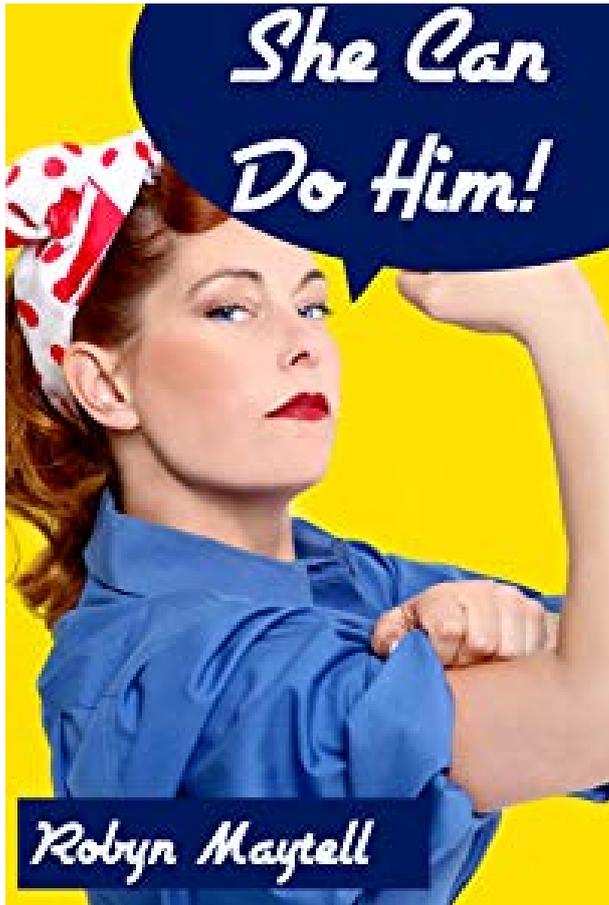


She Can Do Him! (Reluctant FemDom Pegging Erotica)



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Rosie Redford is a newlywed wife who's just entered the workforce while her husband is away at war. Her work days are clouded with longing for her husband and his touch. Experimenting with the new world of sex toys has brought some relief, but Rosie finds herself still longing for the touch of a man. When her lecherous boss starts making advances on her, Rosie can't help but feel tempted to give in to his desires. Will Rosie find a way to indulge her lust while remaining true to her husband abroad? -Excerpt- She stepped through the office doorway before Michael closed it behind her.

He offered a seat in the wooden chair in front of his oak desk before sitting down behind it with an over the top sigh. He collected his hands into a concentrated double fist on the desk in front of him. "Rosie, I wanted to start by saying you do a swell job here. You meet your quotas, you work long shifts, and you always keep your breaks short.

You're doing a great service to the company and your country," he said. "Thank you Mr. Diamond," Rosie said. "Please, call me Michael, " he said, getting up from his seat, "But I've been noticing a bit of a downward turn in your attitude lately." "What do you mean M- um...

Michael?" Rosie asked. She tried to load the question with as much sincerity as she could muster. She knew this was a ruse, but she was happy to play into it. Michael stepped around to stand behind Rosie's seat. She heard the clatter of wooden slats as the office window blinds lowered in her periphery. "You've seemed tired, Rosie," he placed his hands on her shoulders, giving a squeeze, "I'm not quite sure how to put it, but you've seemed to have a little pep in your step. I just wanted to make sure you're doing alright.

I thought maybe I could help you relax." Rosie saw Michael's hand pass in front of her as he took the top of her work uniform's zipper in his fingers and lowered it down to just above her navel. He pulled the collar of her uniform open and lowered the straps of her brassiere over her shoulders.

He began massaging Rosie's shoulders, and she knew he had a clear view of the top of her breasts as he kneaded. Rosie felt a hint of shame as she found herself enjoying the massage on her admittedly sore back and shoulders. "Mr. Diamond!" Rosie said with a hint of manufactured alarm, "You shouldn't... I can't... I'm married!" Her eyes wandered back to the canvas bag next to her ankles. "Your husband is far away Ms. Redford. There really is nothing to worry about," Michael said, his hands now wandering over her neck and occasionally sliding down the front of her chest, "And after all, someone has to take care of your needs in times like these.