

Wonder Woman

Domesticated

Book I

A Day in the Life of Wonder Wife

By

Edgar Nightbird

Chapter 1

Morning Rituals

Diana awoke with a start, her eyes fluttering open to the all-too-familiar sound of Frank's snoring as it rasped through the bedroom. After yet another night of fitful sleep and sweaty sheets, she blinked away the remnants of exhaustion clinging to her vision. The pale light of dawn spilled through the sheer bedroom curtains, casting a soft glow upon her face as she attempted to gather her thoughts.

She sat up on the edge of the bed, her toes touching the cold floor, and ran a hand through her thick raven hair. The silken tendrils cascaded down her back like a black waterfall, their curled ends teasing the base of her spine. The delicate fabric of her sky-blue negligee clung to her body, its straps twisted and askew from her restless sleep. As she sat forward, the gauzy hem rode up, revealing her powerful thighs and adding an edge of desire to the morning air.

In the muted light of the room, her senses seemed heightened. The lingering stink of Frank's stale, last-night cigarettes hung in the air, mingling with the earthy musk of her own arousal. It was a heady concoction that made her wrinkle her nose in distaste.

Her gaze drifted downward and noticed a darkened stain on her panties, a consequence of her untended passions and the long period of abstinence she had endured. The yearning it had left in her loins tempted her to return to the sanctuary of her bed and seek release in her own touch. But duty called, and with a reluctant sigh, Diana pushed those thoughts away, her duty as a wife and caretaker taking precedence over self-indulgence.

A dull ache throbbed behind her eyes, a result of the stress she carried each day, only made worse by the smoke-infused air that had invaded her lungs throughout the night. She rubbed her temples with gentle fingers,

trying to ease the tension, but the pain persisted.

Rising from the bed, Diana stood at her full height. Tall and noble, her statuesque frame seemed to command the room, her presence resplendent in the early morning light. Even in her bedclothes she was an imposing sight, the power of her limbs evident beneath the sheer fabric of her nightgown. Hardened muscle defined her form, bearing witness of her Amazonian heritage. Long, raven-black hair cascaded down her back in thick, glossy waves, framing broad shoulders and a face sculpted in such raw beauty it seemed almost ethereal.

As she moved through the room, her lithe form became an embodiment of centuries of discipline and precision. Each step flowed like liquid grace, a manifestation of her unwavering dedication to her husband's desires. Though the world knew her as Wonder Woman, a paragon of strength and independence, it was in these intimate moments that the true depths of her submission were laid bare. She was aware that even in his apparent slumber, Frank's gaze could be upon her, his lecherous eyes taking in her every detail. And so, she made sure that her posture was impeccable, her spine straight and head held high.

With the grace of a swan, Diana approached the full-length mirror tucked away in the corner of the room. Her reflection stared back at her; a vision of strength and sensuality intertwined. She took in her own appearance with a critical eye, adjusting the straps of her nightgown to fall in parallel lines down her collarbone, showcasing the elegant curve of her shoulders and accentuating her ample bosom. She scrutinized herself closer, taking in every inch of her exposed flesh. The pale olive tone of her skin seemed to glow under the soft light, accentuating the sculpted curves and hard-earned muscle that adorned her body. Her gaze lingered on her ample breasts, their fullness enhanced by the sweet ache of longing that still pulsed within her. Diana knew that her husband, Frank, had a particular appreciation for her breasts—their shape, their weight, the way they filled his hands. She often caught him stealing glances when he thought she wasn't looking, his beady eyes fixed upon her with an intensity that belied his frail appearance.

With this thought in mind, Diana unfastened the straps of her negligee

and let the delicate fabric fall away. Standing before the mirror naked from the waist up, she was unabashedly aware of her own allure. Her large, firm breasts beckoned for attention, their prominent nipples standing erect in anticipation. Diana's hands moved to cup her breasts, her touch gentle yet purposeful. She caressed them in slow circles, feeling the weight of her own desire settle deep within her core. The sensation sent a shiver through her body, causing her nipples to harden further beneath her touch. As she continued to fondle herself, Diana's gaze remained locked on her reflection. The image of her own submission fueled by devotion stared back at her—a powerful warrior reduced to such vulnerability for the sake of love. It was a paradox that both thrilled and haunted her. Meeting her own blue-eyed gaze, she was astounded by the sacrifices she had made for this man who lay slumbering just a few feet away. Yet she also knew that she would keep on giving him valuable parts of herself until death did them part.

Diana sighed, her momentary indulgence in self-reflection fading as her sense of duty returned. She reached for her discarded negligee, slipping it back on with practiced ease. As she reattached the straps, once more encasing her ample breasts in gauzy fabric, her eyes settled on the wheelchair nestled in the corner, a stark emblem of her husband's frailty and the intricacies that governed their married union. A wellspring of compassion surged within her at the sight, for his struggles were her own.

Turning to look over her shoulder, she brought her attention to Frank, still sprawled out in bed and blissfully ignorant of the world around him. His frail form seemed even smaller amid the tangle of blankets and sheets. The gray hairs sprouting from his body were an unsightly reminder of his decline, as were the wrinkles etched deep into his weathered skin. The sight of his hirsute body, covered in liver spots and rashes, made Diana's stomach churn, but she swallowed her revulsion. This was her husband, flawed and imperfect as he may be.

As Diana approached Frank's slumbering figure, a mixture of pity and frustration welled up within her. His callous demands and disregard for personal hygiene had worn at her patience over time, yet she couldn't bring herself to abandon him. Her love for this man, buried beneath layers of

resentment and sacrifice, fought against her better judgment. It was a testament to her deep-set convictions that she would choose to share her bed with someone like him, a man who many would deem an ill match unworthy of her profound love.

Settling her shoulders, Diana tore her gaze away from Frank's snoring form, reminding herself of the pressing matters that awaited her. She had an important presentation at work today, one that could determine the course of her career. A promotion and a much-needed raise hung in the balance, and she couldn't afford to be late or unprepared. Her blue eyes were full of determination, though she knew that she needed to make an effort to rise above the exhaustion and restlessness of the night. Behind her temples, the dull throbbing persisted, but Diana paid it no heed, her mind already primed with the tasks that lay ahead.

She moved about the room as quietly as she could, her heart pounding in her chest with each soft creak of the floorboards. The fear of waking Frank too early reverberated within her chest. She had learned through bitter experience that disturbing his slumber before he was ready could unleash a tempest of anger that she had no desire to face.

Just as she reached for the doorknob, a wheezing sound echoed through the room, the harsh rasp of his breath breaking the stillness of their shared sanctuary. Diana froze, her breath catching in her throat. Frank stirred beneath his covers, his rheumy eyes flickering open for a brief moment before closing again. Diana's worries dissipated as she watched her husband's body settle back into a deep sleep. She released a silent sigh of relief, grateful for this brief respite. Still, her heart swelled with a mix of love and sympathy for Frank. She couldn't help but feel a deep compassion for his weakened state, as if it were her purpose in life to bring comfort and solace to his troubled existence. It was this unwavering commitment that fueled her relentless pursuit of perfection as his wife.

Moving with calculated stealth, Diana slipped out of their bedroom, her bare feet padding against the cool hardwood floor. She ventured down the hallway, each step taken with a care that reflected years of practice, maneuvering through the house so as not to disturb Frank's delicate slumber.

Her thoughts whirled with trepidation. The delicate balance she had learned to maintain over the years was fragile, easily shattered by even the most innocent of mistakes. Some of the old wooden floorboards creaked under her weight, but she knew all the right places to step to minimize the noise.

Diana entered the spacious kitchen of their modest house, the soft steps of her bare feet a silent grace in the morning stillness. The daring negligee, a mere whisper of fabric, brushed against her thighs, its form-fitting seams clinging to her statuesque frame. Underneath, her heavy breasts shifted and swayed with her movements, unburdened by the constraints of a brassiere.

The early morning sun cast a warm glow through the windows, painting the room with a soft radiance. In this realm of domesticity, Diana had taken on a role that shielded her true self, obscuring the resilience of a warrior with the veneer of a dutiful wife. And so, just as the sun rose each day, she awoke before its golden rays could set the sky ablaze, ready to shoulder the quiet responsibilities that Frank demanded of her.

Diana's eyes swept across the pristine expanse of the kitchen, her gaze settling on every surface and object. It was a ritual born out of a need for control in an environment that demanded her submission. She inspected every detail with meticulous precision, ensuring that everything was in order before she began her morning routine. The countertops gleamed under the soft sunlight streaming through the windows, a courtesy to her fastidiousness. Yet, amid this pristine cleanliness, her eyes fell upon a sight that filled her with revulsion: a worn old dog bowl, nestled in a corner on the floor.

She knew beyond a doubt that this doggy dish was meant for her, having used it many times before to take her meals. But, as if to make its purpose unmistakably clear, her name, 'Diana', had been scrawled on its side in crude letters with a red marker pen. The mere sight of it sent a jolt of indignation through her veins. Her gods-given name written in such a demeaning manner mocked her divine heritage and constituted an affront to everything she stood for. She was an Amazonian warrior princess, not some domestic creature subjected to such degradation! And yet, the bowl served as a stark reminder of her place in this household, reduced to the level of a common house pet.

The dish itself was an eyesore, scratched and rough around the edges. Its white plastic had turned yellow over time, stained and discolored from countless meals served within its degrading confines. It was an object devoid of beauty or elegance, designed solely for function and utility.

As Diana bent over at the waist to pick up the bowl, the sheer fabric of her negligee rose higher on her thighs, exposing the raw power and muscle that defined her Amazonian body. It stood in stark contrast to the submissive role she was forced to adopt, a reminder of the paradox that consumed her existence.

Her fingertips grazed over the dried residue and greasy smears that clung to the bowl's inner edges, each touch sending waves of disgust through her body. It was a visceral reminder of the sacrifices she had made for this man who lay oblivious in their bedroom. Her nose crinkled at the rank smell wafting up from within the bowl's depths—a pungent mixture of stale food and lingering decay. Every foul whiff was a proclamation of her obedience, a reminder that she was not even permitted to wash the bowl, its white color chosen with cruel intention to expose every stain and mark, making her confront the remnants of her own degradation with every new meal. She could even spot a smear from last night's dinner of stale anchovies, the pungent taste still fresh in her mind. Her entire being shuddered at the memory of licking that foul bowl clean after each meal, consuming every morsel no matter how distasteful or unappetizing.

But it was not just the physical aspects that disturbed her. It was the deep-seated symbolism within that simple object—a vessel for sustenance and degradation all at once. That bowl represented Frank's power over her, his ability to dictate every aspect of her life in this mundane existence they shared.

With a heavy sigh, Diana placed the repulsive bowl on the counter next to what was to become her morning meal today—a plain can of store-bought, low-quality dog food. Her stomach churned at the thought of consuming such unpalatable fare, but she knew better than to question or resist Frank's demands. She left the bowl and can in a deserted corner of the counter, acknowledging the inevitable reality that awaited her later—an empty

stomach filled with grainy dog food, most unfit for a proud Amazon warrior and renowned heroine of untold ages.

In this intimate struggle between duty and self-respect, Diana took solace in one undeniable truth—these vile tasks were mere trials she must endure for love. It was love that fueled her determination to push through her feelings and obey the rules laid out by her husband. As much as it pained her to admit it, this was the life she had chosen for herself. She had willingly sacrificed parts of her identity and dignity in order to build a life with Frank.

With determination firm in her heart, Diana set about preparing Frank's breakfast, her bare feet barely making a sound against the cool tiles. The morning sun cast a golden glow on the countertops as she chopped vegetables and cracked eggs into a bowl. Soon, the familiar scent of sizzling bacon filled the air, mingling with the faint traces of cigarette smoke that seemed to permeate every corner of their home.

The headache, ever persistent, continued to throb behind her temples, not helped by the smoky scents in the air. It clouded her thoughts, competing with the urgency of her morning tasks. Diana glanced at the clock hanging on the kitchen wall, her deep blue eyes narrowing with a hint of concern. Despite her early rise, she knew that she did not have much time to finish all that lay before her this morning, and she had to ensure that everything was ready before Frank awakened. Her mind buzzed with a flurry of thoughts and responsibilities while her hands danced across stainless-steel pans, preparing a spicy omelet infused with herbs from their small, neglected garden. As the eggs sizzled in the hot pan, releasing their savory aroma, Diana observed their transformation with a serene focus that belied her years of military training.

Moving with purpose, she navigated her way around the kitchen with ease, the years of preparing meals for Frank etched into her muscle memory. Her slender fingers deftly measured flour and buttermilk in proper quantities, seamlessly multitasking as she initiated the coffee machine to just the right level.

Diana's precise movements never faltered, her body knowing the rhythm of the kitchen. Nimble fingers wrangled pots and pans with a balletic grace that belied her strength, while her bare feet danced with graceful

efficiency across the cold tiles, carrying her from countertop to pantry to stove. She knew every corner and every utensil, handling them with practiced ease. Meals were always cooked by her hand, a flow of affection wrapped within each mouthful. She did it all, from the simplest of breakfasts to elaborate feasts, never faltering in her quest to cater to Frank's every desire. The irony was not lost on her—an Amazonian warrior tending to the culinary needs of a man who barely outweighed their smallest frying pan. But the fire of her nurturing spirit burned bright, igniting warmth into every aspect of their shared lives.

As she cooked, Diana's mind wandered to the love she shared with Frank. Theirs was an improbable union, formed against all odds. Diana had thought herself destined for a solitary fate, dedicating her life to the greater good of mankind. But Lachesis had intervened, drawing her toward Frank's vulnerability and need. And in their union, she had found a new purpose—a fulfillment of the dreams she had buried deep within the recesses of her Amazonian heart.

A whisper-soft hiss sounded as the toaster relinquished the finished slices of bread, their golden exteriors proof of Diana's culinary prowess. Abandoning her ruminations, she reached for the butter, spreading it across each toasted slice. The motion was almost automatic, as if her hands possessed an innate wisdom, having performed this task countless times before. With every dish that she prepared, she paid careful attention to Frank's preferences, ensuring that every bite would be to his liking. To do otherwise would be a dereliction of her spousal obligations.

As the clock on the wall ticked closer to the hour, Diana couldn't help but steal a concerned glance toward the presentation that lay wrapped in a manila envelope on the kitchen table. Its mere presence was a reminder of the stakes at hand. She had poured long hours and late nights into its creation, fueled by visions of a promotion and a much-needed raise. They had been living on a tight budget, and any opportunity for financial stability was not to be missed. A knot formed in the pit of her stomach. Her presentation had to be perfect—flawless, to the last minutiae of detail—in order to secure recognition from her colleagues at work. Her delicate features furrowed with

concern as she ran through her notes once more, her mind a whirlwind of calculated thoughts and meticulous planning. Doubts pulled at the corners of her mind, threatening to unravel her carefully constructed plans, but she pushed them aside.

Diana's commitment to her career was as strong as her dedication to her husband. She balanced the dual responsibilities with grace, her thoughts alternating seamlessly between recipes, work, and her ever-present concern for Frank's wellbeing. Her head throbbed with the intensity of her thoughts, the lingering headache exacerbated by her continuous movement. Yet, she pressed on, never faltering in her efforts.

She whisked the pancake batter with a fervor that matched the tempo of her thoughts, making it dance across the bowl, a few rebellious drops spattering her sky-blue negligee. She paid them no mind, focusing on the task at hand. Appearances, though important, came second to fulfilling her duties.

With determination etched on her face, Diana busied herself combining the pancake mix, milk, and eggs, stirring the batter until it reached the perfect consistency. The sizzle of the hot griddle filled the air as she poured a generous ladleful of batter onto its surface, forming perfect circles with her expert hand. Soon, the aroma of fresh-cooked pancakes wafted through the kitchen, filling every corner and inviting the sleepy senses to awaken.

A subtle, insistent pressure flowed from her lower abdomen, a gentle reminder of a bladder demanding attention. She cast a longing gaze toward the bathroom, but it was a temptation that could not be indulged. Her own needs were an afterthought compared to those of her husband. It was an unwritten rule she willingly obeyed. With a deep breath to steady herself, she pushed her discomfort aside and refocused her attention on her duties.

Her diligent hands moved with purpose, whisking eggs with practiced ease, flipping pancakes with a deft twist of the wrist. In between flipping bacon and stirring pans, she mentally rehearsed each key point of her presentation, her attention divided but focused. Anxiety churned in her gut as she questioned whether she had prepared enough, whether it would be good enough... But she knew she could not afford to get distracted from her

primary task. Every detail, every dish, every taste had to be perfect, just as her husband demanded.

Her clear blue eyes flickered back to the clock on the wall, their vibrant hue dulling with a hint of worry. Her movements became more urgent, her practiced hand slicing through vegetables with precision born from countless hours spent honing her culinary skills. The indulgent dance of flavors and textures was a ritual she had perfected, a humble offering to satisfy Frank's palate. Likewise, the fragrant aromas that wafted through the air were designed to tempt his appetite, evoking a sense of home and comfort.

One by one, the dishes filled the counter, their aromas mingling in a symphony of delicious scents. Varying shades of yellow and brown adorned the china—golden-fried eggs, glistening with a delicate sheen of butter, a mosaic of crispy bacon strips forming an intricate pattern. Toast, perfectly browned and imbued with a subtle aroma of warmth, accompanied the feast. She prepared Frank's precise portion sizes, his favorite notations of sugary sweetness and greasy delight. The spectrum of his colorful plate shimmered before her scrutinizing eyes as she worked, ensuring the food was visually captivating as well as tasteful. A plate of fluffy pancakes awaited their golden finish, while a platter of the spicy vegetable omelet was ready to be served. Each dish was created with delicate care and love, for Diana poured her heart into every aspect of her duties as a wife.

Her work presentation, however, constantly tugged at the edges of her thoughts, diverting her focus. Even as she tenderly stacked fluffy pancakes, arranged fruit slices in a meticulous, symmetrical display, and garnished the steaming eggs, she fretted about potential missteps, envisioning each spoonful being met with a sour note. With a final flourish, Diana placed the last pancake on the pile, her tender fingers tinged with a dusting of powdered sugar. Taking a quick glance at the clock, she urged herself to move faster.

The alluring smells of her husband's breakfast wafted through the air, the vibrant aroma of the masterfully prepared dishes teasing her senses and making her stomach growl. Yet, Diana did not dare reach out for a taste. Instead, she merely inhaled the delicious scents, savoring them the only way she was allowed. She longed to taste the food she had created with such care,

to savor the flavors dancing on her tongue, but there would be no indulgence for her. She would not have the pleasure of tasting the fruits of her labor. Her own meager meal sat relegated to that lonely corner of the counter, a sad reminder of the sacrifices she made on a daily basis.

The cold, plain can of dog food mocked her with its simplicity. It was a cruel and unappetizing contrast to the colorful feast she had prepared for her husband. Diana averted her gaze. Despite her empty belly, she did not look forward to partaking in that unsavory meal, but it was part of Frank's strict rules regarding her diet, and she adhered to those rules with the same conviction as she did everything else.

Her soft-soled feet padded across the cool kitchen tiles as she set the table with meticulous care, arranging each dish with impeccable precision in swift, graceful motions. The plate of pancakes, fluffy and golden, beckoned with tantalizing sweetness. The eggs, perfectly cooked and buttered, were a canvas of colors and flavors. And the sizzling bacon, crisp and aromatic, begged to be devoured. She poured the freshly brewed coffee into a delicate cup, steam curling upward in tempting streamers, and set it down beside the feast.

As the plates sat arranged with artistic flair, Diana's belly again grumbled with its demands. But her own hunger was unimportant. Suppressing her needs, Diana flitted about the table, arranging the silverware and napkins in meticulous order. She kept her thoughts focused on the tasks at hand, banishing the residual headache that lingered in her temples. The more she poured herself into these mundane responsibilities, the greater the semblance of fulfillment she found. In this eternal morning routine, the world became a small bubble where her submission to Frank's desires provided its own measure of contentment, albeit a complex one.

A gentle sigh escaped her lips as she surveyed the colorful masterpiece before her. The elegant presentation beckoned for Frank's attention. In a final stroke of her personal narrative, Diana deposited the cold metal can on her allocated side of the table, a stark contrast to the vibrant feast in front of her husband's seat. Her own minuscule meal felt like cruel punishment, a reminder of the boundaries she willingly accepted to be the woman she

thought she could mold herself to be—a perfect wife to an imperfect man, striving to curate a life together where differences coexisted in surprising harmony.

The table was a tableau of Diana's love and dedication—of her willingness to sacrifice her own needs for his. She stood there in the kitchen, bathed in morning light, ready to serve the man she loved, her eyes burning with unwavering devotion and a deep longing for recognition.

Taking her assigned place to the side of the table, her statuesque form stood at attention, her posture poised and serene, a picture of controlled elegance ready to welcome her husband with a personal touch. Diana took a deep breath, the warming scent of her own creation enveloping her. With a sense of accomplishment, Diana called out in her melodious voice, maintaining the respectful tone she always adopted.

“Breakfast is ready, my love!”

Her timbre carried through the quiet house, a gentle entreaty for Frank to join her. But deep down, she knew it was more than breakfast she was offering. It was her unwavering dedication, her commitment to love and cherish him until the end of their days.

Diana's shoulders tightened with anticipation. Time was of the essence, and the demands of her office work loomed ever closer. As she waited for the footsteps of her beloved to draw near, she suppressed the quiet stirrings of her own desires, burying them beneath a facade of selflessness and unwavering dedication.

With an upright posture and her eyes fixed on the open kitchen door, she waited patiently, standing at attention like a loyal soldier ready for duty. The pressing need for haste pulsed through her veins, urging her to hurry through her chores and make herself presentable for work. Time was not her ally, but she yearned to prove to Frank, and to herself, that she could excel in all aspects of her life. In that moment, Diana embodied the essence of her role as a wife, her graceful posture and eager anticipation a monument to her devotion. Her inner warrior, fierce and powerful, had once more bowed before her frail husband's mortal needs, placing them far above her own.

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About the Author

Writing has always been my passion in life, and I intend to keep on doing it until I drop. I am intrigued by the many aspects of sex and human intimacy, the deviant parts of our psyche, and the exchange of euphoria between souls.

To that end, I am a creator of Erotica, often focused on strong, capable women being subjugated and tested in perilous ways. This could be anything from cruel predicament bondage or torture in a medieval dungeon to the daily struggle of life in a harsh dom/sub relationship.

I see writing as a means to experiment with these fantasies and push the boundaries of what is hot or not within a safe environment. Today I invite you to join me on that journey.

-Edgar

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