

PEGGED FOR HIS SINS



SCARLETTE STEELE

Pegged for his Sins - Dominated by the Teacher
(Feminization, Humiliation, MILF)

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Authors note: All character 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 pegging, ass worship, ballbusting and a determined woman's journey on emasculating a man for the women he has wrong.....

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Pegged for his Sins - Dominated by the Teacher
(Feminization, Humiliation, MILF)

Gently, I am playing with the dildo of my fierce strap-on while I think about you. I think about you all the time. I think about me, with my strap-on, entering from your behind slowly at first, relinquishing every force that I exert and savoring every sound that you make up until my dildo has fully entered into you. I will move slowly forward...then pulling myself out from you...slowly...I will thrust gradually faster...until I pound on you faster until you cry for pain, but I will not stop because, you will ask for it. I shall go on until my body says that I should stop...until I forget about the existence of other things but you. I'd do it faster until I get drained. It is exhausting, I know, but looking at your helpless body lying next to me will be such a rewarding sight. I want you defenseless because your feeble self will feed me. I want to be fed only by your suffering. Your wails, cries, and whimper, I will savor every inch of these and your misery. It might be redemption for other people, but I don't really care...all I care is that you will suffer because of me.

Striking my hard dildo pretty slowly waiting for my strap-on to finally penetrate you is all what I can think of right now. At the moment, seeing myself with this thing gives me satisfaction. You just don't know how I am dying to get in you with this thing. Will this be your first time? I don't really care. What I care is that I want to fuck you. My strap-on, a symbol of power of domination, is my prized possession. I can't wait for the day that this will enslave you and will scar you for life. In the meantime, I will just enjoy my count down until I'll have you under me and I'll be inside you physically and psychologically. In one... two... and three...

“Dave Gallagher is the hottest creature that was made for us,” this is what Amy keeps on telling me.

Amy, who hasn't been laid since the start of time is head over heels in love with this guy named Dave. Imagine her eyes sparkled while she gives me all the reasons why I might fall for this jerk, too. Her, going gaga over this stud, gives me shivers.

“Really, I thought that Paul is the hottest guy for you? How come it's this Dave whatever now? And besides, Dave's younger than us, right?” I replied with irritation.

“Oh, Paul is so a decade ago. Dave's my newest bae. Isn't it that the younger the guy is, the better for us, cougars?” my insane friend told me.

“Woah, woah, woah... we're cougars? Me too? I don't like cats to begin with...I'd like to be a beeyatch, honey!” I snapped.

I actually don't know why 9 out of 10 girls whom I talk to in school are willing to offer their panties to this Dave Gallagher. Yeah, not only their panties but what's inside it as well. I find them really pathetic simply because a jerk like him simply gets away with everything that he does to women.

I see Dave Gallagher as a stud more than being a college student. He's like he has never gotten over high school. He likes flirting with girls and of course, having sex with them. Worse, he likes it when girls run after him. I am not sure whether he was born to fornicate like how actively Zeus is as mentioned in his fantastic womanizing adventures, but yeah, Dave Gallagher is like the mortal Zeus...minus the thunder, and Hera. This guy will definitely not to be tied down by any girl. Well yeah, he'd like to have that uber long lovemaking that Zeus and Hera had... Well, after he has met me, I am not sure if he'd still like fascinating long hours of lovemaking with girls...

I could have cared less with the sexual exploits of this jerk except that he hooked up with my best friend's sister and left her when she's pregnant. Cassie, being someone who had low self-esteem, could not handle this problem.

So, she wrote a letter to her parents apologizing for being stupid in falling for a jerk and for running away from home breaking off all contact. All because of a fucking asshole. A asshole like Dave Gallagher does not care that he gets women pregnant after promising them the moon and the stars and anything shit like what John Green's characters say that make all girls melt for them.

Fuck Dave Gallagher, and I'd make sure that I'd be the first to give him a fuck that he will never forget.

My plan of giving this asshole a lesson started a few months after Cassie ran away. I could not handle how my best friend and her family grieved and suffered a lot because they lost Cassie, and since I really care for the welfare of humanity, this guy should be castrated. Okay, I don't really care about humanity, but I care for Dave's castration and the end of his antics.

Since I have just obtained my college degree and I graduated with honors, it will not hurt me to waste a year just for him to learn his lesson. I remembered that our dean invited me to teach, so I accepted the invitation to make my plan happen.

I went klepto and looked at his academic record. I must say that it is totally the opposite of his social rep: his academic standing is hopeless. This hapless creature will definitely be nothing if he lost his being socially and sexually active statuses.

Fate must have agreed with my plan because Dave is a Humanities major, so he has to take up the subjects that I will teach this term. I was given Poetry and Creative Non-Fiction as two of my subjects to teach. These two are his major subjects he is required to take.

During the first day of classes, I made sure that I wore something that would definitely catch his attention. I am not comfortable with dresses or blouses that will expose my cleavage, but for the sake of revenge, I would gladly change my wardrobe. I used my leopard-print dress that I wore during my steamy days with Josh matching with my black pump 'Fuck-me-hard' high heels, I was stunning.

"Gawd, Vivian, Josh should see you now so that he'll abandon his freaky dream of being that what do you call that, astrophysicist?" Amy said. "I'm pretty sure that he'll salivate when he sees you," Amy added.

"Thanks, goddess, but you should know that I might distract my students from learning," I replied.

Even if we are close, I never told Amy about my plan. What she knew is that suddenly, I decided to let go of my dream of being a writer because I wanted to teach. I guess I have to spare her from the sinister part of my persona that she might not handle. As much as possible, I did not let people who are important to me learn about my plan because I know that they'll do anything to put this to stop.

While looking at myself in the mirror, it felt like saying goodbye to myself for the last time because I know that in this revenge, I'll turn out to be a person who is entirely different from whom I am seeing in front of the mirror right now. I just hope that I can fix whatever that damage is. But whatever happens, Amy is right: I look hot.

As I entered the classroom, I knew that his eyes were on me. His green eyes that always make girls fall for him were focused on my breasts, his eyes were practically drooling. They say that men have the capacity to identify any girl's cup size accurately. But I hope he does spot that my B cup is padded with filling in my newly-bought C-cup bra. He smirked each time that he would see my cleavage go bouncy whenever I move my arms fast. Damn it, this guy is giving me chills down my spine.

His eyes travelled across my body, dancing across my collarbone, arms, hips, and legs. He was totally captivated by my looks. When I wrote something on the board, I felt that his eyes were glued on my ass. To be honest, this made me uneasy, so it made me wonder, "Why do the girls who like him are drawn to his appearance when he actually looks like he has nothing good to do?" I heard him say "woah!" when I happened to drop the chalk on the floor. It's as if he wanted to pick it up just to have an up close and personal view of my boobs.

Thank goodness, the class was finally over, but he made sure that I would recognize him. He was the last student to leave the room, just as he was about to leave, he turned and said, "I hope you'll be my teacher in my other subjects, too,"

Three hours later, he's at my second class. I was welcomed by the huge grin on his face, this sucks. His eyes scanned the familiar landscaped of my body. He looked at me if he were undressing me. The same thing happened in this class: my eyes were all over me. After this class, he approached me again, he smiled and said, "This must be my lucky semester. See you tomorrow, Miss. Simon," then he left leaving me with a wink.

The next day, he was very participative in our fiction class. He seemed to have read the suggested text Chinua Achebe's "The Telephone Conversation" because he was able to provide sensible inputs about the poem. That surprised me a lot. I could even sense that his classmates were a bit uncomfortable that he was actively participating. It's like he's definitely doing something to make sure that my eyes are on his. Some of his female classmates were really mesmerized by him and the ideas

that he shared to the class. I am not sure whether this is just based on my assumption or not, but he paid no attention to these girls; he wanted me to pay attention to him. There's something sensual about him each time he would move his hands. Perhaps I understand little by little why girls are fascinated with him. But no matter what, I am starting enjoying his flirtatious glances.

As we ended our session, he approached me and said, "I am happy that you look more mesmerizing today, Miss. Simon. See you later in our creative non-fic class." When he told me that, he was so close, I could practically smell his minty breath. I could also feel the air as he breathed out of his nostrils. I could feel that his eyes lingering on my cleavage. If I were pretty much drawn to guys like him, I would definitely fall for him. However, since I already know his ways, all the more that I am disgusted with what he was doing.

Before he finally left, he made sure that his hand would brush my thighs, this gave me chills. Until now, I can still remember the lusty look in his eyes that would have made me weak had I not reminded myself that this guy owes me a lot.

"Dude, why do you even bother wasting your time for a cougar like her? I mean, yeah, she's hot, but she's still older," Jake reminded Dave.

"Cut it out, man. I don't really care if she's a century older than me. All I want is to taste her. There's nothing wrong with that. Let's find out how a matured woman tastes," Dave explained. "You know that after getting what I want, I will dispose her like what I always do to girls whom I already used," Dave went on.

"Your cock's pretty busy in making itself warm inside various nests, dude. That might be a tougher hole," Albert added.

"Excuse me, man, but the holes are inevitable to visit. And no matter how hard hers would be, my cock's pretty hard, too," Dave laughed.

"Woah, woah, woah, Dave's the man again, huh? You and your wrong hole," Ivan snickered. "Not everyone gets as lucky as you, you know?" he added.

"Nah, I just thank my parents for the genes, and my wits for making every plan succeed," Dave explained. "What can I do if girls offer a place to stay for my cock? Their willingness is irresistible," he added.

And they all laughed together.

"Dave, man, those 'holes' are lucky that you 'accidentally' lay on 'em. Even if your cock's busy exploring the other hole of these girls. Seriously, though, how does it feel to have anal expeditions?" Tim asked.

"Since they sorta not expecting it to happen, it feels great to make them feel powerless. I like that they are surprised and hurt at the same time," the jerk answered.

There was a roar of laughter. Then, one of Dave's friends interjected, "we're not worthy!"

"Well, I am a lucky man, you know," Dave added.

The voices echoed through my mobile phone, my informant lingered around the guys and had called me through his phone allowing me the opportunity to listen to their conversation. That allowed me to hear every single detail that they talked about. While listening to these jerks, I can't help but pity my best friend's sister, Cassie. We used to play a lot when we were kids, and she has been my younger kin, too. I loved her, and I can't imagine that this monster was able to inflict so much pain for her. The bastard and his ripe virgin hole should definitely suffer.

As I rushed through the corridors on my way out, I crossed paths with Dave.

"Miss. Simon, I want you to be there in my party tomorrow night. I know you guys are pretty busy checking stuff and others, but please be there," Dave pleaded.

"Let's see. I can't promise, though," I answered, feeling both angry and turned on and what I had started to plan.

"Okay, good. It's in my house; one block away from Momma's Diner," he happily answered.

That night, I tried to look into Online Maps to find out the location of his house. I knew that I wanted to get closer to him, so armed with my knowledge in Muay Thai, my peppermint spray, and my friend Amy (although yeah, she's not really a

weapon), I readied myself in attending Dave's party.

As expected, the party was crowded and noisy, and there were liquors everywhere. The pool also had many girls swimming in their provocative swimsuits. It was a pretty wild party.

"Hey, Miss. Simon, I'm glad you made it," Dave said as he and his buddies welcomed me and Amy.

"I just dropped by to greet you personally on your special day. Anyway, my friend's house is just a block away from here," I answered.

"Cool! Please grab a bottle before you leave," he responded and gave me and Amy one bottle of beer each.

"Your place is great," I said.

"My dad's an architect, you know. But do you want to see my favorite place here?" he asked.

"Sure!" I answered.

I did not know what happened, but I ended up leaving Amy with Dave's friends. She was having fun talking to the kiddos. Since Amy likes hockey and one of them plays hockey, I knew that I could not stop her from talking to these people.

Dave and I went upstairs where we were all alone. It was pretty dark, but he held my hand so that I won't trip over. After a few more steps, we reached their landing. It was spectacular, most especially when Dave turned on the small lights that made me think that the stars were actually upon our reach. It was awesome.

While I was fascinated by the splendid magic brought about by the place, Dave planted a kiss on my cheeks, and wrapped his arms around my waist. Since it was his birthday, and I wanted to be closer to him, I did not discourage him. Instead, I kissed back. I kissed his lips. Softly at first, until it became more intense. He's a good kisser, I must say. He rested his left hand on my head to push my face close to him while his right hand was placed on my waist, moving to my hips, until it stayed on my butt. As he was caressing my ass, I could feel his cock getting harder. As it got harder he pushed it towards my pussy.

Things got more intense until we sat on the couch. He was on top, so he was able to take charge of the situation. He kissed my neck and moved to kissing my cleavage. Slowly he unbuttoned my blouse and placed his hands inside my bra to play with my nipples. He played on them until they got harder. Finally, he pushed my bra upward and licked my nipples. At this point, I must say that I was enjoying the sensation that I was feeling. I was already feeling wet. His member was begging to burst through his jeans, ready to penetrate my pussy.

After playing with my nipples, he finally sucked each of them. Man, this guy must have practically had sex with gazillions of women that he was able to master the art of giving pleasure to women. I was pulling his hair lightly while he was busy having fun with my breasts. Then, finally, he removed his shirt exposing his slightly visible pecs and abs. Man, this guy is really hot.

If he were not Dave, I would love his tongue to explore the wetness of my pussy, but that would make me the same as the other girls whom he threw away.

So, I pushed him a bit to make myself be on top of him. "Oh, that's what I'm talking about," he said grinning. He could actually feel that my panty was already wet while I continued rubbing my pussy on his stomach. Grinding my pussy on his sturdy stomach felt really great. I allowed his hands to touch my thighs until his finger finally touched the wet entrance of my vagina. His other hand was resting at the back of hips.

"Hmmm, I like it that you're wet, honey," he said.

"I think you really turned me on," I responded.

I touched his right hand and guided it as his finger entered my pussy. I, however, inserted only the tip of his fingers while I moaned seductively.

"Oh, dear make me explore your pussy," he bagged.

“Not yet, sweetie. Not yet...” I answered.

The teasing went on, which both of us enjoyed. Good thing, I was wearing a skirt, so things got pretty much comfortable for the two of us.

At this point, he moved his thigh upward and that’s where I rested my back and my head at his knees as I continued to moan. Finally, he pulled my lacey panty and had a full view of my pussy. As he finally removed my panty, I moved my nether region upward and allowed him to enjoy the view of my pussy.

His eyes seemed intoxicated by what he was seeing. He was salivating. He smelled my panty and placed it on his head.

“Hmm, this smells good,” he said.

His grin grew wider as I tried to tease him while I move my pussy near his lips. As he motioned to lick my pussy, but I moved my vagina away from his face, sat down, and went on grinding my pussy to his stomach while I sensually touched my supple boobs.

We could hear the noise of the party, but we did not care, we were both doing our thing.

After a while, I gave him a naughty smile and kissed his lips. As I busied my lips savoring his sweet wet lips and as he busied his hands playing with my boobs, I unzipped his pants. His tormented penis was finally set free. It was warm, aching to penetrate my tight pussy.

If he were not Dave, I would have inserted his cock inside my pussy, the fact that he is Dave just makes it easier for me to carry out my plan.

I had no intention of having sex with him, so I gave him a hand job instead. I guess this might be fine as a birthday gift. I sat facing his cock and gently grabbed it, and did the hand job as best as I could. I allowed my fingers to wrap his shaft and enjoyed it as it hardened. I squeezed it a bit and making it rubbed against the entrance of my wet pussy. I pushed it a little and allowed a very small portion of it to enter my pussy.

“Oh gosh, your pussy’s so tight!” He said.

“Shit, I want to fuck you hard!” he excitedly said.

As a response, I giggled and removed it from my pussy.

Looking at his pinkish cock enlarge, I ended up giving in to the temptation of sucking it. I lay on his stomach as I savored sucking his huge cock. He, on the other hand, started to lick his tongue in my pussy while his hands continued enjoying the softness of my ass and my hips.

Fuck, his tongue was great in fucking me, I should say. It actually drove me insane. This guy’s a sex god!

In return, I swallowed his cock that made him moan continuously. When it felt like his was about to have his cum, I stopped sucking and went on the hand job instead. This went on until he finally released his cum. His warm cum finally landed. Then, I licked the tip of his penis. I wanted the whole night not to end, but after some more licking, my pussy released a warm fluid. A bit embarrassed, I stood up.

“Oh, Vivian, you are fantastic. It feels like I having sex with a teenage sex goddess,” he said. “I like it when the one I am fucking with having a wet discharge,” he added.

We searched for a towel to wipe the fluid on his neck and chest.

“I think, I’d better get going, I already gave you my gift,” I said.

“That was an awesome gift, Vivian,” he responded.

“Happy birthday again.”

“Thanks.”

He said he wanted to put back my clothes, and I let him do it. He kissed my pussy and my breast before putting back my sexy lingerie and my blouse. Then he said, "the next time that we'll have a chance, I'll make sure that my pretty large dick will linger in your pussy, and I will make me moan you like you've never moaned before," he said.

"I'd like to have that next time, honey," I answered. Then, Amy and I left his place.

Before leaving, though, I was able to spot my informant, and he already knew that I wanted him to tell when whether they would talk about me.

Since my informant was there, he was able to record Dave's conversation with his friends, which I heard the next day. It turned out that I was the first girl that he brought to that place, and he did not regret bringing me there. He told his fellas every single detail that happened to us, and based on his story, he still wants more.

"Good job, Vivian," I told myself.

During the succeeding days, I made sure that he would feel that I liked him, too. Just so as not for me to be given charges for flirting with a student, we made sure that no one's around if we would kiss or caress each other in school.

I knew that he was already drawn into me.

I was just waiting for the perfect time that I would put my plan into reality. Slowly but surely, that's what I kept on telling myself.

During the finals week, I was busy researching for a paper that I should be presenting in a conference next month, so I stayed in the library. While I was staying at the Periodical Section so that I could read the journals ten years ago, I heard a weird noise. At first, I ignored it because I needed to map the literary theories. However, I found the noise pretty much distracting, so I ended up looking for its source. I even dunno what I would possibly do once I saw its source, but I just wanted to find out what it was.

Lo and behold, it was Dave making out with a library assistant. I was stunned by what I saw. Actually, I should not, but surprisingly, I did. Upon realizing that they have an audience, they both stopped and left as if nothing happened. Dave was pretty much used to that, I suppose.

I did not know what I was feeling then because we never labelled our relationship --- if we actually have --- and I was just flirting with him just so I could take revenge on what he did to my best friend's sister. I did not know whether I was angry because we had a thing, I was jealous of the girl, or because I saw it right in my face that I should do my plan the soonest. I could not identify the source of anger. I simply could not. However, it dawned on me that this has got to stop.

Finally, the semester was over. I invited him to have a one-day bonding since I already resigned from the university. Luckily, he agreed to go out with me.

My cousin's place in Laguna Beach was an exquisite place for lovers, and that's where I invited him to go. I wore my hottest swimsuit and prepared an awesome food for the two of us. Our frolicking at the seashore was indeed fun. Our constant laughter allowed other beach goers to stay with us a bit.

We walked around the shore until we found a secluded area where he showered me with kisses. I must admit that he's really hot and gorgeous.

At around evening, we went to a nearby restaurant. I chose to wear my hot pink halter dress that exposed my collar bone while he chose to wear white polo and khaki pants. His green eyes complement his auburn hair.

"You should know that you look hot as ever. You don't look your age," he told me. "Why, thank you, handsome. You are as gorgeous as ever," I replied. His stares made me melt, and even the waitress acted weirdly each time he looked at her.

After eating, he urged me to attend the beach party at the nearby place.

"No, honey, I prepared something more exciting for the two of that you'll surely enjoy," I teased. I held his hand, and off we went to my cousin's place near the beach.

As we entered the house, I started kissing him, and he kissed back. We headed to the bathroom that I readied prior to our

morning beach frolicking. The tea lights at the bathtub set a romantic and sensual mood for the two of us. He started to undress me and kissed my nape and shoulders. He removed my bra, and slowly caressed my breast and enjoyed their softness. He kissed me on my lips slowly while his hands were getting busy with my boobs.

I started to unbuckle his belt and opened his zipper. Then I removed his pants and boxers, and I enjoyed holding his warm penis.

After satisfying our urgent insatiable desired, we finally removed our clothes and enjoyed each other company in the tub. We bathed with other with kisses while we bathed and cleaned ourselves. This allowed us to look forward to what's gonna happen later on.

Using a bath sponge he lathered my skin with perfumed bath soap. He slowly moved his sponge at erogenous zones of my body starting from the nape of my neck, breasts, behind my knees, buttocks, inner thighs, and the tips of my vagina.

To reciprocate, I also lathered his body with soap and used a sponge to his nipples, abs, legs, the soles of his feet and inner thighs.

"I need to clean you further," I said while I motioned that he should stand up. He stood up, and using the handheld shower, I rinsed his penis and scrotum with warm water. I held his penis upward, and licked his scrotal raphe. I licked it gently that drove him crazy. I licked it just enough to tease him. While doing this, my other hand was gently massaging his scrotum, which all the more stimulated his lustfulness.

I could not help it but let my finger run through his balls, going to his shaft, frenulum, until it reached the tip of his penis.

At this point, his breathing got slower, so I took the chance of letting my tongue enjoyed the warmth and softness of his cock. Finally, I sucked his dick slowly until harder. "Oh my, Vivian, this feels good. Suck it harder, come on," I ordered, and I did.

After our hot and steamy bath, he proceeded to the bedroom while I stayed in the bathroom. We moved to the bedroom and continued our steamy session there.

He asked me to do the doggie style, and that's where he finally slide his cock deep into my pussy. He fucked me hard while his hands stayed on my breasts. He groaned and groaned and pulled his member and released his cum. I felt that at this point, he would do his signature "wrong hole" move to assert his power over me, and that's when I made my move.

As he started to pull out and prepare for entry into my ass, i flipped around to face him.

I grabbed his erect cock, giving a tight squeeze and flipped him over so that was on top.

Facing down, I put handcuffs on his wrists, which surprised him.

"What are you doing, bitch?" Dave asked.

"Having fun," I answered. Then, I started slapping his ass.

Oh yeah, baby, give me some more!" he was shouting while I slapped his ass hard.

Come on, honey, give me a piggyback ride!" I ordered.

Still in handcuffs, he gave me a stationary piggy back ride while I hit his ass hard; really hard until he was already begging for me to stop.

I left him for a while. I entered the bathroom, and I fixed myself for Dave's pending surprise.

Finally, this is the game that I have been waiting for.

I entered the room. He's trying to free himself from the handcuffs, but he can't.

"Oh, you poor thing, don't try to do that because I will make sure that I'll cut off your dick if you do," I warned him.

"No, no, please don't. I won't. Please let me go," he pleaded.

“Not yet, sweetie, not yet,” I answered.

“What are you going to do with me?” he asked.

“What else, we’ll do what you like to do. Have sex,” I excitedly answered.

I moved closer to him and ordered him to bend over.

As he did, i quietly robed my strap-on. stroking the tip of the dildo, I spat down allowing for a slightest of lube. Of course I wanted to rip his anal walls, I just wanted enough lube to make sure I could actually force my plastic dick in.

I started massaging his ass and moved my hands to his hips. Slowly, I massaged his hips and then gently moved my hands back to his ass. Moving my hands into circular motion until I moved the cheeks of his hands for his ass to welcome my strap-on.

I don’t think the fucker was expecting this in the slightest. This is probably the greatest pain he will ever feel yet, it is so fitting.

I entered his anus hard, and he screamed for pain.

‘Aaaarrrrrrrrggggggghhhhhhhhhhh’ he finally screamed in agony.

“That’s a good boy, take it and take it hard” I shouted it as i slapped the back of his head.

I pulled my cock out and slide it back in again.

‘I’m going to tear your ass’ I screamed ‘Just like you have violated every other woman’s’

He continued screaming, his anus was starting to loosen from the constant rubbing of the dildo against his inner walls. Body shivering, hands clenching the cardboard and wailing in agony, I couldn’t give a fuck if I caused him any permanent damage.

“That’s right Dave , let me fuck your tight hole. Come on baby, let me fuck you nice and hard. I want you to take it all in.” I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter.

The harder I pushed inside of him, the wetter I was becoming.

Dave was panting and breathing heavy as drops of sweat were dripping off him. I couldn’t help but grin.

“Stop, stop, stooooooooopppppppppp.....’ He screamed.

I ignored his incessant cries and continued thrusting the strap-on forward and backward; in and out of his anus.

Nothing was going to stop me, I had the fucker where I wanted him and I was going to violate his ripe virgin anus for as long as I could,

I continued pounding his ass, feeling his walls starting to tear, I couldn't care less if he started to bleed. I just kept on pounding for as long as I could while since I savored every whimper, grunt, and cry that came from him.

Ah, his suffering gave me even more energy to pound on him more.

Fucking his ass this was all of the females he had violated.

As I looked down, I could see his lifeless body still taking my deep thrusts,

I unstrapped the straps and detached the dildo from the strap-on and showed it to him.

“Smell this, you asshole, smell what’s inside your ass,” I ordered as I moved the dildo close to his face.

“DAMN IT, DAVE, I SAID YOU SMELL THIS!” I screamed at him, tears rolling down his face, he leaned forward to smell the dildo.

I grabbed the top of his head and forced it closer to the dildo.

“Smell how rotten you are inside. Does it feel good being fucked in the ass?” I asked.

Dave was quietly crying. “...because the pain that you experienced is nothing compared to the pain that you have caused the girls that you fucked from their behind!” I added.

I moved the dildo closer until it was practically near his mouth. I pushed it into mouth, the fucker was going to taste himself. I want him to be treated like the piece of crap that he is.

“Taste your crap, you imbecile asshole! Taste your crap to find out how much of a trash you are!” I added.

Of course, he did not do it.

I slipped my hand under his scrotum and cupped his balls.

I knew he would need a little persuaded, I clenched my hand into a fist trapping his balls inside. Now I may not know how it feels but I sure could tell that this fucker was on the verge of passing out from the pain shooting from his trapped and crushed plums.

“Taste your own crap, you motherfucker!” I ordered.

All he could do was lick the dildo, I wasn't letting up and I guess he sensed that.

“Now, suck it. Suck it the way you sucked every pussy that you fucked,” I told him applying even more pressure to his testicles.

He obediently followed in between his shivering and his tears,.

Sucking the dildo which I have just inserted in him was the worst way that I could lambast Dave.

I have savored every second of his suffering.

I snatched the dildo away from him and gave his balls one more tight squeeze, hearing his screams of pain

I ordered him to face down, and tied his feet apart.

As he lied there is a pathetic helpless, lifeless mess. I bet he thought he had been through the worst of it, little did he know.

Now, I am not an evil person, I just do not like bad people hurting others and getting away with his. This fucker has hurt too many people in the past.

I still has my strap-on around me, minus the used and wet dildo. I grabbed a bigger dildo. My favourite.

This was the biggest dildo I could find, it was beautiful. I have used it on myself so many times, it has satisfied on many occasions. I'm ashamed to say that it has actually stretched and changed the shape of my pussy. This thing is so big, that I need to hold it with both hand.

Just holding the black pieces in my hands, running my fingers across the curves get me wet every time. I remember the first time I used it, I could barely fit the tip inside my soaking pussy. Tonight I was going to take this monster and pound it into my willing and helpless victim in front of me.

I screwed the dildo on to my strap-on harness. I thought about spitting down to lube the top but decided against it. Whether Dave likes it or not, I am going to push this beast deep inside of him, the lack of lube will just make this more fun for me.

I leaned in and whispered ‘you might want to clench’

Being the sadistic bitch I was turned into, I waited as he started to clench his anus. I grabbed onto his hips and thrust in with all the force I could muster.

I pushed myself so hard in that he collapsed face down with me on top. I tried lifting my pelvis but the weight of the dildo was do much. Dave tried to scream but all he could do was open his mouth and drool. The walls of his anus clenching the dildo, I couldn't pull it out. I pressed my hands on his back and managed to pull myself up pulling the dildo on my way up. As I held myself up with my hands pressing down for support, the dildo hovered 2 inches from the entrance of his asshole. Making sure the tip was just above his hole, I relaxed by hands and allowed gravity to bring my body on top of his. As I came on top of him, the dildo came crashing back into his sore, red and ruined anus. I am certain I have torn some of his walls now.

Despite the pure evilness of this act, I continued raising myself and crashing my super-sized dildo into his ass. Each deep, painful and scaring crush into his hole for was each girl he has fucked in the ass. Every girl his has forced his power over and every girl who has had to take his girl in their virgin ass without consent. Fuck you Dave, take this again and again.

He had no more energy to scream or hold me back, broken and bruised, all he could do was just take it - how fitting.

Unfortunately , for him, the night does not end here.

I slide my dildo out of his ass, untie his legs , and turn him over. I move him so that he lay on his back. He was just staring blankly on the wall as if he had already lost his soul. Looking at him, I started to pity him, but each time I remembered Cassie, anger replaces the compassion that I have for him.

I started to run my fingers from his chest towards his penis. At this time, his penis was soft and tiny. I played with it a bit to put life to it, but it did not respond. I started licking, he couldn't get it hard and it would kill him to know I was sucking it yet - there it lie. Limp and lifeless.

I stood up and spread my legs over his face positioning my anal opening over his drained face.

'I do like it when guys play with my ass' I said noticing a movement from him. I knew this would get his attention.

"Lick my ass," I commanded as I spread my cheeks and squatted down even further.. He started licking my ass. He licked gently and slowly licked the opening of my anus. I felt satisfying most especially if Dave Gallagher was the one doing it. Watching him lick me allowed me to feel more powerful now.

"Come on, baby, don't stop licking," I encouraged him. "If I liked the way you lick, I might set you free," I added, and he licked as if he were born to lick my ass.

Maybe, since I was a bit infatuated over him, I decided to show to him how I desired him, too. Just to warn him though, I leaned over grabbed one of his testicles . I grabbed his hand and I sucked his thumb hard and enjoyed rubbing my pussy at his thigh. The more intense my sucking became, the harder I rubbed my pussy at his thigh. It actually felt good that this body hair is rubbed against the soft skin of my pussy that allowed it to get excited.

"Are you liking it?" I asked.

"Yes," he responded without showing any signs of emotion. I actually don't care whether he really liked what we were doing, my only concern was that I was enjoying every moment of it.

This time around, I licked his middle finger and held it as I ran it from my chin, moving it to my neck, chest, navel, until it reached my pussy. I held if it and allowed to linger at the soft skin of my vagina feeling my pubic hair that were growing. Yeah, it has been two weeks since I had my pussy waxed, so the sensation of his finger rubbing against my pubic hair was fantastic. I moaned a bit and said, "Oh, Dave, fuck me."

I opened my legs and placed a small pillow on his belly where I sat on. Still holding his middle finger, I sucked it before placing it at my clit. I rubbed it there gently. The slow circular movement was great until I started getting wet down there. Finally, I placed his finger inside my wet pussy. I motioned it in and out of my pussy gently and slowly.

I continued my masturbation until I reached orgasm. I did not care how I look in front of Dave; all I cared is that he saw me masturbate in front of him.

What Dave said next stopped me in my tracks.....

“Vivian, fuck me, please, fuck me,” Dave said. “I want you to fuck me like us did before until the end,” he added.

“Do you really want me to fuck you, Dave?” I asked.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Where?” I asked.

I heard what I was waiting for “..... in my ass.”

I made him into our bedroom. It felt as if he were now a zombie that did not have a mind of his own. He lay silently in bed. I entered the room wearing my strap-on. He knew what to do, so he automatically bended down.

As I penetrated his ass once again, he saw Cassie’s face in a picture on the side table. Knowing he saw this picture drew the fire within me one again. He didn’t have to say anything, I gently pulled my pelvis as far back as a could, gripped onto his hips and thrust my plastic dick as hard as I could into his anus.

My anger brought me to fuck him harder while I was shouting all the possible insults that a man could get from a woman. No matter how many insults he received, all I could hear him scream was ‘fuck me fuck me fuck me’.

And fuck him I did, into the early hours of the morning.

I haven't just got my revenge, I have changed a chauvinistic pig into a little anal loving sissy.

Before I had let me him, I warned him that I would kill him if he decided to report me to authorities, and he just nodded. For days, I would call his house and send him creepy messages in school. I had taken picture of him cuffed with his ass exposed, licking the dildo and taking my monster cock, he knew these pictures could make their way to all of the University campus websites if he dared say anything about me.

Before I finally left Northwood, I sat beside him while he was in the library. I knew that he was terrified, but I still handed him a note saying, “I will haunt you forever...”

That was the last time that I saw Dave Gallagher.

A few years after, I went back to Northwood for a vacation. The town and people were basically all the same. Amy’s still there, but she’s now married to Joseph, our fourth grade classmate who was head-over-heels in love with her. I met her to fish some information about Dave.

“Hey, Vivian, I am so happy to see you. Did you know that after you left, things became pretty much different in here, especially with Dave,” Amy said.

“Really? Who is Dave?” I inquired.

“Darling, he’s your former student who liked you,” she answered.

“Oh...uh...yeah, I remember him. So, what happened to this guy?” I asked pretending that I have already forgotten about him.

“Dave’s now a fag,” she chuckled.

“Omigosh, really?” I asked.

“Yes, dear,” she answered with regret.

“So the guy whom you wanted to offer your pussy is apparently somehow who does not like pussies after all!”

“Shut up, Viv,” she snapped.

It felt good that he learned his lesson after our encounter. I felt that I gave justice to every woman whom he had wronged

especially Cassie. I am happy that he finally learned his lesson.

After eating at dinner, Amy invited me to attend her nephew's drag queen night in the university. I happily accepted the invitation and went there with Amy.

During the drag queen fashion show, one fag looked achingly familiar to me. I could not recognize him, yet I felt that we met somewhere.

When she noticed that I was looking at one of the drag queens, she moved closer and said, "That's the new Dave Gallagher."

My jaw just dropped.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yes, he is," Amy confirmed.

At the finale of the program, each drag queen introduced their real name and their drag queen name. I eagerly waited for Dave's turn.

When it was his turn, he introduced himself by saying, "Hi! My name is David Anthony Gallagher, but you call me Vivian for short.

THE END

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