



# FROM HUSBAND TO SLAVE

FACESITTING, FEMDOM,  
BDSM, HUMILIATION &  
MUCH MORE

ALEX KILROY

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[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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## WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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## HER NEEDS MUST BE MET.



Riley was running late. Fortunately, there was a parking spot right outside the coffee shop, where she parked and quickly went inside. Connie was already there.

“I’m sorry I’m late,” said Riley. “I won’t lie to you, I took a nap and I missed the alarm.”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Connie giggling, “thank you for being honest.”

“That’s me. Have you ordered anything?”

“Just water while I waited for you,” she said, pointing at the glass of water in front of her.

“Let’s order then.”

Riley flagged down a waiter to take their order. The waiter had to do a double-take when he arrived at their table. Riley was wearing a low-cut top that showed a good amount of cleavage, and she kept her blonde hair out of the way in a messy bun. The man couldn’t tell, but he bet that she also had a nice ass.

“What can I get you today, ladies?” he asked while fighting against an erection that popped through his pants.

“Coffee. Black,” said Riley.

“Bring me a cappuccino, please,” said Connie.

“Right away. I’ll be back in a moment.”

“Thank you.”

The man walked away while trying to hide his erection. Connie looked at him and then at her friend.

“That top was magical powers, I see.”

“Oh, you have no idea.”

“Well, maybe we can get started while we wait for our coffee,” said Connie. “Tell me how you made your husband submit to you and become your slave.”

Connie had asked for her friend’s help because she wanted to do the same with her boyfriend. It was thrilling to think about having so much power over her man. Riley thought about how it all started to tell her friend what to do.



It had been a year since she took charge of the relationship. “Taking charge” was a mild way to put it when, in reality, Riley’s husband became her slave. Bruce wasn’t like that when they started dating. He wasn’t submissive, but he wasn’t dominant at all. As Riley put it, he was lost in between and waiting to be guided in the right direction.

Riley knew what she wanted, but she wasn’t forceful when they started dating. She played along until he fell hard for her and slowly started showing her true colours.

She upped her game when they moved in together. Bruce had a lovely apartment with enough room for both of them, and it wasn’t long before she suggested moving in. He was delighted with the idea.

“Yes, baby, obviously! You should bring your stuff over so we can get you settled in.”

“Are you saying that you won’t help me bring my stuff?”

“I never said that, what do you-”

“You said that I should bring my stuff. I thought that you’d help me with that.”

“Of course, I will.”

By twisting his words, she ensured that he would help her, and that’s how she didn’t have to move a finger. He not only brought her stuff to his apartment but also unpacked for her and put her clothes away, but not before washing and folding them.



The changes were invisible when they started. Riley was an expert in manipulation and getting away with it, and Bruce never stood a chance. After moving in, things were still relatively normal, but Riley slowly closed the grip around his neck.

They usually took turns when it came to cooking, cleaning, and various house chores. A week into their new living arrangement, Riley twisted her ankle walking down the stairs. Bruce was in the living room when it happened.

“Fuck!”

“Riley? What’s wrong?”

“I hurt myself. There’s something wrong with your stairs.”

“I’m not sure what-”

“I twisted my ankle!”

“Let me help you get on the couch.”

Bruce helped Riley, who was skipping on one foot and cursing all the way to the couch.

“This wouldn’t have happened if your stairs were fine.”

The man knew that there was nothing wrong with the stairs. Or was there anything wrong? He started to doubt himself. Maybe there was, and he had been getting lucky by not hurting himself like his girlfriend. He didn’t say anything.

“Bring me some ice, will you?”

“Yes, hang on.”

He put some ice cubes in a plastic bag and handed them to her. She smiled and pulled him closer to kiss him on the lips.

“I’m sorry for losing my temper back there,” she said.

“No, that’s on me. I’m sorry that you got hurt. Let me take care of dinner tonight.”

“Really? I know that it’s my turn to cook, but it would be hard to walk around the kitchen like this,” she said, pointing at her ankle.

“Yeah, really. Don’t worry about it, I’ll take care of everything.”

Bruce went to the kitchen to get started with dinner while Riley turned on the TV. She left the bag with the ice cubes on the small table next to the couch because she didn’t need it. She wasn’t really hurt. It was all an act to have Bruce take over her chores, at least for a while. She smirked to herself while she flipped through the channels, looking for a movie that looked interesting.



Her imaginary injury lasted for a couple of weeks, and she slowly got better. She didn’t go back to all her chores, as a smile and a “please” would get Bruce to do them for her. It wasn’t only the house chores that Riley got

away with, as she also assumed command of everything that happened in the bedroom. Bruce wasn't the most dominant man while fucking, and as always, Riley was an expert when it came to making him do whatever she wanted.

The man wasn't into having her sit on her face at first, but she persuaded him using her fake injury.

“Baby, you know that I get suffocated if you sit on my face.”

“It won't be for long. And you owe me, my ankle still hurts.”

Bruce twisted his mouth, but he finally relented, and Riley slowly lowered her ass on his face. She was dripping wet, and it was one of her favourite things to do. The man put his mouth to work, sucking on her folds and licking her while she moved her hips in a circle. It got tricky for him to breathe, but he did it for her to keep her happy and because he still felt guilty about her injury.

Riley rubbed her tits and teased her nipples while her boyfriend gave him oral sex. She came a few times that night because of the stimulation and partly because she knew that her plan was progressing as expected. Bruce gasped for air with desperation when she finally rolled over to the side, freeing him. He was happy that he made her cum, and Riley rewarded him with a quick handjob before sleeping. She made sure to emphasise that cleaning up was his responsibility, which he diligently did with the tissues on the bedside table.



She had more plans for her fake injury, but things progressed so smoothly that she didn't need to use it as an excuse anymore; she could tell Bruce that she had a headache, so he would cook dinner when it was her turn or clean around the house, or whatever she had to do. Bruce worked full-time and Riley part-time, but he ended up doing most of the chores. The changes were so slow and gradual that he didn't notice.

After one year of living together, they started talking about marriage. His job paid well, so the finances weren't a concern.

"My job makes me miserable," she said.

"I'm sorry to hear that, baby. Have you thought about looking for something else?"

"I have, but I think that right now what I need is to take some time off."

"All the time that you need," he reassured her.

"It will be okay with your salary, right?"

"Yeah, it's plenty. I'll take care of all the expenses for now."

Riley smiled to herself. She didn't even push him to get what she wanted. He knew that keeping her happy was of utmost importance by then, and he went above and beyond to make sure that happened.

The wedding came out of his pocket too. They invited all their friends and family, as Riley insisted. It was a magical night with mind-blowing sex during the honeymoon. Knowing that Bruce was now her husband turned her on a lot, especially since he was such an obedient and diligent one. She let him cum inside of her, but she was on birth control to make sure there were no accidents. Having babies wasn't in her plans for now, even though he always mentioned that he wanted to make a family with her.



They soon upgraded to a bigger house with a backyard for Riley to sunbathe. She never returned to work, but it wasn't needed because her husband got a promotion at work, and he was bringing in more money than ever. It was enough for them to live comfortably and for Riley to splurge on online shopping every now and then.

Riley made sure to remind him often of how lucky he was to have her. He never disagreed with that, but it was needed to drill into his head that she

was basically a goddess gracing his lowly and pathetic life. She never said the last part, not at first, at least.

The woman got more forceful in the bedroom as time passed. Besides sitting on his face, she liked rough sex even though she wasn't that much of a fa. It didn't matter because he would do anything for her. She would often slap him and leave marks all over his body from her fingers and nails. A few bite marks covered his right arm one particularly feisty night, which forced him to wear long-sleeved shirts at work for a week.

"Ow," he said. "It hurts a little."

"Aren't you a man?" she asked. "You can take this."

"It still hurts."

"I don't want to hear you complain. I love doing it. It would make me happy if you let me bite you."

"Okay..."

That's how his arm got covered in bites. His bruised skin, swollen and red, turned her on. It made her cum harder knowing that she marked him as her property as if he belonged to her in body and soul. Bruce was happy if she was happy, so it was an easy call. He had to put cream on that arm the following day, but that was a different story.

Riley didn't have to do any chores around the house anymore because despite working a full-time job, her husband took care of everything. She spent her days hanging out with her friends, or watching something on TV, or eating out. His constant promotions at work supported their lifestyle and her expenses.



It wasn't until one day, when Riley was feeling adventurous, that everything changed. She wanted to take it to the next level, but she had to prepare the stage first to ensure that everything went as she wanted.

“Love,” she said one night, while they were in bed and about to go to sleep, “you should take a vacation. Let’s go on a trip somewhere tropical and enjoy ourselves.”

“That’s a great idea. I have some vacation days at work that I can use. Do you have any idea where you want to go?”

“No, but I’ll let you know what I decide.”

“Sounds perfect to me.”

They went to sleep after that. Riley already had a few choices in mind. They embarked on a cruise the very next day. The nightlife on the cruise rivalled the one of any big city: bars that remained open all night long, live music, delicious food, and so on. Riley loved to dance, but Bruce was a little shy, so she would dance with random men while her husband sat at their table, watching them.

He always sighed with relief every time that she went back to their table instead of taking off with any of those random, attractive men. It was an actual concern for him since she still reminded him constantly how lucky he was to have her as his wife. They had sex every night while on the cruise, and Riley took the initiative and commanded him to do whatever she pleased. She even packed a whip for them to try, and his screams woke up the people close to their cabin.

“You’ve been a bad boy,” she said. “You didn’t dance with me earlier.”

“Baby, you know that I’m not-”

“Did I tell you that you could talk back?”

“No. I’m sorry.”

“That’s right. You’re not allowed to talk back, and I hope you remember that.”

Riley readied her whip to punish her husband.

“Ass up.”

He twisted his lips and tensed his jaw. He had already taken a beating from her, and that whip hurt more than he imagined. She told him that more punishment was coming his way, and he wasn't sure how to feel about it.

“Don't make me repeat myself.”

The woman reached for his flaccid cock and rubbed it until it got hard. The beating he took on the ass cheeks took away all pleasure and desire, but a brief touch from the woman he loved brought his cock back to life. His breathing became erratic as she touched him, and she smiled at how easy he was to turn on.

She continued massaging his cock until he almost came, but she stopped when she saw the usual signs: his face got red, his grunts became high pitched, and he closed his eyes. The idea was to keep him on edge and maybe reward him with an orgasm at the end if he behaved to her satisfaction.

He knew that she was waiting for him to comply when she stopped jerking him off. He put his ass up in the air and locked his teeth together, waiting for the impact. She took her sweet time, playing with the whip and rubbing it against his bare ass while grinning. He jumped a little every time she took it off and then gently rested it on him again, thinking that the smack was coming.

“Get ready,” she said, giving him the chance to prepare himself properly.

The whip made a sound louder than their moans, and she hoped that nobody called security over it. He pushed his face against the pillow to muffle the scream that escaped his lips. The leather was harsh and unforgiving, and it left a thick mark on his skin. His ass cheeks were swollen after just one hit, and there were more coming.

“You're doing well, my love,” she said.

She caressed his ass cheeks before hitting him again, gently soothing the pain with her skilled hands. Her touch kept his cock hard, which is how she wanted it. Playing with a man with a soft cock was no fun.

“Thank you,” he said.

“Mhm.”

More whipping kept him on edge, and she finally put the whip down and rode his cock until she made him explode inside of her, with her tight pussy squeezing every single drop of cum from him until there was nothing left.



The cruise docked on a paradisiac island in the Caribbean. The sun was harsh, but Riley loved sunbathing, and Bruce liked to see her happy. He had to sunbathe on his stomach since sitting down or lying on his back was still painful from the recent beating.

Riley’s body drew more than a few stares thanks to the tiny bikini she brought on the trip, and Bruce couldn’t help but feel jealous. There were no words exchanged about it, but it was another reminder that she was way above his league and that he couldn’t afford to lose her. They swam in the ocean under the prying eyes of locals and other tourists, people that would sleep with his wife in a heartbeat.

The trip was a blast, but they were happy to get home. Riley went a little overboard with the sunbathing, so Bruce put some aloe cream on her shoulders and back. He went back to work while she enjoyed herself at home, knowing that she now had added the whip to their bedroom repertoire.

She wasn’t going to stop there. Her goal was to make her husband be her slave, and even though she knew that she had his obedience, there were limits to be pushed. She waited a week after they came back from the cruise to put her ideas in motion.

“Bruce,” she told him, “make sure that you don’t have to work this weekend.”

“Okay. Any special occasion?”

“A wife wants to spend time with her husband, I’m sure that you understand.”

Her mischievous smile let him know that she wanted to have a lot of sex, and no work-related interruptions would be tolerated.

“You got it. I’ll make sure to let the office know that I’ll be unreachable this weekend.”

“Good boy.”

Riley was waiting for him in the living room when he returned home from the office on Friday. She surprised him with a freshly baked pie and his favourite drink.

“Welcome home. Sit down and relax.”

He was shocked by the sudden change in his wife’s demeanour, and he smelled that something was off, but he did as he was asked. He took his shoes off and sat down on his favourite recliner while his wife cut a slice of the pie and served it to him.

“Enjoy it.”

“Thank you,” he said, with some wariness in his voice.

He thought that maybe it was for him to replenish his energies before the intense fucking that awaited them. He was half-right because Riley had other plans in mind. The dynamic was about to change more.

“Time’s up,” she said while looking at the time on her phone and then looking at him with a blank expression.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean what I said. Your time’s up. Leave the pie and the drink aside and come with me.”

He followed her to their bedroom, confused as he could be.

“Close the door after you come in,” she said, and he did. “On your knees.”

“Right into it, eh?” he joked, but she was serious.

Riley took a rubber baton that she bought online and hit him on the legs. The man fell to his knees with a quiet scream of pain.

“Remember that I don’t like it when you make me repeat myself. Take your clothes off, dogs don’t wear clothes.”

He rubbed his thighs, where the baton hit him. He took off his clothes as instructed and was left naked and looking at her. The woman reached in a drawer and took out a collar and a leash.

“Dogs need one of these, wouldn’t you agree?”

“I suppose so.”

She put it on him and walked out of the room with the lash on her right hand and the baton on her left hand. Bruce tried to stand up to follow her, but she glared back at him.

“Dogs don’t walk like that.”

He got down in all fours and crawled behind her. They went down the stairs and to the living room, where she served herself a slice of pie.

“I wanted to take some time to clear some things up,” she said. “We’re husband and wife, but you’re my property. We’re not equal in the slightest, as you’re my slave and I’m your owner. Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“You need to address me as master.”

“Yes, master.”

“Good boy.”

She finished the pie while sipping on the drink that she had poured for him.

“Wipe my mouth, slave.”

Bruce took a napkin and cleaned her mouth that got messy from eating the pie. She kept the leash the entire day and would whip it out from time to time when she felt like it.

Back to the present day, Connie looked at Riley with her jaw on the floor. She knew that her friend dominated her husband, but she didn't know to what extent.

“And that's what you have to do,” said Riley. “It's a slow process, but you'll have your slave at the end.”

Connie took mental note of everything, and she couldn't wait to apply it to her boyfriend. The two girls finished their coffee and went on their way. Riley thought about using the leash on her slave again just to have some fun. She made sure to wait for him at home with some pie and a drink, but it was only for her this time.



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*For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)*

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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*Drinking Her Milk To Grow Part 2: HuCow, Breastfeeding, Breast Enlargement, Lactation, Bullying, Femdom & Humiliation.*

*Inhale Our Ass Gas: Fart Slavery, Toilet Slavery, Femdom & Humiliation*

*Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 4: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, BDSM, Financial Domination, Femdom & Humiliation*

*Whatever It Takes Part 3: Lezdom, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.*

*Her Husband... Is Her Slave Part 3: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Femdom & Humiliation.*

*You Are Her Slave 9: An Extreme Femdom Bundle: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Trample, CBT, Femdom, Cuckoldry, Humiliation & More.*

*Stepsister Domination: Lesbian Domination, Exploitation, Bullying & Financial Domination*

*Drinking Her Milk To Grow: HuCow, Breastfeeding, Human Milk Drinking, Bullying & Femdom*

*Becoming His Stepmothers Slave Part 3: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.*

*Whatever It Takes Part 2: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Bullying, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation.*

*Broken By The Boss Part 3: Foot Worship, Trampling, Femdom, Bullying & Humiliation & More.*

*From Housemate.. To Slave Part 2: Lezdom, Bullying, Toilet Slavery, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation*

*Tormented By His Stepmother: Fart Slavery, Foot Slavery, Lift & Carry, Femdom & Humiliation.*

*You Are Her Slave 8: An Extreme Femdom Bundle (8 Stories): Fart & Toilet Slavery, Femdom, Foot Worship, CBT, Trampling, Humiliation & Much More*

*Manipulating Michelle: Lezdom, Humiliation & Lesbian Domination.*

*Broken By The Boss Part 2: BallBusting, Foot Worship, Femdom, Trampling, CBT & Humiliation*

*Terrible Tales Of Toilet Slaves: 100% Toilet Slavery/Scat Bundle*

*Her Husband.. Is Her Slave: Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Femdom, BallBusting, Foot Worship & Humiliation*

*Controlled By Ms. Catrelle: Lezdom, Forced Oral & Servitude, Voyeurism, Spanking & Lesbian Domination.*

*Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 2: Foot Worship, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Humiliation & Femdom*

*Eat My Faeces To Live.: Toilet Slavery, Ass Worship, Hostage Humiliation, Punishment.*

*Whatever It Takes: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Forced Oral, Foot Fetish, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation*

*From Housemate... To Slave.: Lesbian Domination, Bullying, Ass Worship, Lezdom, Forced Oral, Humiliation*

*You Are Her Slave 7: An Extreme Femdom Bundle*

*Becoming My Stepmothers Slave. : Foot Worship, Forced Oral, Toilet Slavery, Humiliation & Femdom.*

*Maria Gets Milked 2: Full HuCow Conversion*

*Doctor HuCow : Feeding Him Her Sweet Nectar*

*Maria Gets Milked : Full HuCow Conversion*

*Chronicles Of The Cucked: An Extreme Cuckoldry Bundle*

*Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom*

*Open Wide, It's Coming Out!*

*Your Meals Come From My Ass!*

*Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery*

*Smelly Our Stinky Farts*

*I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry*

*Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1*

*Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!:(Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom)*

*Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!*

*So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday*