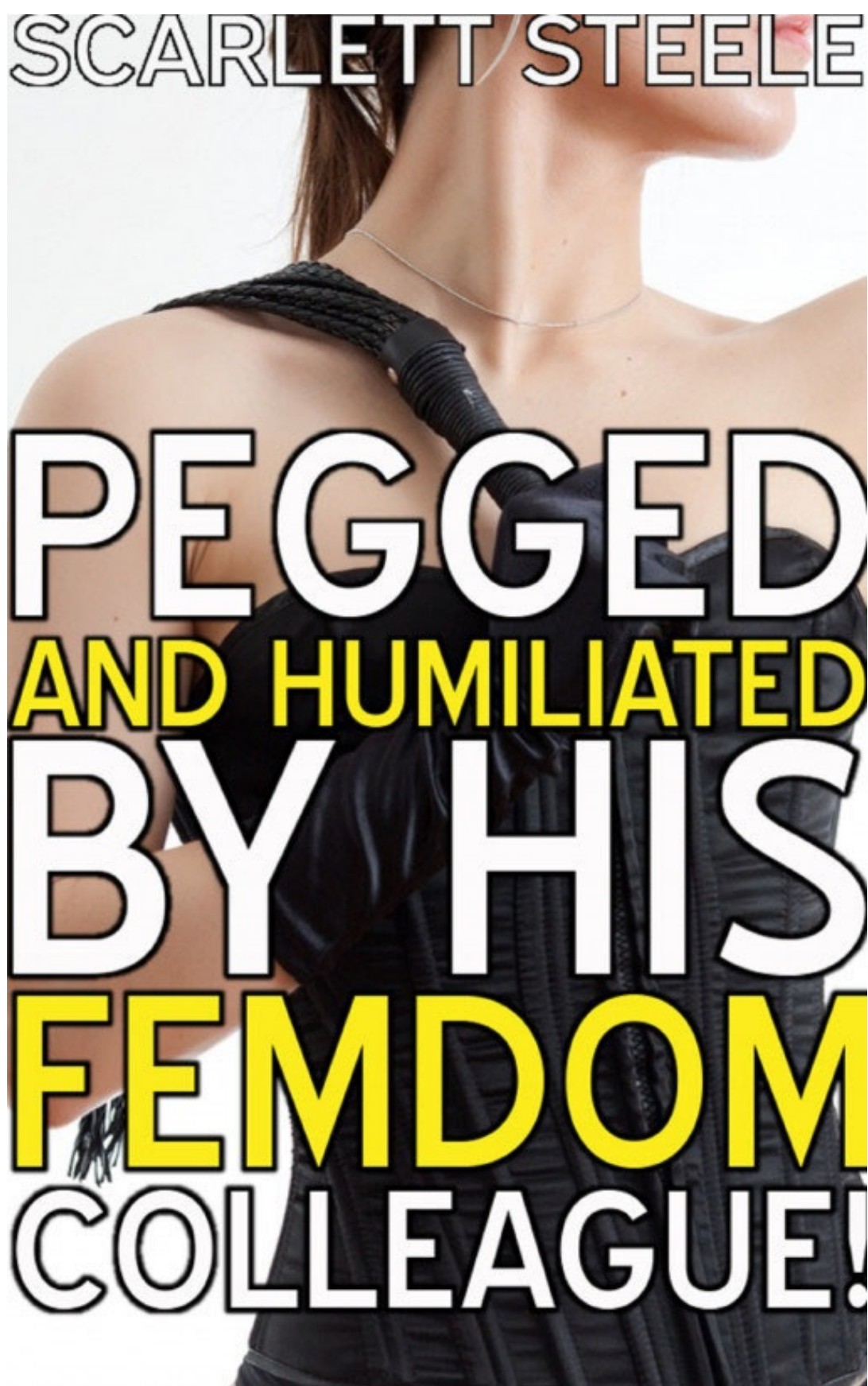


A photograph of a woman, Scarlett Steele, from the chest up. She is wearing a black, textured, strapless top. A black, braided cord is draped over her right shoulder and neck. She is looking slightly to the right. The background is plain white.

SCARLETT STEELE

PEGGED
AND HUMILIATED
BY HIS
FEMDOM
COLLEAGUE!

A photograph of a woman, Scarlett Steele, from the chest up. She is wearing a black, textured, strapless garment. A black, braided cord is draped over her right shoulder and neck. She is looking slightly to the right. The background is plain white.

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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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Pegged And Humiliated By His Femdom Colleague!

Stella adjusted the chair and pulled up to the computer. Her fingers flew over the keyboard as she sought to win the influential client's account. He had listened to her spiel about how she invested and worked the markets, garnering high yields for her clients. Mr. Smithers was a hard nut to crack as he eyed her with a straight expression on his face. He didn't give an inch as to which way he was leaning, whether he wanted her to handle his account or what.

"And as you can see from the bottom line, this is how I work my strategy," Stella said as she pulled the document from the printer. She circled the numbers at the bottom in black ink to highlight her point. He merely nodded.

"Okay, I will think about this. It looks good. You are definitely in the running. I'm speaking with Yallen and Associates," Mr. Smithers said.

Stella cringed. Yallen wasn't the best choice when it came to financial investments. He used cookie cutter schemes and never looked at the whole picture when it came to offering clients individualized advice and strategy. "While Yallen may offer you a discount and a budgeted agreement, you will not receive as much individual attention on your account as you will if you choose us," Stella said. She smiled, showing her perfect white teeth.

"I will keep that in mind. I should have an answer for you by this afternoon," Mr. Smithers said.

Stella had a luncheon at the hotel conference room. Her schedule was full. There would be some investors there talking about the new wave on investing in online trades. She needed to hear it, so she could add it to her skills. When she emerged from her office, Gavin stood at his door, his blue eyes intent upon her.

"That was Mr. Smithers that just left?" he asked.

Not that it was his business but being the nephew of the owner of the investment firm she figured she should make nice and answer the man. "Yes, that was him," she said.

"Did we sign him on?" Gavin asked as Stella was walking away. His eyes fell on her ass and she turned curtly.

"We did not. I will try to sign him on my list of accounts this afternoon. I'm almost one hundred percent certain I can keep him from going with Yallen," Stella said.

"Hmmm, Yallen isn't your only competition. You should be careful," Gavin said.

Stella paused and whipped around again. What now? "What does that mean?" she asked as she narrowed her eyes at the man.

"It only means if you think Yallen is your only competition, you're sadly mistaken," Gavin said.

Stella shook her head. Gavin was always cryptic. "I have a luncheon to get to," she said and walked away.

"You should pick and choose when you walk away to these silly little luncheons," Gavin said.

"I'm attending to educating myself on serving my clients better," she said.

"No, I think you're using it as an excuse to get out of work for an afternoon of free food and drinks," Gavin said. He shook his head.

"It might benefit you to attend such meetings once in a while," Stella spat after Gavin had turned and walked back into his office.

Stella couldn't stand Gavin. He was a pompous little shit who thought himself better than others. He skirted by in school and dear Uncle Thomas offered him a job fresh out of grad school. He didn't have to work his way up the ladder like she did. Thomas expected his employees to be go-getters, winning the

competition, no matter the price.

Stella honestly didn't expect the competition to come from her own office though. When she returned from the luncheon at a little after two she discovered Mr. Smithers talking with Gavin. She came around the corner in time to witness the handshake between the two.

Mr. Smithers nodded to Stella. "You're right. I'm sticking with your office. Gavin here said he'd take diligent care of my account," Mr. Smithers said.

Thomas stepped from his office, his face stretching into a smile. Stella had to swallow her pride and act happy about it too, because the account stayed in the firm, at least. Just not as one of her accounts. She swallowed the gall that came up with Gavin narrowed his eyes at her.

"Yes, when Mr. Smithers came back searching for Stella, I took care of him. Good thing, his time is precious. Good thing I was here to set up the account. Don't worry, Stella, I'll take good care of our client," Gavin said.

Stella forced a smile at the little bastard. "You made a wise choice, Mr. Smithers. If you need anything just let me know, that is if Gavin isn't available," she said.

"Will do. Thank you. I look forward to growing my portfolio," Mr. Smithers said.

Stella quickly walked into her office and sat at her desk fuming over the fact that Gavin stole the Smithers account right out from under her nose. He literally gloated about it in front of Mr. Smithers and Thomas as if it was a good thing. She startled when she looked up from her computer and there stood Gavin staring down at her.

"If you want me to congratulate you, go away. You stole my client right out from under my nose," Stella said.

Gavin found it amusing and stepped inside her office. "Really? You think so? Where were you when he came in looking for you? Had I said, Oh, she's out to lunch having her free cocktails and food and we don't know when she'll be back, he'd be in Yallen's back pocket right now. No, I took care of the client. I nailed the account. The firm is better for it. I'm better for it. Your loss. You told the man you'd be here this afternoon and you weren't. Get over it, doll. Don't be a sore loser. Do better next time," Gavin said.

"Bastard," Stella said. Her face flushed with heat as she stood.

"What? Is that necessary to call me names? Where are you going?" Gavin trailed behind Stella as she marched to Thomas' office.

"Thomas? May I have a word?" Stella asked as she tapped on his door. The boss looked up from his work on the computer and smiled at her.

"Yes, Stella?" He motioned for her to enter his office.

Stella shot a look behind her as Gavin stood back with a sheepish grin on his face. She scowled at the man and pulled the door shut. Taking a seat in front of Thomas, she pulled in a deep breath, cleansing her thoughts.

"Sir, I don't believe you would condone one of your own stealing accounts from another of your own. I understand we're in a competing market with the other financial investor agencies, but with each other?" Stella asked as she leaned forward.

Thomas sat back and brought the pen to his mouth. He tapped his chin with it while he considered her words. "Stella, I think you have the mistaken thought that the business world is fair," he said.

"I like to think it's fair at least in my own office." She bit her lip as she tried not to become too upset.

"Let me explain something to you. This is business. Financial investing is a fiercely competitive business, even within these four walls. I will do everything I can to gain and keep a client. The clients provide us with the lifeblood that keeps the business thriving. If we don't have clients, I can't pay my employees, and that includes you. I hope that makes sense." Thomas lifted his chin as he studied Stella.

"But sir, I was courting Mr. Smithers. He and I had a long meeting this morning. I laid the groundwork and softened the deal. He came back to sign on and Gavin stole the man right out from under me," Stella said.

"Stella, you're missing the point. Gavin didn't actively steal anything from you. He, in fact, saved the account for the firm. You were off at a luncheon and the client came in. Mr. Smithers could have turned around and left for the other agency. Gavin did us a great favor and saved the account. He deserves the commission for nailing it," Thomas said.

Stella fumed but she straightened in her chair. "Okay, fine. But I think since I courted the client I deserve fifty percent of the first month's commissions. That's fair," she said.

"No, you didn't sign him. You worked on him, yes. It was in your best interest to make sure you were here when he returned. But you weren't. You snooze you lose," Thomas said.

"Sir, I wasn't snoozing. I was at a luncheon that was furthering my education in the field of financial investments. I would think you would approve of such tenacity on my part," Stella said.

"Really, Stella? The luncheon seminar was a casual deal. I'm sure you may have learned a little something, but you could have probably learned as much by

watching a seminar on the internet. You need to pick and choose when you attend such things and do so when you don't have a potential client at stake. Especially when you knew he was coming by this afternoon. I'm sorry you feel slighted by this. Let it be a lesson. Perhaps next time you'll better prioritize your time in favor of landing the client for your own accounts," Thomas said.

"Okay. I get it. It doesn't matter how we woo the clients, as long as they are signed on by this agency," Stella said. Thomas didn't catch the sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes, that's the spirit," he said.

"So, if you are wooing a potential client and you step out for just a second the client is up for grabs. I can take them right out from under your nose?" she asked.

"Yes. Because no matter who brings in the client, I benefit," Thomas said.

"You're missing the point. But okay. I got it. It's each man or woman for themselves in this office. Competition is on, regardless," she said as she stood.

"It's whatever gets the client, dear. Go on, woo another and stick around long enough to sign them into your accounts," Thomas said.

Stella pivoted on her heels and walked out of her boss's office. Gavin, of course, stood there with the same shit-eating grin on his face. She had attempted to tell on the man and it backfired. It was okay, she determined to take matters into her own hands and deal with it, regardless. She scowled at the man and pushed past him on her way back to her office.

The computer prompt blinked before her waiting to move on to a new client. She was fuming over losing the Smithers account to Gavin. The nephew was a pompous little shit and Stella wanted to punish the man for what he did. While she fumed, she formulated a plan to get back at the man. On more than one occasion he commented about how good looking she was. He especially focused on her ass and it gave her an idea. She grinned as she thought about it. Yes, she'd take matters into her own hands. If Thomas encouraged competition within the office, she'd lay it out thickly to Gavin. Instead of competing for accounts, she wanted to lure him into her home and give the man a dose of humiliation.

Sure enough, Gavin sauntered about the office like a rooster high on himself. He grinned as Stella approached the breakroom bar for a cup of coffee.

"Hey, let's not let this come between us and our working relationship. Business is business, 'k?" Gavin grinned and held out his hand for Stella to shake. She peered down at it and back up to his eyes. Her hand came up slowly and shook his.

"How about you come over Saturday evening for drinks. You know, this is a good way to let bygones be bygones." Stella offered a smile.

Gavin's eyes trailed over her body. She read his lusty thoughts and smiled more because it played perfectly into her plans. "Okay, I can do that," he said. He seemed a little unsure as if he was reading into of her intentions.

"Good. We should be friends and not allow things like friendly competitions at the office make us enemies," Stella said.

"Enemies? You really think of us as that?" Gavin asked.

Stella did indeed think of Gavin as the enemy. "Business is business. But we can prove we can be good friends too," Stella said. She wanted to ease the man's mind that she had no ill intentions towards him.

"Sure, why not? I'll come by, say eight?" Gavin asked.

"Eight is fine. Hope you enjoy rum," she said.

"I can take liquor. Rum is grand. I'll bring a bottle of tequila too if you'd like," he said.

"Tequila is grand too," Stella said. The better drink to make the man drunk so she could have her way with him.

After work, though the mall was crowded for a Friday, Stella made her way there anyway. There was a little shop located on the top floor in the corner. Shrouded in the shadows, Little Mike's Sex Toy Shop had just the tools she needed for the impromptu date she planned with Gavin. She stifled her laughter as she entered the shop and found the section of adult toys that will make the man squeal.

Saturday evening when her doorbell rang, Stella adjusted the dress. The sexy number stretched over her body in brilliant blue. Her long shapely legs were accentuated by the heels as she strode across her tiled floor. Upon opening the door, Gavin's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he took her in.

"You look just lovely," he said as he bent over and kissed her cheek. She took the bottle of tequila and made the first round of drinks.

"We should start something here. I mean at the office it's one thing, the competition, and clients and all. But here, it's just you and I and the thick desire," Gavin said.

Smooth talker he was. Stella played right into his flirts by returning with more flirts. They drank and talked, and his tongue became looser and looser as inebriation set in. Finally, he had enough and wanted her. His hands groped for her just as she stood and led him to her bedroom. The kiss brought on passion, but she wanted to show the man what for.

He glanced at the handcuffs perched on her bed. "Oh, we're into play, are we?"

"You game?" Stella asked as she swirled the cuffs around her fingers.

"You want me to go first?" Gavin asked. His words slurring as he clumsily undid his pants. They fell to the floor as his cock bobbed precariously in front of him.

Stella helped the man stand where she had the loops on the wall - he faced the corner. She smiled as she secured his hands and feet apart. He groaned when she slid the blindfold over his eyes. "You're okay with me doing whatever I want to your body?" she asked.

"I'm okay. Do to me what you will," he said and nodded his head.

Stella poured lube over the tip of the vibrator. Gavin patiently waited for her to do whatever to him. He groaned when she ran the tip through his crack. He moaned when she flicked the switch and the device hummed to life. She first ran it over his balls between his legs and then came back up and ran it over his anus. He clenched his cheeks together and she patted him on the sides.

"Relax, it will go better," she said. He groaned as she penetrated his ass. The vibrator slid in effortlessly. He didn't seem to mind as he lurched forward. His cock shot pre-cum into the air. She smiled knowing he actually liked it. She pegged the man, running the vibrator in and out of his ass slowly.

"Fuck," he said as he breathed deeply.

"What? I figured you can fuck me up the ass in the office, I can fuck you up the ass at my house," Stella said. She reached around and grabbed Gavin's cock. He lurched forward, groaning as she moved her hand slowly around the head and squeezing down the shaft.

"Touché," he said. "I guess I deserve it."

Stella smiled. At least the man admitted it. She squeezed his cock in rhythm with her hand moving the vibrator in his ass. He groaned and bucked forward, moving his cock in her hand. She squeezed her fingers over the head, drawing out more pre-cum. He bucked faster so she picked up speed with her hand, moving faster over his phallus and the vibrator in and out of his asshole faster.

"Oh. Oh fuck. Fuck me, oh," Gavin said. He lurched forward as his cock lengthened in Stella's hand. She squeezed up the base and over the head until he squirted hot cum from the tip. She kept her hands going, as he thrashed through the orgasm. Finally, he stopped shooting cum and she slowed her hands. "Fuck! Stop!"

Stella giggled as she removed her hand from Gavin's cock and pulled the vibrator from his ass. He was winded, and his face flushed when she removed the blindfold.

"Fuck, I deserved that," he said. He looked at her with glassy eyes.

"Yes, you did," she said.

"Your turn," Gavin said.

Stella gave the man the handcuffs and allowed him to cuff her to the loops. "I don't care if you peg my ass or the other place. I'm good either way," she said.

But Gavin surprised her. Though she pegged him and rightfully so, he got her with his wild tongue. While she was bound with feet and hands, his tongue brought her to the edge and then crashing over. She nearly passed out when she begged him to stop after her body had shuddered into a booming orgasm. He didn't stop, he growled at her that he'd stop only after she came for the second time. Ah, retribution was sweet. She didn't mind at all as her body crested again and quaked for a second time within the same hour.

THE END

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