



HER HUSBAND IS..
HER SLAVE

TOILET SLAVERY, FEMDOM, BALLBUSTING, FOOT
SLAVERY & HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

HER HUSBAND.. IS HER SLAVE.

TOILET SLAVERY, FINANCIAL DOMINATION,
FEMDOM, BALLBUSTING, FOOT WORSHIP &
HUMILIATION.

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ALEX KILROY.

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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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Here are some of his other titles;

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Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!

So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday

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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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To my fellow sexual deviants .. Keep having fun ;)

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“We're all captives, in one way or another . . .”

— JANE FRANCES

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HE KNOWS HIS ROLE.

Trisha and Greg met in college, and the second they made eye contact, they both knew it was meant to be. She was part of the college aristocracy, immensely popular and a sought-after member of the netball team. Beautiful, and assertive, Trisha could have chosen *any* man on campus to date. The football and basketball jocks all vied for her attention, buying her gifts, taking her on countless dates..

And yet, she chose Greg.

Shy, meek, unassuming Greg.

She was everything he wasn't. He couldn't run a single block without getting exhausted, while Trisha excelled at every sport she played and had the athletic figure to match. He had no sense of fashion while she always looked like a perfect fashionista.

Her hair was long, wavy and chocolate brown, and her eyes were the brightest shade of green. She didn't come from a wealthy family and knew that she needed to find her own way to become wealthy and enjoy a life of luxury. As she did not plan to work for it, she needed to find an alternative to it, and quickly.

Greg fell madly in love with her the second she first said hello to him.

And Trisha? Well, Trisha saw the potential in him.

You see, Greg was a computer nerd, the brightest among his peers. It was clear he was going to make it big. She wanted to get him wrapped around her little finger before that happened. He'd be able to provide a great life for her, and he'd get to show her off as his wife.

Win win!



The second they graduated, the young lovebirds got married.

The wedding was a beautiful affair, with every single detail planned by the stunning bride. It impressed every single guest, and they all thought how lucky Greg was to have obtained such a perfect woman to spend the rest of his life with. After all, he was smart, yes, but he was hardly a looker, and he was so uncharismatic it was a wonder he even got someone to date him in the first place!

The happy couple had been granted many gifts, and every single one Trisha didn't adore was exchanged for something she had some use for. After all, her husband needed to understand from the start that this marriage was all about fulfilling *her* needs, not his.

The years went by, and Trisha's "investment" certainly was paying its dividends. Greg was not yet his own boss, but she knew he soon would be. In the meantime, he had a senior position in a popular Silicon Valley company. His income, unlike Greg -who was rather plain at best-, was certainly handsome.



Though Greg was in charge of a whole team in the office, at home, Trisha was without a *hint* of a doubt the boss at home. Everything she said went, and there was never an inkling of rebellion in her husband.

The household was her domain, and in there, she didn't have to move a finger if she didn't feel like it. Their marriage was undoubtedly unique, but

Greg arrived every single day at his home, eager and aching to see his beautiful wife that he adored above all else.

Trisha certainly didn't work. That would be ridiculous. She was, after all, a kept wife. Her days were terribly busy, however. She enjoyed keeping herself fresh and relaxed and in tune with the latest fashions.

That was why she visited several luxury spas, had hired a personal shopper to help her while waltzing through top-brand stores and spent the rest of her days lounging around the couple's luxurious house.

Greg earned \$15,000 per month, without counting any bonuses, of which there were a few annually. It was established the day she said "I do" that 90% of his income was her to keep. He was allowed to have \$1500 for himself, sure, but even that came with conditions.

After all, she couldn't have her husband buying stupid stuff she didn't approve of! So, whenever Greg spent a single cent of his 10% allowance, he was to present the receipt for Trisha to approve. If she believed it was alright, he received the ultimate reward: A gentle kiss on the forehead.

If she thought he had made a mistake, however, there were consequences.

Serious consequences.

One such issue had arisen a week before. Greg had purchased a silly little game for his playstation 4, and honestly, he didn't have time for such stuff! What if it distracted him from her needs?!

"I'm not happy about this at all, Greg," She explained, her tone icy and disappointed. Greg lowered his gaze, knowing full well what was going to happen to him next.

"Get in position." She said quietly, struggling to contain her sadistic glee.

Immediately, Greg obeyed, standing up straight and parting his legs as far as they'd go. Trisha was wearing stunning high heels, and she stood before her husband, tutting at him in disappointment.

“So wasteful,” She said, before raising her right leg back and kicking forward as hard as she could.

BOOM!

Her size 9 foot connected with his balls hard, making Greg almost fall to the ground, but she stopped him from doing anything of the sort “Stand up straight, Greg! There are still two more to go!”

BOOM!

BOOM!

She blasted two powerful kicks under his scrotum, busting his balls badly, and this time Greg couldn't keep himself standing on his own two feet. It was too painful. He was sobbing and crying, trembling all over, the pain so intense he instinctively curled himself into a ball.

So since he wasn't going to take his punishment like a man, Trisha instead..

BOOM!

..stomped on his balls and dick hard, being generous enough to count that as a third kick.



Since then, Greg had made no other purchases, and a new week arrived. Greg didn't know what Trisha would have in store for him; after all, she loved to keep him guessing.

Monday night, the submissive husband arrived home before Trisha was there. This was a good sign; he could earn extra brownie points. So he texted her, inquiring her whereabouts. Not to keep track of her, he wouldn't dare do anything of the sort. Rather, to know when to walk toward the front door.

A few minutes later, she replied:

“Five minutes away.”

And so, Greg got in front of the front door on his knees. Five minutes came and went. Then another ten. But finally, he heard her at the door. Greg opened it for her, and she stood there, clad in a stunning blue and white dress, and open-toed white high heels.

He bent over and kissed the top of each of her toes five times.

“Welcome home,” He said after he was done, and moved onto his hands and knees so that she could sit on his back.

With her on top of him, he closed the door and stepped a foot or two inside the house. There, without needing her even to utter what he was supposed to do next, he helped her remove her high heels and put on the fluffy slippers that always were placed -by Greg, of course- by the entrance.

“Take me to the couch” She instructed, and he nodded meekly, walking on his hands and knees, carrying her like he was some kind of mule.

Once there, he helped her up, and she hung her feet off the sofa so that Greg could rub her feet from the ground. He wasn’t allowed to sit on any of the pretty furniture in the living room unless they had guests.

Greg massaged her dutifully as she idly read a magazine, and it was well over an hour before she had enough.

“You are all done for now. Go, cook dinner. I’ll take a nap” She informed him, and he nodded, kissing her feet with devotion.

“Of course,” He replied and helped her move her feet up on the sofa, covering her with a warm blanket and leaving the living room.

The rest of their night went on as usual, and she actually praised his cooking, which had him beaming with happiness.



They got in bed together, and soon Greg fell asleep, exhausted by his long day at work and his service to his wife. It was close to 2 AM when Trisha woke up, feeling a sudden urge to use the toilet.

She hated the dark, and never was awake alone while there was no light around, so she promptly kicked Greg to awaken him.

“Greg, I need to use the toilet,” She informed him, and he drowsily nodded, sitting up at once.

They both walk toward the lavish bathroom connected to their bedroom, and once inside, Greg looks at his wife meekly, awaiting her instructions.

“Sit on the floor by my feet,” She demanded of him, and he promptly did so. Trisha sat on the toilet and placed her feet on his lap to keep them warm. After all, the tiles were uncomfortably cold.

As she took her shit, she got distracted reading a book in her kindle, losing track of time. She read and read and read. A whole hour slipped by, with Greg yawning and meekly sitting right there, warming up her feet, waiting for her to be ready to return to bed.

He knew better than to doze off, so he simply stared up at her, taking in his wife’s beauty.

“Well, I’m done,” She told him at last, putting down her kindle. Greg got up and helped her to his feet. She turned around and without uttering a word, Greg retrieved some toilet paper, pulled one of her perfect ass cheeks aside to expose her shit soiled asshole and wiped her ass dutifully and tidying her up with devotion.

“Perfect,” He whispered, and she nodded.

Yes, she knew she was perfect, and she knew that he should feel lucky to be allowed to serve her in such a manner. Greg was obviously so madly in love with her, and Trisha knew she deserved to be worshiped the way she was. After all, why else would she have married a man like Greg?

“I know I’m perfect.” she snapped backk at Greg, her voice filled with ego. “I’m so tired, though, carry me to bed,” She replied, and Greg smiled at her adoringly, picking her up in his arms and carrying Trisha to bed.

There, Greg covered his wife with the blankets and laid by her side, waiting till she closed her eyes to fall asleep.



Thursday arrived, and Trisha was feeling particularly bored. Whenever she got that way, Greg knew it was time for one of her sadistic little games.

Which one would it be this time? He asked himself, as Trisha looked his way deviously, that deliciously teasing smirk on my full lips.

“Soo... I’m thinking of a fun game for us to play,” She told him, and Greg nodded, knowing that what she said went.

“Which one will we play this time?” He asked, looking up at her from the floor. She was sitting on her comfortable sofa, and he was thankful to at least be allowed to remain sitting instead of being forced to stand for hours at a time.

“Guess what I ate today!” She announced excitedly, and he nodded once again, and his stomach sank in dread. Buy nonetheless, he felt lucky she even wanted to do anything at all with him.

“Sit on the sofa.”

He obeyed immediately. It was one of the few times he was given such a privilege, but he knew it was for her comfort and not his own.

Greg did as he was told, and Trisha laid comfortably across his knees, face down, her ass pointing up towards his face.

“Bend over a bit,” She commanded so that his face was even closer to her ass. He meekly obeyed, and it was then that the game began.

BRAAAAAAPT!

She let out a loud, long smelly fart. It was foul, and it lingered in the air and in his nose for a few seconds, and he sniffed at it hard, trying to guess what she had eaten for lunch.

“Pasta?” He asked, and she chuckled, shaking her head.

“No! You are so bad at this game!” She reprimanded him, but clearly remaining deeply amused by the humiliation she was putting him through. And she loved how meek and obedient he was toward her, never, ever trying to talk back to her—never trying to get his opinion to matter.

“Guess again.”

BRAAAAPT!

BRRRROOOOPTT!!

BROOOOOOAAAAAAAAPT!!!

She blasted fart after fart after fart right in his face. For such a sexy little thing, Trisha had so much gas inside her, it was ridiculous. Her farts smelled terrible, like rotten eggs and spoiled milk, and she seemed to have an endless supply of them.

He knew the rules all too well, as they had played this game often. It was one of Trisha’s very favourites! If he didn’t guess exactly what she had for lunch within an hour, they would move on to stage two.

And that particular day, Greg simply couldn’t guess. Or maybe he didn’t want to. Perhaps, in his total submission to her, he wanted this moment to last a bit longer.

So she sat up and gave him a devious little smirk.

“You didn’t guess,” She stated the obvious, and he nodded meekly, “You know what comes now! Open your mouth wide.”

Trisha then straddled him, sitting on his lap and making him gasp with pleasure. He was utterly humiliated and degraded by her every action, but Greg got off it, just as she adored to put him down every single day.

And so, Trisha began loudly cough and clear her throat. She opened wide as she did so, exposing the saliva filling her mouth and her long wet tongue.

TU!

She then spit right into her husband's mouth, giving him time to taste and sample her spit and try his guess what she had eaten. But he couldn't do it.

TU! TU! TU!

She aggressively spat three more thick wads of her saliva into his mouth before he finally recognised the fishy, creamy taste and felt a lightbulb turning on in his mind.

“Shrimp salad and avocado!” He guessed, and Trisha laughed, nodding as he finally won the game after almost an hour and a half of degrading and humiliating him deeply.

“Yes, Greg! Good boy!” She praised him and ruffled his hair like a puppy, one of the few tender moments in their days as a couple. He melted and grinned widely at his beautiful wife.

He was her pathetic, worthless little slave, and just as much as she adored debasing and demeaning him sometimes to the point of tears, he loved her paying him any attention to him, no matter how terrible and cruel it was.

“M-M-May I masturbate in the bathroom, p-please?” He begged, and she seemed to think about his request, before deciding he had earned it.

“Ok, but you have to slap yourself hard on the balls every four strokes. And if you don't get to cum in 10 minutes, you have to stop and come look for me. I'll give you a solid kick in the balls and you won't be allowed to ask for permission for another week,” She announced, and he nodded, grateful that she even considered giving him a chance.

“Thank you so much, my love,” He muttered, before running off toward the bathroom.



With the week coming to an end, Trisha was feeling particularly devious. She had, after all, a whole lot of free time to think of newer and more humiliating ways to torment her husband.

So on Sunday night, she already had a fun little surprise for Greg. She had actually been preparing for it since Saturday!

Even though it was the weekend, Greg sometimes worked on Saturdays, so that he could get even further over time and hand over more money to his beloved Trisha. She was never quite satisfied with how much he earned, always demanding more, more and more. She deserved it, after all.

So while she was alone, she went out for lunch and gorged herself with all kinds of extra spicy food. Chipotle, her favourite. On her way back home, she stopped at an ice cream parlour and bought herself several different flavours.

She spent the afternoon watching movies and eating dairy, preparing for the big surprise she'd give Greg the following night.

For dinner, she ordered in and made sure the restaurant added extra chilli pepper to her dishes. Within twenty minutes, the gurgling in her stomach began and she felt the pressure building in her rectum. She really, *really* needed to take a shit.

BRAAAAAAAPT!!!!

A long, stinky fart hissed out of her asshole. It really fucking stank. Trisha gagged on the smell of it and then giggled sadistically to herself.

Poor Greg didn't know what he was in for.

She held it in, waiting patiently when she would inflict her massive shit on her poor little Greg. Although she had a bit of a stomach ache the very next morning, she still had a big breakfast with lots of cheeses.

She wasn't precisely lactose intolerant, but she did get especially gassy and an upset stomach from eating too much dairy.

All through the day, she refused to go to the bathroom and even had Greg rub her swollen belly when she felt uncomfortable.

She had a nice, long nap, and when she woke up, it was almost time. Trisha called Greg over.

“I want you to go to that great sushi place I love. I ordered something delicious for dinner, but I don’t feel like paying for them to send it over. So go get it.” She demanded, and he immediately obeyed, leaving to fetch his wife’s dinner.

When he returned, Trisha had surprisingly set the table already. She rarely, if ever, did any sort of chore around the house, no matter how small or easy.

There was a normal plate placed for her to eat from, but he noticed that on his spot, he had a big, deep bowl. Greg was confused, but as usual, he didn’t ask questions, merely waited for her to tell him what to do.

“The sushi meal is for me,” She explained to him as she had him lay the pieces out on her plate. “I have something special preparing for you right now.”

He nodded and sat by her side, watching the beautiful Trisha eat devotedly. He wanted to ask her if it was a good idea for her to eat sushi with wasabi and soy sauce when she had an upset stomach, but knew better than to question her!

“I think you are going to love your dinner,” She said while she popped a piece of sushi into her mouth, enjoying the delicious taste. The quality was incredible, and clearly her dinner had been incredibly expensive.

“You are paying for my meal tonight so that you know. It’s coming out of your allowance.”

He grimaced quietly, knowing he would have only \$100 or \$200 left for the rest of the month, but he didn’t even consider protesting. Instead, Greg nodded obediently and even smiled at his beloved wife.

“Yes, of course. I’m glad I get to treat my beautiful wife to such a great dinner,” He replied subserviently, giving her a loving smile.

She could feel her stomach growling by then. Her stomach ached, and she needed so badly to take a shit, but she wanted to finish her dinner first.

Trisha also had Greg serve her a glass of expensive white wine from their lavish wine cellar.

When she was done and feeling so full, she was about to explode; she pulled her dish toward him.

“Clean it up and return the table so you can have your meal,” She demanded, and Greg quickly complied.

He cleaned everything she had used for her dinner and then stepped back toward the table, where his wife was waiting for him with a big, devious smirk on her full, beautiful lips.

Trisha really felt like she was about to shit her pants, and couldn't wait for another second to take a massive dump!

So she stood up in a hurry and lowered her pants and panties at the same time, squatting slightly, her back turned to her pathetic excuse of a husband.

“Hold out your bowl underneath my ass!” She commanded, speaking fast, feeling the shit was about to go out whether she wanted it or not. Trisha didn't want a single drop of it to go to waste, after all.

Greg quickly obeyed, grabbing the bowl from which he'd eat his dinner and placing it directly underneath her perfect, round ass.

BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPTTTT!!!!

He heard a loud, thunderous fart explode from her asshole before HUGE amounts of shit began shooting out of Trisha's ass like a projectile. She had been keeping it all in for so long, and grunted as she took one of the biggest shits of her life. It was like a stinky brown anaconda was rapidly emerging from his wifes asshole. The stench made his eyes water and his nose hairs curl. He gagged as the rank odour of her faces invaded his lungs.

When she was finally done, she sighed in relief and smiled to herself.

“Put the bowl on the table and lick my ass clean,” She instructed. Greg dropped to his knees and sank his face between her ass cheeks, sucking and lapping at her foul hole and inner cheeks until it was pristine, not a single trace of her smelly shit behind.

Then he dutifully lifted her panties and her pants and made sure she was comfortable before standing back up.

“Well, dinner is served and warm, what are you waiting for?” She asked, sitting back down and waiting for him to do the same. There was a big spoon she had set for him to use, and Greg grabbed it.

Her shit was runny, with medium-sized chunks floating here and there. It smelled worse than any of her farts, and yet Greg found the strength to not even hesitate.

He grabbed the spoon and snuck it into the dense brown log and began eating his wife’s dirty, smelly shit, as Trisha watched him put each spoonful of her shit in his mouth. Despite the many, many humiliations she had put her husband through, watching him eat her waste like this and so enthusiastically was amazing to her. Amidst her shit was undigested pieces of sweet corn and some gooey, light brown lactose. Foul.

She smirked at him wickedly, enjoying the show, until there was nothing left in the big bowl. When he was done, she even ordered him to lick the bowl clean.

Greg turned toward his wife, his lips covered in a thin layer of her shit.

“Trisha... how could I have gotten so lucky to have you as my wife? Thank you for marrying me.” He told her earnestly, lovingly.

There was nothing in the world Trisha enjoyed more than tormenting Greg, and Greg would feel lost without the constant commands and outrageous demands his wife gave her every single day.

He truly felt blessed.



THANKS FOR READING ;)

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