



# BROKEN BY THE BOSS

Forced Foot Fetish, Trampling, CBT,  
Humiliation & Femdom

ALEX KILROY

# **BROKEN BY THE BOSS.**

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& FEMDOM.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

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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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Here are some of his other titles;

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*Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!*

*So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday*

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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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*To my fellow sexual deviants .. Keep having fun ;)*

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“We're all captives, in one way or another . . .”

— JANE FRANCES

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## A CHANCE IS ALL HE WANTS.



Joshua was always the timid kind. It was always hard for him to put down and make decisions, and even harder to enter any kind of confrontation. He lacked that machismo, that confidence that young men usually get after going through puberty. He just wasn't manly at all.

He knew full well that any job that entailed charm and charisma was not going to be in his stars. So instead, he decided to focus on something he had a great passion for: cooking.

Joshua often trained at home, and he read a whole lot of books on the subject. His YouTube feeds were filled with cooking shows and recipes.

He was indeed a promising aspiring chef and showed potential in his previous jobs. However, he ached to keep growing and learning, and that was why he decided to send his resume to a top-notch, classy, upscale restaurant.

Joshua was not only shy but also short and thin, the kind of man that looked even younger than he really was. He dressed in clothes that seemed a bit too big for his small frame and was worried that first appearances were going to play against him in his interview.

The truth was, he wished to get employed as an apprentice, but it was clear from the get-go that it was not going to happen. He was going to have to start even further down, as a simple dishwasher. That stung a bit, but it was merely the first step. Soon he'd be climbing up the ladder and learning from the very best chefs in town!

Even before walking into the restaurant, he had been berated by a rude and dismissive secretary, who made it damned clear he was going to be interviewed for the dishwasher position and nothing else. Perhaps that should have been a sign that he should keep looking. Still, this restaurant was so well-renowned that the experience he'd earn in there would make up for any other inconveniences.

And so he found himself waiting in the back of the restaurant, close to the kitchen, listening to the sounds of the staff working fast-paced, and with incredible efficiency. They were all so professional and talented! Joshua wanted to be just like them!

After 45 minutes of waiting, the door to an office opened, and Joshua jumped to his feet. It was none other than Svetlana Wills, the owner of this incredible restaurant! She had been featured in a local newspaper, and Joshua had researched her before coming to the interview, so he knew who she was the second she opened the door.

Svetlana was striking and stunning. Very tall and voluptuous, with long jet black hair, this woman didn't hide her confidence or power, no matter who was around. She had to be at least 6'1 in height barefoot, and since she was wearing heels she was stood at around 6'5. Joshua was around 5'4. She was incredibly attractive and almost aggressively assertive. Giving him a quick look up and down, she sighed in evident irritation at him and shook her head.

"No, you won't do" She snapped, in a light Russian accent and seemed about ready to close the door in his face. Joshua opened his eyes wide and stepped forward meekly, pouting quietly.

"W-Wait, please. I truly want to work here. Can't you at least interview me? Please. Please just give me a chance." He asked, or rather, begged, the tone

in his voice feeble and desperate.

Joshua was pleading since he couldn't even bring himself to argue with a woman like this, despite the fact she had already agreed to interview him, hence him travelling to be here. She was just too much... too tall, too perfect... too intimidating.

She sighed in clear irritation and shrugged her shoulders, waving for him to follow her. They stepped into the large, luxurious office, and Joshua stood by her side for an instant, surprised by how much larger she was compared to him.

A few seconds later, they were sitting down, and the difference between their sizes was still painfully noticeable. He had to crane his head up by five inches to be able to make eye contact with her, and even then he could barely see her face from under her substantial bust. Joshua felt like a little bug that she could squash any second. He felt so small and pathetic in her presence, and it was incredibly clear by the icy look on her face that she was judging and analysing him in a terribly bad light.

"You don't seem to be good fit, for my restaurant." She stated blankly, and he squirmed in discomfort, feeling worthless but finding some determination and refusing to give up.

"B-But I am a r-really hard worker. I-I swear you won't regret giving me a chance," He mumbled, once again pleading miserably.

Svetlana grabbed his CV and began reading it once again, asking quick questions every once and then, and getting annoyed when he didn't reply at once.

It didn't seem to be going too well, but at the very least, Svetlana wasn't snapping at him to leave. Perhaps he had a chance!

All of a sudden, however, things turned a sudden and unexpected turn. She removed her red high heels and stretched her legs across her table and toward him, wriggling her long chubby toes. Her thick, wrinkled soles glistened with sweat, and a light cheesy aroma wafted into Joshua's nostrils. Svetlana had been wearing those heels all day. Even though she stood at a

lofty 6'1, the extra four inches those heels gave her meant she looked down on virtually everyone she came into contact with. She loved that feeling of dominance, she lived for it.

“I want a foot massage. Rub my feet, now” She demanded of him as if it was the most natural request in the world. But the truth was, it didn't seem like a request at all... it was an order and not a pleasant one.

He was stunned and tried to mumble an excuse, but nothing came out. So he inhaled sharply, trying to compose himself, and finally mumbled:

“I... I don't think i-it's appropriate.”

She didn't seem happy about his reply, and wiggled her toes again, clearly losing her patience. Her feet were large but pretty, with a perfect pedicure and a small toe ring that made it impossible for him not to stare down for an instant.

Despite Svetlana towering over him and speaking to him with such disregard, he found her incredibly attractive. But if she was going to be his boss, he couldn't be massaging her feet! What kind of impression does that send? It was highly inappropriate! He was here to work in the kitchens, even if it meant as a lowly dishwasher. Yet here she was, demanding that he massage her sweaty feet like some sort of personal servant.

“If you don't do it, just walk out and leave, because you aren't getting the job. This is a requirement, and a job offer depends on it!” She said sharply, almost snapping at Joshua. He cowered and gulped down, biting his lower lip and considering his options.

However, he finally nodded meekly and raised his hands toward her big sweaty feet. The combination of their considerable size and position on her tall desk meant that he was almost eye level with her toes. The cheesy smell from her feet was stronger from this closer distance, and she wriggles and stretched her toes, almost as if she wanted to get as much foot stink into the air that Joshua was breathing.

Joshua began to massage her large, sexy feet, and it was clear she was enjoying it. He squeezed her soles, which were so wide he wasn't able to

wrap each hand around them. She gasped and sighed softly, and once or twice... Joshua was certain he actually heard her moan. Was this something sexual? He didn't know, but didn't dare ask or do anything but massage her dutifully.

His fingers pressed against the sole of her feet, her heel, her toes, alternating between massaging in circular motions, and drawing imaginary lines up and down her midfoot.

"Don't forget my toes." Svetlana said lazily, stretching out further in comfort, her feet now pushing Joshua further backward into his chair. Joshua was unsure of what to do, but not wanting to infuriate his future boss, he gently squeezed each of her long, chubby toes between his thumb and pointer finger. Svetlana sighed in pleasure as she felt her toes being manipulated, cracking them and spreading them.

"Mmm... yes, that feels good.. you are doing a decent job Jimmy" She sighed, seeming far more relaxed and less abrasive than before.

"Erm, m-my name is Joshua." He replied timidly, and continued his service at her big stinky feet.

He blushed furiously, so mortified about the whole situation, but kept on doing what was required of him. His palms were now coated in her foot sweat and his thumbs were going numb from the circular motions they were rubbing into her soles.

Finally, she slipped her feet away from his lap. He felt his fingers slightly sore, but at the same time, it was hard to pretend he hadn't enjoyed all of this in a twisted kind of way.

"Very well, let's give you a shot," She announced as she put her high heels on again, making her feet look even sexier than before. "But only if you also work as my personal assistant. I need someone who can follow orders quickly, and you seem like the man for that job."

He was stunned since it wasn't exactly what he was searching for in a job. That being said, it was a way in, and he'd be spending lots of time close to Svetlana, one of the best chefs in town!

So meekly, he nodded and agreed to her terms.

“Very well, then, you are hired. Follow me and walk fast, because I have several tasks for you and I won’t be losing any of my time just because you have short legs” She commanded, and stepped out of the office, with Joshua following her in tow, wondering what he had gotten himself into exactly.



The next few weeks weren’t easy. Svetlana was a hellish boss, always demanding more and more and more. It was insane, but he wasn’t going to give up! He was determined to keep going and finally discover the way to earn her respect.

Her demands of him got stranger too. It started off by her calling him into her office, whenever she felt like it, no matter how busy the kitchen was. She would have him sit across from her and she would stretch those long legs in his direction for a lengthy foot massage.

Now though, he would hear her yell his name in that sexy Russian accent and as soon as he would enter her office, she would snap her finger and point at the floor under her desk. He knew the drill. Joshua was to crawl underneath her desk and sit cross legged. Then, Svetlana would cross one over the other, and she would ask him to either massage the dangling foot.. or suck her long, chubby toes. You read that correctly. She actually made the poor boy suck on her toes. The first time she asked him to do it, Joshua was in disbelief. She couldn’t be serious. But after she threatened to fire him, he knew that she was. After he crawled into place, she swung her leg over over knee and as her foot flew in his direction, her damp nylon covered foot brushed him across the face. It wasn’t very hard of a kick, but Joshua expected some kind of acknowledgement. None was forthcoming.

“Now” Svetlana said, looking down at him from her lofty position above him. “You are going to take all of my toes in your mouth and run your tongue between them, and then underneath them. They have been stuck in those heels for a while and you need to relieve them. Begin!”

Joshua looked across at her huge foot. It had to be at least a size 14. It was massive, her soles long and wide at the instep, and her toes long and chubby. She wriggled and cracked them in his face, as if telling him to hurry up. He opened his mouth as wide as he could and pushed her foot as deep into his mouth as he could.

On feeling her toes in his warm wet mouth, Svetlana sighed in pleasure.

“Good boy.” She said in a condescending tone. “Maybe you have a promising future here after all!

Joshua wanted to smile on hearing he had pleased his boss, but his mouth was filled to the brim with her sweaty, nylon clad foot.



Despite his best efforts to please her, Svetlana only got bitchier and bitchier by the minute. So it wasn't really a surprise when, after a long shift and making sure the restaurant looked spotless, that he received a text from his boss.

“Come to my house right now. And I don't want to read an excuse about your shift being over. ASAP!”

Joshua sighed heavily, knowing that trying to argue would only result in her adding another irking chore to his list of responsibilities. So he simply shrugged it off. He knew she lived in Knightsbridge - a fancy part of London, so he wore his nicest blue shirt and black trousers. He climbed onto his old, beat-down bicycle and rode toward her apartment.

He had been there before to handle a few chores, and by God, it was a fantastic place, in an incredible neighbourhood. The kind he wished he'd be able to live in one day.

When he arrived, feeling spent and exhausted, he didn't really think anything was going to be putting him in a good mood. However, the second his boss opened the door, everything changed.

She was standing there, tall and stunning, wearing a tight yellow crop top and shorts, with her breasts peeking out of the bottom, and most of her legs bare. She was truly a vision for sore eyes. Joshua couldn't help but openly stare at the stunning Svetlana, with his mouth agape. He had never seen a woman dressed like this before in real life, let alone one who looked like her. She had to snap her fingers in front of his face to get him to react.

“Earth to Joshua! You’ve been standing like a stupid statue there for a whole minute making me cold! Get inside, *now!*” She barked at him. He followed behind her, closing the door in his way in.

God, her place was amazing, yes, but she looked so good, he couldn't tear his eyes off her. Her breasts were full, perky, and so tempting. All he could imagine was sucking and licking them all night long. He could almost see her nipples, and if he could only reach out and slipped the robe an inch or two to the left, he'd be able to see her exposed nipple, and maybe, just maybe, she'd allow him to worship those sexy boobs.

He was immediately turned on by her gorgeous silhouette. She wanted nothing but to fuck her until neither of them could move any longer.

“Sit on the sofa,” She instructed, and Joshua, already used to being bossed around by her, did as she said at once.

Svetlana, tall and gorgeous, sat across from him and stretched her long, powerful looking legs in his direction. With a not so gracious thump, she dropped those big size twelve feet of hers right into Joshua's lap. The heels of her feet smashed into his scrotum.

“Ah, ow” he said quietly, and looked to his boss for a response, maybe even an apology. But no, Svetlana just looked him dead in the eye, with a small smile on her face, as if she acknowledged what she had done, but thought nothing of it. She cracked her big toe behind her second toes, which were all painted red.

“Get to work.” She sighed, and closed her eyes.

By this stage, Joshua knew the drill, as he was forced to give her a massage at least once a day. If not far more often!

“Give me a long, nice foot massage, Joshua. This has been a long day, and I need to relax a bit,” She commanded, and he immediately obeyed. Had she called him over, made him cycle for fifty minutes in the dark, just to massage her feet? Surely there had to be something important for him to do. But he dared not to ask. Svetlana had opened her eyes, and every second that passed, her face got angrier and angrier.

Then, quick as a flash..

BOOM!

Svetlana kicked Joshua in the side of the head.

His head spun. And his vision was temporarily blurred. This wasn't the first time she had done this to him. Last week, he was sat under her desk massaging her feet as usual and his mind wandered. He daydreamed for only a few seconds, but that was enough for Svetlana to slap his face with the underside of her damp, nylon covered foot. It was so humiliating, and Joshua considered leaving her employment, but she allowed him to take some leftovers home and he got over it.

It wasn't until she swiftly raised her hand as if she was going to hit him, that he snapped out of his light concussion and got to work. His technique had improved a lot in those few previous weeks, as he had gotten so much practice.

She moaned softly and stared at the blushed, tiny young man massaging her feet.

“I want you to tell me about your hopes and dreams, Joshua. Tell me why you wanted this job so badly, and how do you think my restaurant will help you achieve your goals.”

He was stunned by her earnest questions. It seemed that, even though she was a real bitch, maybe, *just maybe* deep down inside she had some good in her too. A side that tried to help those who worked with her, maybe. He smiled meekly, flattered by her sudden interest in him and started talking, telling Svetlana all about his dreams of becoming a world-renowned chef.

“Your restaurant is amazing, and you truly are an inspiration. I’m not j-just saying it, M-Miss Svetlana, I really mean it! Your restaurant has been featured in so many reviews, and they are all amazing! I want a chance to be trained by the very best, and I hope that I’ll improve my skills and make something of myself if I get the chance.”

She seemed impressed by his reply and encouraged him to keep talking, leaning slightly forward.

That was when he made a big mistake. He learnt to her rub her feet so efficiently that he pretty much did it on auto pilot these days, but as he focused on his conversation with her, he wasn’t didn’t notice the growing pleasure he was feeling in his pants. His cock stiffened, and by looking at his movements, one could deduce he was using the heels of her feet to get himself off.

Joshua truly had so many dreams for the future, and he truly did admire Svetlana greatly... but he was distracted, letting his cock do the thinking instead of his brains.

As he kept talking, his words became a bit more random, and he clearly wasn’t paying attention to their conversation any longer. He was distracted, now staring at her long, sexy legs and her tits. Fuck, he could see them through her gorgeous silk robe, and it was impossible to stop staring.

He wanted so badly to beg her, plead with her to allow him to lick those perfect boobs. Please, please, he kept saying in his head.

Then, Svetlana noticed how distracted he seemed to be, and how much he was staring, how he seemed to almost be drooling.

And then... she noticed the erection bulging underneath her feet. In jeans, that could be easily hidden, but the pants they used in the kitchen made an erection all too noticeable.

“You pervert!” She screamed, pulling her feet off his lap and glaring at him with such fury that he immediately cowered in her sofa. “And just when I was beginning to think of giving you some extra responsibilities. Clearly, I was mistaken! You are a worthless, pathetic perverted loser!”

Much to Joshua's shock, Svetlana grabbed him by the back of his head and yanked him away from the sofa. She pushed him to the floor, hard. Surprisingly hard. Yes, she was larger than him, but he had never imagined she could throw him around with such ease.

His body slammed against the floor painfully and he groaned. He attempted to stand up, but then she stomped down painfully onto his chest. She outweighed him by at least fifty pounds, there was no chance he could push her off him.

But now, not only was she pinning him down with her foot, but actually standing on top of him completely! Her entire body's weight was soon on him, effectively trampling him!

He groaned and whimpered miserably, his chest cracking under the pain of her big feet. She was heavier than she looked and each stomp of her feet felt as if it weighed a ton. As she trampled him, through his hazy vision he could see her grinning down at him, an evil glint in her eye.

"ARGH!! P-Please, I'm so sorry! PLEASE" He begged, but she was having none of it.

"You are such a worthless little pervert, aren't you!" She snapped, forcing him to roll onto his chest and then stomping hard on his back, stomach, and legs. He could almost feel each spinal column struggle under weight. She twisted her toes into his upper back, and slapped the back of his head with her sole. She then climbed onto his head, her big feet completely covering the side of it, blocking him from seeing out of his left eye.

"I was asking about your dreams, and you were ogling me like a fucking perverted child! I thought you were serious about your future!"

"I do care, I *do* care!" He swore, close to tears, feeling his skull creaking with every small movement she made. "Please, Miss Svetlana, I'm so sorry!"

He tried grabbing at her feet, but there was no budging her. She was so much bigger and larger than Joshua. He was a tiny man, and she was like a stunning Amazonian, teaching him a lesson with her cruel feet. Finally she

stepped back onto his back and started stomping down again. Slamming her big soles into his back, he wasn't sure how much more of this he could take. He started crying.

His small body was covered in bruises underneath his clothes, and Svetlana made sure that he suffered. He was getting his punishment for his perverted ways.

However, after a while of hearing Joshua whimpering and crying, Svetlana felt a little sorry about the little guy. So she lowered herself closer to the ground, and pulled down his pants, exposing his stiff cock. In the process of her trampling his back, she had pushed his cock into the thick carpet underneath him. Unbelievably, that was enough to give pathetic little Joshua a boner.

“It seems like even getting trampled on gets you hot and bothered” She teased him, humiliating Joshua even further. He blushed furiously but didn't reply. Joshua simply gasped as she sat on the sofa and moved her feet toward his erection, holding it between her feet.

Svetlana then sandwiched his manhood between her toe feet and began increasing the pressure, squeezing his cock between her big feet like a vice.

“Ow, ow, argh it hurts!” Joshua yelled out. He tried to pull her feet from his cock but he didn't have the strength. What felt like electricity ran through his body when she increased the pressure on his cock two fold. The pain was unreal. Svetlana now had his cock and balls pinched between the big and second toe of her left foot, squeezing the crap out of them and was slamming her right down onto it. His cock had turned purple. Joshua was writhing in pain. He would alternate between desperately trying to pull her colossal feet from his now battered cock, and flailing in agony.

Svetlana was loving it though. In her mind she was simply teaching her lowly maggot of an employee who was boss. She squeezed her toes together as tightly as she could around Joshua's now purple, swollen cock, drawing out a scream from him. Then she shifted to another mode of torment. She spread her toes, letting go of Joshua's cock. He slumped back

limply into the chair, flopping sideways as if the pain had rendered his body temporarily useless.

“Thankyou, *thankyou*, *thank-*

Then, with great speed, Svetlana began slapping her soles down repeatedly onto Joshua’s battered and bruised cock.

“ARGHH, ARGHHH!, *ARGHH!*”, Joshua yelled out with every blow. He tried to protect himself by placing his hands over his cock, but Svetlana quickly stood up in front of him and began stomping down on his hands with huge force. After sustaining four huge stomps to his hands, Joshua thought they would break if he left them there. It felt like Joshua had no more strength left in his body. He slumped onto the carpet and curled into the fetal position.

Luckily for him, Svetlana was now a little tired herself. She reached down to him, causing him to flinch, and picked him up with ease and sat him on the couch. She settled back down opposite him, and after looking at the damage she had inflicted on his cock, which now was bruised almost beyond recognition, she gently placed her feet onto it.

“Okay, I think you’ve earned a little treat.” She sighed.

The stunning Svetlana began to give him a sensual, tantalising footjob, rubbing him between her soles and pressing her toes against his dick’s bulbous head. After the battering Svetlana had put it through, it hurt a little but unbelievably, *after all that punishment*, the pleasure in Joshua was starting to rise.

“God, look how much precum you are oozing... you are such a pathetic little man,” She hissed, making him whimper with humiliation just as he moaned with utter pleasure. “Beg me to allow you to cum.”

“P-Please,” He mumbled, unable to resist a second longer. “Please make me cum with your big, beautiful feet. Please, I need it so badly, please, please, please.”

He begged without stopping to breathe, moaning, and groaning with pleasure as she began stroking his cock harder and faster. He thrust his hips up and groaned in arousal, feeling his orgasm approaching rapidly.

“You want me to make you cum with my feet?” She purred, clearly making fun of him.

“Yes, yes, please!”

“Will you give me three massages every day if I do?”

“Yes, I will do anything! I will do everything! I need it, I need it so badly!” He whimpered pathetically, quivering all over, his cock throbbing and covering her feet in precum. It was sloppy and messy, but she didn’t stop, continuing to stroke him sensually.

“You are such a pathetic, stupid dishwasher. Look at you, lying there on the floor, begging for your boss to make you cum with her feet. You aren’t even good enough to let you fuck my pussy!” She continued degrading him sharply, but he never stopped pleading and begging. He needed to cum, right then and there!

Finally, she pressed her feet around his cock harder and whispered, sensually:

“Cum, you perv. Cum all over my feet.”

It took him less than an instant blast thick ropes of his warm semen to cum harder all over her massive, but gorgeous feet. Her toes, her heel, her bridge, all covered in his shiny seed. He grunted hard, thrusting his hips up and imagining her pussy was wrapped tightly around him, as her toes pressed tightly against the tip of his erection, which twitched as his balls tensed.

“Fuck, yes, yes, yes!” He moaned out loud, clawing the floor underneath him, as he experienced the most powerful orgasm he ever felt in his life. It seemed to stretch forever, covering his entire body and erasing any sense of pride that he might have left inside him. “Thank you, thank you!” Joshua

squealed, feeling blind gratitude for being allowed to cum all over her beautiful feet.

“Oh, you naughty boy...” She whispered as he panted in exhaustion, feeling his clothes drenched in sweat.

She stood up, carefully keeping the cum from dripping onto the floor. Before he could even attempt to sit up, she reached his head and smearing her cum covered feet all over his face. Svetlana made sure to smear his cum all over his mouth, she pinched his nose between her now sticky chubby toes.. she wiped the entire soles of her feet across his cheeks. She ran her thick long toes through his hair. She even flicked some cummy foot sweat into eyes! She wanted his entire face stinking of his cum and her smelly feet.

Joshua was now a complete and utter mess. When he attempted to squirm away, she stepped on his neck and harshly shook her head.

“No. Stay still. I’m cleaning the mess you made!” She snapped at him as she continued to cover him in his own cum.

Finally, only once Svetlana was satisfied, he was allowed to stand up. Joshua stared at the floor, unable to look up into her eyes. She had broken him.

“Go home now. And don’t you dare clean any of it up until you get to your home.” She said mischievously, and Joshua nodded meekly. She looked at him and laughed at the pathetic state he was in. He felt an awful knot in the pit of his stomach. Even though she would never know if he really obeyed or not, he was aware that he was going to do just as he told him to, because he was that pathetic.

“I... I won’t, I promise,” He mumbled coyly, and she laughed at him. He was simply too pathetic to keep a straight face on!

“Go now, you have to be at the restaurant early. And *remember*, you owe me three massages a day for as long as you work for me. And believe me, Joshua, you are going to be staying at my restaurant for a long, long time.”

Joshua nodded once again, and limped toward the door and out onto the street. His face was covered in cum and her smelly foot sweat.... He smelled awful, and his skin was shiny and sticky.

He didn't know if her warning was scary or arousing.... Or maybe a bit of both.

Joshua was too in pain and exhausted to cycle, so he waited for a bus.

When he got on the bus, the driver gave him a dirty look but allowed him to get a ticket nevertheless.

As he sat down near the back of the bus, he noticed a few passengers moved seats, trying to get away from him.

“That’s disgusting, he fucking *stinks!*” He heard one girl whispering to her friend as they made their way to the front of the bus, giving him little judgmental looks.

Why didn't he clean himself? She would never know! Closing his eyes, he felt the erection once more bulging against his pants. He knew full well that the second he got home, he'd masturbate, thinking of everything that happened that night. And he might not clean himself up before he had his second orgasm of the night, either.

Svetlana was right, it seemed... he truly was a perverted loser. All he could think about now was how to get her to do this to him again, and how soon he'd earn such a twisted privilege.



**THANKS FOR READING ;)**

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