Submissive sissy husband, serves wife

Description

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The heels were the first test. Six inches of gleaming black patent leather, locked with delicate padlocks securely around my ankles. There was no taking them off, not until my husband decided I had earned it. I had learned to move gracefully in them, to sway my hips just so, reminding me constantly of my place in her house.

The house was quiet. She would be home in twenty minutes, and everything needed to be perfect. I had already prepared her dinnerâ??a roast, resting in the oven, The table was set. But none of that mattered if I failed the inspection.

I positioned myself in the center of our bedroom, I needed to see myself as she would see me. My makeup was flawless, my hair fell in soft waves past my shoulders. The dressâ??a soft pink sundress that hugged my curves and stopped just above my pink plastic cage that sat snug against my body, my clitty tucked away where it belonged, limp and useless. Around it, a delicate pair of lace panties held everything in place. I could feel the wetness gathering at the tip, a constant leakage I couldnâ??t control. My body had learned to respond to my cage, to the constant pressure, to the denial. I was always dripping now. Always ready.

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And then there was the jewel.

I lifted the hem of my dress, turning slightly to see in the mirror. The base of the plug was visible between my cheeksâ??a stunning princess cut pink gem that matched my cage. I had inserted it an hour ago, using plenty of lubricant, making sure I was clean and ready. My wife demanded perfection during her inspections. Any flaw would mean punishment, and while I secretly craved discipline, today I wanted to be good. I wanted her to be proud.

The sound of the garage door opening sent a thrill through my body.

She was home.

I rushed to the bedroom door, my heels clicking on the hardwood floor, and positioned myself in the hallway. On my knees, back straight, hands folded in my lap. Eyes down. Waiting. The position made my dress ride up, exposing the tops of my thighs.

The door opened.

â??Thereâ??s my girl.â?• She said

Her voice was, commanding. It made my caged clitty twitch pathetically in its prison.

â??Welcome home, Daddy,â?• I said softly. I kept my eyes on the floor.

Her hand came under my chin, lifting my face. I looked up at herâ??tall, broad-shouldered, her dark hair slightly tousled from the day. She was smiling, that hungry smile that made my stomach flip.

â??Dinnerâ??s ready,â?• I said. â??And Iâ??m ready for my inspection.â?•

â??Good girl.â?• She released my chin and stepped past me. â??Follow me.â?•

I rose gracefullyâ??a skill that had taken months to master in these heelsâ??and followed her into the bedroom. She didnâ??t speak as she sat on the edge of our bed, I knew what to do. I had practiced this ritual a thousand times.

I turned away from her, lifted my dress, and bent at the waist. My hands gripped my ankles, steadying myself. The position left me completely exposed, my plugged ass on full display. I could feel the cool air of the room against my bare skin.

â??Spread wider.â?•

I shuffled my feet apart, the heels wobbling slightly. My face burned with shame and arousal. This position never got easier, never felt less humiliating. But that was the point. This was my life now. My purpose.

â??The jewel looks particularly sparkling today.â?• She said, nonchalantly â??Have you kept it in the whole time?â?•

â??Yes, Daddy. Since one oâ??clock.â?•

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â??Good. Very good.â?•

Her thumb pressed against the base of the plug, and pushed it deeper. I gasped, my caged clitty leaking a fresh drop onto my inner thigh.

â??And this?â?• She reached between my legs, her finger sliding through the slick mess. â??This is unacceptable.â?•

My heart dropped. â??Iâ??m sorry, Daddy. I canâ??t help it. It justâ??â?•

â??This is exactly how a sissy should be,â?• she said, her voice thick with approval. â??Dripping. Desperate. Ready to be used.â?•

â??Time for your reward.â?•



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