



A JUST DESSERT

LESBIAN TOILET SLAVERY, SCAT,
PUNISHMENT, BDSM, FEMDOM &
HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

A JUST DESSERT

TOILET SLAVERY, SCAT, FEMDOM, BDSM,
HUMILIATION & MORE

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.



The small town of Jacksonville was under attack. Nobody knew his name by then, but Carson had the otherwise quiet town under his thumb by terrorizing them silently. There were murders happening, and everyone knew how he killed thanks to the local media: he broke into people's houses and poisoned their food.

He was so effective and meticulous that nobody noticed when their houses had been broken into, and that's how he got them because nobody ever thought it could happen to them. They all felt safe, but no cameras or security system could stop the fearless assassin. He was really good at what he did, and carrying out his crimes gave him a special kind of rush that he was addicted to, which is why he couldn't stop.

That would eventually lead to his downfall.

Sandra was the best cop in the whole county. A natural detective that was able to pick up on the smallest of details and clues that other people would ignore or discard as unimportant. This case was special. She worked day and night to be able to catch the killer, and she kept her progress under wraps just to make sure that no details would get leaked to the media. She didn't want the assassin to have any advantage, and getting cocky would make him slip up. That's exactly what happened.

The woman wasn't only an incredible detective, but she was also a stunning woman. She was a tall brunette with long hair, which she usually kept together in a bun. Her curves always got the attention of everyone around her, with big, juicy breasts that would bounce around when she got too excited. Her thick thighs were crowned by a perfect ass, which she usually showed off by wearing tights professional outfits.

Everyone at the precinct was in love with her, but she was focused on her job. There was little time to have a private life when you're so dedicated to your job and she was okay with that.

The case of the assassin that went around poisoning people weighed heavy on her mind. She was the detective in charge of the case and all eyes were on her; her superiors expected the culprit to be brought to justice, but the investigation wasn't going anywhere. Carson was a meticulous criminal, a smart and careful man that made sure to never leave any trace. The police force was frustrated and about to throw their collective hands in the air.

Not Sandra. The beautiful woman was as relentless as Carson was careful, and she was never going to stop chasing him until he slipped up and gave her something.



The day finally came. As Sandra hoped, Carson became too full of himself after eluding the police for so long and slipped up. Decades terrorizing the city would do that to a man. She was the first to notice the gift that he had inadvertently left her: a very clear set of fingerprints on a doorknob.

Her heart was racing. Everyone else had left the scene when she discovered it, but that was because she always checked everything twice before calling it a day. She had a personal reason to catch that man, one that was very close to her heart.

The detective collected the evidence and sent it to the lab to process it as soon as possible. Despite what Hollywood showed in movies and television series, the lab analysis wasn't a magic trick that would instantly point at the

culprit. It took time, but despite having to wait for the results, Sandra could barely contain her excitement.

She spent the next day looking at the time between cups of coffee. She picked up her phone before the second ring.

“Detective Sandra-”

“Yes, it’s me,” the woman interrupted the lab technician before he could finish his sentence.

“It’s about the samples you sent.”

Her heart was racing again.

“We found no match for the DNA, but the prints came out positive against the federal database. We have a match.”

“Please send me everything and I’ll check it out right now. Tell nobody about this.”

She hung up and looked around. Everyone was doing their thing; filing reports, talking over the phone, drinking coffee just like she was doing, but none of them knew that she was about to catch the biggest threat that the city of Jacksonville had ever known.

Maybe it was during that moment that she first considered keeping it to herself. Who better to carry out justice against the sick man than herself? She wanted to uphold the constitution, but at the same time, she didn’t want to risk the assassin walking free because of a technicality or some other bullshit like that. She had seen plenty of guilty people walk free because someone messed up along the way.

Not this time. The assassin was hers.



Sandra opened up her email and read what the lab sent her. Caron Kaye was detained many years ago under a minor crime, which got his prints in the

system. It was a match, and it was undisputed. After consulting her local database, she was able to get an address for the man.

She grabbed her keys and walked towards the exit as quickly as she could while remaining casual. She had made her decision: she wasn't going to bring him in.

Carson was minding his own business at home, cleaning the counter as if it was a regular person doing his mundane chores when in reality, he was a fearless killer that had way too many victims under his belt. The music masked the noise that Sandra's car made when she parked it outside of his house.

She knocked on the door, and a voice from inside the house let her know that he was coming. The detective unholstered her gun and looked to her left and right. Nobody was around, which was perfect because she didn't want any witnesses.

"Hello, how can I-"

Sandra pushed the man into his house as soon as he opened the door and hit him in the head with her gun, making him pass out.

The man slowly came back to his senses after a while. His head was killing him, a product of the impact that knocked him out minutes earlier. He opened his eyes and saw the beautiful woman sitting on a wooden chair while he was on the floor. His wrists were bound together by a pair of handcuffs.

"Here we are," Sandra said. "Finally."

"Please," Carson said with a mortified expression, "you can take whatever you want. My money is in the drawer, upstairs. Just let me go."

Sandra scuffed and put a lock of hair behind her ear.

"I'm not here to rob you. And you can drop the act because I know perfectly well who you are, Carson. Or should I call you the assassin of Jacksonville?"

The man's face changed rapidly as if someone ripped out a mask. His worried expression morphed into a blank stare. There was some disdain in there as well.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Sandra. A detective."

"I don't hear any sirens."

"That's because I didn't call for backup."

"I don't think that's how the protocol goes. Your superiors aren't going to be happy about this, especially with such a high profile case."

There was pride in the man's voice. Sandra had to keep herself from whipping him with her pistol again.

"They can't be unhappy about something they don't know," she retorted.

"You wouldn't..."

"Nobody knows that I'm here, and nobody will notice that you're gone."

"Let me go," he said while his blank expression turned into an angry one.

Sandra ignored the man's words and stood up. She walked around the place, looking into drawers and cabinets.

"The money is upstairs," he said.

"I'm not looking for money."

"What is it that you want, then?"

"Let's say that it's time to let you taste a bit of what you've been putting people through."

The woman kept looking, but there was no poison to be found.

"Did you really think that I would keep the poison here, in my own house?"

A mocking laugh filled the living room.

“You’re not a very bright detective.”

Sandra blushed out of anger. She was hoping to find at least some rat poison to forcibly feed it to him, but there was nothing there. Once her anger subsided, she returned to the wooden chair.

“Why are you even doing this?” he asked. “Capturing me and sending me to jail would land you a juicy promotion. You could be running the local force in a few years if you play your cards right.”

“I’m not interested in any of that. The only reason why I joined the force in the first place was to capture you. That was my one and only motivation, and here we are now.”

Carson arched an eyebrow.

“You don’t remember, do you? My house wasn’t even that far away from here. The house where you poisoned my parents.”



It all clicked in his head. With such motivation behind her actions, he was starting to think that he wouldn’t be leaving his house anytime soon.

“I wanted to make you suffer, slowly poisoning you while I saw how you deteriorated, but I’ll have to improvise since you don’t have any poison here.”

“What are you...”

“Here’s how things are going to be: the only thing that you’re allowed to consume from now on is my waste. You’ll eat my shit and drink my piss until I’m satisfied.”

The man laughed again.

“Are you out of your mind? I refuse. I won’t eat that no matter how you try to convince me.”

“The passage of time will do the convincing for me.”

The woman dragged the man to the basement and secured him to a metal structure that she found there. He was completely trapped, unable to fight, kick, or reason his way out of this mess.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Carson,” she said while she locked him down there.

Sandra looked out the window before leaving to make sure that the coast was clear. She was really doing it, she had the man who killed her parents trapped in his own basement. Feeding him her excrement was an idea that came to her suddenly, but she liked it more and more as time passed.

The bottom line was that he was at her mercy, and she could do whatever she wanted with him. Watching him devour her shit was going to be a treat, and she was confident that he would do exactly that after a few days of not being able to eat or drink anything.

She went home for the day and had the best night of sleep in years.

Nobody knew what she was doing, and she made sure to maintain her usual demeanor and schedule to avoid raising any suspicions. There was no way that anyone (in the force or otherwise) would imagine that she had captured the man guilty of so many killings throughout the years, but she was the most cautious woman in the whole world during that time.



She didn’t visit him during the first day and instead focused on increasing her food intake. Her plan was still the way to go despite being able to get poison from her own place or a convenience store if it got to that. No. She liked her new plan better. Making him eat her shit and drink her piss would be the kind of poetic justice that maybe, just maybe, could help soothe the pain of what he took from her.

The second day came along fast enough, and Sandra went to the man’s house during the night to make sure that once again she went undetected. The basement door alerted the man that his captor was there.

“Miss me yet?” she asked playfully as she walked down the stairs.

Carson remained silent.

“It’s okay if you want to keep the tough guy act going because I don’t mind. You’ll bend to my will soon enough, so enjoy it while you can.”

“Whatever you say.”

“Are you hungry yet?”

He didn’t answer.

“Mhm, you will be. I just wanted to drop by in case you wanted to fill up your belly, but I’ll come back tomorrow.”

Sandra left the basement and the house with an even bigger smile than the day before. Caron tried to keep a strong demeanor, but she could tell that he was feeling emasculated and humiliated.

It didn’t matter. He could be paying for his crimes soon enough.

The woman repeated the mocking charade the next day, but the man was still holding it together. She could see that he was about to break, though, and he did exactly that on the third day.

“How fast will a person succumb to hunger and thirst,” she thought while the man pleaded for some mercy while looking down at the basement’s dusty floor.

Sandra smiled from ear to ear.

“And mercy you shall have,” she said. “Let me grab a glass and a plate from your kitchen and I’ll be right back.”



The woman went upstairs and to the kitchen while whistling a happy tune, and she came back after a couple of minutes holding what she promised. There was no need to exchange more words. When Carson asked her for something to eat and drink he knew what was in store for him, but he was desperate.

He tried to resist but the starvation was kicking in, and sitting down in an old basement wasn't going any favors to his sanity.

Sandra dropped her pants and panties to her ankles and put the glass directly under her pussy. It was freshly shaved, and Carson couldn't help but take a look while the woman filled up the glass with her warm urine.

She sighed with relief because she had been holding it in.

"Here you go. Bottom's up."

The woman put the rim of the glass against the man's lips because his wrists were still bound behind his back. He closed his eyes and opened his lips ever so slightly when the smelly liquid hit them. He didn't want to drink it at first, but the thirst was so bad that he would drink anything by that point.

He gulped the urine down too fast and got into a coughing fit. Sandra let out a giggle.

"Easy there. Even if you liked it that much you're going to choke if you drink so desperately."

Drops of Sandra's piss fell from the man's chin onto the dusty floor as he let out a big sigh. It didn't taste that bad after all, but he was still starving. He needed to eat something, and Sandra had just the thing for him.

"Please," he said with a quiet voice. "I need to eat something now or I'm going to pass out."

"I won't let that happen. Since you enjoyed my piss so much, I'm sure that you'll like this even more."

She put the plate on the floor and squatted above it. She pushed gently for a few seconds before a gigantic piece of shit came out of her tiny asshole and landed onto the plate. He couldn't believe his eyes, but there it was. Such a gorgeous and fit woman had given birth to a shit monstrosity, and that monstrosity was going to go into his mouth.

The detective pulled out a glove and put it on her right hand. She grabbed the excrement with the gloved hand and ordered the man to open his mouth.

He did it with some reluctance and she shoved the piece of shit into his mouth, pushing up his jaw with her ungloved hand to make him chew. She started at him while he slowly moved his mouth up and down, crushing the putrid and somewhat soft shit between his teeth. His mouth was filled with the taste and essence of the woman's excrement, and his tongue was completely covered with filth.

The man gagged and coughed violently when it was time to swallow that mouthful, and Sandra laughed again. The mighty assassin was reduced to a mumbling mess in a badly lit basement.

"You have to eat it all," she demanded while pushing the other half of the turd into his mouth. He chewed again, making sure to break it down enough to be able to swallow it. Dying suffocated with shit wasn't on his bucket list.

"I'm not done," she said with a smile, as she squatted on the place again.

She was right in front of him this time, and he could see how her asshole smeared with shit dilated and gaped as a new batch of turds came out from it and landed on the dirty plate. He was impressed that she was keeping so much inside of her, but he became worried when he realized that he would have to eat all of that as well.

"That's right," she said as if she was reading his mind. "All of it goes in that pretty mouth of yours."

She pushed one final time and a few drops of piss landed on the plate, making a weird concoction of shit and piss that started to look like a soup. Before continuing feeding him the mix that she had just created, she could feel some gas building up.

"I have a surprise present for you," she said.

She bent over and put her ass in front of his face. She used the ungloved hand to pull one of her ass cheeks before letting out an incredible amount of

flatulence. The fetid air hit him right on the face and made him gag again. He closed his teary eyes but the smell penetrated through his nostrils and filled up his senses.

It was the nastiest fart he had ever smelled, but to be fair, it was the first time that someone farted on his face after shitting and with an asshole covered in that same shit.

Sandra didn't waste her time and kneeled in front of him again, forcing the next piece of shit into his mouth with his gloved hand. He received it with an open mouth because he was still starving, and he wanted to end that discomfort as soon as possible. He swallowed the first bite and used his tongue to lick the shit stuck between his teeth, managing to get it all out before continuing eating.

The detective was delighted. Carson had been humiliated to the point that he probably barely felt human anymore. All her years of pursuit were worth it because she finally had her revenge.

The woman put the plate on the ground and stood up.

“Finish the rest by yourself. Eat it like a dog, and make sure to leave a clean plate.”

The man nodded and buried his face into the mountain of shit, eating it little by little. He still gagged a few times during the process, but he knew that he had to eat it to survive and because he didn't want to anger the woman.

It took him five minutes to eat everything, and he carefully licked the plate clean when he was done, just as Sandra ordered.

He was a mess. There was shit and piss from the woman on his clothes, and he had soiled himself because he had spent the last three days chained there, unable to go to the bathroom. The whole basement smelled terrible, and it was a smell that would linger in his nose along with the taste that would linger in his mouth.

“I hope you're full now,” she said. “But don't worry, I'll come back in a couple of days with another banquet made especially for you.”

“Does that mean that you’re not letting me go?” he asked, worried.

“Of course not. You’re my prisoner and we’ll repeat today’s show many, many times.”

Sandra wiped herself and fixed her clothes before heading for the stairs. She turned her head towards the chained man before leaving.

“Trust me. You will eat my shit until I’m satisfied, and I have the feeling that we’ll be doing this for a long time.”

The woman turned off the lights and closed the door, leaving the man in the dark.



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For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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[Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 4: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, BDSM, Financial Domination, Femdom & Humiliation](#)

[Whatever It Takes Part 3: Lezdom, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.](#)

[Her Husband... Is Her Slave Part 3: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Femdom & Humiliation.](#)

[You Are Her Slave 9: An Extreme Femdom Bundle: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Trample, CBT, Femdom, Cuckoldry, Humiliation & More.](#)

Stepsister Domination: Lesbian Domination, Exploitation, Bullying & Financial Domination

Drinking Her Milk To Grow: HuCow, Breastfeeding, Human Milk Drinking, Bullying & Femdom

Becoming His Stepmothers Slave Part 3: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.

Whatever It Takes Part 2: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Bullying, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation.

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Tormented By His Stepmother: Fart Slavery, Foot Slavery, Lift & Carry, Femdom & Humiliation.

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Whatever It Takes: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Forced Oral, Foot Fetish, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation

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Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom

Open Wide, It's Coming Out!

Your Meals Come From My Ass!

Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery

Smelly Our Stinky Farts

I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry

Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1

Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!.: (Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom)

Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!

So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday

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