

A photograph of a young couple lying in bed, smiling and laughing together. The woman is on the left, wearing glasses and a patterned top. The man is on the right, wearing a white t-shirt. They are both looking towards the camera with joyful expressions.

HAPPY WIFE HAPPY LIFE

A close-up photograph of a man's face, showing a pained or distressed expression. His eyes are closed, and his mouth is slightly open, suggesting discomfort or emotional distress.

CUCKOLDRY, FOOT FETISH,
FEMDOM, ROLE REVERSAL,
SUBMISSIVE MALE, BDSM & MORE

ALEX KILROY

HAPPY WIFE, HAPPY LIFE.

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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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EVERYTHING HAS ITS PRICE.



It was a long day at the office, and Keith was exhausted. There were more meetings than usual, and even though he preferred to be locked up in his office working the day away, it was inevitable sometimes.

He turned his car off in the driveway and entered his house. The lights were on, so his wife, Cassandra, was probably home. He hoped to have a delicious dinner, but Cassandra was on the couch watching TV when he came in. He was the breadwinner, but she was the one who called the shots around the house, so asking her to prepare him something to eat was out of the question, especially when she was relaxing.

“Hey, love,” he said, closing the door behind him.

“Shh, it’s getting to the good part.”

Cassandra was a voluptuous blonde, with her well-kept hair reaching the middle of her back. Her ass was as impressive as her tits, but her assets were hidden by the baggy shirt and sweatpants that she was wearing that day. Her green eyes were staring at the TV.

Keith glanced at the TV, but he wasn’t interested in whatever his wife was watching. He plumped down in the reclining chair next to the couch just to be next to her for a moment. The movie was over shortly after he sat down.

He was a rather scrawny man with short hair and a clean-shaven face. He was on the shorter side, with Cassandra being taller than him. His wardrobe consisted of a selection of boring button-ups and dress pants for work. Needless to say, his wife always teased him on his style and fashion sense, which she said was non-existent.

“There are frozen leftovers if you’re hungry,” she said.

He was famished. His stomach grumbles were loud enough that he could hear them over the movie. Maybe it wasn’t a freshly cooked meal, but that would do; that was her way of expressing her love to him. Since he didn’t ask about dinner yet and she brought it up, he was convinced that it meant that she worried about him.

“Thanks. I’ll heat it up,” he said.

“Don’t forget to do the dishes when you’re done. You know how it bothers me when you leave them dirty on the sink.”



The tired man made his way to the kitchen and took the food container from the freezer. He heated it up and finally sat down, alone, to eat. Cassandra had gone upstairs already, perhaps to take a shower or to get into bed. Keith had been craving his wife all day, so he hoped to get some action that night, but he was unsure if he would find her awake anymore. He finished his dinner and went upstairs, not before doing the dishes as his wife asked.

He went into his room to find Cassandra still awake. Perfect. She was texting someone on the phone and smiling a lot.

“Thank you for the food; it was delicious,” he said, getting her attention.

“You’re welcome. Anything for you, baby.”

He undressed and put on some shorts before getting into bed. She didn’t stop looking at her phone’s screen, but he wasn’t going to give up that easily.

“How was your day?” he asked.

“It was a regular day with nothing much going on.”

Then silence. She wasn't very receptive to Keith's advances, so he tried being bolder.

“Even so, I think you deserve a nice foot massage, don't you think?”

She put her phone down on her big chest and stared at him with a blank expression.

“Not tonight. I don't feel like it.”

And that was it. He turned the lights off and closed his eyes, trying to fall asleep, but the frustration of not being able to touch his wife's immaculate feet got him in a bad mood. He sulked in silence and in the dark until he finally managed to fall asleep. It didn't take him long, thanks to the exhaustion of that day.



Morning came quickly, and they both woke up around the same time. Cassandra went straight for her phone, and she seemed to wake up properly from something she read on it. It was like night and day when Keith compared her mood from how she was behaving the night before.

The gorgeous blonde was beaming and had a broad smile on her face. Keith was taken off-guard by it, but if his wife was happy, he was happy. His curiosity got the best of him, and he asked her what it was about.

“You look happy today, my love.”

“I am!”

“Did something good happen?”

“Yeah. I was talking with Jason last night, and we are going to try something new in our relationship.”

It was something to do with her boyfriend; he should have known. Keith didn't let it sour his morning.

“That’s great. And what is it that you’re going to try?” he asked.

“He’s going to move in with us.”

Keith’s heart sank. Did he hear correctly?

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“We decided that it would be better for everyone if he simply moved in. That way, I wouldn’t need to go to his apartment when I feel like spending time with him.”

“You never told me about it.”

“When I said ‘we,’ I meant Jason and me.”

Keith got worried, and it showed on his face. What would his new role be? He was okay with Cassandra having a part-time lover as long as he got to indulge in his foot fetish and have her satiate his cravings, but it was never agreed that the boyfriend would spend so much time with her, and even less so, that he would move in with them.

He knew that it was no use fighting it. He loved his wife and wanted the best for her, even if it was something like that.

“Anyway,” she continued. “He’s going to bring some of his stuff tomorrow so that you know.”

“Okay,” he said in a quiet tone.

“Cheer up. This will make everything better.”

The man forced a smile, and his wife left the room with an even bigger smile. They would be fucking under his roof, in the house that he worked so hard for. Where would he stay? Keith wasn’t sure if Cassandra would put Jason in the guest room. Was she planning for him to take the master bedroom?

Keith had too many questions and thoughts bouncing around in his head. It was exhausting. He went downstairs to prepare something to eat since he needed the strength to process everything that was happening. His wife was sitting by the kitchen table.

“It was about time. I’m hungry.”

The troubled man prepared scrambled eggs for the two of them, putting special care in hers since he didn’t want to ruin her morning. She looked too happy for that.

They ate in silence, and she was focused on her phone instead. “She’s probably texting Jason,” he thought, and he was right. He didn’t know it yet, but she was letting her boyfriend know that she had told her husband about how the new arrangement was going to be.



Jason packed his bags in the next couple of hours and was ready to move in, but he still waited for Cassandra to give him the green light. She still had to break the news to her husband that her boyfriend would be staying in the master bedroom.

The food was delicious, and the blonde woman was pleasantly surprised. Her husband made the eggs exactly to her liking, and he deserved a little reward for his efforts.

She crossed her legs and dangled one of her slippers from her foot. She let it drop and stretched her toes, which got her husband’s attention. He was a starving wolf with a steak dangling over his head.

“Honey,” she said. “My feet hurt. Won’t you give me a massage?”

To anyone else, it would look like she was yet again asking for a favour from his husband, but in reality, that was precisely what he wanted. He craved feeling her smooth skin, exploring her sexy feet with his hands, and tasting her toes like he had done so many times before.

The man cleaned his mouth with a napkin and immediately dropped to his knees. He grabbed the foot without the slipper in his hands, and after a delightful couple of seconds of just admiring it, he got to work. He used his hands to gently massage his wife's foot with flowing movements that brought her comfort, even if her feet didn't actually hurt.

Cassandra felt like she was having a professional take care of her feet, and it was true, in a way. Keith had impeccable skills when it came to his fetish, and it was one of the things that the woman loved about him.

He looked at her with an expression that she was already familiar with. He wanted to do more than just rub her feet, and she was in a good mood, so she gave him a nod to signal him that he could go ahead.

Keith had a smile of true happiness as he got his face closer to her feet and kissed them. He covered both feet in kisses that quickly evolved into licking and sucking. He was enthralled by the smell and taste of them, and he quickly covered them with a thin veil of saliva. His tongue kept working despite his jaw getting numb and tired; it was too good of an opportunity to pass it up, especially since Cassandra was rarely in the mood for him to go all out.

He took her toes into his mouth, cleaning them thoroughly and tasting them until he got dizzy from pleasure. He swirled his tongue between her toes without missing any before moving on to her soles. One of his favourite things to do was simply rub his lips against them while jerking off. He took his cock out, which by that point was incredibly hard, and started stroking it.

"Someone's a little excited this morning," she said, teasing him.

He just nodded and continued enjoying her feet while gripping his cock. He rubbed it and used his own precum as lube to continue jerking off. Her feet were a dream, and as much as he didn't want it to end, his jaw and knees were killing him. His tongue was tired, too, and he didn't want his wife to get bored and change her mind.

The man picked up the pace and jerked off faster and rougher. He gasped, and his breathing became erratic as his body spasmed and his cock shot a few strings of cum on the floor. He almost passed out from such a powerful orgasm that left him with tears in his eyes and a blushed face from the effort.

Cassandra smiled down at him. She always enjoyed how pathetic he looked when he orgasmed. Desperate and twitchy, like a man that hasn't eaten in a month. She put her slippers on and went upstairs, looking back at the mess that his husband made.

“Make sure to clean that up properly. I don't want dried cum on my kitchen floor.”



A knock on the door around noon got Cassandra coming down the stairs with excitement. She opened the door to greet Jason. Keith followed her downstairs too and looked as she opened the door. Jason was a much taller man than he was, towering over Cassandra. He was muscular without being too bulky and had a short beard and a few tattoos all over his body. He looked over at Keith when he noticed him, offering him a smile. The lover's chiseled jaw was much better than his own.

“Come in, come in,” said Cassandra.

“Thank you for having me,” said Jason with his deep, masculine voice.

“Don't be silly. This is your house too.”

“Welcome,” was all Keith was able to say.

“Thank you,” said Jason.

Keith admitted that he was handsome. The man exuded charisma as well, which only helped to make Keith more insecure. He hated that he liked his first impression.

Things only went downhill from there for Keith. Cassandra immediately took Jason upstairs, and she closed the door to their bedroom after them. It didn't take long for the man to hear how his wife was getting fucked by her handsome lover. The bed creaked and slammed against the wall in such a way that he worried that his neighbours would hear it.

Having his wife fucked by someone else was something that he knew was happening but that he didn't think about. He was able to tune it out of his mind and go on with his day, but it was impossible to ignore it when it was happening in his house. His wife never moaned like that with him, but she was like a wild animal when she was being fucked by her boyfriend.

Jason sucked on her big tits and groped her ass while thrusting his big cock inside of her. He was bigger than her husband, and he knew how to touch her to get her to the moon. The frenzy suddenly came to a stop after a particularly loud moan from Cassandra. It was only a quickie, a sign of what was to come and how things would be around that house now.

They both went downstairs for lunch and met Keith there. They ordered something because there was no time to prepare anything.

“Did you bring it?” asked Cassandra.

“Yeah. It's in the car,” said Jason.

“You should go get it after we're done with the food.”

“Mhm.”

Keith wondered what they were talking about, but he didn't give it too much importance. Little did he know that they were talking about him.

Jason went to his car after they were done eating and retrieved a suitcase. He left it on the couch and gave Cassandra a nod.

“We have a surprise for you,” said Cassandra, a weird smile on her face as she spoke.

“For me? What is it?” asked Keith.

“You'll see. Open the suitcase.”

Keith was confused but excited. He opened it up and found some clothes inside. There was a french maid uniform on top of everything. It was black with a white half apron with lace.

He was confused for a second. He made enough money that they could hire a maid. Was this his wife's way of telling him that they should hire one? Maybe, especially now that Jason would be moving in with them. She read the confusion on his face and offered some clarification.

“That's for you. Go try it on.”

The man took the maid outfit and held it up in the air. It indeed looked to be about his size.

“Come on, don't keep us waiting,” said Jason.



Keith went to the bathroom and changed into his new uniform. It fit him like a glove, and he now looked like a proper maid. It made him feel feminine. He went back to the living room, where his wife received him with a slow clap.

“You look fantastic,” she said. “It's like it was made for you.”

“I agree,” said Jason. “It looks good.”

Keith had mixed emotions about it, but everything boiled down to the fact that he was now a sissy maid for his wife and her lover. He didn't know the extent of his new role until that night when Cassandra and Jason were hanging out in the master bedroom. He could hear them talking and giggling from downstairs when he was called.

“Keith, come here,” she yelled from upstairs.

He complied and went there right away. Cassandra and her lover were in bed wearing nothing but their underwear. She had a sultry look on her face.

“Hmm.. I want my pussy licked.,” she said. “And Jason just wants to watch instead of participating.”

The man in the maid uniform approached his wife and slid her panties down. He started by rubbing her inner thigh and then her pussy, in a way that he knew would turn her on even more. He then used his lips to caress her pussy, and then his tongue to work her folds and her insides. She was wet and warm, ready to be pleased. Her tight pussy convulsed every time his tongue hit a particular spot he knew drove her crazy. Shorter breaths and some moans told him that she was about to cum.

She usually didn't reach orgasm that fast when he licked her pussy, so he assumed it was a combination of his ministrations and the presence of her lover next to her. She closed her eyes and snapped her head back when the orgasm finally arrived, washing over her like a cold river. Her legs twitched, and he stepped back to let her enjoy it since she didn't like to be overstimulated when she was cumming.

She finally came back to her senses with a broad smile on her face. Keith was told to treat himself since he did such a good job, and he spent a few minutes focusing on her feet. He forgot about how tired his tongue and jaw were because her feet were sublime, and he loved worshipping them. His cock was throbbing and ready to burst, but she didn't let him cum. He still enjoyed having her feet all over his face and filling his senses with them.

He was ready to leave when Jason stopped him.

“Before you go,” said Jason, “I want a massage.”

Keith looked at his wife, who told him to do it with her eyes. He grabbed a lotion bottle from the drawer and poured some on Jason's legs and feet. He put his skilled hands to work, spreading the lotion all over his skin and pressing down on her muscles, relaxing them. He could tell that he worked out by how solid his legs were. He wasn't used to massaging men since he only did it with his wife, but this is what was expected of him now.

“You're doing a good job,” said Jason. “Your small and feminine hands are perfect for this.”

Keith kept going, trying to process the compliment. When he thought it was good enough and he could wrap it up, his wife spoke up.

“You know, his balls are pretty full. You should give him a hand with that.”

Her husband had never touched a man in that way, but he knew that he couldn't refuse an instruction from his wife. Keith grabbed Jason's cock that was only somewhat hard and poured some lotion on it. The lover quickly grew harder and was ready to be pleased. Keith didn't use his mouth, but his skilled hands were enough for the job. He caressed and gently massaged his balls, fondling them while working on his shaft with his other hand. He made slow, broad motions to cover his entire cock, and he stopped on his tip to stimulate it with small swirls.

Jason's muscles contracted around his pelvis as the time grew closer. Keith looked around for a towel, but Jason shook his head.

“I don't like it when my cum gets on me. It makes my body hair stick to my body, and I hate that feeling. Point my cock towards your face. That's where I want to cum.”

Keith quietly gasped at the man's request, but Cassandra just nodded when he said that. It had been their plan all along. The man reluctantly pointed Jason's cock to his face while still stroking him, and a sudden spasm gave him a second to prepare himself. His face was covered with his cum, shot after shot until his cock came to a stop. He emptied himself on the sissy maid's face, making a mess. The semen dripped down his chin and onto the floor.

“Good job, Keith,” said Cassandra. “You can go now.”

The man walked down the stairs with cum still on his face and went to the guest room, where he was staying now. He didn't know what would come next, but that was his life now, with his wife's lover living with them and him becoming a sissy maid that had to serve them both.



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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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You Are Her Slave 5

You Are Her Slave 4

You Are Her Slave 3

You Are Her Slave 2

You Are Her Slave

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Open Wide, It's Coming Out!

Your Meals Come From My Ass!

Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery

Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 1

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

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