

Making The Perfect Husband

Prologue

Can you love someone and still be unhappy in your marriage? I discovered the answer was yes and so I figured out what was wrong, why I was unhappy, and then I did something about it. I loved my husband, Jack, then and I love him even more now.

This is the story of how I trained him, how he became my willing slave. It took work, and it was a slow process, but now he is mine, completely under my control.

I thought about the problem for weeks, what the cause of my unhappiness was. Then, once I figured it out and I decided what the goal was, I began preparing. I installed key logger software on his computer and installed tracker software on his phone. Information and intention made him mine.

I have included entries with journal entries from my husband, interspersed with my entries, that I had him supplement with his recollections. I had no idea he occasionally wrote things in a physical diary. I think he must have made entries when I was out with the girls. We really had grown apart.

I didn't discover his journal until I had him move his stuff into the guest room to make the Master Bedroom my domain. I read his journal through and asked him some questions to clarify his thoughts. I edited and summarized his words a bit, but I like to think I kept intact the essence of what he wrote. His words cleared up some questions and misconceptions I had, and I hope they do the same for you.

I limit his computer usage, so I doubt he will ever see this, but if he does, I love you darling.

Step 1 -- The Bet

We were two adults living parallel lives in the same building, the same town, even many of the same friends. We loved each other, but I don't think we liked each other very much. We never talked, not about anything important anyway, often settled for the evening in different rooms of our house after dinner, and only occasionally touched or made love.

We had grown far enough apart that I needed to prepare him, reignite his interest, while keeping my distance. I focused on being sexy for him, for me too I suppose. I felt like I had turned into a sitcom mom without the wisecracking kids, and I needed to shake things up for me as well as for him and our marriage. I also wanted him primed. I started wearing his favorite perfume more often and dressing a bit sexier. Nothing drastic, but he noticed.

I have always prided myself on my looks, and entering my mid-thirties I was still good looking, long dark hair and a trim body that I knew my husband still enjoyed. As I dressed up and worked to subtly make him more aroused, I put a chill on our bedtime fun and games. Not a full or sudden stop, but a slow tapering, less and less. I knew he was masturbating more and more, but for now I let him have that lesser outlet for his desire.

All the while I was waiting for my chance. Jack and I often made semi-serious bets on various things, and I was waiting for a sure thing. One weekend I perused his email and saw one from his best friend, Alex and his longtime girlfriend had broken up. I didn't think much about it until Jack mentioned that Alex was starting to talk about marriage.

I had to act before Jack read his email, so ... "you want to bet?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think they are right for each other. They are much more likely to break up."

Jack has always looked up to Alex and his way with women, never noticing that the only reason he had a string of girlfriends is none of the relationships lasted very long.

"I'll take that bet."

"OK, if in the next three months they are engaged you win, if they break up, I win. If they stay as they are, it is a push. If I win, I want a full weekend, Friday night through Sunday night, with you as my servant and sex toy. What do you want?"

I am pretty sure the words that made the biggest impact were "sex toy", and he was on board, even if he lost, he figured he would win, as it had been over a week since we made love and longer since we had had great sex.

"I want a whole week where we have sex whenever I want."

We shook on it, both sure that no matter what we were both winners. Jack doesn't check his email much on the weekend and so he didn't find out he had lost until Sunday night. I spent the whole time wet with anticipation, so horny I wanted to jump his bones repeatedly, but I stuck to the plan.

Even after Jack read his email, he didn't say anything to me. We both went to work Monday morning. Before having a slave, I cooked on Mondays, so I was cooking when he arrived from work and still nothing. That night in bed I didn't have to pretend my iciness, I was annoyed that he had not confessed that he had lost. I found out much later that the delay was because he was concerned about his friend and wanted

to talk with him and make sure Alex was OK and that the breakup really was final. There is a reason I love him; he is a good man.

Tuesday evening, as he served the steak, veggies, and fresh baked bread that he made, he finally came clean.

"You were right Jess, Alex and Beth broke up. You are amazing. You want me as your sex toy this weekend?"

"Yes. I want you home as soon as possible after work, and when you get home, I want you naked and waiting in our bedroom, on the floor at the foot of the bed for when I come home. Think you can manage that?"

"Yes ma'am," he said grinning ear to ear.

The rest of the week I prepared. I dressed even sexier and did my best to keep him aroused; I also put off his advances, telling him I was saving it for this weekend and telling him he had better save up his energy for me. The poor man was nearly beside himself all week.

Wednesday night Jack went out with the boys, a luxury I seldom allow him anymore, and I took the opportunity to spend some time on his computer. I went through his porn -- yes, all men have porn -- and I made some changes. I wanted more assertive women and fewer helpless damsels. I didn't want to be too obvious, just a deletion here and new picture there. I also took that opportunity to do some searching around FLR, Femdom, Chastity and such, not only on search engines but also a couple shopping sites and even a bit on social media.

I wanted to influence how the internet saw him, the images and search results my husband got. It probably didn't matter, but I wanted to push every button possible. I wanted him to be surrounded. I wanted to start to normalize the idea of a woman in charge.

I also curated the movies and as much as possible the TV we watched that week. Nothing over the top, just more assertive woman and men

who went along. In fact, throughout the process, until he surrendered completely to me, I did everything I could to soften the ground. I wanted him to give himself to me, thinking it was his own free will. It was many hours of work, but it has paid for itself many times over.

When Friday finally arrived, I was not sure who was more excited, Jack or me. I made sure to be a bit later than normal, I wanted him waiting there naked, full of anticipation.

I had chosen a simple, even severe, outfit for Friday, with my hair pulled back and heels a good inch higher than normal for me. I settled my expression into one of disapproval and walked into the room. I figured he would be waiting on the bed, but no, there he was naked and on the floor at the foot of the bed.

I walked over to the chair, sat down, and took a leather collar out of my purse. "Come here Toy, kneel before me."

Smiling and clearly enjoying the game, he walked over, as aroused as I have ever seen him, and kneeled in front of me. My mouth went dry, and I was so nervous I could hardly speak. Clearing my throat, and putting the collar on him I said, "Repeat after me ... I, Jessica's Toy, swear to obey and serve her to the best of my ability for as long as I wear this collar."

In that moment I wanted him. I wanted to keep him collared forever, I wanted to spank him to see if I enjoyed him thrashing under me as much as I hoped, I wanted his cock confined in a cage, I wanted everything. But I had to be patient.

We both had a great deal of fun that weekend. I tied him up lightly (he almost certainly could have escaped if he wanted, and knew it), I made him eat me out (something he had only seldomly done since we were married three years ago), but I also had sex with him, as much as he could take.

I insisted that I be on top, but other than that I am sure it was everything he dreamed it would be. We stayed in the house all weekend and he wore the collar every minute of it -- no showers for him, only a bath that we took together in our oversized tub. And yes, my Toy shampooed my hair and washed my back.

That Sunday evening, I wanted to know how he felt and to reinforce what we had done, so I tied him up in the bed and we talked over the weekend, talking over how it made us feel, what we liked and didn't like. I led the questions, being clothed, and not tied down is quite an advantage in discussions, but I really was interested in what he had to say.

I also used that opportunity to stroke him all over as we discussed various topics. When I asked about how it felt being collared, tied up, or about the (very light) spanking I had given him I made sure I was stroking his privates, for other topics less so.

My goal for the whole weekend was to make being my Toy a wonderful experience, especially in contrast to the somewhat distant and sexless affair I had made our marriage the last few weeks. Jack enjoyed the weekend as much as I had hoped. When training a man, the stick is important, but at the beginning the carrot is critical.

I untied him and removed the collar and then gave him a long, slow, and passionate kiss. As I stood up from the bed, "there are only two ways that collar is going back on you, I am going to order it on you, or you are going to beg me for it on your hands and knees."

As he processed that I went off to get ready for bed. He was ready for more sex, but I proclaimed I was tired and went to sleep, happy and excited that step one was done.

Jack's Journal -- First Excerpt

Well, that was unexpected. Jess and I had not had that much sex together in forever. I still can't believe how it went down though. When we made our silly bet, I figured it probably wouldn't pay out either way any time soon and maybe never. I would have guessed the bet would be forgotten as a silly joke, long before anything happened between Alex and Beth, but almost before we made the bet Jess had won.

Even then my guess was the weekend would involve some dress up and maybe a little sex. In the days leading up to it, I kind of found the whole idea of it kind of embarrassing. I don't see the point of sex toys and role-playing and weird clothing.

Don't get me wrong, I love sex. I love it enough that I never needed any of that stuff to get me going. Now that I think about it though, Jess and I had really drifted apart the last few months, especially sexually. If that is what she needed, then I guess I had no complaints.

The two strangest parts of the weekend were the beginning and end. Kneeling there, looking into her very serious face as she bent over me with a thick level collar in her hands intimidated me more than I thought it could. Being naked didn't help, and neither did reciting some phrase about serving and obeying her.

Sunday night was much more enjoyable. I was initially a bit put off when she had me lie down in bed and tied me down, with my wrists tied together and then tied to the headboard, and similarly my ankles tied with ropes that secured them to the footboard, but separately so my legs were forced a bit apart.

After I was tied down though, all we did was talk. She wanted to know about what happened, well not what happened, but how I felt about it. It made sense to me; we had never done anything like this before and she wanted to check in and make sure I was OK.

Jess always took being in charge very seriously, and clearly if she was going to be in charge of a sexual weekend, she wanted to know how I felt about it, what I liked, and how I thought she did. I thought she did great, she clearly had planned it out and there were no embarrassing screwups, boring parts, or anything. Later that night, while Jess was in the bathroom, I checked out our headboard and footboard, and found where she had installed the bolts that she used to secure the ropes to for the debriefing.

The absolute best part of the debriefing was when she started off checking over my body for markings or anything. It kind of seems like she just wanted to fondle me though, and I had no complaints about that. Her stroking me all over, while I was tied up and trying to answer her questions was distracting, but in the best way possible.

It was a great weekend, and I think maybe this might break the ice between us a bit. I am going to pay more attention to her, and maybe get lucky this week. It is dumb to write this, but it is as if I had forgotten how much I love having sex with Jess. My only complaint about the weekend, and I didn't have the heart to tell Jess, is how cold the house was. It was uncomfortable wandering around naked all weekend with the furnace on its weekend settings. I upped the thermostat program settings for weekends, next time I don't want to be so chilly.

Step 2 -- Making Him Beg

My plan was always to guide him step by step, every step of the way, thinking this was all what he really wanted. I read the various stories about slapping a man in a chastity belt, taking black mail pictures, and by the end of the evening whipping him until he breaks, leading to happily ever after. Maybe that has worked for some, but I wanted to be sure. I was willing to be patient and make him mine step by step,

making him beg to become my slave, and eventually giving in and allowing him to serve me.

After our big weekend, I upped the pressure on him. I kept dressing as sexy as I thought I could get away with and did all the little things that I knew turned my husband on, but at night in our bedroom I was as distant as I could manage.

After ten days I let me have sex with me, with him on top, but I presented as limp and very underwhelmed. In truth it wasn't bad at all, and I had to fight to not have an orgasm, but I wanted the contrast as stark as possible between this lackluster sex and the fun we had had when he was my Toy.

I monitored his computer and phone usage as much as I could, and even managed another couple rounds of adjusting his porn a little bit and included some more femdom searches into his internet ecosystem.

It was a Thursday, over two and a half weeks after our weekend, and we were both reading in the living room when he nonchalantly asked about where I had put the collar.

"You mean your slave collar?"

"Yeah, I was thinking about it the other day and wondered."

"Like I said, if you want to be my sex toy again you will have to wait for me to order it around your neck, or you need to get down on your knees and beg. Being in charge is work and doing it meant something to me. I want to make sure you are serious before doing it again."

Silence fell and we both went back to reading. Well, maybe he was reading, I was so excited I could hardly breathe. After a few minutes he got up and left the room. I was crushed. I thought that was the moment, and I was wrong. I struggled to read for another ten minutes or so, but it was no use, so I got up to go and get ready for bed.

There he was, naked and kneeling at the foot of the bed, waiting for me. I walked up to him, standing over him, deliberately crowding him. "Yes?"

"Jessica, could we please have another weekend, like we did? I loved being your sex toy. Please?"

I stepped even closer to him and looked up, seemingly thinking it over. I wanted to hide the joyous smile that filled my face. I couldn't stop smiling for several minutes and had to clench my jaws to stop the burst of happy laughter that wanted out. Once I figured I could control my voice I stepped away from him.

"I have been thinking about it. I might be a bit rougher with my toy this time, since I know you like it. Are you sure you want to?"

"Yes please."

"Kiss my feet and beg to be my slave and I will consider it."

"Please let me be your slave, please."

Suddenly my husband was kneeling, naked, and kissing my shoes, begging to be my sex toy this very weekend. If a year ago you had said a scene like that was one of the happiest of my life, I would have known you were insane.

"I expect you to be naked and kneeling when I come home tomorrow. No excuses."

He had forgotten there was a retirement party at his work tomorrow, even though he had read the email invitation, and if I moved a couple meetings around, I could easily get home before him. The weekend was going to start out badly for him.

I was turned on all Friday and was so distracted that two different coworkers asked me if everything was OK. I got home even earlier than

I thought I would, well before he normally made it home. I was able to monitor his progress home because of the app I had installed on his phone, and I masturbated with a vibrator thinking about the upcoming weekend. He made it home only a few minutes late, he must have stopped by the retirement party very briefly. I was a bit impressed but determined not to let him know that.

"No excuses," I said as he hurried into the bedroom, already starting to shed his clothes. "This weekend is cancelled."

"Please honey, I am so sorry, John had a retirement ..." my glare stopping him mid-apology. "What can I do?"

"Get over here, put yourself over my lap, and after I have spanked you for letting us both down, I might consider letting you be my Toy. I can't have a Toy who misbehaves, who doesn't do what he promises."

He was frozen in place, half dressed. I could plainly see emotions colliding in his brain and he struggled with the decision.

"I was worried you were not serious. Oh well." And as I started to stand up, he suddenly came alive.

"No, wait, OK." And he practically threw himself at me.

As he settled awkwardly into my lap, still only half-naked, I yanked down his pants and underwear and "accidentally" brushed against his penis, which stiffened nicely. I did my best to put his penis in between my thighs before the spanking.

I wanted this to be painful for him, he needed to learn an important lesson, but if I could make it a bit sexual also, linking my spanking and authority over him with sex as much as possible it would make his transition into my slave much easier.

That first spanking taught us both lessons. I know it hurt him, but not nearly as much as I wanted it to, and it hurt me as well. It turns out spanking can be more difficult and painful for the spanker than I knew, especially when spanking a grown man for the first time. I decided partway through that next time I would use a hairbrush or something.

Still, despite the pain I made it through, and by the end his ass was a nice bright red and his eyes were a bit watery. I was hoping for tears, but not this time.

After the spanking I had him stand up with his hands at his sides, while I examined him.

"If you apologize for making me do that, and thank me for it, we can put this behind us and still have a fun weekend."

"I am sorry for being late honey and ... uh ... thank you for spanking me and giving me a second chance."

I gave him a genuine smile, full of love and happiness. This smile I let him see.

"Kneel down and repeat after me ... I, Jessica's Toy, swear to obey and serve her to the best of my ability for as long as I wear this collar."

Years ago, I had read that when a disagreement happened, when there were bad feelings, the best thing to do was resolve them as quickly as possible, and then put it behind you. Don't dwell on the past or keep bringing it up, just settle it and move on. I was determined that was how I was going to run our new marriage. When he needed punishment, I would deal it out, and after he apologized and thanked me it would be over and done with.

The rest of the weekend went mostly as the first had. I was a little more demanding, and when I tied him up, I made sure he was secure and knew it, but still we had all the sex he could stand. At one point he tried

to beg off, but I stroked and teased him until he was able to perform for me, always under me, of course.

As Sunday wrapped up, I again tied him to the bed, and we went over the weekend in detail. The first few questions I asked were a warmup for asking him about his being late and being spanked. When asking, and during his answer, I stroked his penis and balls the whole time.

"I am really sorry..."

"No, Toy, once you have been punished and thanked me you don't have to apologize. There is nothing to apologize for anymore, all is forgiven. I want to know how you felt about it all though."

"The whole thing was embarrassing. I felt... I don't know, small? I was looking forward to the weekend and making love to you and I thought I had screwed it all up. I really didn't like being spanked by you, I don't want to do that again, but I guess I can see why you were angry."

"Being spanked by me made you feel small? Which was worse the pain or that feeling?"

"The feeling was much worse. I am glad that is behind us now though."

"It felt right to spank my Toy for misbehaving, but I don't want to have to spank my husband, if that makes sense. I don't ever want to hurt you or make you feel small, but if we continue these weekends, my Toy must behave, has to be good to his word. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I guess, Jessica."

"I have been thinking, and I call you Toy when you are my slave, maybe you should call me by my middle name then. You can call me Miss Ann while you are wearing the collar. We can be Jessica and her husband Jack most days, and sometimes we can be Miss Ann and her Toy. That

way Jack never has to feel small and always knows his wife Jessica loves him."

"So, are we going to do this again?"

"Well Toy, I have discovered I enjoy sex with my Toy, more than I like sex with my husband Jack. And I think my Toy enjoys it as well. I think my Toy will want to come out and play again. All he must do is beg, or maybe, if I really feel the need, I will just order him into his collar."

At that point I was so horny I could wait any longer and I untied him and told my Toy he had one last duty for the evening. His cunnilingus had improved with recent practice and the rest of that night was very enjoyable. It was hard to act distant after his collar was off, but by Monday morning I had put my game face back on.

Jack's Journal -- Second Excerpt

What the hell? That didn't go as I thought it would. I am basically always on time for things, I hate being late. I don't even mind it when other people are late, though Jess always being on time is one of her best qualities.

So anyway, I had high hopes that first "toy" weekend broke the ice and Jess and I could go back to having more sex, more touching, more everything I love about being married. I knew that I was equally at fault for how we had drifted apart, and I was willing to work to bring the spark back into our marriage, hopefully by one fun but kind of odd weekend.

Jess seemed more distant than ever after that weekend. The whole thing was dispiriting. I masturbated that week, much more often than usual. The one time I convinced her to have sex was ... fine. Well, below average and Jess clearly didn't enjoy it no matter what I did.

I needed to work to repair our marriage. I considered trying another sex toy weekend, but the whole thing seemed kind of gimmicky. I wanted a real solution. I tried a couple of things, and she seemed to appreciate it, but we didn't make that connection, like we had that weekend.

After a week, I figured maybe I should give the sex weekend a try -- if nothing else the sex was great, and my hand just wasn't exciting me. I brought it up and she reminded me that all I had to do was ask, OK beg, and she was willing. Thinking "what the hell," I did.

It was kind of sexy kneeling there, all naked, and pleading, and the smile on her face made it all worthwhile. She tried to hide it, but I can always tell. She was even more excited than I was. It gave me hope for our sex life.

I promised I would be there waiting for her when she got home, and I completely fucked up. I had several things come up and then I forgot about John's retirement, and I had to swing through there. I didn't really have an excuse though. The very least I could have done was call her, but in my mind somehow, I figured I could make it on time, or she would wait downstairs for me to get ready or something.

I hate it when Jess gets angry. She doesn't lose her temper, not like I sometimes do, but she really holds onto it. She is still a little bit angry with her little sister for something that happened in High School. Some of our fights lasted up to a month at a time or more; heck there are probably some fights with me that she is still fighting, where I have long since forgotten whatever, it was that we were fighting over.

There I was standing like an idiot in our bedroom, pants undone, and my efforts to try to fix our marriage had resulted in the furious woman sitting there in her chair looking sexy and imperious, but more than anything looking disappointed in me.

She pointed at her lap, and told me what she wanted, but my brain just didn't comprehend it. At first, I had no idea what she had said, and then for an insane second, I imagined she wanted oral sex. But no, it was more unbelievable than that, she wanted to spank me like a misbehaving child. That was obviously not going to happen, but then I saw her face kind of close down and she cancelled our weekend and started standing up.

I guess in my mind I had built up this weekend as the best chance for saving our marriage and I realized my fuck up was going to ruin everything. I was losing my chance because I didn't keep my promise. I panicked, and before I knew it I was awkwardly sprawled across her lap, pants around my ankles, hands splayed on the floor trying to not tip over, and my penis somehow wedged in between her thighs.

The whole thing was mortifying, from being late, to somehow not understanding what she was telling me, to the humiliating position I found myself in. I just wanted the whole experience to be over, but it seemed to last forever. I don't think it even really hurt, physically anyway, at least not enough to penetrate the wall of shame that had formed in my mind.

For my trouble I did get another amazing smile, and miracle of miracles she put the entire event behind us after I apologized to her and thanked her for spanking me. That last part was a little weird, but at that point there was no way I was going to fuck it all up again.

That weekend was even better than the first one. Jess had a sparkle in her eyes, and I could feel the energy, not just sexual, but the energy between a man and wife who are friends should have. The spanking, horrible as the experience had been, seemed to have cleared the air between us. It was such a relief that my breaking my word hadn't ruined everything that I was determined not to make any more mistakes like that again, and I was Jess's sex toy as best I could be.

I had wondered if we would have another Sunday Night debriefing with me tied down to the bed, but well before then I guessed that what with the spanking and all that, Jess would definitely want to check in with me and make sure I was OK.

We had it, and it seemed to go on forever. I think she was afraid that she had hurt me or that I might be angry with her because of the spanking, because we must have spent at least forty-five minutes of the time talking about the spanking.

I figured when she first tied me down that I was pretty sexually spent from our weekend, but she broke out her flowery scented lotion and rubbed me with it everywhere, especially my balls and penis, and I quickly became very aroused. It was so distracting it made it difficult to focus on answering Jess's questions. "How did it make me feel", "Did it still hurt", "Did my mom spank me", I thought it would never end, and about ten minutes in I was OK with that, so long as the stroking kept up.

I hope that now, after we had made this great connection this weekend, we could start to get back to a new normal. I didn't mind the weird stuff, but really, I just wanted to be husband to my wonderful wife. But once again, by Monday night it was clear we were back to square one again. I decided to give it a week off and then see if the third time was the charm. Maybe my nearly fucking everything up had been a setback, only just repaired by the weekend we had shared.

The other thing I realized early in the week following is that the thought of being spanked was starting to arouse me. Basically, every time I thought about it, and it crept into my head at weird times, I could feel my penis twitch a bit and got that feeling in my stomach. I think it was a combination of factors from the weekend, but it almost felt like the spanking and all the sex we had was linked in my mind. All the rubbing Jess did while I was answering her questions probably didn't help any, I figured she had accidentally helped form the linkage.

It wasn't the worst thing in the world, and some time on the internet seemed to indicate it was not all that uncommon, but anyway I figured it would fade in time. Truth be told, that was one of the reasons I waited an extra week before begging to be her toy again, it all seemed to be more intense and hitting me harder than I thought it would. It was hard waiting though, especially since she looked amazing that week. She was still distant, almost cold, every night though. She spent plenty of time with her friends, and I used the time to catch up with my friends, having missed a couple weekends of hanging out and doing things recently.

Step 3 -- A New Normal

The next week was quiet between the two of us. I dressed and acted sexily, except in bed where I was clear about my preference for my Toy, even mentioning how good his technique and stamina was. The spanking was never mentioned by either of us, but I know both of us thought a great deal about it. Jack even spent some time searching the internet on the subject; being spanked over the knee by his wife made an impression on him.

I thought he would ask to be my Toy that next weekend, but Friday rolled around, and nothing was said about it by either of us. On Wednesday of the next week though, as I was settling into bed Jack came up on my side of the bed, naked of course, and kneeling there begged to be my Toy for the upcoming weekend.

"Of course, honey. I love you. Be waiting at the foot of the bed when I get home from work on Friday. I have some shopping to do, so I will be a little bit later than normal."

Since I had installed a tracker on his phone I always knew where he was, and I watched with amusement as he left work extra early on Friday, making sure not to be late.

That weekend progressed mostly as the others did, except I was again a little bit more demanding of my Toy. I insisted on multiple orgasms for each one of his and when I tied him down, I made a production of taking many measurements of his private parts. When he asked, I explained it was for a toy for my Toy. I had already measured him and even ordered the cock cage, but he didn't need to know that.

My favorite parts of the weekend were always the beginning and end. I loved him kneeling in front of me swearing to serve and obey me and I loved going over the weekend with him, while he was tied down. I learned more from those sessions than I could have imagined at the start.

I knew I had to bit by bit break him down, so I could rebuild him as my perfect slave. I don't think he realized that he was giving me a roadmap in those discussions, exactly what I needed to say or do. For example, I found out he thought providing me personal service, like helping me dress and undress was demeaning, but he loved opening doors and such for me.

In our discussions I made it clear there was no difference between those two things, and I loved him when he was helpful to me like that, and in subsequent weekends I insisted that he dress me and undress me every day as Toy, so he could get over his little hang-up.

I learned two other things about him and clothing. He was very insecure about his fashion sense (it was not nearly as bad as he thought) and he was very unsettled about wearing clothing that wasn't overtly masculine.

"Jack," I asked the week following our latest time with him in his collar, "on Sunday, you mentioned you thought I had better fashion sense than you, right?"

"Well, yeah, honey. You have amazing fashion sense and I ... I am just a guy wearing some clothes."

"I was talking to some of the girls today and they kind of mentioned that you ... often look a bit frumpy. Not bad, but not good either. If you want, I can dress you, you know, pick out the clothes you will wear. I will even shop for them because I know how you hate shopping. You would have to trust me though and wear what I tell you to, can you do that?"

"Sure, that sounds fine."

"Jack," I said, standing up over him, staring down into his eyes, "I need you to ask me nicely and promise to wear what I get for you. I am not going to do this without knowing you are serious; I love you no matter how you dress after all."

"Jessica, will you please pick out what I wear, I promise to wear whatever you set out for me."

"Sure honey. Give me a few days."

The clothing was another part of my long-term plan, and for this next weekend I have a special surprise for my husband. I knew he and the guys were planning to go to a game on Saturday, and so there was no chance he was going to beg to be my sex toy for the weekend. So, on Wednesday I announced to him that he was going to be my Toy and was to be waiting naked at the foot of the bed when I got home on Friday.

"But Jess, I have plans for Saturday. I love you and everything, but can we maybe put it off for a week?"

"No. I told you that the two ways this would happen is you would beg, or I would order it. Well, I am ordering it. Do you want this to keep happening or not?"

It was a big moment, and while I did my best to project absolute confidence and even arrogance, inside I was afraid. I could see him wavering and I sweetened the pot. "You don't necessarily have to cancel your plans with the guys, I will figure something out, but you will be my Toy this weekend, understood?"

"Yes, Miss Ann. I will be there Friday when you get home."

The thrill of him calling me Miss Ann and agreeing to my demand was like a bolt of lightning. I wanted to make passionate love to him then and there, but I had decided I would never again have sex with Jack, only with my collared Toy, and so I swallowed my desire.

On Friday when I arrived at my normal time he was in the appointed place and without prompting pledged "I, Jessica's Toy, swear to obey and serve her to the best of my ability for as long as I wear this collar."

For most of Saturday I kept him nearly naked except for his collar, and I could see he was getting a bit nervous about time passing. Eventually, I summoned him to stand before me.

"Stand straight and tall and put your hands behind your back."

As he stood there, I handcuffed his hands behind him and cuffed his feet together. "Now I have two things for you that you will need before you can go out with your friends. First, a collar suitable for wearing out and about."

And I showed him the metal collar, more like a thick necklace, that had a locking mechanism, closed by a tiny Allen wrench. I unbuckled his leather collar and handed him the new one. Again, he said the magical words, but with a worried look on his face, as I knew he did not like the idea of wearing jewelry, even a thick and even masculine necklace.

Then I blindfolded him and got the cage I had bought. "I need to make sure my Toy knows whose cock this is. Whose cock is this, Toy?" I said

as I gave his junk a good squeeze. There was a pause and annoyed I grabbed the hairbrush I had set there earlier and gave him a quick swat across the bottom.

"Answer me, Toy."

"Your cock, Miss Ann, it is yours."

And with that I started putting on his new chastity cage. After I finished putting the cage on my penis, I took a quick picture with my phone's camera and then I took off the cuffs, and I gave him a little swat with my bare hand and told him, "Now go upstairs, I have laid out your outfit. Then you can go spend the evening at the game with the guys. If you ask my permission to go that is."

I could see there were several questions he wanted to ask me. He had a cage around his private parts, his wife had just taken a very embarrassing picture of his predicament, and he had just spent several hours wanting to ask me about letting him go out tonight. I decided to steer him in the right direction.

"You had a question about tonight you wanted to ask me? Maybe you want to stay in tonight?"

He immediately dropped to his knees and asked "Miss Ann, may I please go to the game with the guys tonight?"

"Of course, you can. Hurry up, you don't want to be late. I even put out clothes for you to wear on my bed. No more back talk or I will reconsider."

As he rushed off, it was obvious that the impact of having the cage on hadn't penetrated to him yet. Too much had happened in a short time, and he had been too concerned and then relieved about going on his night out with the guys. I was sure that wouldn't last, but the precedent had been set. He had admitted his cock was mine, in word and action.

After ten minutes he came down dressed for his night out with the guys. "Toy, come here and drop your pants."

"But Jess..."

"That is Miss Ann, and you better not have done what I think you did. Now drop your pants right now."

Sheepishly he did so, revealing ordinary boxer shorts with his caged cock underneath.

"Is that what I set out for you to wear?"

"No Miss Ann."

"Go and change into what I set out, or you can stay here this evening, your choice."

Sheepishly, my Toy returned and this time he was wearing the lovely white silk panties I had laid out for him. Sitting there imperiously I pointed at my lap, my right hand holding the hairbrush. Fearful, he settled into my lap, and I let his panty covered ass have a beating. By the end of it he was sobbing.

"Now, apologize for making me do that and thank me for disciplining you."

Kneeling in front of me and still sobbing he did so and this time my arousal was too much to bear. No sooner was he done than I stood up, pulled down my panties, and grabbed his head, forcing it into my crotch. It was the most amazing orgasm I had ever had.

"All is forgiven. When you get home from the game you and I are going to have as much sex as you can handle Toy."

That evening I knew without a doubt I had won. My husband let me lock his cock away and spank him while forcing him to wear panties.

Any doubt I had that this was the right path for me, for my marriage, was gone.

The sex that night was fantastic and when we had our session Sunday night, he admitted that the cage scared him, but it also turned him on. He didn't like having to pee sitting down, but I stroked him as I explained that my cock needs to be kept safe and secure, and that only I got to bring it to orgasm. The mixed messages, the sensation he loved combined with words he didn't want to hear was delightful. I could see him struggling with it and so we kept talking about it, or rather I told him what was going to happen and then I let him talk about it while I gently stroked him.

He would run down, stop talking, and I would interject a word and then keep stroking. The silence seemed to force him to say more. Eventually, I think because I wasn't arguing or trying to convince him or anything, he came around to how wearing it wasn't really that bad, especially not for a short time. It was music to my ears.

I didn't bring up the panties I had made him wear or the spanking and neither did he.

Jack's Journal -- Third Excerpt

The third Toy weekend came and went, and while it was certainly fun and free of spanking, the next week she seemed to pull away yet again. I couldn't understand it. She did show some interest in helping me buy and pick out clothes, so that was good, but it seemed like not very much for three whole weekends devoted to serving and obeying her.

I really didn't want our only connection to be with me naked and collared, I mean it was sexy and all, but I thought we could do better. One of my friends had been through marital counseling and claimed it

had saved his marriage, so I got the therapist's name and number from him. I could have called that week, but I kept finding excuses not to, like the excuses I had for not mentioning my idea to Jess.

I had not planned on there being a fourth Toy weekend, especially since I had plans to go to a game with the guys, and the tickets were expensive and paid for, and I couldn't exactly go wearing my leather collar or anything, even if she let me take a break in the middle of things to go.

I was caught off guard when out of the blue Jess said we were going to have a Toy weekend, she was ordering it. She had mentioned several times that it was a possibility, but I had thought she was joking. I knew her joking face though, and this wasn't it. I had begged her three times before and it felt like I owed her at least one turn and anyway as soon as she brought it up, I felt that twitch and warm feeling.

The weekends hadn't yet saved my marriage, but it sure had jumpstarted my libido. I was trying to find a compromise, a delay, when she offered one of her own compromises, that she would let me duck out Saturday night. It was Jess and my penis voting yes, and my common sense trying to slow things down. Naturally Jess and my penis won, that isn't even a fair fight.

In retrospect I should have asked her more about her compromise, but that sort of thing was not on my penis's list of concerns for the weekend. When she finally seemed to be ready to let me go, she sprang her little surprise on me. She had bought some kind of metal locking necklace thing so I could be collared in public (it was actually kind of an ingenious solution) and also put some kind of cock lock on me. And then she took a picture of it.

She had taken pictures before, that weekend and earlier ones. When I asked her about it, she just looked me in the eyes and said she wanted it to masturbate to, and maybe we could compare porn collections. I

decided not to fight about the pictures -- one of the things I admire about Jess is that she has bigger balls than most any man I know, and her response was Jess to the hilt. I didn't care much about the pictures, but combined with her other surprises it was a bit much.

I briefly had the moral high ground. I had to beg her to let me go (but I had already figured that was going to happen), but ambushing me with the collar and chastity thing, that was unfair of her. But then, once more, I was an idiot.

She laid out clothes for me for going out, and when I rushed upstairs, planning in my head what I was going to say to her about that damn thing she had put on my private parts, I saw that she had put out a good looking ensemble, except on top of it all she had put a pair of white panties instead of underwear for me to wear.

There are several right things I could have done, but I managed to do the worst possible thing. I had agreed to let her pick out my clothes -- not that this was what I had in mind, but I should have just talked to her directly about it. Hell, it was probably a joke or a test or something. But no, I swapped the panties out and essentially tried to lie to her.

Of course, she knew instantly what I had done and made me drop my pants. She grabbed her hairbrush and my penis in its cage unhelpfully started throbbing and trying to get erect. I probably should have just not gone out, but again my penis steered me down a path the rest of me wasn't that sure of. If I had known how painful it was going to be I might not have chosen the spanking.

Most of it was the hairbrush, but I think she had been working out extra or something, because within minutes I was sobbing and crying. The only good part of it was it killed my erection, at least for a little while, well that and was how it worked after she was done all was forgiven. Always, when not being spanked, being in her good graces was a worthwhile bonus.

The game me and the guys went to sucked by the way. We lost, and worse they just kind of gave up late in the third quarter. It was a disgusting performance. Plus the arena seats were really hard and my ass was sore all night long. Between the clamp on my balls and penis, the panties I knew I was wearing, the strange metal collar around my neck, and the pain throbbing from my rear end, thoughts of Miss Ann were never far from my mind.

Partway through the game my erection returned with a vengeance, and Miss Ann telling me that we were going to have sex when I got home somehow overrode the pain and discomfort and terrible game I was watching.

The sex with Miss Ann when I did finally get home -- I begged off going out to a bar with the guys after the game -- was amazing. Somehow between having her on top, the last of the soreness from my spanking still lingering, and with my penis free after its brief captivity, it was maybe the best sex I can remember.

On Sunday night during the debrief, somehow, after plenty of back and forth and much stroking, I found myself agreeing with Miss Ann that the cage (as she called it) wasn't really that bad and that it had added real spice to our love making. I think I probably deserved it though, all because I had tried to implicitly lie to Miss Ann by not wearing the clothes she had laid out.

Step 4 -- Two Interruptions

We settled into a routine, every weekend he would be naked at the foot of the bed, and I would collar him while he swore to serve and obey me. Sometimes he would go out with the guys and other times he and I would go out, but mostly we stayed home. It wasn't all kinky sex games, but no one wants to read about the two of us binging a Netflix series and talking about it.

Consistency is the key to any training, and I made sure that he was always collared and that when he was out and about as my Toy that he was caged and wearing panties. Almost anything repeated enough times becomes habit, normal, and so it seemed.

Unfortunately, he was too careful and didn't give me any reason to give him a spanking. I found myself wanting to find a reason, any reason really, to give him a thrashing, but I couldn't. It was all still too delicate. But, with every week that passed though I felt more and more confident. And in our sessions, he showed me more vulnerabilities.

I made sure to have him repeatedly do things that left him uncomfortable, feeling smaller, less manly. Interestingly in following his browser history I discovered he had started exploring the subjects I had hoped he would. Over the knee spanking, chastity, Female Led Relationships, and so forth. He never looked up feminization though, or cuckolding. I decided to help him out though and do some searches on his computer on those subjects for him.

I noticed that his behavior during the week, was changing. Even without the collar I found him deferring to me more and more often. I could have stopped there, our marriage was much better than it had been, but I wanted more, I wanted everything.

There were interruptions to our regular routine, two of them over those early months that were especially notable. The first began one Saturday morning. I was practicing tying up my Toy when the front bell rang. I should have looked out the window, but instead I rushed downstairs, and opening the front door I saw the enemy.

OK, that is much too melodramatic. But she was about as unwelcome a visitor as I could imagine.

"Evelyn, good to see you. Jack didn't say anything. Please come in, make yourself comfortable."

"Jessica," my mother-in-law said crisply as she strode into the room, shucking her coat and handing it to me, while leaving her suitcase sitting on the porch. "I told him a few weeks ago I would be in town. Real estate conference. Is he here?"

Putting her coat away in the hall closet, and then grabbing her suitcase, my mind raced. When a crisis hits there is always time for anger, recrimination, and such in the aftermath of the disaster, but in the breach you focus on the task at hand. I didn't like her, and she certainly didn't like me, especially since she found out I couldn't give her any grandkids, but perhaps because of our mutual dislike we were always extremely polite to each other.

"He is upstairs. Late night last night and this morning he got a bit tied up. There is a fresh pot of coffee and some rolls in the kitchen. He'll be right down." And with that I walked upstairs. I wanted to run, but running wouldn't help anything and it would show weakness in front of Evelyn.

Striding into the master bedroom and closing the door behind me I was almost shocked to see Toy tied to the chair, with rope I had bought for the purpose in several different colors, red, green, purple, and black -- he looked so colorful sitting there, cheerful even. I had read about Shibari, the Japanese art of rope bondage, and it sounded fun. In the end I found it more effort than it was worth overall, but that didn't change the fact that Toy was there, all wrapped up, but otherwise naked, with his mother in the kitchen one floor below.

Grabbing the safety sheers I attacked the ropes, while informing him. "Your mother is downstairs. She is in town for a conference. She brought a suitcase. Is she staying the night?"

The fear and shame that passed over his face would have been delightful in any other circumstance. "She called me a few weeks ago ... oh my god I forgot to ask you about it. I am so sorry."

"Not now. There will be time for sorry later. Get dressed." And then I started for the door, but suddenly I had an idea, and quickly stepped over to the box of items I had purchased long ago in the walk-in closet. I had planned on using some of them on him this weekend, and despite the interruption I still planned on using at least one of them. I grabbed the anal plug and tube of lube out of the box.

"Wear this today, it will remind you."

We hadn't done much of anything anal, yet, and I had wanted to move slowly on that, but I think annoyance sparked my decision. If nothing else, it would give him a taste of how I was feeling right now.

"He'll be right down," I said as I reentered the living room. "I am so glad you came down. I am caught a little flat footed, but our schedule is free, so we are up for whatever you want this weekend. What's your schedule?"

It turned out she had afternoon and evening commitments at her conference, and a lunch meeting tomorrow, but she was looking forward to dinner with her son between engagements this evening, and to breakfast tomorrow. And yes, she was sleeping in our guest room tonight.

We chitchatted a few minutes and then Jack came downstairs to say hi to his mother. And it was obviously Jack and not Toy. My only consolation was the cage and panties he was wearing under his clothes, and of course the anal plug.

After a few minutes, and Jack getting Evelyn's second suitcase from the car and putting both in the guest room, Evelyn excused herself, wanting a few minutes to freshen up, and she left Jack and I downstairs. I felt a moment of thanks that I had not gotten around to converting the guest room into a place space, a room dedicated to things I could do to my Toy.

I turned to my husband, and with a mortified look he started to speak, but I cut him off. "Not a word. We will discuss it later," and with that I stepped up to him, loosened his belt, reached around to his backside, and sliding my hands down I reached past the silk panties and tapped onto the end of the anal plug -- it never hurts to check. "At least you followed directions this time."

The rest of the day was kind of a mess. Jack was clearly not in his normal Toy headspace, and I certainly wasn't in a good state of mind either. So in between being the dutiful son and daughter-in-law, Jack and I went about doing other things -- the sorts of things we might have done months earlier. It was a bit surreal for me. I could tell the anal plug bothered him, but he never mentioned it; I knew he was much more worried about how angry I was.

In my research, one of the things I had read repeatedly about having a submissive is that one should never lash out at them in anger. Nothing good comes from thoughtless actions, and from my experience that is 100% correct. So, the best thing I did was use those hours to calm down. Evelyn was kind of a trigger for me, so it took more time than it should have.

By bedtime I had centered myself. Never go to bed angry is trite as hell, but that doesn't mean it was wrong. Jack, however, was walking on eggshells by that point.

Finally, Evelyn was safely in her bedroom down the hall, settled in for the evening I hoped. I turned on some music -- probably a little bit louder than I needed to -- turned to Jack standing there and simply said "Naked" and pointed to his kneeling spot. Then, while he was following my order I went to the closet and looked for something I had bought very early on and never used.

I liked hearing his moans, gasps, and his far too occasional cries of pain, but with his mother down the hall silence was going to be necessary. I

considered waiting until she was gone tomorrow, but I guessed that being spanked with her so close might be good for him. Besides, I really didn't want to go to bed angry, and I was going to be angry at him until I disciplined him thoroughly.

Sitting down on my chair, with the gag in one hand and my hairbrush in the other, I motioned to my lap. He scrambled forward and obediently opened his mouth and waited for the gag. Before my very eyes I could see him transform back into my Toy. "Say something." And then "Louder." I was satisfied with the indistinct and quiet sounds coming from him and I began to feel a warm glow inside when he sprawled out over my knees.

It was the hardest I had spanked him to date. Something about the situation and the muffled sounds coming from him spurred me on. I nearly had an orgasm while I beat his ass. I think my general annoyance at Evelyn might have been a factor too.

When it was over, he stood up and his face was covered in drool, snot, and tears -- I found it kind of sexy though. I pointed again at his kneeling spot and then removed his gag as he settled into it. I thought I might have to remind him, but almost before the gag was out of his mouth, he was apologizing for making me do that and thanking me for helping learn to behave better. It was the most contrite I had seen him yet.

As was my rule, once the punishment was over, the transgression was behind us. This was the first time I spanked him without planning for the hoped for event. And, it really worked, I truly wasn't angry with him once I was done. He was forgiven and was pathetically happy that his mistake wouldn't loom over us. We even had sex (after he had cleaned up), though I should have done it on the bathroom floor or somewhere other than the soft bed, it was far too gentle on his sore ass. I still made

him wear the anal plug the next day though. Gags and anal plugs began to occur more often in the following months.

There was one thing I felt guilty about, however. I didn't find it until the middle of the next week after Evelyn's visit. A note that I had written to myself about her upcoming visit. Then I remembered what had happened, I had been standing right there next to him when her call came. He didn't tell me, because I found out when he did, and then we both forgot. My guilt caused me to let up on Jack a bit, I had always yearned to touch him more, cuddle with him more, and so that is how I tried -- a little bit -- to make it up to him.

The second interruption to our routine involved Jack's friend Alex. Alex had not done well post break-up and then one Thursday night got a phone call from Alex. Alex had gone up north to his family's cabin, and ... well even now it is not totally clear to me, but somehow Alex ended up in jail and he called Jack to help him out.

Jack would do anything for a friend or loved one, so I discarded the thought of ordering him not to go. Even if it worked it would only breed resentment between us. I had plans for the weekend, but those plans would be put on hold.

It warmed my heart though, when after the call was over, he turned to me and asked for my permission, "Can I go and help him out? I would have to leave tomorrow morning and I would be back on Sunday."

I was formulating my answer when he continued, "it is the weekend, so I know I need to wear my collar and cage, but I was wondering, if you let me go, if I could skip the panties? Please?"

It had not occurred to me that he would be wearing either the cage or the collar. But that is what he assumed, since it was the weekend that was what was required of him. His conditioning had taken hold, it was happening gradually, so I hadn't noticed how thoroughly.

"I will let you wear boxers, but over your panties, so no one will see them. Don't forget to pack extra panties, I won't have my Toy wearing dirty panties ... other than maybe my dirty panties."

I was rewarded with a blush from him and effusive thanks for letting him leave town to help a friend in need. We both got ready, and in the morning before he left, as I put the collar on and after he recited his mantra, I had some last-minute instructions.

"I want pictures of you with panties on and visible, later today, Saturday, and Sunday morning. Also don't forget this", I said handing him a small thick paper envelope, signed, and sealed in wax. "It is a key for your cage. I am positive you won't need to unlock yourself, but just in case, the key is in the envelope."

Having him send me such pictures was something I had wanted to experiment with, and to this day whenever he is away from me, he knows to send me revealing pictures every day we are apart.

Jack's Journal -- Fourth Excerpt

After the weekend with the boys' night out fiasco I really wanted to see if maybe one more weekend would help. And I did start to see differences in our marriage. Jessica seemed much happier during the week, smiling all the time. She also seemed more confident, and not abrasive but assertive. And of course, she was as sexy as ever, I was a lucky guy.

She also started touching me more, just little caresses during the week. We still were not having sex during the week, but we were cuddling more at night, and the sex between Miss Ann and Toy was amazing each weekend.

I still had that therapist's number, it had become my safety blanket, but each week, usually on Wednesday before bed, I would strip down and kneel before her, begging to be allowed to serve and obey her. I know it sounds weird, even doing it felt weird, but it also felt good. Our marriage had everything I wanted, but it was portioned out like I never would have considered.

We had fantastic sex on the weekends, had our long Sunday night debriefings, where we now talked about anything and everything. Some of it was her checking in on me, but I think she was feeling like maybe I wasn't as fragile as she had thought, and so the topics ranged everywhere. And we never had any fights to speak of, at all.

Previously we would fight every few months, and they were not little fights, but big ones that extended over time. But since we started our fun weekend hobby, we never fought. Until mom came to visit, and I didn't warn Jessica.

In a weird way it led to a breakthrough for me though. I was across her lap, gag in my mouth, and Miss Ann pounding away on my ass as hard as she could with her hairbrush when I had a moment of clarity. The word simplified and I almost became part of the waves of pain, and yet my thoughts were clear. It wasn't just words. Miss Ann, Jessica, wasn't spanking me to hurt me or anything like that. The reason that I was apologizing to her and thanking her afterwards was because she really was trying to do what was best for us. She wanted to help make me a better man and better husband. Every time she had spanked me, really spanked me, it was after I had screwed up. I deserved her discipline when it came, and from then on, I was able to accept it, accept her help, much more easily.

Step 5 -- Another Step Forward

After a couple of months, I decided it was time to push things forward. Our weekends had slowly grown stricter, but he still got plenty of sex and only the occasional swat to the behind. I was slowly pushing him with less masculine clothes, doing things like ordering for him in restaurants over the weekends, and he eagerly went along with every demand. However, despite the progression it almost felt like we had both fallen into a bit of a comfortable rut. Comfort was not what I had in mind for my Toy though.

At the end of the latest Sunday night talk session, while he was still tied down, I applied a cold pack, because he was very aroused from my fondling, and put the cock cage back on him. I always used it for going out on weekends and had even begun to use it regularly during the weekend even when we stayed in, but now I wanted to extend that.

"What are you doing?"

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, Miss Ann, why are you putting that back on me? It is Sunday night."

"I have special plans for you next week, and I want you excited. I don't like you masturbating, I want my Toy ready to go at full strength. Besides, you asked me to tell you what to wear, and I want you to wear your cage during the next week. Is that understood?"

"Yes ma'am. But what if I have a problem, an emergency or something?"

"You can have the envelope you took with you on your trip to help Alex. If you must, then of course you can unlock yourself. If that happens though you had better let me know ASAP and you can expect to get a thorough spanking. Now, go get dressed, and remember you wear

panties when you are wearing your cage. And honey, I love you and I am very proud of you, you are the most wonderful Toy and husband ever."

"Yes Miss Ann, I love you too, I love serving you."

The expression on his face was delightful. I could see how much he hated the cage and the panties, and yet he was afraid of me, of me spanking him, but even more afraid of disappointing me. He had let that thought slip two weeks ago, that he didn't want to let me down, and I was determined to use that to the best possible effect.

When I first put him into the cage for a day or so at a time it was more of a reminder of my control over his penis than anything else. It was on the weekend, and that was when I had sex with my Toy. So, the cage was mildly uncomfortable (said Toy), but not a major problem. I don't think he was masturbating during the weekends, even now when I had started reducing the sex we had a little bit at a time.

Going an entire week turned out to be much harder on both of us than I thought it would be. I knew he had masturbated during the week, but it didn't worry me, because I knew how much more he preferred having sex with me over his hand. However, it very quickly became obvious that it was more often than I imagined, that a great deal of his sexual energy was going to masturbation.

I had read about it, but his behavior that first week really drove the point home to me. There was this huge reservoir of sexual energy that was just sitting there, waiting for me to control, to shape to my needs and desires.

I admit, I wasn't prepared for his comments, complaints, and whining that week. He had become so habituated to my weekend control that he never complained about the cage or really anything that happened then. During the week we were a couple, equals for the most part, and

on weekends he was my Toy. And both of us -- aside from the normal tribulations of daily life -- were very happy with that.

Putting Jack's cock into a cage though unleashed a torrent of comments and complaints. Toy might be willing or even eager to play games with his cock being caged, but it appeared that Jack, who knew wouldn't be having sex with me until the weekend and so was being denied his only weekday outlet, was not nearly so happy.

It was a bit of a conundrum for me. If it had been Toy complaining, well I could solve that easily with the hairbrush, but I had only spanked Jack once, our first real spanking ever, when he had broken his word to me by not being there waiting for me when I got home. And even then, it was on the boundary, right before I collared him, and he became my Toy.

This was different though. His comments and complaints were annoying, but he wasn't doing anything against the rules. That would change, of course, but for now I needed so way to handle the situation. It was made more difficult because I could tell that he really was uncomfortable. On the weekends as my Toy, he was horny enough to not mind the discomfort, plus as I said he knew there was sex coming soon. But during the week it was just an uncomfortable hunk of metal preventing him from pleasuring himself.

As I said, I was caught off guard, but I managed to put him off when his complaints started, bright and early Monday morning, telling him we could talk about it that evening. I was not productive at all at work that day, instead I was focused on the problem at hand.

Maybe I should just be happy with where we were. Stopping now was an option. I had started down this road in love with my husband but unhappy in my marriage, and now I was even more in love with him and much happier with our marriage than I had been. But I just couldn't get over the need that had been growing in me, the growing need to

dominate him utterly. At the start of this journey, I probably would have been happy to stop with as much progress in molding my husband as I had made, but I just couldn't stop now.

Eventually I decided to combat his complaints with kindness and attention. I wasn't positive it would work, but it was the best option I had.

So that evening, when he started his complaints, I put the chicken dish I was cooking off to the side, and insisted I go and check out the situation down there. I explained that I loved his wonderful penis and wanted to make sure nothing was truly wrong.

I had him strip naked once we were in the bedroom and I had him get into our "discussion position." Months ago, I had secured leather cuffs to the corners of our bed (much more convenient than the eye bolts I originally used), and when they were not in use they were tucked away, not visible without a bit of searching. I was just assertive enough, and this was something we did every single week, so that before he knew it, he was lying down, face up in bed, with his arms and legs secured.

Then I pulled out the key -- it is a cliché, but I wore it then and still wear it around my neck on a gold chain -- and unlocked him. Grabbing some lotion I examined his private parts, applying lotion and examining the situation. In truth he was fine, of course, but I wanted to take advantage of this opportunity. The lotion I used was my own, and the one with the most girlish, most floral scent. He would never choose to use a lotion like that, but that was the lotion I was determined to use.

This was the first weekday attention I had given his penis for a long time. I figured associating wearing the cage with getting extra attention would be a win for both of us. I had read that chastity training was most effective if the subject was kept as aroused as possible, so that whole week, every night, I had him get into his position and I applied the scented lotion and made sure the cage wasn't harming him. I had to get

a freezer pack from the kitchen to get him back in the cage afterwards. His gasp and violent twitching from the cold and then the click of the lock was my reward.

For the record my chicken dish from that first night was a total loss, and we ended up having to go to a local pizza place for dinner that evening.

On the second night when I had him bound and his cage off, I told him I had done some research and I now knew what was wrong. He hadn't asked about the towel I had put down on the bed, but he understood when I explained that part of the reason that he was so uncomfortable was all the pubic hair he had down there. "Everyone says being clean shaven down there makes the cage much more comfortable, so you just lay back and I will get you taken care of, I don't want you suffering extra for no reason."

I don't think he believed I was really going to shave him until after I started, and by that point he had to sit absolutely still and besides it would look ridiculous if it was only partway done. I had read up on shaving down there, and it wasn't as bad as I had feared. We both escaped with no cuts or abrasions. My big mistake was doing it in the bed, as the towel was nowhere near sufficient, and I ended up having to change the bedding that very evening. In retrospect I should have made him do it.

My Toy's orgasm that weekend, his first after wearing the cage all week, and being teased by me every evening, was spectacular. I had never seen him cum so much. It was so powerful he was a shuddering mess afterwards and he was so sensitive that he couldn't stop giggling. I knew he was ticklish, but this was a reaction I had never seen from him before.

In our Sunday evening debriefing we spent a long time talking about his feelings about being caged all week and the orgasms he had as a result. I stroked him the entire time we talked through it and at the end of the

discussion I wondered aloud if it was something he might want to do again. Torn by fear and desire he didn't respond at first.

"If we are going to do it again this week, I should make sure you are shaved and make sure to apply some of that lotion you like. Even if we don't, it will be itchy as the devil down there unless we keep is clean shaven."

"OK, I guess."

That was Jack code for this is something I don't want to do, but I am not willing to fight about it right now. It was that sort of passive-aggressive behavior that had contributed to some of our worst fights over the years.

"No Toy, you know how this works. Either I order it, or you beg, and I think you enjoyed your orgasm enough to beg me to give it to you again."

He understood the subtext perfectly well. If he didn't beg I was likely to order it anyway. And so, he begged to be locked away for the week, and again the next week. And by then it was a part of our routine. He did mention a few times that he would like to skip a week, but at that point I just gave him the look and made it clear it was an order now.

And that was how it came to be that my husband wore his cage and panties every single day, and when I first started making sure he was clean-shaven down there. I thought his husband behavior had changed before, but this was much more powerful. I asserted myself more and more, and more and more he deferred to me. And in bed, suddenly I was free to have my way with him. I no longer had to be cold or distant at all. While he was in the cage his only outlet was to give me oral sex, and quickly that became our every evening ritual, right along with me teasing him as much as I could.

Jack's Journal -- Fifth Excerpt

When Miss Ann told me that I was to wear my chastity cage all week, she didn't have to work very hard to get me to go along. I had been having fantasies about being locked up. Miss Ann had locked me up for short time periods, and even then, it was frightening, exciting, and arousing all at once.

It was one of those things that is great as a fantasy, but horrible when it happens. The worst part was sleeping with that damn thing on. I kept waking up in pain and discomfort. I got very little sleep that first week. It made me irritable, clumsy, and especially whiny.

Like many guys I pride myself on being kind of tough, willing and able to suck it up and keep going. But that thing clamped around my balls turned me into a sniveling baby. I didn't like myself, but I was miserable enough I still felt justified.

I had not realized just how much I had been masturbating during the week, until it came to a sudden halt. I read stories where guys in cages whine about having to sit down to pee and such, but really, I was often sitting down anyway, so I could pee and then wank off.

Without the release of masturbation, it felt like I could hardly sit still or focus. If I wasn't in pain from trying to be erect, I was struggling to stay awake and alert. And when I could focus, all my thoughts were about Jessica and the magical key she wore around her neck.

I complained enough that I thought Jessica might spank me (and yes that thought aroused me even more, painfully so), but she was nice and understanding. She checked down there every night to make sure there were no abrasions or anything and ended up giving me a massage every night. I think that last part was mostly to keep me aroused, but my god did it feel great. It was completely worth the arousal, every night once she had started, I didn't want her to stop.

We tried shaving my pubic hair, which seemed to help a little bit (getting your hair caught and then yanked in the cage is NOT fun), and as a bonus Jessica really liked the look of it. At first, I admit I was ashamed of how it looked, but she spent more time looking at my junk than I did and if it meant more attention, I was OK with it.

The best thing to happen that week came from me accidentally burning dinner and then snapping at Jessica as if it was her fault. I carried a bit of guilt about that event, even into the weekend. I mentioned it to Miss Ann during our Sunday session, and she just smiled and gripped my penis tightly.

"Silly boy, next time you feel bad about something you should just tell me Friday before our little ceremony. I can give you a few quick swats and everything will be fine. I want us to have fun on the weekend and not be burdened down with guilt. So, if either of us is bothered by anything we can just take care of it then and there, OK?"

That was the good thing that came from that session. The bad thing was the cage. My lovely wife had seemingly enjoyed having me in a cage as much as I disliked it. She clearly wanted me to want the device on and that wasn't going to happen. We talked for a few minutes, me at my usual disadvantage, tied up, naked, and aroused, and I realized that if I didn't give in, she was going to order it, and I wasn't sure I was OK with that. Reluctantly I decided to go along with the program, but it was the first time I felt pressured, and I didn't like it.

Jessica's Note: I could not for the life of me remember when we added spanking to the Friday Night ceremony. I knew it was Toy's idea, but not when it happened, at least not until I found and read his journal. The first few weeks we both made up excuses for why he needed a spanking, and then we just had a nice spank without any excuses before the collar or cage went on. I never spanked him very hard; it was much more mood setting and funishment than punishment.

Step 6 -- The Fight

Nearly a month after wearing the cage became part of his everyday routine I explained to Jack -- it was a Tuesday, so it was to Jack and not Toy that I was talking to -- that I had to go out of town with the girls on a short trip this next weekend, so he was going to be on his own. He was excited for about three seconds before he realized that meant there would be no release for him this weekend. All the fun and games that we had both grown to enjoy (me more than him, I suspect) were not going to happen.

I had scheduled the trip because I knew that the weekend after that he had a planned trip out of town, driving to his brother's birthday (a trip that I couldn't attend because of work commitments). Suddenly he was staring at three weeks without any sexual release. I had several times made it clear to him that I would only be having sex with Toy and that Jack would stay in his cage. He had never gone more than a week without release, and I could see the thought of it frightened and maybe even angered him.

The next day we had an argument. I knew it had been building and I figured he needed a chance to blow off some steam. What I wanted, almost more than to win the argument though, was for him to go too far and give me an excuse to put him over my knee again. It had been too long since he was sobbing on my lap. I had found myself over the weeks looking for excuses to give him the spanking I so desired.

As he gathered steam on Wednesday, I was relentlessly nice. I let him spiral into every grudge he had about the whole process we were going through. I had tricked him, I didn't love him, every possible complaint came up and he yelled. A lot. He swore. A lot. Everything that had happened was my fault, was against him and not fair. To be fair he

wasn't wrong about most of it. I did love him, but the rest of it was spot on.

But being right was no defense, he crossed a line and when he looked at me, he realized it. If he had kept calm, angry maybe, but still calm, I might have been in trouble. That is why I went out of my way to be so infuriatingly nice to him. I needed him to overreact, to yell and swear, because otherwise I might find myself in an argument where we were on equal footing or even worse, he might have the moral high ground.

Eventually he started winding down from his ranting and looked at me and realized I was just sitting there, crying. Yes, I had planned (seeing that he was itching for a fight) and gotten a small bit of onion juice on my handkerchief. By dabbing my eyes, I caused them to tear up. An artful sob and suddenly he was caught dumbfounded as his wife was quietly crying in front of him.

"I thought this is what we both wanted. Every step of the way you asked me, begged me. The whole time I checked in with how you were doing, making sure you knew I loved you and was proud of you. I guess it was all just a lie; I didn't think you were a liar. I thought we were both happy, but I guess not. Go ahead and wear what you want, we are done."

He stood there, staring down at me, caught completely off guard. He wanted to be angry, to have someone to fight with, and here I was crying and refusing to fight. I had only cried in front of him twice in all the years we had been together. The first time was after I miscarried, and we discovered I couldn't have children, and the second time was when my father died. Both times my crying completely unraveled him.

"Do you remember when we first started and you wanted to go out with the boys and I gave you permission, even though you were supposed to be mine that weekend? I had hoped we could come up with something this time too, but it sounds like you don't want to

continue any more. I still love you, but I am very disappointed, and I don't know what to do. I think we are done."

The anger drained from his face and body. He looked empty. The anger had filled him and now it was gone, and it looked like the habits I had built into him the last few months were gone too. He looked like he had no idea what to say or do, what came next. He stood there looking at me sobbing for what seemed like forever (it was probably a minute or two at most).

"Please Miss Ann, Jessica, don't cry. We will figure something out. I am so sorry I lost my temper. We will figure something out, I promise."

Looking around he suddenly skittered across the room, grabbed my hairbrush off the nightstand and walked slowly towards me.

One of the best things about how we were now wasn't just that I was in charge, but when we fought, I spanked him, he apologized, and it was over. Even for him that was better than fighting with me endlessly, a cold war over the days which occasionally and unexpectedly would turn hot.

I don't know if it was conscious or not, but in that moment, I think he hoped or felt that the best path was to make sure the fight was over and done with. He knew he was at fault; he had crossed the line with the yelling, swearing, and ranting. In holding out the brush to me, dropping his pants, he was willing to accept punishment, to pay for disappointing me. And then, he hoped, his transgression would be forgotten.

Sniffing and putting aside my handkerchief, I looked at him, "Do you have something to say?"

"Please, I am so sorry. Please spank me. We will figure something out."

Taking the brush, I helped settle him across my knees and began to lay into him. He started sobbing quickly, but I kept going and he began to cry out, eventually winding down into horse sobs. It was the most cathartic experience of my life. It felt like our marriage was dead and then being reborn from the ashes, new and better than before.

When I was done, he began thanking me and apologizing and telling me that we would think of something, anything. I gently put my finger to his lips and shushed him.

"What you did is behind us, now we need to figure out what to do next. The problem, as I see it, is we can't count on always being free for the weekends to let Toy come out and play. And yet, being Miss Ann and directing her Toy takes energy and concentration, and I don't know that I can do that any time you feel the need. I also don't know if either of us is ready for a full time Miss Ann and Toy relationship.

"I have read about Female Led Relationships, also known as Wife Led Marriages. That might be a possible solution, a balance we might find. Why don't you research it, come up with some ideas and maybe the pros and cons of such an everyday relationship that works for both of us and then you can report back to me. Then I can decide what we should do and together we will make this work. How does that sound?"

"You mean it? We can work together and find a compromise?"

"I am sure we can find something that works. I want to do everything possible before deciding our marriage is over."

"Over, what do you mean?"

"I love my Toy. I don't know that we can be together without that outlet. The sex is like nothing I have felt before, I don't want to lose it, don't want to lose you. I love you. If we can't figure out something, I don't know, it might be over."

Jack's Journal -- Sixth Excerpt

It was a weird few weeks after wearing the cage became an all the time thing. My life had mostly revolved around my wife the last several months, but now I was utterly obsessed with her and especially that key.

Half the time I was aroused and constantly thinking of ways to please her, be worthy for her. The other half the time I was angry at her and what she was doing, it was obvious that this whole time she was slowly but surely luring me into this predicament. But even that is not even true, because often I was both desperate to please her AND angry at her at the same time.

Eventually I started getting used to it enough I could sleep through the night, but nothing else got any better. I had a trip to visit the family coming up and she wasn't going along -- she had some work excuse, but really she had no interest in spending time with my family, especially my mother. I was dreading the trip since it almost certainly meant two whole weeks without relief in the chastity cage.

Then she gayly announced that she was going to take a trip with her girlfriends the weekend before my trip. Not wanting to see my family, OK fine, I didn't like it, but I understood. But then to schedule a trip the weekend before, making me suffer for three whole weeks, that was too much.

I was already cranky, and the whole thing caused me to lose my temper. I was unhappily adjusting to a week at a time without release, and then to see it tripled, for no good reason. I yelled and swore, stomped around, and even smashed the bedside lamp by throwing a shoe in anger and accidentally hitting it.

I rarely get mad, and so when it happens it almost never goes well and I am usually miserable about it afterwards, often for days. This time I

was miserable almost instantly. There she was crying and suddenly she was talking about "it being over."

She spanked me, and the immediate crisis was averted, but the problem was still there. We still had the problem of losing our weekends with trips and such, and she was not willing to have sex during the week and I wasn't willing to be forced to weeks without hope of release. Plus, I still felt more than a little manipulated.

She had mentioned possibly switching our relationship to a Wife Led Marriage, but I doubted she was going to go along with that. It would me extra work for her on weekdays, not just weekends. She seemed very happy with our weekend/weekday split, and every previous time I had suggested changing it she had squashed the idea.

I was also haunted by "it being over." Each time I went over it in my mind it seemed more likely that she was talking about our relationship. I thoroughly enjoyed our weekend fun, but even without it I couldn't lose her. She even looked up a possible divorce lawyer.

Step 7 -- I Allow Myself to be Convinced.

The next few days were a whirlwind of activity by my loving husband. He was determined to find a solution. The specter of our marriage being over was strong. I even contacted a divorce lawyer and made sure I "accidentally" left her card where he would see it.

I left for my trip with the girls confident that when I came back, he would have a proposal I could work with. I already had control of his sexual releases, but other than that much of our marriage was still a shared enterprise. Our finances and house were in both our names, we

made plans like trips as a couple, and his social activities (other than on Toy weekends) were open to him.

I was determined to control all that. I wanted every aspect of his life under my control, and I wanted him to ask me to take that control. I wanted him to embrace what was coming, no matter what I did to him, and I wanted to know there was no way he would ever escape.

When I got back late Sunday night, I could tell he wanted to give me his plan right then, but I had other ideas. I collared him and tied him to the bed, so we could go through our Sunday ritual, with me asking him about how he was doing. I wanted to get a sense of how he was really doing, if he was ready to commit to being mine, or if I needed to draw it out longer to give him more time to become accustomed to the idea of being fully under my authority. I had come too far to rush now.

He had spent all weekend at home - researching, thinking, missing me. He admitted that he had found the lawyer's card and had researched her -- I had picked out a very good lawyer and he knew it. I asked if he had found a lawyer, and he just looked sick. At that point I am not ashamed to admit that we both broke down crying and telling each other how much we loved each other. Through it all I never doubted my love for him, or his for me. I think that is what made all this possible.

Eventually our talking wound down and I released him. I reached for his thick leather collar, to remove it, and he asked if maybe he could just wear it to bed tonight.

"Of course, honey. We should both take tomorrow off from work, and we can use the time to discuss where we go from here. I have already called my boss; she was very understanding of my family emergency."

Then I handed him the phone and watched while he called in, it never occurred to him to deviate from my lead.

In the morning, after breakfast that he served to me in bed, naked except for his cage, we decided to discuss things. He naturally seemed to fall into his weekend routine. I informed him that we would discuss it as if it was a Sunday evening debriefing, and so before he knew it, he was tied up in bed, with his cage off so I could have easy access to his penis.

He was already at attention, but I gently stroked it and asked my soon-to-be-slave what he had come up with.

He described all the features of a Female Led Relationship and laid out how most of it we already were following. That with just a few changes we could be a full-time FLR relationship. It is obvious that what he really wanted, what he hoped by that, is that sex for him would not be just on weekends anymore.

I insisted we step through the details. As he had said I already controlled the sex, but there were other parts to our marriage.

"What about vacations, travel, the time during the week you spend with friends? Would you really be OK being under my authority, deferring to me regarding all those decisions? We would talk it through of course, but it sounds like what you are asking for would be me as the final authority over those things? Is that right?"

"Yes. I know it is asking a lot, but I thought about it, and I wouldn't want to do anything you didn't like, so it wouldn't be a big change anyway."

"What about big life decisions, if I wanted to move to a different state for a job or something. You would really be OK being at my mercy for those sorts of decisions?"

"I don't care where I live, I love you and can't live without you."

I kept expecting him to decide that three weeks -- at this point only two more weeks -- of being in the cage without release would be better

than ceding all authority over to me. But somewhere along the way that option had vanished. For him it was to surrender to me or lose me. I certainly wasn't going to point out the third option to him.

"How about our finances? You would be OK with everything being in my name? You wouldn't mind if I gave you an allowance each week, and that is all you had to spend? For anything more, you would have to ask me?"

"Like I said, I love you and I trust you. I don't really care much about money and stuff anyway."

"And the chores around the house? You do them now during our weekends, but we wouldn't be sharing them any more during the week? I just want to make sure you know what with this power you would be putty in my hands," and with a silly grin that meant he would know I wasn't being serious, "I could even have you get a tattoo of my name on your body, and you would have to do it."

Smiling at my jest, while I continued stroking his fully erect penis, he replied "but what name would I put, Miss Ann or Jessica?"

"I was thinking about that. I think in private, if this is what is going to happen, I think you should address me as Mistress Jessica. In public you can call me Ma'am or Jessica, but I don't think Jess would be appropriate. What would you like to be called?"

"I ... I don't know. Can't you just call me Jack, Mistress Jessica?"

"I am not your Mistress yet silly. And Jack, Jack is the equal that I married. I love Jack, but I think maybe that we have moved past you being Jack. If you want, I can call you that in public though, but we need something for private."

"I am used to Toy; you can keep calling me that. I kind of like it."

We walked through all the various aspects of it, and while he wanted to rush, I took my time and asked about everything. The whole time I was gently stroking him in the thighs and neck, face, chest, and penis. He was so aroused I don't know how he was focusing on anything, but then I would ask a specific question and insist on a clear answer, pinching his nipple nice and hard if I had to, so clearly knew what he was committing to.

The whole process took all morning. In the end he wrote everything out on the computer, we both read through it, and he signed it. Then he handed it to me.

It was everything we talked about, but I decided there was one more thing I wanted. Just one more thing, for now.

"Honey, I heard something about maintenance spanking. I have noticed that for days after a spanking you behave wonderfully. I know you agree to discipline as I see fit, when you disappoint me, but I think it would be good for our relationship if you agreed to regular maintenance spankings as a reminder."

"I don't understand."

"It wouldn't mean you had done anything wrong. It would just be a reminder. From what I read a habit like that means less spanking in the long run, less misbehaving. I was thinking once a week and hopefully that will work wonders and we won't have to go more often."

He had the oddest expression, but he agreed and added the amendment to it. And again, he handed it to me to sign.

"Are you sure you want this? Once we both agree to this we are committed. How do I know that you are sure that this is what you want?"

As I hoped he began begging me. I don't think he had slept much the night before and after hours of being relentlessly teased and all that writing he was exhausted. I had won. I let him beg for a good ten minutes, and then I released him from the cuffs. He dropped to the floor and began kissing my feet, all the while begging me, his penis at attention.

Eventually I gave in to his insistence and I signed it. And then I grabbed his face and I lifted my skirt. He knew what to do and began pleasuring me that instant. As soon as he was done, I locked his cage onto his, or should I say my penis.

Jack's Journal -- Seventh Excerpt

It felt just as bad as it had during the dark days of our marriage. It was after we discovered her medical issues that prevented her from having a child. The news put us both in a bad place, and things happened that I am not proud of. Put plainly, I cheated on Jess.

There is no excuse, but it was when she was completely shutting me out and my whole family went insane. Jess's family were no better, and under the pressure of the whole situation I just checked out of the marriage. Then I met Sheila, and we hooked up a couple of times. It was miserable and I was swallowed up by guilt. I broke it off with no hard feelings.

A few months later I heard about her friend Alice's new friend, Sheila. Naturally it was her. I saw her a few times after that, at one event or another, but I don't think we shared more than a dozen words between us.

While I was working on a possible way to save our relationship, I spent a great deal of time thinking about it, where we started and how it

evolved. At this point I was helplessly under her spell. I even came to terms with the fact that if she rejected my plan for a Wife Led Marriage, I was willing to give in to whatever it was she wanted.

But even though I knew I was hopelessly in love with her and serving her, with being her toy, I still had questions. I wanted to know from her how it had all happened. So, when she got home on Sunday and decided we were going to have a regular session and were not going to discuss changes to our relationship I decided to ask away. I was afraid of the answers, but I wanted the truth.

"Did you purposefully turn me on, making me want to serve you, obey you, be spanked by you?"

"Of course, I did silly, but it wasn't like that. I loved you dearly then, just as I love you now. When I decided I wanted you as my sex toy, naturally I wanted it to be fun for you. I wanted both of us to enjoy what was happening. I didn't want it to be all fun for me and for you to be miserable. That would be terrible.

"Yes, I was selfish in wanting you to be mine, but I also wanted you to want to be mine. That is why we had so much sex and why I tried to make our debriefing sessions, like this one, so much fun. I love your penis and love having you tied down so I can play with you as much as I want, and I wanted to know what you were thinking and feeling.

"But I also love the fact that these sessions turn you on, help you look forward to the next weekend, and help make sure we both enjoy what is happening. I would never force you darling, but I gladly work to make sure you are having fun.

"You do enjoy these sessions, don't you? I can stop with all the stroking if you insist."

The sessions had grown to be my favorite time of the week and there was no way I wanted her to stop. I was relieved at her answers though because I could tell she was telling me the truth. She really did love me and did want to make sure I was enjoying the things we did.

In my head, before I asked the question, I was sure she was going to deny it or something, but she told me the truth. It wasn't just the spanking where she was trying to make me a better husband, it was the whole thing. I don't know if I was worth all the time and effort, but I am glad she did.

I was even more glad when she signed off on the WLM plan we came up with. I almost laughed out loud when she wanted to add in a weekly maintenance spanking clause, because I had thought about including something like that, but it seemed kind of dumb. It felt silly how much her spanking me turned me on and any excuse for more of that worked for me.

That doesn't mean I liked it when she really went after me, it still hurt. But somehow the whole process was just sexy, and I just felt so connected to her during and after a spanking.

Jessica's Note: Jack's infidelity was not news to me. I was at lunch with Sheila, Alice, and Becky and we were all listening to Sheila's tale of her brief fling with a married man. As she described the man, the circumstances, and the excuse he used to get free to meet her, I knew it was Jack. At that point I was still in the middle of my own fling. Neither of us came out of that time looking good. And clearly neither his nor my fling had anything either of us really wanted. I wasn't kidding when I said our marriage was unhappy before I started making it better.

Step 8 -- The WLM Begins

I had prepared a long time for this, but there was still so much to do. It ended up taking months to get our finances situated, the house and everything else fully in my name. The lawyer I got was a bit hesitant, but my Toy was insistent and convinced her that it was for the best. He said something about family history and health issues and the two of them exchanged knowing looks. Honestly, I was a bit confused, but whatever works.

Finding a new routine was much faster. I continued with cage inspections and using plenty of my scented lotion. I also upgraded his daily ablutions to include using the lotion on his hands and feet. He commented on the scent, but I ignored his comment as irrelevant. I also scheduled him for his first mani-pedi that first week, over his Thursday lunch hour.

On Tuesday, when I first brought it up, he was very reticent, and again I ignored him. I scheduled maintenance spankings for Wednesday night, and I hoped that his experience Wednesday would make him amenable on Thursday.

As he settled into my lap, I once again explained to him that he had not done anything wrong, I just wanted to make sure he understood who was in charge, now and going forward. It wasn't the hardest spanking I had given him, but it was the longest, and his reaction to it was different than it had been to being spanked before.

At the start I could feel his tension. After a few minutes though I could feel the rhythm of pain sink into him. He wasn't thinking any more, just feeling.

When it was all done, he apologized for making me do this and thanked me. I hadn't thought about it that way, but I was training him to be the best version of himself and so I accepted his apology and thanks and set

him to work eating me out. Spanking him never failed to turn me on, and feeling the afterglow post Wednesday spanking quickly became a weekly highlight for both of us.

Thursday morning as my Toy was getting ready for work, I told him I would be meeting him at the salon, and we could grab something quick to eat afterwards. He looked surprised for a moment, but then realized I was getting my hands and feet done as well.

"Sharon, this is my husband. This is his first time. He's a little nervous. He doesn't realize how many men get their hands and feet done."

"Don't worry hon. I will take care of you myself and Chris will take care of your wife. Just relax, you will enjoy it, promise. Just look over there, that's Pete, he's a regular."

I saw him squirming in his seat a bit, but I think that was the spanking the night before and his sore ass, more than any nervousness. At that moment I realized I should have made Toy wear his butt plug. An opportunity lost, but there would be more chances.

Now that I had control of him, I had to make sure my control was solidified. More than anything else I needed to break him down. I needed him to be compliant, accepting his position beneath me. I knew the threat of divorce would not keep him in line forever, I needed more than fear. Fear brought him that final step into an FLR, but I didn't think it would keep him there.

Controlling his money and social interactions would help, but I needed to chip away at his ego. I didn't want to destroy him or anything, but he needed to accept with all his heart that he was less than me, that I was his superior and that following my lead in everything was natural and right.

To keep him compliant in the moment I decided that fewer orgasms for him would help. The more I could keep him in a constant state of arousal, the more he would submit to me, to get what he wanted. The regular spankings and restrictions like his allowance -- calculated to be not quite enough money to make it through a typical week, making it necessary to skip a lunch or two or to beg me for money towards the end of the week -- helped chip away at his male ego.

However, being cautious, I also decided to exploit his insecurities about masculinity. I knew that wearing panties every day still bothered him, and it didn't help that I was slowly but surely cycling out the somewhat plain panties I had originally bought for him -- when there was some doubt about his willingness to follow my directions and wear them -- and now he had a fine selection of bright and lovely silk panties.

The scented lotion every day and the soon to be regular mani-pedi routine were also steps towards making my Toy a bit more feminine. After the mani-pedi, at lunch, I asked him how he felt about the experience. He started equivocating, but one stern look and he knew the truth was his safest option.

"I didn't like it. Sitting there, the scents, all the women, some of them looking at me. The people in the mall walking by looking at me. It was embarrassing."

"No one was looking at you. Pete and plenty of other guys have the same thing done every day of the week. Besides," I said grabbing his chin and turning it so he was looking directly into my eyes, "it is not about what you like. I like you having nice pretty hands and feet, so that is what is going to happen. Understand?"

Swallowing hard, as if he was finally realizing what he had begged for, "Yes ma'am. Thank you."

"Good. I think I am going to want to see what my Toy looks like with his pretty feet when the nails are polished. I think I would like that very much."

That evening we had a minor household emergency, a broken dishwasher which leaked water everywhere, so I didn't have the energy to see to my Toy's toenails. I did get to see him mopping, cleaning, and doing the dishes though, so that was nice. We ended up going out and purchasing a new dishwasher though, I felt certain I could find better tasks to keep my slave busy than that, and if I couldn't, well I could have him wash the dishes by hand if I wanted, working dishwasher or not.

That Friday was the first time, other than a few instances, where we did not have our collaring ceremony. He was already collared; he had worn the metal necklace since we had signed our agreement. I wanted to hear him say "I, Mistress Jessica's Toy, swear to obey and serve her to the best of my ability for as long as I wear this collar", but I wasn't sure when it would feel right. I decided to make it Toy's problem.

"Toy, I miss you swearing to serve and obey me as we put your collar on. What do you think we should do about that?"

He thought for a second, "how about when I serve you breakfast in the morning I kneel down and swear to serve and obey you, just like I did when you put the collar on me Friday evenings?"

I haven't mentioned it before, but Toy oversaw serving me all my meals. He was to fix my breakfast and serve it to me stark naked (except for his cage and collar) every morning. Requesting bacon is a favorite of mine because he is always so nervous about the splattering grease.

I considered making him eat his meals from a doggie dish, but that seemed too much too soon, so I allowed him to join me at the table once I had been served. When we ate out, I always ordered for him,

and he was never allowed to start eating until I signaled it was OK with a little nod.

That first Saturday we ate out at a nice steak restaurant, and he absentmindedly gnawed on a piece of bread from the basket they brought out before I gave him the signal. The mortified look when he realized what he had done was lovely and it gave me a chance to try out my recent purchases that had arrived just that morning.

Earlier that day I had set him to assemble what had arrived in the large heavy box. I enjoyed having him across my lap as I was spanking him, but it really was kind of awkward. He is a large man, larger than I at any rate, and didn't fit over my knees terribly well. He always ended up sprawled out holding himself up with his hands. So, I had ordered a bondage horse, a clever one that folded up into something that looked like the sort of ottoman or something similar that one might put in their bedroom.

He knew what was waiting for him when we got home. I was looking forward to it, and some of that energy rubbed off on him, I think. When we walked into the house from the garage he dropped down on his knees and looked at me. I reached down and patted his head, "go upstairs, strip, and get into position. Let's get this over with."

I loved my new bondage horse and the leather strap I bought at the same time. Locking him into position was easy as pie and the access and ease of punishment was simply delightful. When he first settled into the horse, he was tense, but after a few minutes he began to relax into the punishment. I hadn't realized how limiting having him just over my knees and using a hairbrush had been. Another benefit is that he looked very photogenic, all locked in and helpless looking.

Throughout the process I took the occasional picture with my phone, keepsakes and maybe even a photo journal to mark our progress together. Early on he had asked about it and I replied honestly that I

loved him and that he turned me on, that I didn't need porn when I had pictures of him. Since we had formalized our relationship with me in charge, I had begun taking many more pictures though, and occasionally he would give me a bit of a worried glance when I was taking the pictures. That encouraged me to take more.

Releasing him from the horse he apologized, thanked me, and dropped to his knees, knowing I would want his attention right then. As I said, delightful.

After I was finished, I had him clean us both up and then I had him sit in the bathroom. "I didn't forget about wanting to see your petty feet with the nails all nice and polished. Not the boring clear polish, but a pretty color." Pulling down several different colors from my makeup cabinet I looked at him and "which color do you want?"

There he was, sitting on what I am sure was a very sore butt and he clearly was being ordered to pick out a shade for something he absolutely did not want to have happen. But between his already sore rear end and my demeanor he knew he was stuck.

Eyeing the collection of bottles like they were venomous snakes, he pointed at a delicate coral pink polish, easily the most subtle shade in the batch. If I had thought about it, I never would have pulled down that particular shade, but one has to live with one's mistakes.

I talked to him through the process of painting his own nails. Once or twice, I considered just showing him how to do it, but I realized that might compromise my authority. Halfway through the process, as he was starting to get the hang of it, I realized I would never again have to put on my own nail polish.

"Toy, learn well. From now on you will be doing the nails on my hands and feet. You are going to practice applying and removing the polish on

you, so that when it comes time to do mine you will be perfect at it. How does that sound?"

His "Thank you Mistress Jessica" was not as enthusiastic as I would like, but there was no sign of rebellion.

It had been a long and busy first week of being under my authority. I decided to not let him come that first week. I knew he expected it, but I wanted him a bit on edge and extra aroused. When we talked through our Sunday debriefing, we had so much to talk about.

Just after securing the cuffs, I let him know that if he was good tonight and tomorrow, I would let him cum for me Monday night. That was after all why we had entered this arrangement, so we were not restricted to just weekend fun. It was fun seeing his arousal spike even as much of his tension drain away.

His first question though caught me completely off guard. "Mistress Jessica, the bondage horse was a bit wobbly; would it be OK for me to take it apart and reassemble it tomorrow night?"

I couldn't help it, I burst out laughing. After everything that had happened this week, that is what he had questions about?

"Yes," I said still grinning, "Toy, it has been the best week of my life. I love you so much. Everything you do for me means more to me than you can ever know."

The look on his face was one of wonder and amazement, as if he hadn't realized how much I loved what he was, what he was becoming. I realized then I had been far too lax in telling him I loved him. From that day forward, every single day, I tell him how much I love him at least once a day. Sometimes it is through a phone call, email, or text, on the rare times we are apart. But I make a special point of it because it is true, and I always want him to know it.

After that epiphany the rest of the (very long) debriefing went well. We talked at length about the maintenance spanking. He admitted that one of the hardest parts of our arrangement was remembering all the rules I was putting in place.

One such rule was the old-fashioned habit of standing when a lady enters a room or approaches a table one is at. Not for all ladies of course, but I was very firm that he should stand when I approached. He wasn't against those rules, but like accidentally and absently eating a piece of bread, he realized he had years of training to overcome. I promised I would be patient with him, continuing to punish and then forgive, until he learned the rules.

I was sure my assault on his male ego was working though, because of all the things we talked about he never once mentioned the mani-pedi or doing his own toenails. He did mention my nails though, a bit nervously, but again I promised patience on my part, while he learned how to do his new duties.

Jack's Journal -- Excerpt Eight

I am not very handy, and I never have been. Both my dad and my brother are great at that sort of thing, but sadly I am not. I used to be self-conscious about it, and so I thought about it plenty. Eventually I concluded that my spatial reasoning and visualization was just not very good. When something was finished, I could look at it and understand, but then when it was apart, I couldn't visualize how it should fit back together. It was frustrating.

That is a long excuse for my trouble with that damn bondage horse. Mistress Jessica gave me the box of parts, I had the instructions, and I owned the necessary tools. It took me hours to put it together. Well, it

took me hours for me to do it wrong four or five times (I lost track). Eventually I got it done.

I was certain that Mistress Jessica would want an excuse to use the horse at the earliest opportunity, and I was also excited by it -- the shape, the smell of the leather, all the straps. Come to think of it, all that might have contributed to my assembly challenges.

That evening at dinner I absent-mindedly grabbed and bit into a dinner roll. Mistress Jessica had not yet given me permission to eat, and here I was inconsiderately munching away. It was an embarrassing misstep, and I knew it even before I saw her eyes tighten in that familiar look of annoyance. I knew I would be giving the horse a test ride very soon.

Later that evening as I was awkwardly settling into the horse, it occurred to me that I should have at least tried to sit in it after I had put it together. A vision of the whole thing collapsing under me filled my head. It didn't help that I felt something inside make a "click" or "snap" sound and the whole thing shifted under me as my full weight hit it and Mistress Jessica tightened the straps.

She started smacking my behind and for the first few minutes I just huddled on top of it, strapped in and certain it would fall apart. Eventually the rhythm and pain took hold, and I was able to relax and accept my deserved punishment.

She laughed out loud when I asked her if I could have some time to rebuild it, and then the most wonderful smile filled her face, and she told me how much she loved me. In that moment she was the only thing in the world that existed for me.

That week Mistress Jessica also started training me to take care of her fingernails and toenails. The first few times of practicing on my toenails didn't go any better than my battle with the bondage horse had.

Eventually I conquered both the horse assembly and how to apply nail polish -- the tribulations of the modern slave, I guess.

Step 9 -- Fashion Show

I decided we should celebrate as we drove home from the lawyer's office, it had taken over two months, but everything was finally and completely in my name. I had found a recommendation for her online on a kinky bulletin board, and I am pretty sure she knew what the score was. I think that is why she pressed Toy as hard as she did, making sure he really wanted this, and I think that is also why she suggested, right at the end of the meeting, that we might want to investigate having me have power of attorney over my husband.

She also mentioned we might want some sort of estate arrangement, just in case something happened to me, so I would be sure my husband was taken care of. Neither of those options had ever occurred to me. I promised her we would consider it and thanked her for all her help.

Earlier that evening I had Toy make a reservation at a nice upscale Italian restaurant, and we stopped there on our way home. When the waiter arrived, I told her that my husband had an upset stomach and so for now he only wanted water, but he would love a takeout order of lasagna in the hopes he would be feeling better later in the evening.

I knew Toy was ravenous as I had insisted that we leave for shopping and then the lawyer's office before he had a chance to eat more than a bite or two of the lovely lunch, he had made me. Naturally he was not allowed to snack, he was too busy carrying my bags and boxes as we went from store to store. The lingerie stores were especially mortifying for him, not only because he was forced to wait for long stretches of time in such a feminine place, but I also whispered to him that many of the things I was buying were for him to wear.

As I ate my delicious eggplant parmigiana, I kept up a steady stream of conversation with my famished Toy. After a while I felt sorry for him and gave him a few bites from my plate to keep him going. I found cutting a small piece of food and feeding it to him incredibly sexual, especially the look of devotion and helplessness on his face. With every single bite I gave him he whispered, "thank you Mistress Jessica."

When we got home, I had Toy unload all the packages, taking them up to my room. In the past two months we had moved -- OK it was Toy that did all the work -- all of Toy's things, especially the mundane and masculine things, into the guest room. That was now Toy's room, with a cute little pink sign over the door and everything.

The décor of his room was ten-year-old girl, from the unicorn lamp to the rainbow and boyband posters. And the closets were full of his clothing, masculine yes, but much nicer than when he was allowed to choose what he wore. All his feminine items, mostly panties at that point, were in my bedroom. And that is where I had him take our days purchases.

While he was doing that, I prepared in the living room. When he came down, he found me in my chair, the TV on to a streaming service, and his lasagna on a plate between my feet. "Toy, my feet are killing me from the long day of walking, rub them while you eat, please?"

I almost never asked him to do anything anymore, it was all simple commands. By asking him it seemed to throw him off. He was being asked to do this utterly humiliating thing, but he was being asked and not told. One thing experience has taught me is to change things up a bit. If everything was an order, then being ordered might lose its potency. But being asked, and with a please no less?

Without hesitation he came forward and dropped to the ground. First, he worshipped my feet, taking off the shoes, kissing my feet properly,

and beginning the massage all before trying to eat off the plate I had set on the floor.

Every week I escalated the humiliations and every week he seemed to break a little more, his ego disappearing into his need to serve me. I believe the constant arousal I kept him in helped with that. He now regularly went two and even three weeks in between orgasms, and I hated to let him have them that often, because he was always much more responsive the longer it had been.

I had read that there was a point of diminishing returns, keep a man too long and his drive would begin to diminish. Once we were more settled in, I planned on experimenting with different intervals until I found the best cycle for keeping my Toy as compliant as possible. My goal was to stretch out the time, but not if that harmed his performance as my Toy.

After my show was over, I had Toy clean up the mess he had made on the floor, he was going to need to be spanked tonight for spilling red sauce on the living room floor. But first things first.

"Toy darling, other than a little bit of a mess you just made, you have been very good today. I want to celebrate all the legal signings of the day with a fashion show. I can model the things I bought for me, and you will model the things I bought for you. Go upstairs to your place, I will be along in a minute."

Taking my time, I stretched and made my way up to my room. Entering I felt that same warmth in the midsection that I got so often, there Toy was patiently knelling in his place at the foot of my bed, naked except for his collar and cage.

Most nights I let him sleep in my bed, cuddled up to me, but occasionally when I was not feeling well or overtired, I banished him to his room. Once I heard him softly whimpering in there. The following

Sunday debriefing I asked him about it, and looking embarrassed and apologizing several times, he said that he could hardly stand to sleep apart from me. Sometimes being alone and apart was too much for him.

It seemed he was addicted to me, couldn't be apart from me if he could help it. I would take credit for doing it, but it was an accident, unintentional. And while it was happening, I also was becoming addicted to him in much the same way. Many nights I knew I should send him away, make sure he knew that I was strong and could be without him, diminish his ego that little bit more in order to make him mine, but I couldn't send him away. I needed him, his presence in my life too much to be without him long.

I stood for a second admiring my lovely and precious Toy before going over to the packages on the bed that were waiting for our show. I opened them, slowly sorting them into two piles. I knew his measurements perfectly at this point and so I was sure everything I bought for him would fit.

Toy had long since learned that while he was kneeling, he was not to speak unless spoken to, so I sorted in peace, carefully planning the sequence of outfits. First, I decided to give him a show. I started to undress and the whole process felt awkward. I had only been training toy as a full-time body servant, dressing, undressing, and helping me with my makeup and nails for a little over a month, and already it felt unnatural to dress myself. I nearly summoned him to finish helping me, but that would have spoiled the surprise, and a little adversity never hurt anyone, me included.

I assembled the full outfit. I hadn't ever tried out the full dominatrix look for Toy. I wasn't positive he would like it, but I had lived as his mistress for long enough now that I wanted, even if only for a night of dress up, to look the part.

I stepped around the bed and into his view, he knew looking anywhere but straight ahead was as punishable as speaking, so I was sure he had not peeked. I stood in front of him, dressed in a short and tight leather skirt, white silk top, thigh high black leather boots. At my wrists I had thin leather bracelets with 2" sharp metal spikes all the way around (easily the most impractical part of the outfit, by the way), black leather gloves, a gold choke chain around my neck, and in my hand, I was holding a riding crop.

When Toy saw me, dressed that way, he gasped and turned pale. I could see his penis twitch like crazy in the cage, squirming and stretching, hopelessly trying to expand. I stood there and let him appreciate the sight. "Are you ready to give me a show?"

He opened his mouth to speak and then closed it, simply nodding. I pointed at the bed with my crop, a not very subtle hint what would happen if he balked, and said I laid out your new clothes. "There is a nightdress that you will wear to bed every evening, a new silk bed robe to replace that nasty old terry cloth thing, some lingerie and even a nice sun dress. But first you should put the girdle on, we will use it to tuck your male parts up out the way for the fashion show.

"I want you to take your time, enjoy yourself, show off a little bit. I am going to be filming it, so we can watch it together later."

For the first time he noticed the video camera sitting innocently on my dresser. I walked over, turned it on, and settled into my chair for the show.

Watching Toy, I could see the conflict on his face. He kept switching from one expression to the next, before the first expression had even had a chance to set. His brain was a freeway and right now his thoughts were a multiple car crash, with debris scattered everywhere.

I swished my new crop, smacked it into my left-hand glove, and gave him a pointed look. Like magic his thoughts cleared, and he hopped up and made his way to my bed.

"Would you like some help with that girdle?"

The video was not great cinema. Toy was a complete mess for most of it, and despite having helped me into and out of similar garments for weeks now, somehow that didn't translate very well into putting them on his body. Partway through he even began crying a bit. He didn't say anything, but there was a steady but slow stream of tears from his eyes.

It was the perfect end to a near perfect day. It felt like a breakthrough, and it was. The combination of events that day seemed to sweep away the last of his male ego. It was clear as day in our following briefings and in other conversations. He knew I loved him, he knew it more than ever before, but he also knew with rock solid certainty that he was my inferior. He understood that serving me was the pinnacle of his existence, that making me happy, raising me up also made him happy and raised him up, because he was part of me.

Not Jack's Journal

We have reached the point where I accidentally discovered Jack's Journal and read much of it. Weirdly I felt guilty after reading it. It never occurred to me I might, and at first, I didn't believe my own feelings, but no, I felt guilty. So, I sat him down -- actually sitting -- next to me at the kitchen table, he wasn't tied down or anything -- and I confessed to him. The lunch he was preparing, sitting in preassembled form on the countertop.

I got a little carried away. It started with the journal, but then I admitted to the snooping I had done on his computer and the app I put on his phone. Eventually I ran down and stopped talking. He had not said a word. He sat and processed it for a good five minutes, and then, still silent, he stood up and began walking. He stopped in the doorway and just looked at me.

I followed him, as he walked upstairs and into my bedroom. Hesitating, he steeled himself and sat down on my chair. The chair he had not sat in in months. The chair I had spanked him over my knees so often. He looked at me.

His meaning was plain as day, but he wasn't going to demand, state, or even suggest what he thought should happen. I stood there, my mind racing. Should I let him spank me? In the moment, I didn't stop to analyze the costs and benefits. I knew what was right and I wanted him to forgive me. I dropped and then stepped out of my pants, walked over to get my hairbrush, and then handed it to him as I settled across his lap.

He tapped me once, gently, with the hairbrush and then set it down on the nearby dresser. Then he began spanking me. My husband is a gentle man and I forget how much stronger than me he really is, especially since I have taken control of our marriage. Within seconds waves of pain were spreading out from my rear end.

And then he began to speed up and strike harder. The pain swallowed me up, it became my world. And then, I don't know how to describe it, but I began to sink into it. It still hurt, but not how it had before. It was an ocean I was swimming in, almost warm and pleasant. I was still crying and sobbing though, I didn't have any other way to process the thought, emotions, and sensations.

As all things do, it ended. He started gently rubbing my sore and most certainly bright red bottom, and as my sniffles trailed off, I stood up

again. Standing there I started saying something, an apology I think, and he put a single finger on my lips and then stood up, returning in a moment with supplies. He cleaned off my face with a damp and warm washcloth and applied some lotion to my bottom. Then he gently kissed me on the lips before kneeling before me and thoroughly kissing my feet.

Then he stood up and walked out of the room. I heard him going down to the kitchen and the sounds of him resuming his lunch preparations. The whole time he had never said a word. I stood there, butt throbbing, but feeling better than I had in a while. It felt good to have been honest with him and to know that he had forgiven me, and it was behind us now. That's why you won't be getting any more excerpts, you know as much about what he has written as I do (OK, that is not strictly true, but you know what I mean).

Later we discussed his laptop and phone. I offered to remove the applications, to no longer spy via phone or computer, but he really didn't seem to care about the computer, and he was actively against removing the phone app I used to track and monitor him.

"But Mistress Jessica, you should know where I am, and I don't have any secrets from you. What if you need me for something? I would love to be able to know your location also, it would be easier to serve you if I was sure when you were almost home, knew where to meet you, but I understand if you don't want that."

I gave him access to my phone's location, an easy process. It wasn't the total visibility and potential control I had over his computer and phone, but the ability to know where I am seemed to be something he really wanted. I could see how knowing would let him serve me better, and that was reason enough for me.

Regarding his electronic devices, I hadn't spent much time spying on him these last few months. As my confidence in my growing control

over him increased I didn't see the need and honestly, I have better things to do with my time. I still check periodically, once a month or so, but he knows that I am and wants me to have that control over him, and that makes it better.

I have no idea if he realized that I essentially cheated regarding our bet so long ago. I like to think I would have managed to end up here anyway, but that sort of 'what if' isn't all that interesting to me. I have him, he is mine, I love him, and he loves me, and the reality of that is what matters to me.

Step 10 -- Lunch with a Friend

After the breakthrough of the fashion show, life was wonderful. My next objective was to introduce Toy to my girlfriends and my girlfriends to Toy. My best friend Jennifer already knew basically everything. A couple of times I even let her see him when he was blindfolded and tied down. I would give her a time to show up, and I would make sure he was secure when she arrived. I was careful that he never knew though. But that was before. Now I wanted him to be out as my slave to a select few friends.

For a start down the path to serving me and my friends, I bought Toy a slutty French Maid outfit. It was a few steps above a cheap Halloween costume, but only a few. And to go along with the outfit I bought some special high heels, in his size and with locks, so they were impossible to remove without a special key. I personally sewed in some extras into the French Maid outfit, and combined with some tiny little padlocks it would be nearly as difficult to take off as the shoes without the key or the help of some lock cutters.

I had already started training Toy on the mysteries of walking in heels, and he took to it better than I feared he would. Before long he was ready for his next challenge. And so, on a bright sunny Saturday morning I explained to Toy that I wanted him to start in on the spring cleaning around the house. Everything cleaned, mopped, and scrubbed. And all of it to be done in his special new outfit.

My training had prepared him beautifully, and he got down on his hands and knees and kissed my feet repeatedly, thanking me and then he put on the full outfit. I knew from our ongoing conversations that he still disliked wearing women's clothes, but he was overjoyed at the opportunity to serve me, to make me happy, even if it meant wearing them.

I did manage to evoke more than a flicker of fear though when I started locking him into his new outfit. Four small locks for the French Maid outfit and two locks for each shoe. He was trapped in there until I let him out. The look of mixed adoration, fear, and resignation was such a turn on I nearly made him eat me out then and there. But Toy had work to do and a deadline even if he didn't know it yet.

Around noon he was far from finished, and I informed him that my friend Jennifer would be over soon and that he had better at least finish up the downstairs bathroom and living room before she got here. I told my poor beleaguered husband that if he finished those rooms, I would allow him to go upstairs and work up there. But he would have to finish downstairs later. He was looking a bit ragged, even then.

He didn't quite finish the rooms, but he did better than I imagined he would. Enough was left undone when Jennifer arrived a little after two that I promised my Toy a whipping with my crop later that night and sent him upstairs. He used to mention how much the hairbrush could hurt, but when I introduced the crop, he realized just how good he had had it before.

Jennifer and I had a lovely time, spending much of the time viewing various pictures and videos I had made of Toy and his various adventures. I had talked to her about it, but it always felt like she thought I was kidding around or exaggerating. I think showing her a picture I had taken just hours ago of Toy in his outfit, scurrying around cleaning, combined with the vacuuming and other sounds coming from upstairs convinced her that I was completely serious.

I explained as best I could how it had all started, with me realizing I loved my husband and hated my marriage, and the decision I had made to change things for the better. I suspected Jennifer had had some problems in her marriage the last few years, we used to laugh and joke about our husbands, and then one day we both just kind of stopped doing that. It was one of the ways I realized I wasn't happy anymore.

"But, how? Is this hypnosis or was he always that way, always submissive? Did you drug him? What?"

"It is much simpler than you think. Let me put it like this, his life was divided into two parts. During the week things were OK, but he had poor sex -- and none once I got him in the cage -- and he got little attention or touching from his wife. On weekends, on the other hand, there was plenty of sex and touching. His wife paid attention to him all the time and it was fun. I made sure the weekends and obeying me were fun for both of us.

"During the fun time, the weekend, I was in charge. His mind and body made the connection between serving and obeying me and all the good things that were happening. When we were equals during the week, things were not nearly as good for him.

"Naturally as time passed, he wanted to keep serving me, obeying me. Serving me was good and being my equal was just OK. I also worked away at his male ego, but really that was just making the process easier for both of us. Once the feedback loop started, he started rationalizing

why everything was better with me in command. He is a smart man, and he was able to justify why he wanted me to be in charge, wanted the spanking, why his life is better serving me than it ever could be as equals.

"I think I could have done it all without the bet, just through conditioning him over time that sex, touching, intimacy came from following my wishes, but this was easier for both of us. The weekends versus weekdays gave a very clear dividing line. It was hard to be so cold and distant to him during the week, but it has all been worth it. He is my voluntarily my slave, he begged to enter our Wife Led Marriage. He knows this life is for him. He wasn't submissive to start with and there were no drugs or hypnosis, but I did program him, condition him to want to serve me."

I didn't want to outright suggest she follow in my footsteps or insult with the idea that she needed me or my ideas to save her or her marriage, but I was hoping to plant a seed. At one point in the conversation, I think I saw Toy standing at the top of the stairs, and I figured he might have heard some of what I had said. It didn't matter though, he was mine.

The next morning, I told Toy that I was having Jennifer over for lunch, and since she knew about our arrangement, we had nothing to hide from her. He was a trooper, but as he moved around that morning, I could see he was in rough shape. I applied bandages to his blistered feet last night, but they didn't look much better this morning, and clearly, he had used foot and leg muscles yesterday that he had never used before. I was determined to change that, but for now he was not moving well.

"I expect you to greet her at the door and act in every way as the perfect servant you are. I wanted you to wear the French Maid outfit.

But if you would rather be naked, rather not be in those heels again today, I understand. You may choose."

My wonderful husband announced he would much rather give me the lunch I wanted. I thought I would burst from pride, and together we spent the morning getting ready, repairing the outfit (which had accumulated some small tears from all his cleaning yesterday), and doctoring Toy's feet as best I could.

Just before Jennifer was due to arrive, I helped Toy get back into his outfit and snapped closed all the locks. This time his face was full of determination and the shadow of pain that I knew was shooting through his poor feet.

Lunch was flawless. Toy was the perfect servant and even managed to seem graceful on occasion, while he served and removed the various dishes. Jennifer admitted she still couldn't quite believe it all, so I called Toy into the room.

"Toy, I am going to head out, shopping, for the next several hours. Jennifer is going to stay here with you. You are to follow her commands as you would mine. These are the keys to your dress and shoes," I said handing the keys to Jennifer.

"Be honest with her, she is my friend and I want her to understand our relationship. If she punishes you, releases you, or whatever she wants to say or do is fine with me.

"Here you go Jen, my husband is in your hands. But only for this afternoon, if you want one of your own you must make it happen for yourself. Of course, we will both help however we can though if that is what you want."

I am not sure who looked more stunned, Jennifer or Toy. I didn't get back until after 6pm and they were sitting on the couch together and

talking when I walked in. I never asked what they discussed or did, but I didn't need to, I trust them both.

That evening I was a bit nervous before our debriefing. His service the last few days made me believe my project to mold Jack into the perfect husband for me was basically done, but I was a bit worried by asking I would somehow screw it all up.

"Well Toy, you really made me proud this weekend. You know I love you very much, but I want to know something. Why do you think we are as we are, with me in charge and you doing my bidding?"

"I don't understand Mistress Jessica, we agreed together to be in this relationship, with you in charge."

"But why did it end up that way? Why am I in charge, why not you? Why didn't we stay as we were when we first got married, nominally equal?"

The look on his face was odd, as if he was incredulous that he had to explain why the sun rose in the morning.

"You deserve it. You are in charge because that works best, and I love it that way."

"Why do I deserve it?"

"You are Mistress Jessica. I am just your Toy. You are better than me in almost every way. It only makes sense that you are in charge. I think I was unhappy before because we were equals, but not really. I think I always knew you were my superior, and now that our marriage reflects that, I think we are both happier. It is better and easier for both of us."

"I am so proud of you honey. I know how hard it is to put yourself under someone else's control, to admit they are above you. You are the bravest person I know. I love you."

I couldn't help myself and I began kissing him, and then we made love while he was still bound to the bed.

I think that is the note to wrap up this tale of how I remade my husband into my devoted slave. There were still plenty of things to do in our future. I was still determined to feminize him enough that we could go on a girl's night out together, and I absolutely was planning on introducing him to pegging. Tattoos and piercings were in his future. I wasn't sure yet about my feeling on cuckolding him, but I wanted the option to be on the table. I also wanted to have him serve me in front of more than just Jessica. And speaking of Jessica, I had ideas about how Toy and I could help her remake her own marriage. So much to do, and now I had the perfect husband to help me get it all done.