

A woman with blonde hair, wearing black lace lingerie, including a corset-style top, a matching skirt, and stockings with garters. She is holding a black whip with both hands. The background is a plain, light color.

PEGGED
IN THE
OFFICE

SCARLETT STEELE

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing black lace lingerie, including a corset-style top, a matching skirt, and garter straps with stockings. She is holding a black whip with both hands. The background is a plain, light color.

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Pegged In The Office!

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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 pegging, femdom, female domination and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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pegging
the pervert

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Pegged In The Office!

Zelda nodded as her boss flung out the details of the day's schedule. She smiled and jotted on the notepad as fast as she could. She learned when first hired not to interrupt the man as he gave the day's details. Nor did he like it if she asked him to repeat it. She only ever asked again if she was one hundred percent unsure of what he had said. Today's list was extra-long with many minor errands.

"I need the Covington's file pieced together and put on a flash drive. We're bringing in a specialist to go over their case. Please run by Tops Dry Cleaners for my pressed shirts. I have court at two, so do this before then. I'm wearing one that's unacceptable. Judge James is presiding. Is that a new skirt?" Avery said. The words caused Zelda to stop writing and look up sharply at her boss. He had a way of domineering with his demands for the day, and then throw her off by making a comment about her body or clothing. It was always good, and it always had sexual undertones.

"Um, yes sir. I bought it this weekend at the mall," Zelda said as blinked fast at the man.

"Nice. I like the slit," he said crassly.

"Thank you," she said. Her tone was one of annoyance instead of gratefulness. Still, he stood, towering over her, and smiled.

"You may go," he said and dismissed her.

Zelda blew out a breath as she trudged along trying to cross off the daily list from Avery. She had a lot to prove. The job didn't come to her easy. Avery Johnson paid his legal assistants very well. He offered retirement and insurance perks, which was more than the other attorneys in town offered. When she applied for the position almost a year ago there were eight others vying for the job. Knowing the man had a roving eye for pretty sexy women, Zelda used that to her advantage. She showed up for her job interview wearing a burgundy business suit that consisted of a skirt cut halfway up her thighs and a tight-fitting jacket over a white silk blouse. It was the type of outfit that turned heads and Mr. Johnson certainly loved it. He ogled her long shapely legs and his eyes rarely came higher than her cleavage. She didn't mind if it landed her the job, and it did.

But Avery Johnson was a tough attorney. He didn't take shit from anyone. Clients clamored for his representation because he had a tough always win the case attitude. For those who needed a confident go-getter, Avery was the one. His attitude came through to his office staff and his assistant received the brunt of his brute disposition. Zelda proved a formable assistant, as she kept her looks simmering just enough in his eyes that he'd always pause and appreciate her sexy beauty.

Avery Johnson kept Zelda on her toes. She fussed through the day trying to do everything just as her boss had requested. If she missed something he'd surely let her know. He wasn't known for his kindness or understanding.

Avery had very few female clients. Only the desperate ones would hire him because of his attitude toward women. He had an eye for beauty, but he also had a need to lord it over the females. Zelda allowed the man to be that way with her because he was her boss. She enjoyed the paychecks and the perks of the job.

Still, she watched him react with other women with horror. He was demeaning and forthcoming in his attitude toward the opposite sex. She felt the need to go behind him and try to mend bruised egos from his harsh words.

Zelda was hard at work compiling the files for the Covington flash drive. Bending over the files, she scanned documents to include on the flash drive. Avery didn't notice her at the table when he waltzed into the reception area. Thankfully, the waiting room stood empty.

"Emily, here are the files for the Bruxton case. Go ahead, take them to the cabinet." Avery made the demand on Emily. She was a bit on the chunky side and Avery enjoyed ogling her ass. "Yes, BRU is on the bottom. Yes, that's right bend down to it," Avery said as he craned his neck and obviously watched the lady bend down. She knelt causing her knee to pop.

"You know, doll, if you have knee issues, just bend at the waist," Avery suggested.

Emily glared back at the man. She knew he just wanted to watch her ass. "Yes, sir," she said as she ground her teeth.

When she came back, Avery had another demand for her. "Oh, foolish me, I forgot, I need the title form in the Bruxton file. Would you be a doll and fetch it for me?"

"Yes sir," Emily said as she walked back to the filing cabinet. This time she gave the man the show he wanted. He groaned when she bent over from the waist to open the bottom file drawer. If Emily heard his groan, she didn't act like it. She stood and handed the paper to Avery and even offered a smile.

"Nice, thank you," Avery said and walked away to his office. The entire scene made Zelda sick. The man ogled any woman's ass like he had an ass fetish. She knew he ogled her plenty too.

Later that evening, Avery dismissed Emily for the day. Zelda watched as the lady walked away, her hips swaying back and forth. Avery, of course, paid close attention to her until she disappeared out the door. "Mmmm-mmm. Swing it don't break it," he said. Perhaps he meant to say it more under his breath, but he said it loud enough for Zelda to hear.

"Sir, do you have a thing for Emily?" she asked point blank.

He grinned and turned to her. "A thing for my receptionist? Wouldn't that be, I don't know, something unethical since she's my employee," he said. As if Zelda suggested such a silly thing.

"But you sure lust after her ass," Zelda said.

Avery whipped around on Zelda. "Wow, you must really pay attention around

here. Perhaps you've missed your calling and should be a psychoanalysis." It was meant to be a sarcastic jab at Zelda, but she merely shrugged, showing him, she didn't cave to his ramblings.

"No, it doesn't take a genius to hear your crude remarks about her ass," she said and kept her eyes planted on the man.

"Tell me, Ms. psychoanalysis, do I say the same things about you?" Avery's brow lifted.

"Probably. But there's an enormous difference between me and Emily." Zelda lifted her brow as she pursed her lips.

"Do tell," Avery said. He leaned back against the counter with an amused smile stretched across his face.

"Look, I'm your assistant. If you feel it's wrong to go after your receptionist, it's just as wrong to go after me," she said point blank.

"No, don't pull my own card on me. What's the difference? Besides your weight," Avery said.

"Weight? Really? Am I too thin or is she too thick? You play it by looks?"

"I never said either of those things. You both have very sexy bodies. I'm a male that appreciates your body. Is that a crime?" Avery tilted his head.

"No, not a crime. And the difference between us is she's probably cowed by you. I'm not," Zelda turned to file the documents she'd pulled out for the Covington file. She didn't bend at the waist and neither did her knees pop.

"You do exactly as I tell you to do every single day," Avery said.

"Yes, as it pertains to my job. I know how to handle a man like you. It's not by caving in and bending at the waist," Zelda said.

"But if you do that perhaps you'll receive a bonus in your pay this month," Avery posed.

"Are you offering money for a show?" Zelda glanced at the clock. Technically she was off work and felt she could speak her mind.

"Pay for a show? No, I don't have to pay women to show me what they have,"

Avery said.

"You wouldn't like my type anyway," Zelda said. She swung the bait hoping he'd take it. She had a plan.

"What is your type?" Avery asked.

"Look, I know your type. You are a take charge stay in charge type of man. You probably would never allow a little woman like me to be in charge of you in any capacity," she said mysteriously. She took off for the break room. Avery walked on her heels, like a puppy after a bone.

"What kind of woman are you? You seem to take orders very well," Avery said.

Zelda spun around after grabbing a cup from the cupboard. "I know my place at work. I enjoy my paycheck and perks. I'll never jeopardize that," she said as she squinted up at the man. She started to grab the coffee pot still simmering in the warmer. Avery put his hand on hers stopping her, so she'd turn to him.

"You're off the clock now. Please, I'd love to get to know this Zelda," Avery said. He seemed genuinely interested in her.

"Really? You'd like to get to know the real me? My job wouldn't be in jeopardy?" She poured the coffee and took a sip. She liked it black and strong, straight up.

Zelda smiled at the man, as he contemplated her question. She baited him with the mystery of her suggestion. Of course, he ogled her. Of course, she played it like she was his go-for bitch all day. She enjoyed the perks of the job. But after witnessing his reactions to Emily, she wanted to give the man a big dose of his own medicine. He acted as if women were just giant asses, a place for him to insert his dick. She wondered if he ever had it handed back to him.

"How about we make a pact right now. I will give you permission to show me who you really are without it affecting your job," Avery said.

Zelda walked by the man, a smile stretching across her face. She was in charge now and loved the feeling. He rushed after her like a lost puppy, panting and whimpering for attention.

He grabbed her arm after she set her coffee down on her desk. She whipped around and looked down at his hand on her and sharply back up into his eyes. He pulled it off and backed up a step. Yes, that's how it's supposed to be. She smiled. "If you say so," she said in a sing-song voice.

"No, I'm serious. I'd like to get to know this Zelda," Avery said.

"If you're serious, come by my house in an hour and a half. But only if you intend to keep your word that my job is safe. Then I'll introduce you to the real me," she said. A wicked grin beamed up at the man as she reached for her purse hanging on the coat rack. He couldn't believe what he was hearing as he did a doubletake at her.

"Okay. I'll come by. You be ready to show your real self to me," Avery said.

Zelda plucked her keys from the side pocket on the handbag. "You got it. Don't say I didn't warn you," she said and kept the same wicked grin on her face. Her mysterious tone and actions intrigued Avery to the point he practically panted after her. She would indeed turn the tables on the man, show him what she could do, which was doling out the same shit he'd been doing to her and every single woman who crossed his path. He couldn't "not" comment on women's asses. He had an ass fetish and she was going to make sure she gave him just what he constantly dreamed about only to him.

Once home, Zelda quickly showered and stepped into her special outfit. She'd show him what she was made of right away, so if he chose, he could leave. But if he stayed, he was going to receive a big dose of his fetish, only with the tables turned on him.

He was five minutes early. Zelda prepared her special room for the man. She straightened the leather and closed the terry robe tightly around her body. When she opened the door, it appeared she wore just an innocent terry cloth robe. Avery's brow shot up appreciatively as did the bulge in his trousers grow. She stared at it, showing him, she noticed his package. He patted it and groaned as she let him into the home.

"You look ravishing. You come undone nicely," he said as he nodded at her robe.

She led him to the bedroom she had fixed. No pointing in beating around the bush. She wanted to get right to it. He gazed at the giant loops mounted on the wall, one above the head height and the other ankle height. The handcuffs laid on the pillow, four pair total. Zelda grinned and lifted her brow.

"Does this scare you?" she asked coyly.

"Actually, it just shocks me. I thought you a sweet docile young lady. Looks like you're the take charge super bitch," Avery said.

"You have no idea what I'm capable of. You still want to stay?" Zelda asked. Her hands perched on the ties holding her terry robe shut.

"Yeah, I do. I'm curious. I want to see what you're about," Avery said as he made a step toward Zelda. But she took a step backward and slightly shook her head.

"You haven't seen it all yet. Promise me my job is secure," Zelda said.

"I've already told you that. In fact, back at the office, you made a statement if I show up here tonight that your job is secure no matter what happens here," Avery said. He started unbuttoning his shirt and stepping out of his shoes.

Zelda smiled as she took another step back. With intense slowness, she untied her robe. Avery couldn't take his eyes from her. She slowly pulled the robe open and let it slip softly over her shoulder and then the other. The robe fluttered quietly to the floor, as it landed in a pile around her feet. She smirked as she took the stance of a woman in charge. Her leather strap teddy stretched securely over her curves, leaving little to the imagination.

Avery gasped and swallowed hard. Zelda grabbed the whip that perched next to the night table and smacked it through the air. It made a whip sound, striking the air and causing him to jump where he stood.

"You sure you want to stay?" Zelda asked as she pitched the whip to the bed and bent over in front of him. She did so slowly so he could enjoy her assets. He practically drooled when she turned around and held a giant pink boa feather in her hand. Stepping to the man, she kept the smile on her face and ran the feather against his jaw. His shirt gaped open and his hand quickly undid his trousers. He had to set the roaring lion loose, as his cock bobbed forward, long, and hard.

Avery nodded eagerly and stepped to her. She quickly grabbed his hands and thrust the handcuffs over each one. He stretched to the loop on the wall above his head and to the foot post on the bed. Zelda giggled when she snapped the handcuffs around his ankle. She stretched the chain to the loop on the wall and repeated with his other. He had no means of movement except for his head. He groaned as she moved around him, making sure his bonds were secure.

"Are you going to whip me? Hurt me?" Avery asked.

"Do you want me to? Hurt you that is?" Zelda asked as she lifted a brow at the man.

"Yes, hurt me. Make me come while you hurt me," he said.

Zelda grabbed the vibrator from the dresser. Avery turned his head, trying to see what she was doing. She laughed wickedly as she poured lube onto her hand. When she came around to face Avery, he watched as she rubbed her hands together. He moaned when she grabbed his cock with one lubed hand. Running her hand over the head and down the shaft caused him to moan and lurch forward. She grabbed the vibrator to his delight, for he grinned. After running her hand over it and spreading the lube, she flicked on the switch. He moaned as he watched. She kept her hand moving over his cock and stepped to his side. Reaching around, she shoved the vibrator into his ass, penetrating it swiftly.

"What the fuck, uh," Avery said. Zelda's hand moved eagerly over his cock, pre-cum shot from the tip. He groaned from the pleasure and was shocked by the sudden penetration in his ass.

"This is for all the times you've made lewd comments on women's asses. This is because you want to fuck their asses. I wanted you to know how it feels," Zelda said as she pumped the vibrator in and out of his ass. He groaned.

"I'm not gay. Uh, fuck," he said.

"Doesn't matter."

"Please, uh, remove it," he said.

"Nope. I'll remove it after you come," Zelda said as she kept both hands moving. One on the vibrator in and out of his ass and the other over his cock.

Avery moaned as his cock lengthened. He growled and groaned and whimpered as she fucked his ass along with the hand job. Finally, his face skewed as his cock reddened and shot great streams of cum straight up in the air. Zelda kept on him until he finally finished, and only then did she withdraw the vibrator from his ass.

"Now you know how it feels to be pegged," she said as she loosened his cuffs.

THE END

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