



HER HUSBAND IS..
HER SLAVE 3

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

ALEX KILROY

HER HUSBAND...IS HER SLAVE PART 3.

TOILET SLAVERY, FOOT WORSHIP, SPITTING, FEMDOM
& HUMILIATION.

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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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KICKING A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

Greg knew his wife was way out of his league. he had known it ever since the first time they had hooked up back in college. Trisha wasn't only beautiful: She was outright stunning, with her long, wavy red hair and amazing silhouette. She might not be as academically gifted as Greg, but she had a social intelligence, a way of networking and getting what she wanted out of people that set her apart.

She was tall, confident, gorgeous.. While Greg was nothing but a short, below average looking software engineer. The one positive trait he possessed - he made a good living. Or rather, a *great* living.

Greg was incredibly talented at his job. When he was young, while his peers were out chasing girls or playing sports.. Greg was at home teaching himself various programming languages. This culminated in being hired by IBM straight out of college on a six figure salary. Trisha enjoyed his earnings by buying herself the latest fashions and going out shopping almost every single day. In fact, Greg's salary got paid into *her* account, after which she would transfer only 10% back to Greg for petrol and lunch at work.

Their relationship was always quite abnormal. Greg was extremely submissive to his gorgeous wife – he was simply too afraid to lose her. Trisha really enjoyed humiliating him in small but perverse ways.

Things were about to change radically, completely altering their lives. Megan - an old friend of Trisha's - came to visit her friend one day.

Over a few glasses of wine, Trisha and Megan had been talking about Greg. Megan was fascinated by her friend's marriage and wondered just how far Greg could be pushed before he couldn't take it any longer. At this idea, Trisha laughed cruelly, shaking her head:

"Greg will *never* put his foot down when it comes to me. I can get him to do anything I want. Literally *anything*." The gorgeous but sadistic woman said with confidence, and Megan seemed impressed.

"Want to prove it?" Megan asked playfully and Trisha smiled wickedly.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, a whole lot. Your little husband is in for a big surprise. And then we'll see just how much he can *really* take. If you are right about him, imagine how your life could change from now on. I mean, you clearly didn't marry him because he was handsome, right?"

"Hell no. Compared to the football guys in college Greg looks like circus freak." Trisha said cruelly and giggled, while Megan nodded in agreement.

"Well, that sounds fun. Let's see how far my pathetic little husband will go for his beautiful wife"



It was two days after this conversation that Greg, not knowing a thing about his wife's twisted plans, decided to do something nice for his beloved wife.

He stopped at his wife's favourite bakery and brought home a nice cake as a sweet surprise. He knew how lucky he was to have such an amazingly beautiful and charming woman by his side, and he wanted to pamper her.

He walked in the door and called out:

"Trisha, honey I'm home! I brought you a little surprise!"

The stunning young wife walked into the living room, giving the box a little look and then opening it, frowning in disgust.

“I don’t like it” She snapped at him, and threw it onto the table without regard, much to Greg’s surprise.

“W...What? But it’s your favourite cake!” Greg replied, shocked. Trisha grabbed the box and threw it on the table onto the table again, harder this time. She gave her husband a petulant little look.

“I said it’s NOT! Go bring me a spoon. NOW!” she yelled, spraying Greg with her saliva as she spoke.

Greg felt awful about this: He had tried to do something nice for his wife and it had backfired horribly. He rushed into the kitchen and grabbed a clean spoon, offering it to Trisha. Though she claimed she didn’t like it at all, she began eating it with eagerness, and in a few minutes, half the cake was gone.

She frowned constantly, though, shaking her head.

“This is *disgusting*. I can’t believe you spent any money on this!” She protested, belittling him for bringing home something she deemed of such low quality.

After she was done eating, she stood up on the table and lifted the skirt of her dress. Greg stared up at her puzzled, confused as to why his wife was doing something so strange. She had an amazing ass, though, so he wasn’t exactly complaining.

But then she actually sat down on the remainder of the cake! smudging it badly with her sexy bare ass. The crushed cake squeezed between Trisha’s ass cheeks, making a horrible mess. He gasped in confusion, not understanding what the hell was going on.

“I want you to eat this shit of a cake out of my ass!” She snapped at him, and Greg blinked, his confusion only growing bigger and bigger.

“What...? You want me to...” He said nervously, but she interrupted him with a sharp snap.

“Are you fucking deaf? Get your stupid ass over here and eat this fucking cake out of my crack, Greg! Now!” she yelled again.

She went on all fours on the table and pointed her ass in direction. She had made such a mess. The crack of her ass was literally full of cake, and a good amount of icing sugar was smeared all over her butt cheeks. Though the cake was indeed delicious, it was made with dark chocolate, and it looked a bit like shit. So it made him hesitate until she urged him to get to it right away.

Greg silenced the thoughts in his head and obeyed, lapping his tongue over his wife’s dirty ass cheeks, scraping her soft skin with his teeth to gather as much cake as he could. He was confused the whole time. Was this some sort of new sex game? Maybe a new type of foreplay Trisha wanted to try? Compared to the crazy things she usually does to him, making him eat cake out of her ass wasn’t too bad.

But having to lick it off her asshole was kind of weird, he had to admit to himself. As he poked his tongue into her crack, he could feel her asshole push outward, as if she had some cake in it that she wanted to make sure he ate. It was a little gross, but he didn’t protest any further, it would do him no good. He didn’t want to upset his stunning wife by arguing needlessly when it was obvious he’d do anything to keep her happy. To keep her by his side.

When there was not another bit of cake to lick off her beautiful ass, she moved down the table and lowered her dress, giving him a sharp little look.

“You hesitated too much before doing what I asked you. Am I not sexy enough for you to lick food off my body?” She asked, making him feel guilty and embarrassed.

“I...I’m sorry, Trisha, it was all, just so odd. We’ve never done anything like that before” He mumbled and lowered his gaze silently.

“Well, I want to try new things, and I expect you to follow my lead. Or don’t you want me to be happy, Greg?”

“Of course I want you to be happy!” He protested, and bit his lower lip
“I’m really sorry, Trisha. I swear I’ll be far more open to any new

experience you'd like to enjoy from now on"

He was so spineless, weak, Trisha thought to herself as he lowered his eyes meekly. She truly could get him to do anything and everything she wanted, and the idea of degrading her husband turned on the beautiful woman.

Now she understood why she had truly married him. It wasn't just his money, though it certainly helped! He was the perfect victim to be tormented, he'd accept any humiliation as long as his stunning wife was the one commanding it.

"So from now on, no more silly arguing?" She asked sensually, moving closer to him and kissing her husband tantalisingly.

"No more silly arguing, I promise" He replied, melting against her perfect body and kissing her with devotion. "I love you, Trisha"

"Yes, yes, dear... I know. Now go cook dinner, will you?"



A full day went by and then a second one, and everything seemed normal, even though Trisha's controlling nature was increasing. Greg was fine with it – as long as he had peace, he had no worries. However, the normality ended when Trisha decided to invite over her friend, Megan, over for dinner.

Megan was a gorgeous blonde. Not as stunning as Trisha, but still, one of those women who could make every single guy walking down the street stop and stare, even if they were holding hands with their wives.

She arrived, tall, beautiful, and confident, bringing three lovely bottles of red wine for them to drink during dinner. Greg was delighted, as he loved that particular variety of wine, but it seemed like he wasn't going to be allowed to enjoy the women's company.

"Megan and I will have dinner together, you should work on your laptop so that you can bill more hours. There's this new Louis Vuitton dress that you

need to buy me next week. It's £3400. I hope you've been saving your 10% allowance!" Trisha said confidently, and gave Megan a little wink.

"I convinced Trisha to come with me to an incredible fashion show, and the designer will be hand-tailoring a few dresses for her. It's super expensive, but I'm sure you want your wife to look her best, don't you?" Megan added, smiling wickedly, and looking at Greg like he was little more than garbage with a wallet.

Greg gulped and lowered his head sadly, nodding as he left the room.

"I'll be back in a few hours" He mumbled, and went into his office, preparing mentally to type 10,000 lines of code.



Greg was tired and hungry, listening to the two women laughing and giggling openly while he slaved away over his laptop. He was hopeful that perhaps, just perhaps.. Trisha would be happy enough with him to give him a little wine and show him a little kindness.

It was then that Greg heard his name being called with little sing-song voices. Both women, a bit drunk, were calling for him, and all kinds of mental pictures rushed through his mind. Maybe, just maybe... they wanted to have a threesome with him? Could such a thing happen to a guy like him? Would he be so lucky?

Well, he had married Trisha, a woman who was clearly way out of his league, so wild, incredible miracles could happen, right?

He went downstairs and gave them a hopeful look, seeing that they were a bit tipsy but not completely drunk.

"We thought it over and we think that you do deserve to drink some wine. It's really, really good!" Trisha said, grinning wickedly at her husband.

"But there is a little condition, little Greg," Megan said, clearly a bit drunker than her friend. Greg and Megan had never met before, but she was

so confident and sadistic that it didn't matter to her: She just wanted to see him be degraded that night, and she had convinced her friend Trisha to embrace her dominant side.

“Great! I'll go fetch a glass” He said happily, but both women shook their heads, and he stared their way, puzzled.

“You need to kneel down and open your mouth wide. We'll feed you the wine.” Trisha explained, and snapped her fingers, pointing at the floor between the two beautiful women. “Right now!”

Greg scratched his head, he was very confused. But – as usual - he knew better than to argue. He knelt down nervously and opened his mouth wide. Much to his shock, he saw both his wife and her friend take mouthfuls of wine. Then they swirled the wine around in their mouths, gargled with it, and finally, spat it right into his mouth.

TU!

The mixture of saliva and the red wine was disgusting. The texture was no longer smooth liquid, but thick and uneven and slightly salty.

Greg was so shocked that he actually gagged on the first mouthful and lowered his head, struggling to keep it down. He wanted to release it onto the floor, but Trisha kicked his shin.

“Look up, Greg, it's Megan's turn to feed you wine, don't waste our time!” She snapped at him, and Greg meekly stared up again, opening his mouth wide.

This happened again and again and again. Greg was forced to swallow mouthful after mouthful of red wine mixed with saliva, being spat straight into his mouth. It was so disgusting and degrading, and he wanted nothing but to rush outside the room. He wanted to stand up and protest, but he wasn't strong enough to refuse his wife.

Both girls laughed and mocked him relentlessly, making fun of how stupid and pathetic he looked kneeling on the floor. How no “real man” would

ever allow this to happen to them and how he wasn't even worthy of drinking the wine without their spit in it.

“Look at him, he's already a bit drunk! He's so weak, isn't he supposed to be a big shot?” Megan asked cruelly, and Trisha chuckled, rolling her eyes.

“Have you seen him? Big shots don't look as ugly as he does!” She replied, and then gargled a mouthful of wine before...

TU!

Spitting it carelessly all over his face. It entered his mouth, but also stained his cheeks and nose, making him cough.

Incredibly, Greg was beginning to get drunk, and his eyes went glassy. That was when Trisha instructed him to remove his trousers. He stood up, wobbling, and pushed his trousers down, only to have Megan scream at him:

“Your sissy underwear too, you idiot!” She said so cruelly, and he whimpered, lowering his underpants as well, revealing his manhood.

Both women laughed so hard that they had to grab their stomachs, shaking their heads as they pointed at his dick.

“That's the tiny little thing he fucks you with?!” Megan squealed.

“No way, he hasn't stuck that inside me in three years! And when he did, I honestly barely felt it at all. I constantly had to ask him if was in yet! it was like someone was sticking their thumb inside me hahaha.” Trisha replied, rolling her eyes and making Megan laugh harder still.

Then, Trisha drew her nylon covered foot backward and..

POW!

Kicked him right in the balls. It wasn't as hard as she usually kicked him, but it still hurt. The pain forced Greg down to his knees, in addition to feeling so drowsy and humiliated. Megan used his head as a rest to get to her feet, and she too swung her bare foot right into his scrotum.

“ARGH!” Greg moaned, as he laid on the floor, cupping his now aching testicles.

With their bare feet, both women began playing with his cock, making him hard, but even then his cock was too small for them to be impressed at all.

“Even when it’s hard it’s so fucking TINY!” Megan yelled, mocking him relentlessly. She filled her mouth with more wine, gargled on it several times, leaned down toward Greg. She forced his mouth open with her hands and...

TU!

Spat the saliva and wine mixture straight into his mouth and made Greg swallow it, only for Trisha to do the same.

By the time they ran out of wine, Greg was so drunk that he couldn’t even speak coherently. When he tried to stand up, he fell onto his side, his body heavy and clumsy. He accidentally hit Megan’s feet with his head.

This was absolutely *unacceptable* to the two women, who, far from feeling bad for him, became enraged.

“Who the FUCK do you think you are, head-butting my foot?” Megan screamed loudly, with a cruel hiss, and..

BOOM!

Kicking him hard on the side of his ribs.

Trisha was infuriated. Her face was red and her eyes ablaze.

“You embarrassed me in front of my friend! You pathetic, ugly excuse of a man.” Trisha yelled, before raising her size 10 foot and stomping down on Greg’s head, and gathering a thick wad of saliva in her mouth and spitting on his face.

They rolled him over to his back and began trampling on him hard, kicking, stomping and jumping on him hard, even stomping their bare feet against his balls, with such brutality that he yelled and screamed in pain, begging hopelessly for mercy. The pain got so bad that he eventually passed out, his

whole world going dark as the women kept on kicking him without a hint of mercy.



By the time Greg woke up, he had completely lost track of time. He had no idea how many hours had slipped by since they had kicked him into unconsciousness. All he knew was that his entire body hurt like absolute hell. His head was throbbing and his balls felt like they were absolutely destroyed. He had never felt such pain in his life, he couldn't even stand up or move.

He was lying on his bed, but not completely so: his legs were hanging off the mattress, and he couldn't see a thing. The whole room was pitch black, not a single bit of light entering the place.

He coughed as he inhaled, completely awoken by the smell of shit that filled his lungs. The smell was so strong, it was like someone had placed an actual turd under his nose.

Even though he couldn't see a thing, he could still feel something close to him. Something warm and round.... His wife's ass. Suddenly..

BRAAAAAAAPT!

A huge fart exploded out of his wife asshole, right in front of his face, confirming his suspicions. The stench was unreal, and Greg gagged uncontrollably, unable to breath.

He knew his wife's ass too well, and it was so close to his nose that it brushed against the very tip. He actually felt the wind escaping her asshole when she farted all over again.

It stunk so bad, it was really terrible! He didn't even know what his wife could fart that way, it was the most disgusting thing he had ever smelt in his life. And it didn't happen just once or twice. Trisha kept on blasting her foul

ass gas over and over and over again, like she was actually trying to suffocate her husband with her farts. Like it gave her some kind of delight to have him inhale her shit particles into his lungs.

“I want you to inhale really deeply, Greg. I want you to breathe all my farts in, can you hear me? I don’t want the smell to even reach me! Make fucking sure that you inhale every tiny bit.” She said to him seductively.

Was this arousing her? Greg thought to himself. But poor Greg was so broken that he couldn’t even think of protesting. He just forced himself to inhale deeply, just as she asked. Smelling the horrible stink of his wife’s farts.

Then Megan joined in! and began farting right next to Trisha’s ass, in front of his nose, but a bit more to the left. The smell of her farts was different, but equally foul. The combined foul odours were pushing Greg to the limit, he started to gag and cough a lot more often, and he was getting dizzy.

“Listen to me, you pathetic little *shit*, if you even think of throwing up, believe me, I’ll make you eat it all!” His wife hissed to him, and Greg swallowed hard, knowing all too well that she meant business.

Greg was terrified, disgusted and humiliated.. but there was absolutely nothing he could do to make this nightmare end.

When he thought that his situation couldn’t possibly get any worse, Trisha grunted hard, and he heard a soft crackling sound. The smell of feces increased sharply, and it became so bad that it was almost unbearable.

Greg tried his best to convince himself that this was going to end soon, but there was really no hope this would stop escalating now.

Greg understood all too late what that soft crackling noise meant something hard, moist and shitty was on the way. He then felt the tip of it touch his lips, he couldn’t believe it. It was shit! she was actually shitting in his mouth! This was the most degrading, horrible thing anyone had ever done to him, and Greg couldn’t even consider fighting back or even pleading for them to stop.

“Open wide, Greg. I’m too tired to stand up and go to the toilet. I need to shit bad, and you’re going to be my portable toilet” She said and sighed, and Greg whimpered, hesitating for an instant, but that was more than enough to earn himself another kick in the balls. He screamed in pain and she screamed at him, in the darkness: “Open your fucking mouth and eat my shit, Greg!”

The ugly man stopped trying to resist at all, and he opened his mouth wide. He heard grunting noises and then felt a small turd enter his mouth and drop onto his tongue. The foul texture resembled rotten cheese and spoiled milk. He whimpered and knew that if he tried to swallow it whole, he’d end up throwing up. So instead, he gritted his teeth for just an instant and then began munching on the literal piece of shit.

Tears began rolling down his cheeks, and he wanted so bad to escape, but instead, he just laid there. Trisha paused every few seconds so that Greg could chew and swallow every single bit of her poop.

It took him forever to eat his wife’s turd. It was smelly, disgusting and he almost threw up several times. But he knew that if he dared puke, it would all be worse, and he would have to eat up far more than just shit.

After he was finally done, he heard the two women giggling cruelly, and he heard his wife’s voice once more:

“Spread my ass cheeks and lick me clean, Greg. I don’t have any toilet paper with me. In fact, you’ll be my toilet paper from now on” She informed him cruelly, and he whimpered miserably, unable to stand up for himself.

He meekly obeyed, placing his hands on her sexy ass and spreading it open, sticking his tongue deep inside her ass, cleaning her with each new lick.

He felt so miserable, so exhausted, and was in so much pain, but it had finally finished. Megan walked outside the room, and for an instant, he could see the light coming from the hallway.

“I’ll be sleeping in the guest room, see you tomorrow, Trisha!” Megan said, still a bit tipsy, not even addressing the man she now saw as nothing but a

breathing toilet. When she closed the door behind her, the room went back to complete darkness. Greg felt like he was being locked up in hell. It smelt so bad, and it was so hot in there. He just wanted to take a bath but knew that Trisha wouldn't allow him to leave the bed.

Sobbing miserably, Greg gulped, still tasting Trisha's shit in his mouth, and hoped for just a tiny bit of kindness from his wife.

"Can I please lay down next to you, and sleep properly? I would like to cuddle if that's ok" He pleaded pathetically, but Trisha huffed at his plea.

"No fucking way.. You smell like shit! How about you kiss my ass until I fall asleep, I'm tired. And stop complaining unless you want me to bring Megan here to take a shit in your mouth too. She's on the carnivore diet at the moment, so if you think my shit tasted bad, you've got another thing coming!" She threatened him and stuck her ass out so he could begin peppering it with kisses.

Greg obeyed miserably and kissed her bare skin over and over again until he was sure she was fast asleep. It was only then that he was allowed to rest, and began drifting off into a troubled slumber, his whole body hurting badly, but nothing as horribly as his pride.

He knew that there was no going back after what happened that night, and he feared what Trisha had in store for him in the future. He doubted he'd ever experience even a sliver of kindness from the woman he married.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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