

SCARLETT STEELE

PEGGED
BY THE GANG



FEMDOM VIGILANTE GANG **BOOK 4**

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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 and a gang of 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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“The bastard! I’m glad you agreed to have us help with this one,” Agent Karla said to Agent Christine as the four members of The Secret Assassins gathered outside the Top Fitness Club scoping out notorious Max Maxwell as he scoped his hopeful next victim, a rich young college man who’s doing his daily workout at the Top Fitness Club.

“Bastard robbed and abused too many young men for the last time,” Agent Christine said.

Agent Ella glanced at the photo of Max captured the previous week at the Fifth Avenue Fit Club. Max had lured a naïve rich twenty-year-old man to his hotel room, promising to share an opportunity to make a bunch of money by selling fitness protein drinks. Instead, robbed the man and after he locked him in the closet. After running away, the cops had no leads on finding the man. He had done this a half a dozen times, all over the city, luring unsuspecting young men into his hotel room or some cheesy apartment and would rob them and lock them away and disappear for a while.

The Secret Assassins caught wind of him scoping Top Fitness Club by another shady character who was too afraid to contact the cops. So, he contacted the ladies, knowing their vigilante ways would exact the right kind of punishment on the man. The ladies positioned themselves in the parking alley so they could run into the man.

“Here he comes,” Agent Dawn said as the ladies took their stance.

“Oh, so sorry,” Christine said as she ran into Max, knocking her bag out of her hands, spilling the contents onto the pavement. The paper with the names of the club’s members and workout schedules lying face up. Christine reached for the paper as her eyes flitted to the man and she blushed as he grabbed it first and his eyes scanned it.

“What are you doing with the members’ schedules?” Max demanded as he read over the paper.

Christine looked back at the other ladies waiting patiently. “Please, just never mind. Me and my gang are, well, just never mind,” Christine said.

Max’s face stretched into a big smile. “No, this is interesting. Are you casing the joint? Like waiting for certain members to show?”

Christine swallowed hard as she yanked the paper out of Max’s hand. “So what if we are? The cops are looking for Max Maxwell, not a group of innocent looking ladies. We think what Max is doing is genius. We want in on the action that’s why we’re here. Now we will disappear. Wait, what did you say your name was?” Christine asked as she squinted at the man.

“I didn’t. Who do you think I am?”

“Oh my! OH! I know who you are. I saw a photo of you. No! You’re casing Top Fitness Club too? No, this is our turf. Oh, shit!” Christine blurted acting as if she were flustered. Max grabbed her arm and took her towards the others, a big

smile across his face.

“You guys, you won’t believe who this is,” Christine said excitedly to the ladies.

“Who? He’s kind of cute,” Ella said as she walked up to the man, taking him by surprise as she rested her arm on his shoulder and smiled into his face. Ella, petite but a whiz with martial arts, looked at the man innocently, her auburn red hair neatly resting behind her left ear, the other side endearingly in her eye.

“Max Maxwell!” Christine’s eyes widened as the ladies gasped and looked upon the man as if he were a winning prize.

“Seriously? The Max Maxwell? The one we were just talking about this morning?” Karla said as she stepped up, her face inches from his.

Dawn wanted in on the action. “Hey, save some for me, I want to touch the man too,” she said as she shouldered in between Ella and Karla.

“Girls! I found him first, he’s mine,” Christine said as she shoved Dawn out of the way and stepped up to the man, smiling into his face.

Max beamed as he blushed and extended his arms, drawing the ladies closer. “Ladies! Don’t fight, there’s enough of me to go around,” he said with a chuckle.

The agents stopped what they were doing and eyed one another as if Max

Maxwell put a thought into their heads and they nodded. “Okay! It’s a deal!” Christine said enthusiastically as she laced her arm through his.

“Wait! What’s a deal? What?” Max’s face stayed bright with a smile as if he just landed in a jackpot with four sexy ladies.

Christine led the way, drawing Max to a bench near the back entrance of the club. “That we can all share you. Would you like that? Would you like to be our main squeeze?”

“Fuck yeah! Seriously? You ladies that into me?” Max asked.

“Or you could be into us,” Dawn quipped and giggled as Karla and Ella joined in the laughter.

“Oh really? Damn, wonder what I did to walk into a haven of beauties who want me like this?” Max said more to himself.

“You are casing the same joint we are. Why don’t we join forces and do this together?” Christine asked. But Max frowned and shook his head.

“I don’t understand. You want to go in with me and what?” Max glared at the group.

“Rob the rich. Be a Robin Hood, except we’re the poor, we pocket it. We’ll split

it with you, of course,” Christine said as she realized she was losing the man’s interest.

“So, let me get this straight. You’re not interested in my sexual prowess, but in my ability to rob the rich?” Max asked.

“We’re interested in both, my dear. We want to have some fun with you and we want to work with you on this job and on future jobs,” Christine said as she smiled at the man and wrapped her arm around his neck. She glanced at Dawn, Karla, and Ella and gave a slight nod, meaning they needed to pour on the charm a little more.

Ella walked around and stood behind Max, her hands mashing into his shoulders. She bent forward and kissed his neck, his blonde hair a mess atop his head. He groaned as she dug in with her fingers, over his neck and shoulders.

Dawn undid the top button of her blouse as she bent forward in front of Max, showing the man her lovely rack contained within. She jiggled her chest in his face as he lifted a brow of appreciation. Karla sat beside Max and took his hand and placed it on her chest. He gave it a nice squeeze eliciting a moan from her lips as she bent over and nibbled on his ear.

Christine came in and knelt in front of Dawn, her hand trailed right for the kill as she struggled with his belt buckle. “You’re too bound,” she said as she ran her hand over his bulging midsection.

“Oh yes, too binding. Set the beast free, we want to play,” Karla said. Dawn sat on the other side of him as her hand scooted up his shirt and she ran her hands

over his nipples. The bulge grew bigger, causing discomfort for he reached down and undid the buckle for the ladies.

“That’s right. Let it out. We want to please our master,” Ella whispered as she continued massaging his neck and shoulders.

“Shit, I’m about to lose it,” Max said as Christine fished inside his binding underwear and finally pulled his seven-inch cock free.

“Oh, I’d like the first kiss,” Karla said as she bent over and landed her lips on the head of Max’s cock, drawing it inside her mouth for a momentary suckle. The man moaned, his hands groping at both Karla and Dawn as Christine took the cock back and ran her hands over its length, gently squeezing the head and drawing forth precum.

“Fuck me, oh, please fuck me,” Max moaned as Christine ran her hands over the head.

“It’s my turn for a kiss. Move Chris,” Dawn said as she shoved Christine out of the way and her head went down, licking the precum that oozed from the head and grasping it with her hand, squeezed up from the base as he lips came down over the head. Max lurched forward, the sensation almost more than he could handle.

“I bet I can make him come faster than you with your hands,” Dawn said to Christine acting as if they were in a contest to see who could make Max come the fastest.

“No, I bet I could. My mouth is prettier than yours,” Karla said as she shoved Dawn away and drew his head in once again, sucking it to the back of her throat causing Max to groan even louder. “See? He likes what I do better.”

Suddenly, a cop car pulls up into the parking lot and parks near the front entrance, the sound of the PD chatter heard by the group at the bench. “Shit. We better get out of here. Let’s go to my place and finish this,” Christine said as she glanced at the cop that left his vehicle and headed to the front entrance.

The group of ladies along with Max Maxwell ducked out of the parking lot by making a getaway in Christine’s car parked along the avenue in front of the little shops. Once in the vehicle, the girls giggled over the excitement of almost being caught.

“That was close, but what a rush,” Ella said breathlessly. She reached for Max who sat between her and Dawn in the backseat. Resting her hand on Max’s knee she gave it a squeeze.

Dawn leaned forward frowning at Ella and then turned to Max and smiled as she laced her arm through his. “Pay her no mind. We’ll resume the fun once we reach Christine’s apartment,” Dawn said.

Ella squinted at Dawn as her hand slid up Max’s leg and to the bulge forming in

his pants. It was a contest between Ella and Dawn to see who could capture the man's attention. Ella leaned over and lightly blew in the man's ears. He groaned slightly. "He's mine," Ella said as she glanced at Dawn.

"Ladies! Ladies, like I said there's more than enough of me to go around," Max said as he lifted both arms and placed them around Ella and Dawn.

Christine cut her eyes to Karla in the front seat as she steered the car through the city streets. Karla smiled and nodded as they silently agreed the plans were going well. "So, Max, we'll hit my place and give the cops time to cut away from Tops. How were you planning to do this? We need to synchronize our plans," Christine said.

"Uh, I can't think right now," Max said. Ella continued blowing in his ear as her hand worked on the bulge in his pants. At the same time, Dawn was kissing his neck, her hand rubbing over his chest and toying with his hardened nipples underneath his shirt.

"Girls! We need to discuss some things before we have fun. Besides, we're almost there," Christine said to Dawn and Ella.

Ella sat tall with a pout on her face. "Oh pooh. I wanted to play," she said as Max turned to her.

Dawn also pulled up and sat right and giggled. "That's okay, we can have fun at Christine's. Better talk business, Christine is a workhorse with us," she said.

Max brought his hands back and kept a big smile on his face as well. “I planned to have a business discussion with Kurtis Sams. He’s a smallish man who carries a load of cash in his pockets,” Max said.

Karla grabbed the membership paper from Christine’s bag and opened it, scanning down the list. “We were thinking Travis Aster. He flaunts his money at clubs,” Karla said.

“Oh, yeah. There’s enough of us to go with two at once,” Christine said as she made sure her phone was on and recording while sitting on her lap as she drove.

Max Maxwell spent ten minutes detailing how he planned to lure Kurtis from the club and to a room he had ready at the hotel up the road. The ladies listened with rapt attention nodding appropriately with each declaration until they arrived at Christine’s five-story walk-up apartment building.

The ladies landed on Max upon entering the apartment, causing him to stumble backwards to the sofa. His face stayed stretched in a big smile as he opened his arms. “Come on, ladies, there’s enough of Uncle Max to go around,” Max said as Dawn and Ella sat on either side of the man. “That’s more like it. Plenty for you two as well.” He looked up at Karla and Christine who stood nearby watching.

“I need to do a few things. You guys start the party and I’ll join you momentarily,” Christine said as she smiled down at the man. Karla, Ella, and Dawn all smiled back, nodding as they focused on the man. Christine set her phone on the coffee table while cutting her eyes to Karla and giving her a slight nod that went unnoticed by Max, for he enjoyed the lavish attention he received from Ella and Dawn.

Christine disappeared into her bedroom to dress in the proper gear, the black leather teddy, complete with chains and studs, the black leather thigh-high boots complete with four-inch spiked heels, and the trusty strap-on. Grabbing the appliance of punishment, Christine chuckled to herself as she thought about the punishment she was about to dole out to Max Maxwell for the crimes he had committed.

Meanwhile, Karla advanced on the three on the sofa. Ella ran her fingers over the man's chest as she yanked at his shirt. "You know, I can please you better if you take this off," she said. It took little to convince Max to pull off his shirt.

"And these. How can you share with us if we don't have access?" Dawn asked as she tugged on his belt.

"Fuck yeah. One second," Max said as he stood and yanked the pants off and tossed the pair to the floor by the coffee table.

Karla smiled as she waited her turn. Max's cock lengthened to seven inches and pre-cum squirted out already as Dawn and Ella toyed with his chest and nipples, kissing his neck, and blowing in his ears. They each had come out of their shirts revealing their black lacy bras that barely contained their ample chests. Max almost drooled over the attention.

Karla also stripped to the black teddy she wore and stood in front of Max. He opened his legs as she bent down and smiled up in the man's face. "Nice. Mind if I suck on this a while?" she asked as she leaned in and grasped the hard cock with her soft hands.

“Uh, fuck, it won’t take long,” Max predicted as his head rolled back.

Karla drew the cock into her mouth, immediately tasting the salty precum as it continued oozing out onto her tongue. With expert precision, she moved slowly, drawing the head to the back of her throat and giving it a nice suck before moving back and allowing her tongue to dance over the head. Max moaned as his hands entwined in the hair on Karla’s head and he kept her there. She purposefully took it slow waiting for Christine to make her appearance. She waited for the sign from Christine thinking Max would come before the woman joined them.

Finally, Christine walked into the room, standing where Max couldn’t see her. Karla took notice and pulled out Max’s hard cock and smiled at Christine. “Okay, Max, time for some play. We need you to stand,” Karla said as Ella and Dawn encouraged the man to stand.

“But I’m almost off, just suck for another minute and I’ll come,” Max protested.

“Nope, I’ll suck you off while standing. I promise. Just stand up. Christine is here and ready to play,” Karla said as she, Dawn and Ella helped pull Max to an upright position.

Christine came into the room, standing behind Max as she squirted lube on the tip of the strap-on. Dawn and Ella held the man’s arms tightly as Karla knelt at Max’s crotch and once again she drew the long hard cock into her mouth. Max didn’t care, all he wanted was to come.

“Max Maxwell, you’ve been a bad man. You are about to be punished for robbing those poor young unsuspecting men over the past several months. Are you ready to receive your punishment?” Christine asked.

Karla pulled back from Max and smiled up at the man. “If you take your punishment like a good boy, I’ll suck you till you come. Agree?” Karla asked as she licked the tip of the man’s hard cock.

Max moaned as Karla grasped his cock and waited for his reply. “Yes, I’ll take the punishment, please finish me,” he said as his head rolled back and his face set in a grimace of pleasure as Karla drew his cock into her mouth.

Christine stepped up to his back and bent him slightly as she switched on the strap-on and it whirred to life. But Max was too caught up in what Karla was doing to notice. “For all the young men you robbed,” Christine said as she shoved the whirring vibrator into Max’s anus.

Max lurched forward, his eyes springing open in shock and surprise. “Oomph. OUCH! What the fuck. Fuck, stop it,” he cried.

Karla gave his cock a long suck to the back of her throat and pulled off. “Want me to keep going?”

“Fuck. Yes.”

“Then shut up and take your punishment. Christine is pegging you for what you’ve done,” Karla said.

Christine shoved the strap-on in and out slowly at first while Max whimpered. He went from whimpering to moaning as he had both pleasure and fear at the same time. "Take it, you sonofabitch, and promise never to rob anyone else again," Christine said as she shoved in hard.

Karla pulled off his dick and looked up at him while Dawn and Ella held him in place not allowing him to move even though he tried. "Fuck me. Why are you doing this?" Max cried. Christine pressed harder.

"I'll finish you if you make the promise," Karla said.

"I promise," Max said.

Christine resumed pumping, in and out methodically as Karla sucked on his man pole. The whimpers and moans increased as his cock lengthened despite what was going on at his ass. As Christine pumped in and out she came close to his ear. "We have you recorded, detailing what you've done and what you planned to do. All we must do is give it to the cops and you're caught. If we ever hear of you robbing anyone else, we'll grab you again and this will be a walk in the park compared to what we'll do to you next time. Do you understand?" Christine pumped harder.

"Yes. Please just stop," Max cried and moaned.

"I'll stop once you come. Karla has worked hard on you. Come and we'll stop," Christine demanded. She pumped in and out of his ass as Max moaned and

suddenly, he couldn't hold back, despite the humiliation of being pegged, his man pole shot hot cum to the back of Karla's throat. She stayed with him until he yelped he was done.

"Stop, I have no more in me," Max said.

Before Christine pulled out she asked again, "Do you promise you will rob no one else again?"

"Yes! I promise I'll never rob another person again," Max cried.

Christine withdrew the strap-on and the ladies let Max go. He gave the group a pained look while he scooped his clothing and dashed out the door naked and ran from The Secret Assassins.

THE END

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