

More joyful stories about love & dominance

# HAPPY FEMDOM STORIES

VOLUME 2

**EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW!**

EDITED BY

**SHARYN FERNS**



# HAPPY FEMDOM STORIES

*More joyful stories of finding  
love & dominance*

*Volume 2*

*Edited by*  
SHARYN FERNS

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*Love recognizes no barriers.  
It jumps hurdles, leaps fences, penetrates walls  
to arrive at its destination full of hope  
—Maya Angelou*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Introduction](#)  
[DoubleGemini](#)  
[R](#)  
[Faith](#)  
[Maggie](#)  
[Durga](#)  
[tim](#)  
[Gabriel](#)  
[LoveMyPet](#)  
[AudioDiva & mobie](#)  
[AudioDiva: An Update](#)  
[Share Your Happy Femdom Story](#)  
[About the Editor](#)  
[Books by Sharyn Ferns](#)

# INTRODUCTION

## I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS FREE PREVIEW OF HAPPY FEMDOM STORIES VOLUME 2

The full version, with 25 stories, is available here:

[Happy Femdom Stories Volume 2](#)

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I started collecting happy femdom stories from readers of my Domme Chronicles blog way back in 2011. I released [Happy Femdom Stories Volume 1](#) in 2017, and it's my privilege to share more of these joyful stories here in Volume 2. A huge thank you to the wonderful authors for their heart-warming contributions to this project.

As an introduction, I'm going to repeat what I said in Volume 1 because it stands true, and I can't say it any better:

We don't see enough stories of joyful real-life female dominant/male submissive (F/m) relationships. Those stories are not only uplifting and wonderful, but that kind of representation is *important*.

I know that it sounds grandiose to say that these stories are important, but with all of the noise that is out there on the internet about female domination and male submission, it's too easy to believe that happy healthy F/m relationships don't happen, aren't even possible, are in the fantasy realm of fairies and unicorns.

Stories of love and connection between dominant women and their submissive partners show us the truth.

These stories are genuine experiences from real people involved in F/m relationships: Each is unique, all are positive and uplifting, affirming and illuminating.

Their bright shiny experiences give us hope and show us possibilities, and if that's not important, I don't know what is.

The happy femdom stories in this collection are from a wide range of F/m folks: From those starting relatively new F/m relationships to those in long term marriages of many years transitioning to F/m, from poly folks with an Fmm family to monogamous couples, from young people finding love to mature folks finding each other later in life.

Please enjoy.

Sharyn Ferns

[Domme Chronicles](#)

**Have a happy femdom story to share?** I am always keen to share more happy positive femdom relationship stories: If you have a story that you are willing to contribute, I'd love to read it. Please take a look at the [\*call out post on my blog\*](#) for details and send it on to me.

# DOUBLEGEMINI

**Author:** *DoubleGemini*

## THE LONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS

My femdom journey started all wrong but, I suspect, from a likely common origin. See I knew from my very early years I was dominant, that I wanted a D/s relationship, and that I was into sadism. My disconnect came from thinking everyone was like me and that just wasn't something that "civilized" people did. I also couldn't see the flip side of the coin where someone would want to be submissive. I had a very domineering and bossy mother who forced her way on everyone else by whatever means necessary and I absolutely didn't want to be anything like her. So in my eyes, submission was something given reluctantly and with resentment. I certainly never wanted anyone I loved to feel that way toward me.

I did the logical thing, I married and lived a vanilla life with a man who was my equal. Or at least that's how it was supposed to go. What I realized, though, was that though I pretty much had free reign to do as I pleased, he was only going along with me if he didn't care. Once again I seemed to be the one who always gave in when we had differing goals/ideas/even needs...and I was resenting it. So I began to look into D/s with earnest.

That's when I discovered there were people who were submissive, not because they were weak or beaten down or because they were peace makers looking to avoid arguments but there were people who genuinely wanted to consensually follow someone else's lead. I tried to make it work in my existing marriage, it failed miserably and rather than becoming more resentful and eventually hating each other, we were eventually divorced.

After a few less than ideally compatible D/s relationships I met a guy online, it was a pretty vanilla dating site and he sent me a message. He was shy and awkward but polite and genuine so I responded. When he asked me out I explained he didn't want to date me and why. See I had this grand idea in my head that I wanted a relationship where I was not only dominant, I wanted to be the final authority on *everything*. Much to my surprise, he said that sounded exactly like what he wanted. So we met.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not saying it was love at first sight because it wasn't. At least not for me. To hear him tell it, I put some kind of magical spell on him the first time I looked in his eyes and his soul was lost forever but I assure you my magic love potion was tucked away for later use if necessary.

Our first date was extremely awkward. Shy doesn't even begin to describe him. He was nervous and hardly talked (which again he blames on me for looking at him) and in my discomfort with the looming silence I rattle on endlessly about anything and everything to fill the void. Eventually through all my rambling we discovered that not only had we grown up near each other, we had several mutual friends.

That date stretched into several dates until I began to realize I was rejecting dates with other existing subs of mine because I hoped/expected he was going to offer. That's when I knew he was the one and it was time to figure out if this was going to work. We started having the difficult conversations outlining what each of us envisioned our ideal relationship looking like and what we expected from a partner. I honestly expected him to tell me I was crazy and run away. But he didn't, he agreed with me on almost every point and he was willing to accept the points he didn't agree on.

We spent a year negotiating. Not negotiating kinks, kinks are easy and we engaged in those



enthusiastically right from the start. Some kinks we had were similar, some weren't. None of those were potential deal breakers. The level of authority I was going to have was a bit more tricky to outline. It required he be able to trust me with every aspect of his life. He had a lot to prove to me, but more importantly, I had a lot to prove to him. I had to be completely transparent with my character and intentions so he could decide if I was capable of making decisions for his life that he could live with.

At the end of the year, we agreed that not only were we in agreement, we really loved each other and wanted to begin this relationship. A month later I collared him and we were married.

Our agreement was that I would have full authority over every area of his life. There is nothing I can't make a decision about or veto his choice on. This isn't micromanagement, I don't control his every movement. He was a responsible and capable man when we met. Never married and living on his own for nearly a decade. His independence was one of the things about him I found attractive. He didn't *need* me to be in charge because he couldn't manage on his own, he **wanted** me to take the lead and him to follow. He finds security and serenity from knowing exactly what is expected of him. There is no guesswork for him. He cannot fail unless he deliberately disobeys.

In return I get to be the one to make the decisions. Often that decision is to spoil him and cater to his every whim. He doesn't have the authority to tell me 'no'. He can't tell me he is going to sacrifice himself so I can have what I want. It isn't his decision to make. Most the time my decisions benefit both of us. And of course, sometimes I have to tell him he isn't getting what he wants because I'm putting myself first, which I can do without guilt or argument because it's my decision to make. It's the relationship I never thought I'd have because I thought to be dominant meant I had to be a bully that pushed others down. See, I'm proof dominants aren't always right!

At the time of this writing, we have just celebrated our 7<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. We are a normal married couple. I make mistakes, he makes mistakes, we argue. There are times when the weight of the responsibility I have taken on for our lives feels too heavy. There are times when he hates a decision I have made and he questions why he agreed to submit to me. But we honor our commitments and never regret that choice or consider ending it.

We are very much in love and happier than we have ever been in our lives.

## R

### **Author: R**

My boy.

I never saw myself as person with a particular preference in relationships - I only knew that I at the age of 26 hadn't met THE guy yet, the one who made me feel the right way about myself and about what I wanted.

A year ago I finally, luckily and by pure accident, did. When we first met, he claims to have instantly realized by my way of reacting to his somewhat smart-ass behaviour, what kind of woman I was. He knew where we were heading before I did.

He had known for a couple of years that a D/s relationship was what he longed for and so he was much more experienced than me with the whole thing - but being the gentle, beautiful boy he is, he would, in the beginning, slowly and patiently "guide" me every step of the way.

It didn't take me a long time though, to feel safe with this and him - because it was something I had been missing my entire adult life and to me, it felt like coming home.

He is without doubt the most amazing person, in every aspect, I have ever met and I can't recognize our relationship or the way we interact in ANY of the horrible femdom porn movies out there.

For me, BDSM and an FLR is sooooo much more than just sex and wearing red latex boots with a matching strap-on (or whatever the stereotypical Domme is usually depicted wearing).

For me it's kissing until the point of numbness, it's talking forever about silly stupid things and about deep emotional things as well. It is also heart shattering, mind blowing sex.

But above all, it is knowing someone so well that words sometimes are unnecessary but always more than welcome. He is my safe haven as I am his.

Being in love with your boy does not - and I repeat, does not make you less of Domme. It simply makes it more giving.

# FAITH

**Author:** *Faith*

Gosh, where to start? I will have to include a little background. I had been talking to a different sub for, oh, mebbe a week and then came the great picture exchange. I received his pic and he looked like a nice guy except for the hair. Now, I consider myself to be open minded, but I have my limits and I'm well aware that I live in the Bible-belt. His hair was in dread-locks. They were not the nice clean, well kept, dreads: They had been in for a while. They were all frizzy and yuck. I shuddered.

A few days after the pic exchange I was at Alt on the homepage. Over in the far right-hand corner of my screen was a pic of a guy in dreads as well. I had to click and look. I, mean, they all can't be that bad looking, right? So, his profile loaded up and I looked. He was out of state, his dreads were nice and well kept, but I still didn't like them LOL. My first thought was, if he was mine, the hair would have to go. I clicked out of the site and offline. It was my birthday and I had a date.

The next day, I checked my account there and he had emailed me, thus it started. We messaged back and forth, I spent hours with him on the phone and adjusted my hours to fit his a bit more.

I didn't sleep much. I flew out to meet him about 2 months after we began talking. That was no small task for me. I am terrified of flying. He stayed near his phone and made sure to be available to me while I was on the ground to calm my nerves...

He had arranged to have some time off from work and we spent a 4 day weekend together. It was wonderful. We had both agreed not to play during that first visit. I wanted to know him before I played. There were undertones of D/s throughout the visit. One such instance was him kneeling to remove my shoes before I went to bed. He did it so naturally.

He moved in with me a couple of months later and we've been together since then.

I do want to make a note that during the time that I was meeting him for the first time, there were several of my friends that had my complete schedule, all phone numbers and locations where I was going to be. I did the meeting as safely as I possibly could. I had taken all the tips that I'd heard in the past and tried to adhere to them. This was not an impulse meeting.

I love that he is everything that I am not. He is laid-back, I'm intense. He is very loving, I'm more reserved. He sees the good in almost everyone, I see what I think they are going to do. He is almost always ready to forgive someone, I am not. He can lose himself in fun things, I have to work at that. He is always coming up to me about strange little facts or some off the wall thought he's had. He makes my life lighter.

He no longer has the dreads...LOL.

How does it make me feel? He feels like home to me.

# MAGGIE

**Author:** *Maggie*

It was a social site. I was a not so innocent, kinky vanilla gal. One year post divorce and no interest in anything more than a bit of frivolity and fun. He sent a witty message, focusing on my openness and sense of adventure. I was intrigued. A lot of interesting conversations as we tipped toed around the real truth. But little bits still managed to slip out. We began comparing high level notes. I was a swinger and not interested in monogamy or even marriage. He was into BDSM and had been from a young age. The virtual chemistry flowing, my mind completely intrigued as to what kind of man he really was... it was finally time to meet. The first date was an impromptu, and then all the delays. It's almost hilarious now to think he was late, like several hours late, for our first date. But he did call each time it slid.

Drinks went well. Drinks went extremely well. Just something about him... his confidence, his boldness. Though I think now it was his face. Sexy yes, but it was more the animation that played every emotion across his. Like reading his thoughts like a book. I couldn't stand it anymore, I just had to have him. Drinks paid and out the door. An invite back to my place. A kiss on the back porch that curled my toes and a night that I'll never forget. Or so I thought at the moment. Little did I know how much more was to come.

The first month moved slowly, with a lot of push and pull from us both, trying to deny what was happening. Then it seems like it all just steamed rolled. The secrets rapidly spilled. The experimentation began. The doors flew open and down I fell, dragging his sweet little ass with me. There was no negotiations, no limits laid out, simply a sincere offer to give me the reigns. I solemnly accepted, though I made no promises of where we would go, only to be up front and honest. His goofy little grin said it all. So I pounced him, pinned him down and had my way with him to seal the deal!

A year and a half later, the households are now blended though the explorations continue. I've been on the most amazing journey of my life and feel so blessed to have found a man who can take all I have to dish out and keeps begging for more. I still cannot fathom where we may end up with all of this (I know... how unDommely of me), but our adventurous souls could care less as we sit back and just enjoy the ride.

On a side note:

I remember when he first told me about his submissive nature. My usual self dove into researching everything I could find on Female Domination and I found myself so disappointed reading line after line about how the only way to control a man was by locking him up and denying him. I can even recall telling him that I wasn't sure I could do this, it was too far against my nature and went against so much that I knew about myself.

Then I stumbled across your blog and just reading a few entries, it all just clicked. Everything he had been trying to tell me finally made sense. I devoured the entire blog archives in one weekend and the ideas and plans started to form.

It's been all smooth sailing ever since!

# DURGA

**Author:** *Durga*

After I "came out" in 2007, I had dated several men off of Alt.com and one from Fetlife, but hadn't had the best of luck. About two years ago, a friend forwarded me an exquisitely-written ad from - of all places - Craigslist; a sub seeking a mistress. There was, behind the words, a sincerity and poignancy that I had been seeking.

We spoke on the phone; very warm voice.

We met at a cafe; a sweet man, gorgeous green eyes; he was reserved, wearing a suit and tie (he had to work late.) In fact, he was so shy, I had to keep the entire conversation going; it was tiring. I was hesitant about seeing him again...until he walked me to my car, and before we said "good-bye," he leaned in and kissed me. WHAM-O.

We played on our next date, and found out that we just seemed to suit each other (and he was much more talkative). He's happy with whatever I want; when I'm turned on, he's turned on. Intellectually, I never liked that idea; I thought people who were like that were doormats. But as I found, my baby is a complete sub; a dyed-in-the-wool sub; his submissiveness is not a hat he wears when he feels like it. His deep, tender need to be dominated excites me; his trust makes me maddened with desire.

It really is about the personalities involved, more than roles or expectations of what people think a domme/sub relationship is all about. I prefer to be vanilla in day-to-day life, and save our kink for the bedroom. My baby loves to serve me around the house with wonderful food, and takes care of the laundry and the yard...but if you happened to show up on the average evening, we'd look like anyone else in suburbia; watching TV, drinking wine, laughing over the day's events. It's low-key, and in keeping with how we are. I'm sure it also helps that we have many non-kink interests in common; we have plenty to talk about.

The main thing is that we know each other very, very well. In former relationships, there was always something I felt I was "keeping back"; the depth of my kink made me ashamed and hesitant to open up. He has helped me open up and to be truly myself; I would say I do the same for him.

That's what love is all about.

## TIM

**Author:** *tim from Victoria*

My wife and I met 15 years ago in a non-kink environment. She's naturally dominant and I'm the reverse. We are very happy with a couple of kids.

Our relationship is democratic up to a point but the final say belongs to her. I obey her in all things. Due to the kids it's hard enough to have any sex let alone kinky sex. To be frank we're both always too tired. Instead we'll make do with the odd erotically loaded remark.

She'll boss me about in public and friends, family and shop assistants will think she's just bossy. We alone will understand the sexual tension that lies beneath. The odd well placed word can keep me going for days!

Every now and again we'll manage to squeeze in a little play of some kind. The whips and paddles come out and I get to remember the pain side of the pain/pleasure cycle.

Ours is a most relaxed loving femdom relationship. We never play with others or go to events. We're private quiet people.

It's all good!!

## GABRIEL

### **Author:** *Gabriel*

Honestly, this is a fairly complicated story so I don't know quite exactly where to begin. I was abused my whole life, luckily between everything that was going on I didn't know that it wasn't normal. Thankfully, I found you Ferns (and your blog!) through Fetlife of course; I was trying to find rope classes on line and came across the website. I was finally accepting the fact that I was kinky, well I knew I was but it was really starting to develop and I knew a lot more about what I liked and what I wanted.

Rewind a few years, I was in my Brazilian Jiu Jitsu class through the College I was attending, I had been doing this for a few years at this point so I knew almost everyone who was taking it again and we had a lot of new people. That was when she walked through the doors. I don't believe in love at first sight but if there was such a thing this was it. She was beautiful and I will never forget her smile or her eyes. I am a very shy person but for some reason, and I had never done this in my life, I went over and talked to her. I couldn't let this one get away, however, she did: A few classes went by and she dropped the class before I ever had a chance to even ask if she wanted to get to know each other.

I dropped the ball but never really forgot her, one day while I was in the gym she was there. Now being the gentleman I am I don't talk to women in the gym, they generally have a hard enough time as it is so I try not to make things awkward. Luckily, she talked to me!!

We went out on a few dates, I was head over heels for her, and I was embarrassed because I thought for sure she could tell. Well circumstances were not that great: A little after 2 months of dating my phone broke and we were both very sick. I replaced my phone but never heard from her. A few weeks later we ran into each other, I explained what had happened and asked her to text me so I could have her number. I never got that text, sadly enough.

We saw each other around off and on but she was with someone who I thought was a boyfriend so I didn't want to make a scene and she saw me training with a female friend that wanted my help, so she didn't want to cause any problems either. It's amazing where assumptions will lead you. That summer she graduated and it was sad for me, I never thought I would see her again.

October came and I was working out late in the evening, there she was again. Apparently, despite my best efforts she saw that I was... overly excited to see her. She texted me again since she still had my number and luckily this time I actually got it. We saw each other for a few weeks and life took a sharp turn downward for me. I was rock bottom, but there she was, she picked me up and put me back together. We got to talking about kinks and I explained the basics of mine (I love rope!!) funny enough for some reason she was interested in rope too and after we dated that first time any time she thought about tying someone up I somehow came up.

Well I hadn't slept for about a week at this point and she was sweet enough to make me a doctor's appointment and drag me to it, they gave me a sleeping pill and I stayed with her that night. After I took it however, and I don't remember this at all, but I apparently confessed my love over and over after everything she said until she acknowledged she heard me, she blew it off as me being tired so I was saved. About a week went by and we made it official, we were boyfriend and girlfriend.

Funny enough a few days later, she took the sleeping pills she was prescribed (same type I was prescribed as well) and after some talking she too professed her love for me. Unfortunately, she was worried that the next morning she wouldn't feel the same way, I explained I had been in love

with her for a long time, I could wait if she wasn't.

The next morning the first words out of her mouth were that she loved me. She really did!!

After a few days I let her in on another kink of mine that I was afraid to share with most but now am fairly open about. I wanted a Mommy, 24/7 she said that she would have to think about it and didn't want to make that kind of commitment lightly. I respected her decision and life went on.

A week or so went by and I was telling her a story, I guess I said something that really made her happy because she blurted out 'Can I be your Mommy?' My heart skipped a beat and I cried I was so happy, we cuddled and talked for a while about what we both wanted from it. Funny enough, she did everything I had wanted and much more so, she was relieved that she didn't need to change 'too much'.

Five months later and neither of us have never been happier, we are living together, play fairly regularly, and my days usually start off with making Mommy breakfast in bed, a foot rub if there is time, and helping her get ready for whatever she needs to do. She gives me all the love and warmth I want and we have really grown as a couple in the dynamic she never even knew she wanted. I owe a lot of where I am at to her, if it wasn't for her I would've never even guessed my childhood wasn't normal.

She helped me see that it wasn't and now I get to redo a lot of it with her. I couldn't ask for a better Mommy and my heart still skips a beat when she calls me her good boy or when we cuddle up to go to sleep and the last words out of my mouth are, 'I love you Mommy'. I guess third time was the charm and how lucky am I, after all of that I finally get the woman I fell in love with years ago!

I guess I knew my Mommy when I saw her.



# LOVEMYPET

**Author:** *LoveMyPet*

My sub and I met on Second Life. Were a couple there for months, but we lived 3000 miles apart. I will give you the condensed version: He bought his plane ticket and came to me.

I had a CRAZY work schedule at the time. I honestly do not know how I survived it. I worked midnights at a hospital, 7 days on, 7 days off. When I was off, I slept nights, when I worked, I slept days. Every waking moment not working was spent communicating with him so I was always exhausted.

The evening he was scheduled to arrive, I was so wound up and excited that I didn't sleep that day as I should have. I had also worked the previous night so by the time his plane landed, I had been awake for 36 hours straight! I dozed off, sitting in a chair, dressed in my sexy dress, with my hair and makeup perfect. I must have looked a sight! I woke to the sound of people bustling about, it was the other passengers getting off his plane, and thank God I woke before he saw me!

I was still sitting in the chair and I was about to stand up, when I looked up.... and there he was. It was the sweetest moment of my life and I cannot even describe his expression, it was so sweet. I stood, smiling and walked to him. We were both smiling, but neither of us spoke a word. I placed my hand on the back of his neck, and kissed the soft spot of his neck, just below his ear. That is now my favorite spot to kiss, I've kissed it a million times since then.

After the initial hug and kiss, we chatted a bit as we waited for his luggage. I was so exhausted and wound up that my head was spinning. It all felt so surreal. I remember as we sat back down in the chairs, waiting for his plane to unload his luggage, he poked my arm with one finger, saying "You're here...and you're really real..." I giggled, snuggling into his shoulder. God, I wanted to just sleep, and fuck him, and sleep some more, and then fuck again. I don't know what I needed more at that point.

After retrieving his luggage, we made our way through the massive airport out to my car. Our hotel was nearby. It was closer than my home, which was two hours away, and more convenient as our work schedule would only allow us to spend the weekend together.

We reached my car. After tossing his luggage in my backseat and closing the car door, I turned to face him, smiling. Our lips met. He lifted me up, sitting me on the trunk of my car. We continued kissing in the cool March air, in the nearly empty parking lot... it was after 11PM at night... I shivered as the cool wind blew up under my skirt, shivered as his lips finally claimed mine after months of anticipation.

After what felt like hours of kissing, we climbed into the car. It was time to make our way to the hotel room to spend what was to be a wonderful weekend together, the first of many.

This was 5 years ago, and we are still going strong. :)

## AUDIODIVA & MOBIE

**Author:** *AudioDiva*

I met My boy last year while I was in the middle of a bad break-up from my vanilla husband. My ex & I were in the BDSM scene when we met 10 years before, but our relationship had always been vanilla & there came a time when our differences made it impossible to continue.

I felt very broken, but a week after he left, for the last time after a year of problems, I went to our local Munch just to see what the community had to offer, since my previous experience was in another city. I was in no way ready to consider actually playing or getting into a relationship, but I had been gone from the scene for quite a while & in order to join the local group you have to attend 2 Munches, so I figured the sooner I got started the better. I had also joined Fetlife, which is the location of our local group's online interactions, and read a lot of different profiles.

At my first Munch in over 10 years, I sat at a table with this very nice, rather odd looking and yet adorable man, who introduced himself. I talked to him & a couple of others at the table. Everyone was very nice, but he actually gave me his Fetlife name & asked if I would like to Friend him. When he said his name I was surprised that his was one of the profiles that I had read closely and someone I had hoped to meet eventually. During the Munch he also mentioned that he played country & oldies music every week at a club about an hour from my home. Being broken, and needing a change, I decided that this might be just what I needed.

At the same time we began chatting regularly on Yahoo. It turns out he was in a similarly broken state, following the break-up of a 6 year Ds relationship and some major health problems (seizure disorder with poor prognosis at the time, along with back injury).

I went to the dance the next week and was surprised to see that I was the youngest in the room by about 20 years. As it turns out the dances are marketed to seniors & at 38 I hardly qualified, but at the first dance he introduced me to some lovely ladies, and the gentlemen were excited to have someone who had no idea how to dance, but was willing to learn. He watched all this from the stage and over time he had fun listening to all the come-on lines that were used.

The following month he house-sat for a friend and I spent almost every night with him there. This was where we had our first scene, which changed everything for me. For the first time, in a *very* long time, I felt truly desired & desirable & adored - an *extremely* heady experience. It also became clear that he was a service sub who needed someone to serve & a place to work on large projects and I was living alone in a 3500 sq. ft. home that needed a lot of work.

As his house-sitting drew close to an end, I learned that he was looking for a new place to stay. While it was still early in our relationship, I assured him that, regardless of what happened between us romantically, he would have a place to stay in my house.

Soon after he moved in, 14 months ago, it was clear that my house had become Our Home.

Even though we each have a bedroom, we have never spent a night apart in the house, we just move back and forth between the two (this way we each have room for our stuff & I get to keep my waterbed). We now also have a dedicated dungeon/playroom and a guest room, thanks to his hard work.

I work during the week. Before I wake up, he gets up and makes me my chai, along with his coffee, brings it to me and when I wake we perv Fetlife & talk until I start getting ready to leave. I usually make breakfast, since cooking is my only household chore. While I am gone he makes the bed, cleans the kitchen, along with other areas of the house, he makes floggers or play furniture, and does yard work. When I get home I make dinner and we hang out together, talking about our days and watching TV. Then we may have a tickle war, or we may have sex, but we always cuddle

when falling asleep. On the weekends we go to local events, both BDSM and musical.

This is from my Fetlife profile writings just a month after he moved in, and it is still true:

*"My boy is always looking for ways to make my life easier - Some examples include: fixing things (chairs, toilets, internet issues, faucets, the perfect study area), making the bed, doing the laundry, planning improvements on the house, preparing me drinks and snacks before I leave for work (cooking is not his area), keeping me on point/on time/focused, singing to me, holding me when life gets overwhelming, making me laugh, letting me cry, telling me how beautiful I am until I really believe it, supporting my decisions - even when he disagrees, offering me a different viewpoint, listening, respecting my limits, giving me a shoulder to fall asleep on, and of course the most amazing HOT kinky sex I have ever had, anytime I want (who knew daily ass worship would make me insatiable) and someone to experiment with/on - of course this is just a few of the things he did this week, so who knows what he will offer next week :)"*

Of course this all depends on how he is feeling. Because of his health, he has good days & bad days, but in 14 months I can count on 1 hand the number of days he didn't make my chai and he has never failed to cuddle. With minimal stress, his health has actually stabilized somewhat.

I admire his determination not to let his disability define him. I commend the money he raises for others in need. I love listening to him sing. I appreciate hearing his observations on human nature, because he is extremely intuitive and observant. I particularly love how he makes me feel valued, adored and desired in such fundamental ways. It just gives me a thrill when he calls me Ma'am, especially when I can flash back to his face buried in my ass or seeing him bent over working on my car.

While we do play, he is primarily a service sub and partner, so we are looking at including others for play only. I need to practice more so I feel more confident and he isn't always up to it. Communication is definitely the key and I was reticent to suggest it until I felt we were both secure in our relationship. He knows that I have no interest in replacing him, merely improving our lives and playtime.

Although we are *very* different, in upbringing, age, education, experiences etc... this absolutely works for me because we are building something unique together. We are getting more involved in our BDSM community, hosting events and attending more often. I am launching my career and he is an amazing source of support.

Like all relationships, it requires work, but I cannot imagine my life without him. While he is not fond of the term, I am proud to claim him as My boy.

## AUDIODIVA: AN UPDATE

**Author:** *Audio Diva (an update)*

It has been 6 years since mobie and I first met. We have faced a variety of challenges including: health scares, attempting poly, family conflict, and community strife. We both admit that we are not perfect and continue to work on upholding our sides of the D/s dynamic.

Our morning routine has changed as needs evolved and our D/s strengthened. I still get my chai, but now it is more ritualized and includes my touching his collar and acknowledging his service with a kiss. He starts our shower and when the temperature is perfect calls me in where he scrubs me head to toe. While I finish dressing he prepares my tea container and lunch bag. We go over his plans for the day before I leave for my job – his work taking care of me and our home never ends. At lunch I call and check in. At the end of the evening he gives me back kisses before he goes to sleep, and I still use his shoulder as my pillow when I'm ready.

He is my “grumpy old man” who can be rude and irreverent but at his core wants acceptance and a place to feel loved and needed. I work to give that to him and hold him accountable for being the best version of himself he can be. I also continue to improve my comfort in expressing my dominance.

Each year we attend leather conferences (Northwest Leather and South Plains International leather in particular) and educational classes.

We always come away with new information and insight that we incorporate into our growth together. This was especially important when we added a woman to our family who pushed each of us in a multitude of ways. Unfortunately, the relationship lasted just over a year, but we each still care deeply for her and acknowledge how much she helped us as individuals and as a couple. Like everyone else, we are fallible, but we keep trying to improve our relationship, support those we care about and learn from others who appreciate this lifestyle.

We hold multiple BDSM events (e.g. education, play parties, socials, annual campout etc...) from our home annually – some private, some on behalf of our local group, TGIF, or our co-sponsored Tea Society, and some for other local community members. We pride ourselves on creating a space where individuals of all interests and backgrounds feel comfortable spending time and meeting others. It is the home we have created and continue to improve.

The last 6 years have been quite a ride. I am proud of what we have created and look forward to seeing what the future brings as we continue to grow :).

## SHARE YOUR HAPPY FEMDOM STORY

If you enjoyed these stories and want to share your own, I would absolutely love to host it with full credit to you as the author, of course.

The kinds of things I want to hear about in stories are:

- How you met
- How your relationship developed
- What you love about the relationship/them
- Why it works for you
- How it makes you feel

Don't make it hard work: Short and sweet is perfectly fine. I really just want to hear about happiness.

If you are in a happy, positive femdom relationship and are willing to share your joy, please go to the [call out post on my blog](#) for details and send it to me.

## ABOUT THE EDITOR

Sharyn Ferns is an experienced dominant woman who started her BDSM explorations over 20 years ago. She has been writing the award-winning [Domme Chronicles](#) for more years than she cares to count: Suffice it to say that this project to collect and share happy femdom stories has been ongoing for seven of them.

She is passionate about submissive men, about writing, creative thinking, mindful living, and about seeing beauty in the world. She's a confirmed introvert despite the fact that she spews every intimate detail of her personal life out in public with verve and enthusiasm.

As a dominant, she is loving and selfish, affectionate and demanding, generous and uncompromising, deeply passionate and reserved. Complex and unique, like most people.

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She is known as 'Ferns' online, and you can connect with her at:

**Books:** <https://books.domme-chronicles.com>

**W:** <https://www.domme-chronicles.com>

**T:** [https://twitter.com/Ferns\\_\\_](https://twitter.com/Ferns__) (double underscore!)

**F:** <https://www.facebook.com/Ferns.DommeChronicles>

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