

A woman with short brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black strapless bodysuit with a zipper down the front and black lace stockings. She is standing with her hands on her hips, looking slightly to the side. The background is a dark, textured grey.

My FemDom Wife

Living in a FemDom Marriage

DOMINIQUE PAIGE

A woman with short brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black strapless bodysuit with a zipper down the front and black lace stockings. She is standing against a dark blue background. The title 'My FemDom Wife' is written in a large, white, cursive font across her chest.

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Dominique Paige

As I arrived home from work, I glanced down to see an envelope resting on my door matt. I picked it up, and to my surprise I saw it was addressed to “My Sissy Bitch.” Thoughts ran through my head. Who could have possibly sent this?

I had always been interested in FemDom, but nobody could possibly know that. I loved watching FemDom porn and reading FemDom erotica, but since my wife never used my computer I never thought she would find out. With trembling hands, I tore open the letter. The first thing I noticed was the smell – it smelled strongly of my wife’s favorite perfume. A thrill ran through me as I pulled the letter out. It read:

“My Dear Jeremy,”

That was me! I couldn’t believe it.

“For the past few months, I’ve been monitoring your internet activity to find out what you’ve been spending so much time on your computer. What I found shocked me, but more importantly it aroused me. From now on our usual sex life is finished. I am now your Mistress, and from this moment on you will be my slave. I’m not

interested in whether you want this or not as I've grown tired of your disobedient cock not being under my control."

As I read on, I could feel my cock stirring in my pants. I couldn't believe what was happening. This was like every single one of my dreams coming true at once. Every time we would have sex my main priority would be to get her off, and seeing and hearing her orgasm was better than having my own. I was always too shy to tell her about my FemDom fantasies, though. My eyes were glued to the letter as I read on.

"From this day, you will no longer be allowed to touch my beautiful pussy with anything but your mouth, unless I feel like riding your pathetic cock for a while. I doubt the mood will strike me that often, however."

My head was spinning. Not only was she going to be controlling me, but she wasn't going to let me have sex with her except for rare occasions?

"You will buy me whatever I want, whenever I want. I will be making all major decisions for you, and I expect you to obey every single one of my commands without hesitation. I will be home at 8pm tonight, which will give you 3 hours to prepare yourself to become my slave. Don't be too frightened – I'm going to go easy on you tonight. This is a FemDom marriage from now on, and tonight I'm going to break you in so that you know your place. I've already bought a few new products that we will be using regularly – don't worry, you'll find out about those later. For now, you're going to shower and get yourself ready. When I arrive I expect you to be completely naked, and lying on your back in bed. I want you exposed and ready to be broken in the second I arrive or you will be punished.

With Love,

Mistress Sonya

This was like all my fantasies becoming a reality at once. The thought of being at Sonya's mercy sexually, physically and mentally

was too good to be true. I quickly showered and shaved, and as I stripped down to lie on the bed I began to have second thoughts. Was this really happening? Was this all some sort of sick joke?

We had been together almost five years now, since college. Since we met she had always been confident, outgoing and dominating in bed, which is probably what attracted me to her in the first place. I loved to eat her out first, making her cum so that when it came time to fuck her she was already satisfied. Time seemed to stretch on forever, but eventually when I looked at the clock it struck 8pm.

I heard the door creak open, and I lay down in bed breathlessly, wondering what was going to happen.

The bedroom door swung open.

“Hello slave. I can see you’re willing and able to be my sissy bitch, aren’t you? Laying nice and exposed for me.”

I nodded. “Hello Sonya.”

She smiled at me. I looked her up and down appreciatively. She was beautiful. Everyone always teased me that my wife was much better looking than me, making comments like “how did you end up with her?” She was tall, with light brunette hair and striking brown eyes. Her full breasts were immaculate, and she always kept in shape.

“Let’s have a talk, Jeremy.” She walked over to where I was laying down naked, and sat down beside me. Her face was serious.

“Sure. What is it?”

The thought ran through my mind that maybe she was using the letter to embarrass me. Maybe she was about to tell me that she was disgusted at what I was reading.

“We’ve been married a while now, and you know I love you so much.” She smiled reassuringly at me. “But seeing at the stuff you’re looking at online has made me re-think our relationship. It’s opened up a side of me I wasn’t even aware I had, and I know you want it more than anything. By stripping naked for me and following orders, you’ve shown me that you’re open to turning our normal marriage

into a FemDom marriage. I need to know right now though: Are you going to take this seriously? I refuse to have a situation where you act up, or disobey my orders. If you want a FemDom marriage than you need to commit 100%. That means what I want is high priority, and what you want means nothing. Your greatest pleasure in life from now on will be pleasing me. Do you understand?"

I nodded my head.

"I promise I will obey you completely."

She grinned at me.

"Good. I was hoping you would see it my way. I won't start really dominating you until tomorrow, to give me some time to think about what structure I want to create for your life, and in what ways I'm going to control you. I just want you to know that sometimes it will be painful for you, sometimes I might do things that won't even turn you on, but everything I do to you will be for my pleasure, and so you will learn to love it. Even beg for it."

At this point, my cock was fully erect. Her eyes flicked down to it, and she laughed.

"You're an eager little slut, aren't you? Tell you what, since this is the first night that you've agreed to be my submissive slave I'm going to reward you. Enjoy it, because you won't ever get a reward this easily again. Tomorrow the real work begins. Now stand the fuck up."

I rolled off the bed, and stood up at attention. Sonya quickly got down on her knees in front of me, still fully clothed. Grasping my cock with one hand, she gave it a few pumps while looking up at me.

"That's a good bitch, present that cock."

Still staring up at me, she guided my cock into her mouth slowly. She licked and sucked the tip, before running her tongue along the full length of my cock. She moved up from my balls slowly, until she got to the tip again. As soon as she reached it, she plunged her head down and deep throated my entire cock. Her lips touched my hips as she took its entire length down her throat.

She had never sucked my cock this eagerly in her entire life. I didn't even know where she had learned to deep throat like that. She began bobbing her head up and down on my shaft, and she reached one hand down through her pants to begin fingering herself. With her other hand she massaged my balls gently, never breaking eye contact with me as she bounced her head up and down on my cock. I had never seen this side of her before - it was like she was showing all her raw sexuality that she had been hiding before. For over 10 minutes she continued sucking it relentlessly, going up and down until spit dripped down from her mouth and she grasped my balls tightly. Soon I couldn't hold it back any more, and was on the verge of cumming. My hips bucked and she knew from experience that I was about to cum. I could see the hand in her pants moving faster as I moaned aloud, and bucked my hips forward. She moaned loudly, sending a vibration through my cock that put me over the edge. I came hard, spurting ropy stream after stream of thick cum down her throat. She never took her mouth off my cock, and kept staring into my eyes as spit and semen dribbled out of the side of her mouth. When I stopped cumming, she leaned back and swallowed. Then she licked the cum from my cock until it was clean.

"Mmmmmm. Well, I hope you enjoyed your present. Hell, I know I did. Starting tomorrow will be a whole new world for you, though. I just wanted you to know what you should be begging me for when you're dying for release."

Even though it was the best blowjob of my life, I was bittersweet. I knew that it was a symbol of the end of our old sex life, and from now on nothing would be the same.

The next day at work, I got a phone call from Sonya. I didn't have time to say anything before she commanded in a stern voice, "Tonight you're going to be used by me. Prepare yourself. This time you will need to work for me to prove your devotion." With that, she hung up.

All day long I wondered what she had planned for me. As I arrived home and swung open the door, my questions and prayers were answered.

Sonya was standing in the middle of the room, dressed in a skintight corset and a tight leather skirt. She had large black boots on, and even her makeup was dark. Until the moment I saw her, I didn't realize just how great this new arraignment was going to be. Clutched in her left hand was a bag, presumably filled with toys to be used on me.

She waved me over, and I approached her obediently. Her tight corset left little to the imagination, and I was overcome with the urge to suck and worship them. I couldn't keep my eyes off them, desperately imagining her taking them out of their prison.

Putting a manicured hand on my shoulder, she looked me directly in the eye. "Kneel, slave." She pushed me down roughly as I submissively dropped to my knees in front of her. She grabbed my hair and pulled it back so that I was staring up at her.

"Do you know what you're going to do now, slave?"

In the position she had put me in, there wasn't much doubt in my mind.

"Yes Ma'am. You want me to lick your perfect pussy."

She gave me a look of disgust. "What makes you think you can lick my pussy so fast? You will, but only when I'm ready to cum all over your willing face. For now, you're going to lick whatever the fuck I put in your mouth. Right now I feel like having my asshole tongued and licked while you beg me for the privilege of eating my pussy. If you slip, even slightly and touch my pussy with your tongue you will be punished. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Good."

With that, she turned around and lifted her skirt up slightly as she gripped her panties and let them fall to the floor. Hiking her skirt up

around her waist, she bent over slightly so that her ass was directly in front of my face. Her exposed ass and pussy in front of me was making me hard as a rock, and I could tell I was going to have trouble restraining myself. I knew that the most important thing for me to do was to make her happy. The desire to see her orgasm and get everything she wants was overwhelming.

“What are you waiting for slave? Eat it!”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. Being careful not to let my tongue slip, I leaned in and ran my tongue over her exposed asshole. I ran it up and down it, pressing into her slightly.

“Harder, slave!”

She reached around and grabbed me by the back of my head, pushing my face deep into her ass. She jiggled it against my face as she moaned, pushing me in so hard I could barely breathe. I could only manage quick short gasps in between her ass hitting against my face. She was smothering me mercilessly, and I loved it. I remembered what she said about begging, and I tried as best I could in between licking her ass.

“Mistress please -” At the sound of my voice, she eased her grip slightly, allowing me to talk in between licks. “Please let me lick your pussy. I’ll do anything. Your pussy’s so perfect, please I want to make you cum, let me make you cum, and I’ll do anything!”

She just laughed cruelly. “That is a privilege, not a right. What the hell have you done to earn it?”

“I’m sorry, I know I’m not worthy – just tell me anything and I’ll do it! Please give me a chance!”

Having to beg my wife for a chance at licking her pussy was turning me on more than anything ever had. The more I groveled at her and put myself at her mercy, the harder I got.

“Well, let me think about it.” She turned around, letting her skirt drop down again. Before it dropped down I caught a glimpse of her

immaculate sex that was already glistening with wetness. She was enjoying this just as much as I was!

“First I want you to pick up those panties off the floor, and put them on. Then I want you to crawl around on the floor like the fucking slut you are, while I film you. I want something to watch when I’m bored.”

My face flushed red. I could feel the humiliation creeping up on me before I even picking up the panties. At the same time, I knew I had to do it.

“Yes Mistress.” I picked up her panties from the floor, and put them on while she went a got the camera. I could see the red light as she turned it on, and an overwhelming sense of shame came over me. She just laughed at my expression.

“Well what the fuck are you waiting for? Crawl around like a good little girl!”

Hanging my head low, I began to crawl around the floor as she followed me with the camera, laughing cruelly. To my embarrassment I was still rock hard, and my cock poked out the top of the panties.

“My little sissy bitch loves being told what to do, don’t you sissy?” She gave me a sharp kick in the ass as I crawled; making me stumble and slip quickly before picking myself back up. I kept crawling for minutes as she followed me around with the camera while taunting me.

“Awww, did I hurt the poor little baby? Too bad! I can’t make you watch this video later... maybe while I have you chained up to the bed. Would you like that?”

I didn’t respond instantly, and she gave me another kick.

“I said, would you like that!”

I nodded my head.

“Yes Ma’am I would like that very much. I’m your slut and will do anything for you.”

With one final laugh, she turned the camera off and put it on the dresser.

“Great. Now what I need you to do is lay on your back so I can ride your face. I expect you to keep your hands by your side at all times; don’t even think about touching yourself.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

I laid down on my back as she mounted me. I kept my hands by my sides, resisting the temptation to touch myself.

She squatted over me, and lowered herself down on me slowly. I jerked my head forward slightly, sticking my tongue out. She held my head down and brought her pussy down just above my waiting tongue, and held it there.

“How much do you want to lick this pussy, slave?”

I was nearly passing out from desire.

“Please let me lick it Mistress! I want it more than anything in the entire world.”

“I know you do. Who would want this perfect pink pussy in their mouth? I’m just wondering if you’re worthy of making me cum. Should I fuck your face and use you for my pleasure, or should I just tell you to get out of here?”

I felt my heart drop at the suggestion.

“I’m begging you!” My cock was straining through the panties I was wearing, and I was getting desperate. As it was I already needed to cum, and I was too close to think about stopping. I would have to if she asked me too.

“Don’t worry. I’m still in the process of breaking you in, so I’m going to go easy on you for now. I am going to let you lick this precious pussy, and I’m going to watch you cum all over yourself while wearing my panties. I bet you’re so pathetic you’re going to cum all over yourself without me even touching your submissive cock. Let’s see if I’m right.”

With that, she lowered herself onto my face and began riding it. I eagerly licked her warm, wet pussy as her hips bucked relentlessly against my face. I could feel my cock straining against the panties, and I moved them almost involuntarily, rubbing it against the fabric, desperate for any sort of stimulation. All I could hear was her moans as she rode me and all I could feel was her pussy on my tongue and the rough grip she had on my hair. I was lost in my own world, and I never wanted it to end. Now that I was in a FemDom relationship, I guess it didn't have to end. Not anymore. Even after she finished using me, it would only be a matter of time before she summoned me yet again to do her bidding.

"Eat that pussy, slave. I can already see your cock twitching. You're dying to cum, aren't you? Well guess what. You can't fucking cum until you feel my juices running down your chin. Do you understand me? I'll tell you exactly when you can cum into those panties, slave."

For what seemed like an eternity spent in agonizing bliss, she rode me. Eventually I could hear soft moans escape her lips, and I could taste her juices stronger than before.

"That's it. Stick that fucking tongue out slave. I'm almost there. Your Mistress is going to cum all over your face." I could feel her body tense up above me, and her back arched as her hands gripped my hair tightly. "Uuuugh! Uh! Fucking lick it slave!" Her hips bucked wildly and I could barely breathe as she smothered me. I was so turned on I knew that I couldn't hold off my orgasm any longer. As if she could read my mind, she gave the command.

"Cum, slave."

Trying my hardest to resist touching myself, I finally untensed my body and allowed the orgasm to wash over me. Moaning loudly into her pussy which was still smothering me, I blew spurt after spurt of semen onto my chest, until it dribbled down my cock onto the panties.

"That will do, slave."

With that she stood up, and walked out the door. Before she shut the door behind her, she turned around to give me one last command.

“By the way, you’re not allowed to take those panties off for the rest of the night. You can wipe yourself off but you need to keep the panties on to remind yourself what a little slut you are.”

I couldn’t do anything but stare at her as she walked out the door. Serving her was the greatest gift I had ever been given, and I knew this was just the beginning.

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