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**FEMDOM**  
TRAP AND GETS PEGGED FOR HIS MISDEEDS!

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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 feminization, femdom, pegging 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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Pervert Stumbles Into The Femdom Trap and Gets Pegged For His Misdeeds!

Yasmin grabbed her bag and rushed out the door. She was late for the appointment at the salon. Dashing across the courtyard brought out her neighbor Bart. Of course, he couldn't resist. She wondered if the man had a life because every time she walked by he was out there. He stood on the front stoop and pulled out a pair of nail clippers. He always had an excuse for being outside, whether it was smoking a cigarette, eating sunflower seeds, eating peanuts and casting the shells to the ground, or cutting his nails. He lifted his chin as she rushed by. She offered a courteous smile but nothing more.

"Hey, flirty," Bart called to her.

Yasmin ground her teeth and pretended she didn't hear the man. She smiled at him and that's what mattered. As she kept the fast pace, he called to her again. "Boobs and ass, why you are walking away so fast?" he asked.

Yasmin paused. Boobs and ass? She pivoted on her heels. "I'm sorry, are you talking to me?" she asked with a deep scowl on her face.

Bart smiled and nodded. "You didn't answer to flirty. I know you as my neighbor with the nice boobs and ass. I'm sorry, what is your name?" he asked. He was an ass.

"Well, it's not boobs and ass. And if you're so forgetful that you can't remember my name, a hey you would suffice," Yasmin said.



"Okay, hey you. What's your hurry?" Bart relaxed against the door frame.

Yasmin flailed her hands to her side. "I have a life. I have places to go and people to meet. Normally when people walk out their door they have a purpose in mind. You should try it sometime. Maybe then you wouldn't be so concerned with what your neighbors are doing," she said.

"I'm just being nice and friendly. You have a bur up your ass," Bart said as he waved his hand to Yasmin.

"Nice and friendly does not mean yelling ass and boobs at a woman as she walks by." Yasmin thrust her hand to her hips.

"Well, I'm sorry. You're just stuck up or something," Bart said. "I was just saying hi."

"Hi," Yasmin said. She shook her head and rolled her eyes before turning away. She had but five minutes to spare to make it to her appointment in time.

When she returned over two hours later, Bart had a lawn chair sitting in the grass in front of his apartment. She wished she could park someplace else and enter

her apartment from the back. But the residents had assigned parking spots, and she had no choice but to walk by the man. Perhaps she should report his behavior to the management team.

"Mmmm, sexy legs lady," Bart said.

Yasmin sighed and stopped. "Sexy legs. Well, that's an improvement from ass and boobs," she said as she looked down at the man.

Bart frowned. "I honestly can't remember your name," he said as if that made it okay to be so crass with her.

"Yasmin. Now, if you will excuse me, I have things to do," she said as she waltzed on by the man.

Bart was always outside, whenever any woman walked by his apartment. He treated them no different than her. For a split second, that information hurt. She wasn't the special one. He had a thing for all females.

"Hey sexy lady," he said to her neighbor, Robin.

Robin was an older lady a little on the plump side. She paused and smiled at the man. She shook her head. "Dear, you need glasses," she said.

Yasmin laughed. Score one for Robin. Yasmin stepped outside to carry a box to her car. Too late, Bart spotted her, of course, and turned his focus to her.

"It's nice to see you smile. Boo... um, Yasmin," Bart said.

Yasmin merely glared at the man as she traipsed passed him. She didn't even dignify his greeting with a response, not even a smile.

"Shake it, don't break it," Bart said as Tabby Feldman walked through the walkway to her car. She grimaced at Bart and kept walking. Tabby's husband, Austin, was a brute of a man. If Bart had any sense at all he'd keep his trap shut.

"Mmmm-mmm," Bart groaned when Yasmin came back by on the sidewalk. She stopped and glared down at the man.

"Just what do you do for a living?" she asked. Her tone shot daggers at the man, but he seemed nonplused by it.

"I'm a data miner. I do most of my work in late evenings when I can access certain parts of the internet," Bart said.

Yasmin frowned. "Data miner? What is that?"

Bart chuckled. "I scour the web looking for bits of data. Data that doesn't have a home. A billionaire hired me to mine for him. When I find the data, he pays me to transfer it to him. Kind of a nice job, because I can keep whatever I want since he only pays me for what I actually give him," he said.

It was beyond Yasmin. She wasn't a computer geek. She worked as a sales rep at one of the largest beauty stores in town. She was out front and with people all day. No wonder Bart was such a dork, he stayed cooped up in his home all the time. He craved attention, which was obvious by the way he talked to every woman who walked by his front door.

"Okay, well that explains why you are always home," she said.

"Yep. And I make more money than you," he said.

"How do you know?" Yasmin asked. She put her hand on her hip.

"I know what people make at different jobs. I have a degree as a financial analysis. I know how to analyze income data. I once worked for a company that compiled statistics on the jobs in the area. Eh, that was boring. I stumbled upon the whole data mining thing by accident. But it was profitable. I would be happy to teach you how to data mine. We could work from home together," Bart said.

Yasmin scowled and cleared her throat. "No thanks. I like my job just fine," she said.

"Aw, suit yourself. You have a nice rack anyway," he said.

"What the heck does my rack have to do with it?" Yasmin couldn't believe she used Bart's crass term in her question to him.

"I enjoy your rack. I'm sure other men and maybe women do too. I'm no judge for who enjoys a true beauty." He shrugged.

"You're disgusting," Yasmin said.

Bart chuckled. "You like me, and you know it. I'm your favorite neighbor. You'd be so sad if you walked out your door and didn't have me here complimenting your ass and tits," Bart said.

Yasmin sighed heavily. "Tits? Really?" She lifted her brow as she glared at the man.

Bart's smile would be endearing the way his lips curl up on one side if it weren't for the fact that he was just a horny bastard. "Tits, boobs, rack. You have nice ones. A nice pair. I'd love to blow a raspberry between them."

Yasmin's mouth filled with gall. The man didn't know how to quit. "You disgust me," she spat.

Bart acted as if he didn't hear her. "And then I'd like to flip you over and plow that fine ass of yours," he said.

"In your dreams," Yasmin said. She'd had enough so she turned back to her car.

"Trust me, I do you in my dreams every night," Bart said. He laughed as she shook her head and walked away. The man was so crass it bugged her that he had that much nerve. When she returned he was still chuckling.

"Do you even know how to be nice and polite? Cordial even?" Yasmin asked.

"Oh, I can show you how nice I can be if you'd like to step into my office."



"Never," Yasmin said. She grew sick of the man's nasty comments. She kept walking toward the sanctuary of her front door.

"You know, women love to spend time with me. My stallion shows them such a good time, they can't contain themselves long. You should come over. I'll cook dinner and even serve wine. Then I'll let you ride my face. Afterward, I'll ride your ass. I promise you'll leave with a smile on your face," Bart said.

"You're insufferable. You just don't quit," Yasmin said. She pounded her feet fast to make it to her front door before he uttered another disgusting word.

"You're seriously turning down dinner and wine?" Bart asked. He stood and was coming toward her. Yasmin's eyes widened in surprise and she started to jog but her toe hit a lip on the sidewalk and she tumbled forward, dropping the box she carried in her hands. She landed with a thump on the concrete, skinning the palms of her hands. Thankfully, she saved her knees.

Bart rushed forward. "Are you okay?" he asked. He plucked the box and the scattered contents and shoved it toward her door. Then he turned to her and helped her up.

"Thank you," she said as she brushed her front and checked to make sure she hadn't hurt anything else.

"Is your rack okay? Maybe I should come in and check for bruising?" Bart suggested.

Yasmin breathed out a noisy breath. "Really? You're offering to come check my rack for bruises?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. You're right. You can clearly stand in front of a mirror and gage bruising for yourself. I'll check out your ass. It's my favorite part of you," Bart said.

"Thank you, Bart, for helping me up, but I'm fine now. You may go back home," Yasmin said.

Bart shook his head and turned like a lost puppy. "If you need me to check your ass for bruising, let me know," he said.

"As if," Yasmin said.

"Your loss," Bart said and walked away.

Yasmin stewed over her neighbor's behavior. Bart acted stupid like he didn't know how to treat women. Every answer pointed to what he could do for an ass, literally. That night as Yasmin prepared for bed, she pondered how she could teach Bart a lesson. She opened her night table drawer and spotted the vibrator shoved into the back of it. An idea formed that put a smile on her face. What Bart needed was a dose of his own medicine. His fascination with her ass and all women's asses needed an adjustment. Perhaps he needed a big dose of having his ass handed to him. She pulled out the vibrator and smiled. Yes, the plan formulated.

It didn't take long for Yasmin to find the items she needed. She didn't worry about whether Bart would accept her invitation. He would. When she arrived home, he whistled as she walked by.

"Shake it don't break it," he said.

She turned and glared at him. His eyes were on her ass, still. "Mmmm-mmm, I'd pound it," he said. Finally, he glanced up at her eyes.

"How about you put your money where your mouth is. Come to dinner tonight. Six sharp," she pivoted on her heels and walked to her door.

"Are you shitting me? Are you inviting me over for dinner? Like I can come inside your house?"

"I'm counting on it," she said. If he caught the double meaning, she couldn't tell. He merely nodded and smiled as she disappeared into her apartment. She had a guest to prepare for.

Yasmin spent the next couple of hours cleaning her apartment. She baked a ham arranged with pineapple rings and made potato salad, green bean casserole, cheesy rice casserole, and a batch of fresh hot homemade rolls. Bart just seemed like the type of man who would like this sort of meal.

After cooking, Yasmin had to adjust her guest room. The new headboard with the metal scroll pattern had many bars and loops with places a chain will fit nicely. She smiled as she hid the device and lube, which she'd produce at the perfect moment.

The beer chilled in the ice cooler beside the bar. She bought two cases of the brew and wanted Bart to drink as much as he wanted. He mentioned liking wine and she had a bottle of red wine chilling in the refrigerator. But he sure seemed like a beer sort of guy.

At six promptly, Bart knocked at her door. She opened it and kept a smile on her face. The man advanced into her apartment, his eyes taking in her decor. "Nice," he nodded. He took a seat on her sofa and watched as she set the table and made the last-minute preparations for the dinner. After handing him a beer, he beamed a smile at her. "You sure know how to treat a guy."

Of course, he complimented her choice of dress. He grunted with a chuckle when his fork slid from the table and landed near the wall in the dining area. Yasmin swallowed the food in her mouth and stood. "I'll get it," she said in a sing-song tone. The show was about to begin. Walking to the wall, she turned

her back and bent over at the waist, baiting Bart. He ogled her ass as she bent down, the hem of the dress gave the man a peek-a-boo of her panties... a black lacy pair, something to see.

"Oh fuck," Bart said. He nearly choked on his beer. "You have one fine ass. You wearing the black lace for me?"

Yasmin stood and smiled at the man. "You know it," she said and wagged her brow. After fetching a clean fork, she took her seat across from Bart. He belched, and she grabbed another beer for the man.

"I can't think straight. My stallion is ready to prance," Bart said.

"Really? Do you want a piece of me? What will you do for me if I promise you some ass action?" Yasmin chose her words carefully.

"I will fucking lick your slit from one end to the other. I will lap up your creamy goodness if you promise me some ass action. My stallion loves to get off with ass action," Bart said.

Yasmin giggled. "Finish your meal. You need your energy," she said. She served the man a fourth beer. He popped the top and grinned before downing the entire thing. He was sloshed, and his eyes wouldn't leave her body.

After she cleaned the table she noted how he didn't even bother to help. Instead, he popped the top on the fifth beer and simply ogled her the entire time. "Why don't you give me a show of those black panties," he said.

Yasmin stood and motioned with her finger for Bart to follow her to the guest bedroom. He was so focused on her he didn't pay any attention to her toys laying out on the dresser. She crawled on the bed and slid out of her panties and pitched them to Bart. He caught them and planted his nose in the center of the crotch.

"Oh, you are ripe and ready," he said. As Yasmin relaxed back on the pillows, Bart crawled between her legs, sniffing, and kissing her inner thighs. When he landed in her slit he was true to his word. His tongue jutted forth as he lapped through her slit. She moaned as she arched her back. When he focused solely on her clit, she laced her fingers through his honey blond curls.

"Yes, that's it," she said. She wanted to come, she wanted the release and then she planned to let him have it in his ass for all the crude comments he's made to her and other women walking by his front door.

"Oh fuck, keep going," Yasmin said as her pelvis seized. She ground into Bart's face as the pleasure rushed through her body. She rode the waves until they subsided, then she pushed his head away.

She flipped up and smiled. "Your turn. Take off your pants," she said.

"With pleasure," Bart said as he came out of his pants. "Meet Stallion. He wants to pound your ass hard."

Yasmin grabbed the chains and handcuffs. "Not yet. I like to play a bit first. Allow me to chain you to the bed? I promise you'll get off," she said.

Bart was a willing subject as he let her chain his hands apart to the headboard. She had him on his knees and chained his feet to the footboard. His cock bobbed before him. She grinned as she poured lube on her hand. When she touched his cock, he groaned, enjoying it.

She worked him over in earnest. Pumping her hand back and forth over his cock, squeezing the head and rubbing down the shaft.

"But I want to come in your ass," he said between moans.

Yasmin took her cue and pulled up the vibrator. She rubbed lube over and smiled at Bart. "You will come, but not in my ass. But your ass will play a role in this adventure," she said. With swiftness, she penetrated his ass with the vibrator. He squealed and jumped, but she kept her hand moving fast over his cock. He teetered between whimpers and groans. His cock shot pre-cum, and this turned him on.

"What are you... Uh, fuck. Oh fuck. Oh, fuck!" His eyes widened as she moved the vibrator in and out of his ass while her hand moved fast over his cock. He groaned as his cock lengthened and shot forth. Cum rained over her hands and on the bed as he lurched forward. She moved the vibrator in unison with her hand. Though she pegged the man, she made sure he had pleasure too.

Yasmin pulled the vibrator from Bart. She grinned as she unlocked his arms and legs. He crumpled down to the bed, his glassy eyes looking up at her in disbelief.

"Remember this the next time you make lewd comments to me or any other women. I will make sure you receive what you deserve," she said. She waved the vibrator through the air and turned to leave the room and give her neighbor a chance to dress.

THE END



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