



BROKEN

BY THE BOSS

PART 2

BALLBUSTING, TRAMPLE, FOOT ORSHIP, FEMDOM & HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

BROKEN BY THE BOSS 2

BALLBUSTING, TRAMPLE, FOOT WORSHIP, BDSM,
FEMDOM & HUMILIATION

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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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NOTHING BUT HER TOY.



Joshua knew after their last encounter that his role at Svetlana's restaurant had been reduced even further. She no longer saw him as anything but a toy, and any respect she might have developed for him had vanished completely.

As usual, he found himself in her office, on his knees, and between her open legs. Svetlana was barely paying any attention to him, even if he was working hard to pleasure her.

The beautiful, tall woman had trained him, she had made damn sure that he finally understood what she liked and what she didn't. He knew better than to give her lousy oral sex, because there were always consequences. And Svetlana could be as devious as she was beautiful.

While his tongue lapped at her folds eagerly, pressing his lips against her clit and nibbling at her sensually, his hands were busy on her large feet. He rubbed her just as vigorously as he licked and lapped at her pussy.

The truth of the matter was, he hated it as much as he loved it. He wanted to pretend he wasn't aroused by her large feet and her domineering ways, but that would be a big lie. And Svetlana had already called his bluff one too many times.

His cock was stiff as a rock, and he wanted so badly to rub himself. Or for Svetlana to let him fuck her. But it was always about her pleasure, her desires, her needs. It was as if Joshua had become some kind of sex slave.

Joshua slipped his tongue deep inside her pussy, lapping out her juices before returning his attention to her engorged clit. His fingers sank against the soft skin of her large feet, and he massaged her with increasing arousal.

She moaned softly, knowing she couldn't be as loud as she wanted at her office. Someone outside might hear them. Oh, how Joshua wished he could be deep inside her, balls deep, fucking her perfect pussy and getting an orgasm of his own right that instant.

Instead, he knew he'd go blue-balled for yet another day, just as he noticed the signs his boss was getting closer and closer to an orgasm.

The telltale signs were evident to him by that point. He knew her body too well; she had trained him well. Her breasts began heaving up and down faster, more irregularly. Her toes bent against his hands, and the arch of her feet tensed sensually.

Her engorged clit began to quiver against his lips, and that was when she reached the perfect climax he was being denied.

She sprayed her ejaculate all over his face, like she usually did. Svetlana was truly a squirter. There was something he both loved and hated about drowning momentarily in her juices. Joshua cleaned her up with her tongue, smelling her arousal on his face, feeling it against his skin.

Without an ounce of kindness, Svetlana placed one of her feet on his chest and kicked forward, pushing him onto the floor.

He stumbled back and hit the floor with his ass, groaning in mild pain. He looked up at his boss, wide-eyed, his lips and chin shiny with her juices.

“God, you are such a mess. Clean yourself” She snapped, throwing a kleenex his way. It fell just at his feet, and he had to bend forward to grab it.

“Thank you,” He mumbled, like a good little dog thanking his master for scraps. Cleaning himself up, he didn't dare look up, instead of staring at her

beautiful, large feet and red painted toenails.

“Tomorrow night, I’ll be holding a dinner party for my closest friends,” She announced. “It’ll be a formal affair, so I want everything to go perfectly. These are people I cherish and want to impress.”

He stared up at her finally, wondering why she was telling him this. There was a devious little smirk on her full lips, so he knew that she was about to give him yet another command.

“You will be cooking and serving all through the night,” She told him simply. It wasn’t a question or a petition. Perhaps it was not even an order... it felt like a statement. Like something that was going to happen, and his opinion wouldn’t even be considered. “You can leave now,” She dismissed him, gesturing nonchalantly toward the door.

Svetlana wasn’t even expecting a reply from him! It was as if everything was already settled! Joshua was stunned! He had plans to begin with, and even if he didn’t, perhaps he didn’t feel like working for hours and then serving dinner to her friends!

It was hard for Joshua to stand up to his boss before, but now? Now that she dominated him physically and sexually? It was close to impossible!

And yet, he didn’t leave. Joshua stood up slowly, clenching the kleenex in his fist, gathering the courage to tell her no.

In his mind, he repeated the word over and over again. No, no, no, no, no!

But it didn’t seem to escape his lips, no matter how hard he tried.

“I said you could leave” She snapped at him impatiently, giving him an irked stare, like he was a little child stalling around or something.

“I... I can’t help you tomorrow,” He mumbled, in a low tone of voice “I can’t. I have plans to meet up with some friends... I don’t want to, either”

He felt proud of himself! And maybe Svetlana would finally give him the respect he deserved.

For an instant, it felt great to protest, to have dared tell her no. And then her stare hardened, and a cold rush of fear rushed down his spine.

“I don’t give a fuck about your plans. You are my employee, you’ll do whatever I say, whenever I say it!” She snapped back, rolling her eyes at his attempt to refuse her commands. “I expect you to be at my place in time and ready to behave as you should!”

Joshua shook his head quietly, but he didn’t dare say another word. He wanted to protest, but there was no fight left in him. He was too timid, too submissive, and this woman was just too strong and too dominant for him to ever really stand up to her.

Feeling impotent, he began to miserably sob, standing there quietly. He looked so pathetic, and Svetlana rolled her eyes sharply, sighing and walking over to the door.

“Stop whining, Joshua... I’ll pay you two extra hours, ok? Will that make you feel a bit better and get you out of my office?” She asked impatiently.

Joshua understood then that it was the best deal he was going to get and cleaned his tears with the already dirty kleenex, nodding miserably.

“Fine. Now leave” She said, waiting for him to step out of her office and slamming the door behind him. Joshua could hear her cursing under her breath before he walked away. “Damned pathetic wimp...”

Joshua felt miserable all that night and could barely sleep at all. He should have tried to rest, but he couldn’t stop turning and tossing uncomfortably. He kept thinking about Svetlana and the way she treated him.



The next day arrived all too soon, and he rang her bell on time, worried he’d get punished if he was even a minute late. She opened the door, gave him a little look and then stepped outside, snapping her fingers for him to follow behind her.

“We need to go to the store and get the supplies for tonight,” She informed him, without even bothering to say hello.

At the store, she had him running around getting different ingredients and supplies while she fiddled with her phone, not even lifting a finger to pick anything and place it in the cart. It was as if she was just there to enjoy bossing him around.

She paid for the bill and then looked at the heavy bags before staring up at Joshua.

“Carry them,” She said plainly and began walking away. There were so many heavy and large bags!

How did she expect the small man to achieve that feat? Her house was several blocks away! And yet she didn’t wait around for him. If he didn’t hurry, she’d be a block away before he even lifted a single bag!

So, clumsily, he began trying to place as many bags’ straps on each arm as he could. His muscles ached badly, but he managed to walk forward even if he almost stumbled several times.

“Svetlana, w-would you m-mind please help me with at least one of the bags?” He timidly asked, but she didn’t even acknowledge him, walking haughtily while texting one of her friends.

“Mmm? I’m busy, Joshua, you can tell me about your problem later,” She said, and actually sped up. He had to trot behind her to keep up, and by the time they arrived at Svetlana’s home, he was perspired and out of breath.

His arms hurt like hell, and he sighed heavily in relief when he finally placed everything she had purchased on the kitchen island.

“You took so long walking only a few blocks!” She protested, giving him an annoyed look as he miserably massaged his sore muscles. “Now, stop wasting time and get cooking. My guests are arriving in three. hours”

Joshua bit his lower lip, but instead of arguing, he simply nodded meekly and began working on the the snacks.



He worked hard on the several dishes Svetlana expected him to prepare. Deep down, he sort of hoped that if he managed to impress her, then he'd earn her respect, and the belittlement would finally stop.

He just needed to cook the best meal she had ever tasted! So Joshua focused intensely on making sure everything was prepared for her precise specifications.

However, just when he was getting in a better mood, enjoying cooking such a lavish feast, he heard Svetlana stepping into the kitchen and announcing:

“All the preparations have made me anxious, I need to blow off some steam. I want an orgasm, now.” She said bluntly, looking at him as if he were nothing but a toy for her amusement.

It was a simple command he had received many times before. That meant that he needed to get on his knees and lick her pussy and asshole until she cum hard. He gave her a surprised look, as he stirred a sauce.

“B-But I'm cooking..” He mumbled, and she gave him a stern look.

“Did you hear me asking any question?” She snapped, and he knew she wouldn't stop until she got what she wanted. He nodded meekly, and she sat down on one of the kitchen's stools, parting her legs wide.

She was wearing a white blouse and blue skirt, and when he knelt before her, he realised, like usual, Svetlana wore no underwear at all.

Immediately, he got to work, knowing full well that he didn't have that much time. He needed to get stuff out of the oven and continue with a few preparations that had been abandoned in order to pleasure Svetlana.

His tongue rolled over her folds eagerly, trying his best to make her cum as fast as possible without becoming sloppy. He knew that she'd make him begin all over again if he wasn't trying hard enough.

Joshua's lips sealed around her folds, applying gentle pressure, his tongue flickering her clit, making her moan like a bitch, and arousing him deeply. Again, he wished he would be allowed to fuck her, yet he knew that Svetlana would never allow him inside her.

She cum hard, grinding her pussy against his face, and staining him as she did every single time. He looked up meekly, and she brushed her hair behind her ear, giving him a sensual if devious little grin.

"Go back to work," She said without even thanking him, and walked right out of the kitchen as if his face wasn't covered in his juices.

Joshua hurried to clean himself up and continued cooking in an even greater rush than before. After all, he was behind now, and he had almost burnt part of the vegetables in the oven. He sighed in relief when he noticed it was salvable and continued rushing up and down the kitchen.

After having to carry the bags on his own, cooking a feast on his own, and giving Svetlana an orgasm, he was already quite exhausted. Not having been able to sleep well the previous day didn't help at all.

But the cherry on the proverbial sundae came when Svetlana stepped back into the kitchen, now dressed for her dinner party.

She looked stunning in a dark blue cocktail dress that made her look like a tall, stunning goddess. His jaw dropped slightly, and he couldn't help but smile meekly.

"You look beautiful" He praised her, and she ignored his remark thoroughly. He couldn't help but notice that she wasn't yet wearing any high heels.

"I need a foot massage before my guests arrive. I'll be in heels all night long and don't want my feet hurting," She announced.

Joshua couldn't believe it. He had less than an hour to finish everything in time, and a process that should have taken 2 hours was already getting incredibly delayed. And she wanted a foot massage right that instant?

“S-Svetlana, please, I’m really behind, I need to focus on the dinner!” He pleaded, but her icy stare made Joshua lower his gaze.

“Do as you’re told,” She replied, once again sitting on the stool, and stretching her leg toward him. Sighing, he moved closer and grabbed her right foot between his hands. It was large and gorgeous, and Joshua began massaging it, using all his fingers to please her fully, and applying further pressure with his thumbs.

He felt his cock getting hard once again, biting his lower lip as he ached to ask her if she’d allow him to fuck her. He wanted it so badly.

God, she had large feet. Not to say they weren’t pretty, they were. Her toes long and perfectly shaped with no callouses, and her soles smooth. They were just very large. She had to be *at least* a size 13.

He was utterly exhausted by then, and his hands were incredibly sore. Joshua could feel them cramping badly and finally dared protest.

“It hurts so much! I need a break!” He complained and immediately found himself at the receiving end of Svetlana’s fury.

She kicked him to the floor, and as he was down, walked all over him. He groaned in pain and arousal as she trampled him with anger.

“You are so worthless! Now finish cooking the damned meal!” She snapped, before stepping back outside.

Joshua stood up, quivering, his cock as stiff as a board, and somehow managed to plate all the dishes beautifully.

It was then that Svetlana returned into the kitchen, carrying a pretty, blue apron.

“You’ll use this to serve the meal,” She explained. It seemed like a coherent petition, at last. And yet, as he began to put it on, she laughed dismissively and shook her head “No, no. Undress and THEN put it on, Joshua.”

He gave her a wide-eyed stared, but before he could protest, Joshua remembered being trampled by her large, hard feet only minutes ago.

Meekly, he obeyed, undressing hastily.

She gave him an annoyed and amused smirk as she noticed his erect cock, making him advert his eyes miserably.

The apron barely covered anything at all, and his erection was painfully noticeable with it on.

His ass was fully visible, and he looked even tinier next to Svetlana now.



When the guests arrived, he was shocked to notice how every single one of them was far taller and broader than he was. They looked like giantesses, about to be served by their puny man slave. They laughed at this fact openly, mocking him as he served the appetisers.

“Svetlana, you said he was small, but I didn’t think he’d be THIS tiny!” One of the tall, beautiful women said, sneering cruelly. And patting him down the the head. She was able to do that from a seated position!

“And he is also a virgin, right?” Another one asked, and everyone laughed when Svetlana nodded. “God, how can anyone be this pathetic?”

He kept his eyes down, and when he walked past a group of guests he had offered the delicious appetizers to, he suddenly felt a swat to his naked ass. He looked back at the small group wide-eyed, and they all laughed cruelly at him.

That was hardly it. Another woman beacons him over, and after taking one of the bite-sized delights on the tray, she nodded in approval.

“Delicious” She praised him, but whatever pride he might have felt quickly dissolved into humiliation as she pinched his erect cock through the apron. “God, such a pathetic boy, look how hard you are. Svetlana told me how much you love feet... I want you to bend over and kiss mine. But don’t you dare drop the tray on my dress!”

He had to struggle to bend over and kiss the large woman's feet without throwing any of the items on the tray right on the floor, but somehow he managed. He was both humiliated and aroused by the beautiful feet he peppered with kisses.

"Lick my toes," She instructed. As the woman was wearing open-toe high heels, he had easy access to them. Joshua meekly lapped his tongue over her toes and between them as well, until she finally allowed him to stand up.

When he did, Joshua noticed several guests were staring at the scene and laughing at him, mocking his meekness relentlessly.

This went on for some time, but the worst part was yet to come.



Svetlana and her guests were getting thirsty, so it was time to bring in a tray of glasses full of champagne. It was a struggle to maintain his balance, but he managed to do so, placing one foot carefully in front of the other.

That was, until the woman who pinched his cock placed her big, beautiful feet in front of him, tripping him with a mocking smirk on her thin lips.

Gasping loudly, he fell forward, soaking himself in champagne and breaking several glasses in the process. For an instant, everyone stared down at him in tense silence, before someone laughed out loud.

It wasn't a pleasant, empathetic laughter. It was a mocking, cruel sneer. The rest of the guests soon joined in.

"Look at that; you spilled champagne on my feet!" One of the women protested, and soon several others echoed this fact.

"Mine too!"

"And look at my feet, they are soaked!"

The guests forced him to crawl toward them and lick each of their feet clean. Once he was finished, his torture was far from over. He was forced to lay down on the floor, as all the guests in the party cruelly walked over him, stomping at his back, his legs, his arms viciously.

Their feet were so large, and he felt himself being crushed by all those beautiful, tall women.

Lick my heel, *slave*," says Svetlana, emphasising the final word of the sentence. Josh was a bit taken aback hearing that, it was the first time she called him slave. But before he had time to process it, she raises one foot and places her red Louboutin heel into my mouth. Her shifting weight places even more pressure on the other foot and my moaning grows larger. Her heel feels dangerously sharp in my mouth and he sucked on it gently, knowing that I don't dare cause her to trip now.

She retracts the heel, smiling at him, and then turns. She steps further down his torso, placing both feet into his abdomen again. Then she raises her foot and stamps on him.

It isn't hard but it's surprising and Josh cries out loud and twists, which causes her to stumble. Svetlana's redheaded friend breaks her fall.

"Silly idiot!" shouts Svetlana. "I almost fell!" she hissed down at me, her eyes narrowed and icy.

Fear and dread washed over Josh.

"I'm so so so sorry, Svetlana," Josh pleaded, his voice wavering. "I didn't mean it. You caught me by surprise is all. I'd never make you fall deliberately." Joshua's anguish and apologies fall on deaf ears. Svetlana's gorgeous redheaded friend walked between his legs and kicks me powerfully in the balls.

"ARGHHH!" Josh yells and reached for my tender testicles. The pain was sharp and numbing.

"Don't you dare," the gorgeous redhead warns, spotting his hands as they moved to comfort his aching cock and balls. She kicks him again and he

forced himself to remain still, despite the agony he was going through.

Svetlana stroked his cock with the tip of her heel. He is flaccid, since the trampling had done nothing but cause him pain and misery. She flicks his cock so that it lays back against his stomach and then digs her heel in.

“*ARGHH!* Please Svetlana, It hurts!” He sobs.

Joshua feels it squashing his cock, squashing it flat, but grits his teeth and manage not to cry out. This seems to please her because a weird sadistic smile creeps across her face and allows him to slowly climb to his feet and excuse himself to the toilet, where he silently cries like a baby.



The night was over, and the party had been a big success. As Joshua laid on the floor, his back and ass fully naked and exposed, trying to recover from the trampling, several guests walked over to Svetlana.

“Marvellous dinner party, Svetlana! I’ll be sure to return. That boy of yours is a delight. I loved using him!”

“Oh, indeed, I can’t wait to pinch his tiny little ass again!”

“And that little cock! He is really a good feet-cleaner, too!”

It wasn’t long before only Svetlana and her best friend remained. Joshua slowly sat up, and Svetlana beamed at him, looking proud for the first time in so long.

“You’ve been such a good boy tonight, Joshua” She praised him, and he smiled meekly, relieved. “It’s time to give you a reward for your efforts.”

“A-Are you going to fuck me?” He asked, hopefully, but Svetlana just laughed.

“Oh, no. I wouldn’t fuck you if you were the last man in the world. Plus, I like you being a virgin. But I’ll give you a nice, big orgasm. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Joshua whimpered lightly, but he wanted that orgasm so badly, and so he nodded.

“Take off the apron and lay on your back,” She commanded, and he obeyed promptly.

Svetlana’s thick friend sat on his face, crouching with one leg on each side of his head. Joshua knew what was expected of him and began to lick and lap at her pussy obediently. But the large woman wasn’t going to sit there and enjoy his ministrations passively. Oh, no. She began to grind herself hard against his nose and lips, moaning loudly with each new thrust.

His cock didn’t go unattended that time, however. He felt Svetlana’s big, sexy foot rubbing his cock, making him moan against the curvaceous woman’s pussy.

He bucked his hips up against Svetlana’s foot, groaning and grunting in delight. She ran that perfect foot over his length, massaging it with her toes.

Soon enough, she was using both her feet, trapping his cock between them, using her arches and toes to masturbate him until he was moaning and panting widely.

Joshua cum hard, his cock twitching and throbbing against Svetlana’s massive feet, covering them with his seed.

It was then that the large woman riding him stood up, her arousal on his face, letting him breathe fresh air at long last. He inhaled sharply as he quivered lightly from the aftermath of his orgasm.

She laughed cruelly and wiped off his semen onto his chest and face, mixing the white substance with her friend’s fluids.

“Go home, Joshua. You can shower once you get there,” She commanded without giving him even an instant to recover.

Joshua meekly stumbled to his feet and awkwardly got dressed, not daring even to try to wipe off the cum on his chest and face. He knew the consequences would be dire.

Stepping outside her house, exhausted, sweaty, and covered in cum, he was relieved that at least it was late at night. Perhaps no one would notice his miserable state or the cum drying on his skin.



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