

All About the D

Emily Sinclair

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Going through a tote that had been buried in the deepest part of the bedroom closet for the better part of three years, Dawn found a small card she thought long gone. Made by her husband it was the only remnant from their first valentines as a married couple and the one she treasured the most. Holding it in her trembling right hand, she read the words over and over as the possibilities ran rampant through her mind.

Valentine's Coupon
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND

Bearer may make any single command
That will last a full 24 hours.
No questions. No complaints. No refusals.

This is it! Dawn thought. *He can't deny my desires any longer. Fuck! Glad I decided to deep clean today.* Tossing everything back in the tote, she shoved it and the others back into the closet, tucked the card in her panty drawer, and then took the trash out before planning out an evening she hoped she and her husband would never forget. Putting a loose-fitting sundress over her panties, she grabbed her purse and then left the house hoping to get everything done before her husband got home from work.

Driving to U-Haul, Dawn rented the largest moving truck they offered and then drove next door to the self-storage facility where she had been paying on every month for the last five years. Backing up, she got out, opened the unit, then the truck, and then got to work loading the belongings her husband forbid in the house. *God, I can't wait to finally put this stuff to use again. I'm going to completely wreck him – turn him into the biggest cock-sucking, cum-slurping sissy sex slave the world has ever known! Domination and Dick. Thanks to finding that coupon it's all he'll know from now on. Oh, honey, the things I'm going to do to you... you'll see... you'll see what you've been missing out on all these years and when you're coming from being spit-roasted like a fucking pig you'll beg to be my sissy fucktoy! You'll beg for dick. You'll beg to be dominated in every humiliating and degrading way imaginable.*

Driving home, Dawn unloaded the U-Haul as quickly as possible before taking it back to the company and picking up her car. Returning home with only a few short hours remaining, she went into overdrive solely focused on rearranging the basement into the bdsm dungeon playroom she had always dreamed of. Removing knickknacks from floating shelves, she replaced them with dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, anal beads, and bottles of lube. Gone were pictures and in their place were hung gags, clamps, cuffs, rope, and all manner of implements of discipline. Moving furniture into the utility room for now, she set up the spanking bench, Saint Andrews cross, pillory, kneelers, sex machines, an octopus chair, cages, and stockades. Then she unpacked all the accessories from boxes of nitrile gloves and bottles of rubbing alcohol, to long candles and packages of needles.

Playroom set up, Dawn ran upstairs where she took the quickest shower of her life before putting on her favorite lingerie – a burgundy lacey bra and panty set including garter belt and thigh-high stockings, just in time to hear the front door opening and closing. Coupon in hand, she sauntered out to the living room to greet her husband with a kiss.

“Mmmm... what's the occasion?” Hudson asked as he gave his wife another kiss.

“It’s the most special occasion in the history of occasions!” Dawn exclaimed. “You’ll never guess what I found while cleaning this morning,” she said, holding out the coupon. “I honestly thought you threw it away so I could never claim it, but it somehow made it’s way into a tote in the back of the closet. Wonder how it got there? Anyway, since it has no expiration date I’m claiming it tonight!” she said, as her husband took the small card.

“Your wish is my command,” Hudson read even as his heart sank in his chest.

The bearer can make any command without question or complaint and you cannot refuse. So, you ready babe?”

“Your wish is my command,” Hudson said, regretting the day he made that stupid valentine’s coupon book.

“You will spend the next twenty-four hours as my sex slave. That means obeying every command without question, complaint, or hesitation whether you like it or not. It means surrendering yourself to me completely – ceasing being human and becoming an object with the sole purpose of fulfilling my every perverse desire. You will have no limits or inhibitions to speak of. I command and you obey.”

“You know damn well I’m not into that bdsm shit so make another...”

“No question. No Complaint. No refusal. You wrote that yourself,” Dawn cut her husband off. “If you’re the man of your word you claim to be then you’ll honor it and my command. Otherwise you’re nothing but a disingenuous, manipulative, lying asshole that only cares about himself! So, what’ll it be? Twenty-four hours as my sex slave, or me never trusting you again which will undoubtedly lead to divorce and you losing everything?”

“Divorce? Seriously? You’ll divorce me for not wanting to be a sex slave?”

“No, I’ll divorce you for being a self-centered, lying asshole! It’s only for one damn day, Hudson! Are you telling me you can’t give me one day even after I’ve spent the last seven years of our relationship giving you everything you ever wanted? Do you know how many times I was fucked up the ass before we met? None. I refused you time and time again but eventually caved and now you pound my ass daily. Same goes with fisting. Do you honestly believe I wanted my holes stretched big enough to fuck an elephant and not feel it? No, but it’s something you love so I let you do it and now I can take two hands in the same hole with relatively little warmup. I got my nipples and hood pierced for you. I... I’ve spent the last seven years being denied my desires, but that ends right here and now. You can either accept the coupon you made and be my slave for the next twenty-four hours, or you can get the hell out of my house!”

“Before I accept anything there are going to be some ground rules that...”

“NO! Absolutely not!” Dawn cut in. “The coupon very clearly says no question. No complaints. And no refusals. I gave you my command. It’s up to you to accept or deny it. I’ll be in the basement. If you don’t join me in the next five minutes I’ll assume you denied it and have found somewhere else to live.” And with that – barely holding back tears of anger and frustration, she turned and walked out of the living room leaving the fate of their marriage in her husband’s hands.

Looking from his wife to the card in his hands, Hudson clenched his teeth so hard it made his jaw hurt, but it was far better than what would’ve otherwise come out. Knowing she was dead serious in that she would divorce him for refusing the command, he was equally certain he did not want to spend twenty-four seconds as a sex slave, let alone hours. Especially when it meant she could make him do anything as long as it was legal for her to do so. *God damn motherfucking bitch!* He screamed internally. *Why did I make that fucking coupon? And why didn’t I actually burn it to ash the moment it left her sight?*

Knowing he would regret either choice, Hudson decided in that instant to side with the only woman he ever truly loved. Valentine's coupon in hand, he walked into the kitchen, opened the basement door, and then descended into whatever madness awaited. Opening the door at the bottom of the steps that would normally lead to their entertainment room, he instead saw his wife pacing something out of his nightmares. Sex toys, furniture, and other pieces of equipment strategically set up to make the most of the available space, he swallowed the lump forming in his throat. "Like it or not, I'm a man of my word and if your command is for me to spend the next twenty-four hours as your sex slave then that's what I'll do."

"No questions, complaints, or refusals?" Dawn asked.

"I don't know the first thing about any of this so I might ask you to explain things, but no complaints or refusals. I am yours to command within the confines of the law."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning as long as it's legal, you may command me to do it."

"Then your time will begin as soon as you say: Mistress, please train me to be your loyal and obedient sissy sex slave."

Gulping down the last of his pride, Hudson stared into his wife's eyes. "Mistress, please train me to be your loyal and obedient sissy sex slave."

"As you wish," Dawn grinned. "From this point forward you will refer to me as Mistress. If you forget or refuse you'll be disciplined. Is that understood, sissy?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress," Hudson stammered in embarrassment. You told me what it means to be a sex slave, but what is a sissy?"

"In BDSM, a sissy is a male submissive that is feminized by a dominant partner and quite often involves cross-dressing, forced feminine behavior, and humiliation as part of a power exchange dynamic. And part of taking on the feminine role is engaging in sex as such. Meaning you'll be sucking dick and taking it up the ass," Dawn explained. "Let's start with you getting out of those clothes."

"Y-Yes Mistress," Hudson said as his cheeks turned red. "You're going to make me have sex with other men?"

"That's a question, sissy. I'll give you that one for free but anymore will earn you swats of the cane. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good boy," Dawn said as she walked to one of the shelves lined with dildos. Picking up a long, thin one with an upward curved protrusion at one end, she slowly eased the thick bulb into her womanhood with a smile. "I've waited to long to do this I can hardly believe it's real. When you're butt naked you'll get on all fours and crawl to me like a good little bitch. Make sure to get those hips swaying with excitement. When you're in front of me you'll kneel and ask to suck my dick. Is that understood, sissy?"

"Yes Mistress," Hudson replied, now wishing he had taken the alternative option. Getting onto his hands and knees, he crawled to his wife with hips dramatically swaying side to side despite there being exactly zero excitement in his body, mind, or soul. Kneeling, he looked up into her eyes. "May I please suck your cock, Mistress?"

"Hmm... That was okay, but not quite right. Try referring to yourself as what you are and ask again."

Taking a moment to digest what he had just been told, Hudson took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "Mistress, may this sissy sex slave please suck your cock?"

“Yes! That was so much better. Grom now on you’ll only refer to yourself as sissy or sissy sex slave. Is that understood?”

“This sissy understands, Mistress.”

“Then you may suck my dick, slave.”

Leaning in, Hudson took a moment to stare at the silicone cock while telling himself it wasn’t real and sucking it had no bearing on his sexuality whatsoever. Taking the head into his mouth, he closed his eyes and then took it deeper.

“Open your eyes and look at me, sissy,” Dawn commanded.

Reluctantly doing as ordered, Hudson looked up at his wife while bobbing his head back and forth on the dildo.

“You will always look me and whomever else you’re sucking in the eyes while pleasuring them or you’ll be disciplined, sissy. Oops, guess I answered your previous question. Yes, you’re going to receive the full sissy experience. You’re going to wear makeup and dress the part. You’re going to suck so many dicks and eat enough cum to breed a nation. And your ass is going to get fucked by far more than my silicone cock.” Placing a hand on the back of her husband’s head, Dawn pulled him in until the entire 9-inch dildo disappeared into his mouth and throat. “That’s it! A good sissy takes it all so get used to having your throat constantly filled, slave.” Feeling him trying to pull back, she tightened her grip. “I know from experience what you’re going through tight now, so trust me when I say you need to relax and conserve the air in your lungs. With practice you’ll also learn to relax your gag reflex for as long as necessary to finish gulping down your partner’s load. Turn around and put your head down and keep your ass up, sissy.”

No sooner was the hand moved from the back of his head, then Hudson lurched back gasping for air. Turning to face away from his wife turned temporary Mistress, he lowered his head and prepared to be on the receiving end of anal for the first time in his life. The head of the Feeldoe dildo pressing against his tightly puckered back door, he bit hard into his lower lip. Then came the thankful addition of lube. Then more pressure. POP! “UHN! Oh my fucking God!” he groaned even as he pushed himself back onto the dildo until all nine inches were buried in his ass.

“Mmmm... now that was fucking hot, sissy!” Dawn purred. “You took the whole thing in one go. Nicely done.”

“I... uuhhnnn... t-this sissy d-didn’t... you... oh God!”

“The cameras recording everything will prove you’re the one that slid back on it, sissy. But that’s neither here nor there. It’s in so start fucking yourself on it. And be honest, how does it feel?”

“This sissy fucking loves it, Mistress!” Hudson declared. “I... this sissy... this sissy didn’t mean...”

“You said exactly what you meant, sissy, so no point in lying about it. Now start fucking yourself in my dick.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Having said exactly what he meant in the moment, Hudson rocked back and forth on the silicone cock even as his own grew to full mast after just a few thrusts. “Jesus Christ why does it hurt so fucking good? T-This sissy never... uhn... uhn...”

“You like taking it up the ass like a sissy cock sleeve?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“Are you nice and hard for me, slave?”

“Oh God yes, Mistress! I’m so fucking hard it hurts! Can... uhn... can this sissy... uuhhnnn...”

“No jerking off and no coming until I give you permission. Is that understood, slave?”

“This... mmmm... this sissy understands, Mistress,” Hudson said knowing full well it was a command he was going to disobey sooner rather than later.

“Tell me, sissy, are you ready to suck and get fucked by real dicks?”

“N-No, Mistress, but lucky for you I’m a man of my word so I’ll do it anyway.”

“And I’m a woman of my word, sissy. You referred to yourself as I twice so you’ll receive thirty-five swats of the cane. Ten for the first infraction and twenty-five for the second. And yes, I’m well aware you said it a couple times before but I let those slide because you were so flustered,” Dawn said as she pulled the silicone cock from her husband’s ass. “Fuck that’s hot!” she exclaimed as she watched his gaping hole slowly shrinking back to relative normalcy. “While you give yourself enemas and take a shower I’ll call a few friends. And then I’ll help you put on makeup and then dress the part. But first, your punishment. Kneel with hands on knees and listen carefully as I’ll only explain the rules once.”

Waiting for her surprisingly complaint husband to kneel, Dawn continued. “Once you’re in the punishment position I’ll give you swats on the ass and possibly other areas of the body. After each you’ll count and then give thanks by saying: thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson. If you break position, say anything other than the count and thanks, or fail to count and give thanks I’ll add three swats per infraction and whether fifty or five hundred we’ll keep going until you’ve taken every single one. Do you understand the rules of being disciplined as I’ve explained them?”

“This sissy understands, Mistress.”

“Good boy. Now assume the wall position, sissy. Stand with your hands shoulder height against the wall and keeping them there move your feet back and apart until you’re bent at the waist.”

“Yes Mistress.”