

# **Pegged Submissive**

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I was on my way home from the slopes when it came out of nowhere and the world suddenly became only the foot or so I could see through my rapidly moving wipers. I've been in whiteouts before, but nothing this severe this quickly. Tapping my breaks, I slowed to a crawl. I could see break lights and flashers of cars pulled off to the side of the road where I should be, but being the man that I am I pushed on in the hopes of making it out the other side before I was buried in four feet of snow.

I gave it my best – making it several agonizingly slow miles before realizing the blizzard was only getting worse. Every radio station was calling it the worst in history with an expected five to seven feet before morning. There was already more than a foot covering the roads and conditions were long past unsafe. Waving the proverbial white flag, I gave up and pulled onto what I thought was a one lane road. Going perhaps another three or four hundred yards, I tapped the breaks and spun out of control. My car came to an unceremonious stop with the front end in a deep ditch and the rear tires a good four feet off the asphalt.

After several minutes of cursing, I thought I saw a light up ahead. Staring, it took me a while to notice it wasn't moving and was far too high up to be from another vehicle. Zipping my coat and putting on the hat and gloves, I carefully got out of my car, took one look at it, shook my head in annoyance and briskly walked towards the light. It grew brighter and brighter and then I saw the brown bricks of the ranch. Walking up onto the front porch, I knocked with some urgency on the door. Thankfully it opened a moment later and I was greeted by a pretty young brunette.

"Um, can I help you?" the woman asked with only her head peeking out at me.

"Sorry to bother you, but my car is bumper first in a ditch and I could really use a place to stay until this storm blows over. Do you mind if I stay here a bit even if only long enough to warm my toes?"

"Hold on a sec." The door shut in my face. I heard some noises from within and then the door opened again. "Come on in." The door opened and I stepped into the cozy house. The door closed and I felt something pressing to my back.

"What the fuck!?! Look lady, I'm not here to hurt you if that's what you're thinking. That thing really isn't necessary."

"Sorry, but this isn't exactly the best of areas and I don't know who you are. Please take all of your clothes off so I can see if you're carrying any weapons."

"Are you serious?" The gun pressed harder against my spine. "Okay, okay." I slowly unzipped my coat and dropped it on the floor. One garment after another followed until I was standing there butt naked. Under normal circumstances I would have been turned on and ready to screw the sexy woman silly, but having a shotgun pressed against one's back had a way of killing the mood.

"Not bad," the woman said. "Not bad at all." Walking around me, she made no attempt to hide the fact that she was checking me out. "Move your hands please. Gotta make sure you don't have anything strapped between your legs," she added with a grin that I could only describe as anxiously seductive. I moved my hands and her eyes drifted down. For a split second I considered grabbing the gun and turning it on her, but I had the feeling she had no intentions of hurting me. Thankfully my instincts proved right. "Stay right there," she said, bending down and picking up my clothes. "I'll just put these in the wash so you don't catch a cold. "My name is

Ella, by the way, and I'm sorry I treated you like a criminal but I hope you can understand why I had to do it."

"I understand. You know, it's not exactly fair that I'm the only one standing here butt naked." Unfortunately, she ignored the comment and walked out of the room. When she returned a few minutes later she no longer had my clothes or the gun. "I'm Trevor, by the way."

"Pleasure to meet you Trevor. Please, come in and have a seat. Can I get you anything to drink? Wine? Whisky? Hot cocoa?"

"Not sure I should be getting drunk."

"Hot cocoa it is. What in the world are you doing out in such a storm anyways?" she asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"I was on my way home from skiing when the storm hit. I made it as far as possible. I thought I pulled down a side road but apparently it was your driveway."

"I hear we're supposed to get five to seven feet by morning. I strongly suggest you call your wife and let her know you might not make it home for a few days."

"Assuming I get any reception." Grabbing my phone from my coat, I dialed my wife but the call dropped immediately. Moving around the living room, I tried five or six more times before giving up. "Nope, no reception. I'll try again when the storm passes." Ella walked into the living room holding two large mugs. Handing me one of them, she looked down at my cock and smiled. "Thanks for letting me stay here. If there's anything I can do to repay you don't hesitate to ask."

"There is something you could do, but I would never ask."

"Please do. Really. You may not think it by looking at me but I'm quite the handyman."

"You're married."

"Ah, I see."

"No, you really don't," she sighed. "I can see the way you look at me, and I know you would be all over me the second I took my clothes off which is why I have kept them on. Not going to lie, Trevor, I find you incredibly sexy, but I will not be the cause of a broken marriage."

"You're right, I do find you attractive. And you definitely like what you see, but there's no reason two grown adults can't sit naked together without it resorting to sex," I said even as my cock twitched with excitement. She noticed and her smile broadened.

Sitting her mug of cocoa on a coaster on the coffee table, she nervously bit her lower lip and pulled her tee shirt off. Her breasts were small and perky just the way I liked them and my dick grew a little longer. Her bra hit the floor and she looked into my eyes. "That's as far as I'm comfortable going. I hope it's enough."

"You are absolutely stunning, Ella, and I give you my word that no matter how horny I get I will never lay a finger on you without permission and I'm not just saying that because I know you have no problems putting a gun to my back. I'm just not that kind of man."

"But you are the type that would cheat on his wife if given the chance aren't you?"

"Would you believe we have an open relationship?"

"Honestly? No, no I would not."

Grabbing my phone, I went to a photo album named FUN TIMES and then walked over to stand next to my gracious host. "This is me and my wife Katie on our wedding night," I said showing her a picture of us from the wedding. Sliding right, I showed her several more that became increasingly more risqué. Thirty or so pictures later and I showed her one of me and the wife doing a threesome with another woman. "See, we are open-minded. She honestly wouldn't care if we had sex and I don't care if she has sex with other men and women."

“Are you gay?”

“No.”

“You ever sucked a cock or taken one up the ass?”

“No.”

“Then you don’t want to be with me,” she blushed.”

“Um, what?”

“I’m transsexual, Trevor. I have a cock just like you.”

“If you don’t want to have sex all you have to do is say so, but no need to lie about it.

Like I said, I will not lay a finger on you unless you give me permission. Do you mind showing me to the bathroom and where I can sleep for the night?” I asked, feeling somewhat dejected and aggravated she would make up such an obvious lie.

“Sure. It’s down the hall, second door on the left and you can have the spare bedroom across the hall.”

“Thanks.” Going to the bathroom, I turned the shower on and then sat on the toilet to pound one out, but the aggravation prevented me from reaching climax and I eventually gave up and took the shower. Afterwards, I bid her goodnight and went to the bedroom. Lying on the bed, I stared at the ceiling for several hours until I finally drifted to sleep out of sheer boredom.