



HER HUSBAND IS..
HER SLAVE 2

**EXTREME FEMDOM, BALLBUSTING, TOILET
SLAVERY, FOOT WORSHIP & HUMILIATION
& MORE**

ALEX KILROY

HER HUSBAND IS... HER SLAVE

PART 2

EXTREME FEMDOM, FOOT SLAVERY, FART SLAVERY,
HUMILIATION & MORE.

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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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IS THIS LOVE?

Not much has changed since the first look into the marital life of my wife and I. Trisha, still wears the trousers in the relationship, and that is putting it politely... and I do his best to please her in anyway he can, no matter how strange, deranged or disgusting her requests are.

To be honest, things between us have gotten even stranger. It's the little things she does now that are beginning to bother me. No, I'm not going to leave her. I could *never* do that. I love her with every fibre of my being, she is the reason I wake up in the morning everyday. But as you'll see, it's like she is deliberately pushing me further and further, as if to see how low I'll go to satisfy her.

For example, she insisted that we watch the Twilight movie. The one with the vampires. She knows that I hate these types of films, so I politely complained and suggested some other movies we could watch. I love to be around her and didn't want to ruin this time, but after a long day at work I thought maybe she would take pity on me. But no, we were watching Twilight.

In hindsight, its probably because I expressed dislike for that movie that she insisted that we watch it. Oh well.

Anyway there we are, sat together on the two seater sofa, each of us with a bowl of popcorn. It's a rare treat for me, usually my wife says I'm not

allowed anything sweet, or if she does grant me permission, she defiles it some way by spitting in it, farting in it.. etc.

My wife is quite a lot taller than me. She is 6'1 and weighs 90kg, where as I'm only 5'7 and weigh 70kg. Things were a little cramped on the sofa, and she complained that she felt squashed and wasn't comfortable. She didn't look squashed to me, in fact, she was taking up most of the sofa, with me being squeezed into half of my seat.

She will not stop complaining, so she forces me off of the sofa! So now, not only did I have to watch a movie I hated, but I wasn't allowed to be comfortable. I didn't know where to sit, so I looked to her, to which she points to the floor in front of the sofa. After all these years of living with her, it didn't surprise me one bit that she wanted me to sit on the floor in front of her, as if I was her dog, her pet.

So there I am, sitting cross legged on the floor, as my wife lays across the sofa, leisurely stretching her legs out until her feet are inches behind my head.

A few minutes pass, and then I hear her lean forward and pull off her socks. I don't even acknowledge her at this point, as its like she's doing anything she can to get a reaction out of me. I've been at work all day, working hard for her to keep her happy and she wont even let me relax. After peeling off her dirty white socks, she then throws them carelessly in my direction, and... they land in my bowl of popcorn.

I turn around to face her, not saying anything but holding out my bowl for her to see. I look at her for a few moments, but she doesn't acknowledge me at all. Not even a glance. I guess we had reached a level where its perfectly okay for her to throw her dirty, sweaty socks into my food whilst I'm eating it.

I look back into my bowl and as I reach down to remove her socks..

“No, leave them there.” I hear her say. I turn backwards and she is staring directly at me, her eyes threatening. A shiver crawls up my spine and my mind flashes back to the countless punishments she has inflicted on me over

the years. I sigh and look into my bowl. Her white socks are now grey and the cheesy smell coming from them is fairly strong. I was really enjoying the popcorn, but I was now completely put off.

“Don’t you dare waste it.” I heard Trisha say.

Could she now read my thoughts?

Reluctantly, I scoop some pieces of popcorn that aren’t completely covered by socks, take a deep breath.. and eat them. Then I suddenly feel something heavy on my head.

My wife was rubbing the top of my head with her large foot, sweaty after it had been encased in a sock and slippers all this time.

“Good slave.” She said condescendingly.

I hate it when she calls me that.



A few minutes go by and crazily.. I actually start getting into the movie. Yes, it’s still make believe nonsense but it isn't as terrible as I thought it would be. And almost as if she had been waiting for that moment, waiting for me to finally enjoy myself, she starts cracking the her toes right behind me. Remember, I’m sat cross legged on the floor in front of the sofa, and she is laying on the couch right behind me, her feet are literally inches behind my head.

My concentration is immediately broken, all I can hear is the *crack! crack! crack!* of her toes. I turn around and my lovely wife had positioned her feet as close to my head as possible, literally almost hanging off the couch. When I was facing the television, the smell of her sweaty feet – though detectable, wasn’t that bad. But when I turned around, the cheesy stench invaded my nose. It was so strong. Like vinegar. When she saw me wrinkle my nose and immediately turn back around, she laughed at me.

My wife is beautiful. She has an athletic build, with a nice plump ass. But her being very tall for a woman means that she also has very large feet. Not that I have a problem with them; they actually are quite nice looking with her long shapely toes and high arches. But the smell they can produce is potent. Over the years of her forcing me to touch them and being involuntarily touched by them, I've gotten better at tolerating their stench, but sometimes they smelled so bad it made my eyes water.

Despite all this, I do my best to ignore her. That's the thing with Trisha. The more attention I give to her strange behaviour, the stranger it gets. I don't know what made her this way. If I had to guess, maybe it was her childhood. She was raised in a very matriarchal home. Both her parents worked as educators; her mother Susan being the school principal and her father Timothy being the groundskeeper. Unfortunately, they worked in the same school.

This power dynamic lead to Trisha's mother ruthlessly bossing him around at home and belittling him in front of Trisha. with Susan being her husbands boss, he had no choice but to accept his role. He cooked all the meals, did all the chores, etc. But it didn't end there. Whenever Trisha's mother would throw dinner parties, Timothy was always the butt of her jokes, constantly emasculating him whenever she had the chance.

Trisha told me this story once. One evening, Susan had a few of their teacher colleagues at the house. She had ordered Timothy to retrieve a specific bottle of red wine but he got the names mixed up and brought the wrong bottle. In front of the guests, Susan ordered her husband to his knees, loudly cleared her throat and...

TU!

gathered a thick wad of saliva and spat it in his face! And as if that wasn't humiliating enough, she asked her her friends to spit in his face too. How utterly humiliating for him that must have been. Trisha wasn't there, but she told me how she was in her room and heard her father run upstairs and past her room, crying as he went.

Moments like that were commonplace when she was growing up, according to Trisha. No child should have to witness that, and to be honest that's part of reason why I'm with her. She doesn't know any better, in fact the awful situations she puts me in and the weird things she does to me might just be her way of showing me love and affection.

And, to be purely objective, someone who looks like me has no business being with someone as beautiful as her. I should be grateful for the simple fact she's willing to be with me.

Anyway, we are watching the movie when I notice something. The strong cheesy smell of her feet has been replaced by the unmistakable stench of shit.

My stomach fills with dread and I turn around, to be met with Trisha's back. She has turned over, perhaps she is bored with the film and wanted to take a nap. She looks so beautiful, lying there peacefully. She has such an amazing body, athletic, yet plump in the right places. My eyes linger on her gorgeous ass for a few moments, when...

BRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPTTTTT!

A loud, booming fart exploded out of her ass. The smell was foul, like spoiled milk and it lingered in the air for a good amount of time. The smell of shit was so strong I almost gagged. Perhaps she needed a visit to the toilet, usually for a fart to smell so bad must mean there is shit needing to be deposited. So I gently tap her on the shoulder, trying to wake her up.. no response. I tap her a little harder.. still no response.

Then...

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPTTTTTSSSS!

She blasted an enormous fart right into my face. I actually felt the hot defiled air explode out of her ass crack and storm up my nostrils. Her shit particles burned their way up my nose and violated by sense of smell. It made me gag. It was like a bowl of rotten boiled eggs had been shoved under my nose.

I stopped massaging her, and after ten seconds of me desperately trying to rid my nose and mouth of the foul smell of her fart gas, she jiggled her fat ass in my face and demanded I carry on her massage. At this point, I just gave up trying to reason with her. She was clearly in an extra cruel mood tonight, and if I wasn't careful there would be a *lot* worse things than me having to smell her farts.

As quietly as I could, I lifted my sweater so that it covered my nose and my mouth, and to my surprise the material was thick enough to filter out most of her ass gas. Success!

To not arouse suspicion, I diligently carried on massaging her big ass, even though my hands were getting sore. My wife has quite a unique fat distribution. By that I mean that it seemed that most of her body fat was contained in her ass and thighs. Each time I touch her ass, I'm amazed by the plump thickness of it.

As I am rubbing my sifes ass, I begin to feel vibrations in my hands and hear a faint rumbling coming from her plump buttocks. My darling wife is unleashing more farts, right in my face without so much of a second thought about my well being. Not only was she dousing me in her noxious ass gas, but no doubt that my toffee popcorn now had an added glaze of faecal matter to it by now.

I had a problem, though. If I don't cough and splutter, pretending to choke on her farts, my wife will definitely know something is up and will either check why I'm not giving her the satisfaction of my suffering, or she will just turn up the heat in some sick and twisted way.. She is doing this for a reaction after all, a sadistic attempt to bend me to her twisted will. But as my mouth is covered by my sweater, if I do cough, it will sound different. That would also be a cause for her suspicion.

I decide to take a chance. I make the most convincing gagging noise that I can, hoping that by hearing it she will be rest assured that I am indeed suffering the stench of her farts.

For a few seconds, it seemed like it worked.

But then...

She spun around, her eyes full of suspicion.

I had been caught.

It was hard to describe the look of fury on her face when she saw me covered from the nose down by my sweater. It was a mixture of anger, surprise and fury. She was speechless for a few moments, as if she couldn't believe I had the audacity to protect myself from inhaling her filthy ass gas.

Then she screamed at me.

"How dare you! Did you give you permission to do that?! If I fart in your face IT'S BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO SMELL IT!" She was turning red with anger. I was terrified. I'd really fucked up. I was in big trouble. Yes, her farts smelled like corpses, but after years of her abuse I knew that my best and only option in these situations is to just to suffer through it, pretend whatever twisted thing she is doing to me doesn't bother me and hope she gets bored and leaves me alone.

She leapt off the sofa, knocking me to the ground with the swiftness of her movement. Then she crouched on top of me, holding me to the ground with her powerful arms. Her eyes still showed fury, but she had this evil smile on her face.

She then aggressively pulled my sweater from me, throwing it to the other end of the room. She then stood over me and swiftly pulled off her black yoga pants. She bent over to pick them up, then turned them inside out. Raising the part of the garment that had been up her ass crack and forced against her asshole, she briefly held it to her nose and immediately threw her head back, visibly in disgust.

Then she slowly looked down at me, and her wicked smile widened. Since we were watching a movie, the room was dimly lit. Unfortunately though, I could see smudges of brown matter staining the dark material of her yoga pants.

Trisha rapidly lowered herself onto me, crashing onto me as if I was a pillow, I let out a groan of pain, feeling all 90kg of her bruising my rib cage. Then she slowly lowered the shit stained crack of her yoga pants down in my direction.

"No!" I yelled out to her in desperation. "Please DON'!"

But before I could finish my plea, Trisha started forcibly rubbing her shit stained pants along the underside of my nose, then across my lips and then all over my face. She was really rubbing her shit stains into my face, embedding her faecal matter into my skin. It was like she wanted all the pores of my skin clogged with her shit particles.

This carried on for what felt like an eternity, with her constantly checking if there was any shit stains left of her pants and then lowering the stained, stinking material back into my face for more exfoliation. When she was satisfied that all of her poop residue had been transferred onto my face, she threw her yoga pants to the side. She looked down at me briefly laughed and said.

"You were begging me to stop before, some might call you a "brown nose!" she teased me, making reference to the fact my nose was now stained with her shit. I had to breath through my mouth now, as every time I inhaled through my nose, the smell of her shit would invade my nostrils and lungs. It was really disgusting and I couldn't tolerate it.

Even though it's been years since my wife's depraved abuse of me had started, the awfulness of the situations never decreased, especially when she got this bad. My feelings of humiliation and powerlessness were strong. The only technique I've learnt to help cope, is when she gets like this I should imagine that she's temporarily lost her sanity, and in allowing her to get her brief "madness" out of her system, I was performing as a dutiful, loving husband should do. But sometimes it just got too much. Like this evening, I had done nothing wrong. I didn't even want to watch this movie, but I did it for her. I didn't want to sit on the floor, with her big smelly feet by my head like a dog, but I did it for her. I didn't want to be forced into smelling her rank, shitty farts, but I did it for her.

I could feel the emotion welling up in me, I couldn't stop it. Despite me knowing that it would only make things worse...

I started crying.

There I laid in the foetal position, crying like a baby. I was so ashamed and fed up. My wife let out a sigh, almost one of accomplishment that she had finally broken my spirit.

She slumped back onto the sofa, leaning back, making herself comfortable. Then, she stretched out her long legs in my direction, and crossed them.

On top of me.

Despite my sadness and despair, she was now using me as a footstool. Did she have no love or respect for me at all? I'm literally a crying mess on the floor, and she rubs salt into my wound by putting her big smelly feet on me and using me like furniture.

I snapped. The little testosterone that was left in my balls spiked and I pushed her feet off of me. It was a stupid thing to do; as you know by now my wife's a lot bigger and stronger than I am. But I didn't care.

But no sooner than I'd made a single stride, it was like I couldn't breath. Trisha pulled me backwards and immediately had me in a headlock from behind. She pulled me backwards onto the sofa, with my head being squeezed like a vice by her powerful arms.

She tilted my face around toward hers so we were face to face.

"How fucking dare you, you pathetic little *shit!*" she yelled at me, spraying me with her saliva due to the closeness of our faces.

Her breath was foul, but the look on her face stopped me from making any kind of complaint. Then she started taking small gulps, and then..

BURRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!

From an inch away, she unleashed a huge rank burp right in my face. It reeked of cheesy nachos and stomach acid. Terrible. The air was hot and I could feel the residual steam of her gas on my face.

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPP!

She released another one, this time keeping her mouth open as wide as she could. I was holding my breath this time, but she knew it and by keeping her mouth open she knew that eventually I would need to breathe, and it would be her gross breath that I'd be forced to inhale oxygen from.

After twenty or so seconds of not breathing, I couldn't hold my breath anymore and took a huge inhalation of her breath. The foul air combined with the sight of her teeth with bits of cheese wedged in between, and her long pink tongue with saliva dripping down on me made me start to gag uncontrollably. I was going to vomit, and I wanted it to be on her. But she denied me that satisfaction and she reluctantly turned my face to the side, away from her wide open mouth. I felt acid reflux coming up my throat, but the clean air stopped me from vomiting.

After I composed myself, I felt myself being lifted, and my head being brought back toward hers. When would this end?

We were back to making eye contact, me being sat between her legs on the floor, Trisha being on the sofa behind me with her hands clasping the sides of my head tightly.

"Please, I've had enough." I begged her. "What do you want me to do? I'll do anything -"

What happened next was one of the most disgusting things that she has done to me, ever.

BLLLLUUEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRSSSS!!

A thick pile of yellow and pink sludge erupted from my wife's throat and cascaded down into my wide open mouth and all over my face. My wife, my beloved Trisha, was forcing my mouth open, and vomiting directly into it and spraying my face with it. As it had literally come from her stomach, it was warm and the smell and taste are unimaginable. The texture was like porridge, a combination of the undigested nachos whatever else she had eaten earlier.

After she finished splattering the thick stream of sick onto my face, she coughed and cleared her throat aggressively, and..

TU! TU!

spat long thick globs of yellow phlegm onto my face. My stomach started to wretch aggressively, I was definitely going to vomit this time, but she clasped her big left hand over my mouth.

"Swallow, honey. Swallow." she said, looking at me in disgust and gagging at her own instruction. "What's mine is yours. *Swallow.*"

I shook my head desperately trying to free myself from her grip, but there was no use. She was too strong. She then pinched my nose with her other hand, knowing that I'd need to breath eventually.

I desperately pulled at her arms, clawed at her, trying anything to be free of her. But she had me locked in tight. I needed to breath, but I just couldn't bring myself to swallow her vomit. my vision was going blurry. I was passing out. It took all the will I had to..

Gulp.

force myself to swallow her revolting vomit. After I swallowed it, she pulled my mouth wide open and inspected it, checking to see I had swallowed it all. Then she cleared her throat one last time and

TU!

Spat directly into my mouth.

Then she finally let go of me. I collapsed onto the floor, but this time, there were no tears. I simply shivered, in complete despair. Trisha stood next to where lay, her feet right next to my head. She then raised her right foot and brought it down slowly, until it completely covered my face. Everything went black, as she slowly applied more and more pressure onto my skull. I had no will to fight or resist. I had nothing left.

"Good slave." I faintly hear her say, happiness in her voice..

..and then I pass out.



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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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Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!

So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday

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THANKS FOR READING :)

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