

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black tank top and black shorts, stands over a man lying on his back on a grey carpeted floor. The man is wearing a dark blue long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. The woman's right foot is resting on the man's forehead. In the background, there is a black leather chair, a white fireplace mantel with a potted plant on top, and a white wall with a grid ceiling.

BROKEN

BY THE BOSS

PART 3

ALEX KILROY

BROKEN BY THE BOSS PART 3.

FOOT WORSHIP, TRAMPLING, FEMDOM, BULLYING &
HUMILIATION & MORE.

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ALEX KILROY.

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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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ABUSE OF POWER.

It had been three long, torturous months.. but Joshua was incredibly relieved that he'd finally managed to convince his cruel, overbearing boss to finally give him a chance in the kitchen.

It almost made up for all the messed up shit she forced him to endure.

Almost.

If he could cook, gain some real experience, he could then leave for another job. You had better believe he would leave immediately. He would find a job in which he wouldn't be brutally trampled by a tall, insanely dominant woman, where he wouldn't have to be chef and server for a party filled with perverted, giant women. He still couldn't forget how they had forced him to get on all fours and lick their feet, and walk all over him. As if he was just a carpet, a piece of furniture. Worthless.

Joshua was too shy to step up and tell his boss that he wasn't going to whatever she asked any more. That she wouldn't force him to pleasure her sexually whenever she wanted to. But he was too timid, too weak to defend himself. She easily towered over him, and that was even when she wasn't wearing her high heels.

And he needed the money.

But at least he was finally doing something of importance in the kitchen, and not merely washing dish after dish after dish. Svetlana allowed him to

help the chefs wash and slice the vegetables and knead the dough. It was a long, *long* way from being a real chef, but it was a step up from washing up. And God knew he had been forced to do far worse.



Juggling both his kitchen and cleaning duties along with satisfying Svetlana's "desires" was exhausting. He would often leave the restaurant a sweaty mess, feeling incredibly angry at himself for being so weak. He was exhausted *every single night*, and he had to wake up at the crack of dawn unless he wanted to be late, such was the vast amount of hours she made him work.

Still, it was progress. Yes, Joshua was constantly tired and dragging his feet everywhere, but it was progress! He had to see the silver lining in his situation.

But he was quickly losing his optimism: Svetlana placed unrealistically high standards on everything and anything he did. His cooking, his plating, everything had to be perfect, without ever providing any kind of training. She even seemed to forbid the chefs from giving him a helping hand, even when he was messing up.

And every single time he failed - which was often, not surprisingly-, Svetlana punished him. Nobody likes being punished, but the thing that bothered Joshua so much is that they were always in cruel and unusual ways. It was almost as if she was setting him up for failure. Like she just wanted an excuse, ANY excuse, to mess with Joshua.

Svetlana was one of the most stunning women he had ever met, Joshua couldn't deny it. With her long, silky dark hair and her tall, statuesque figure, she could make any man worship the ground she walked on.

In other circumstances, he might have fallen deeply, madly in love with her, and nothing would have stopped him from melting in her strong, stunning arms. She was so cruel, though, and he didn't know how to escape the way she constantly degraded and humiliated him.



During a particularly busy shift, everyone was rushing around busy with their orders. Joshua felt like a deer caught in the headlights, but he was determined to try his best.

“Joshua!” he heard Svetlana snapped at him, and he scrambled toward her, wanting to finally prove herself and let her boss know that he could do the work. That she didn’t need to ride him so hard every single fucking day.

“Table 3 ordered a tiramisu. I want you to do it. You did study the recipe, right?”

“Yes! Yes, I did!” He replied excitedly, having memorized almost every single dish in the restaurant. He was trying so hard, and he hoped that she’d appreciate the effort. Immediately he jumped into action, giving it his all.

When he presented it, the head chef checked the desert and nodded.

“It’s quite nice, yes. Not perfect yet, but it’s decent.” He said, clearly pleasantly surprised. “You are improving, Joshua! Well done”

Elation washed over Joshua like a warm wave of sunlight. He was ecstatic. But the moment was ruined when Svetlana, who was standing by their side, took a closer look at the tiramisu and shook her head, rolling her eyes.

“Decent is not good enough in *my* restaurant. Not by a landslide! Go to my office, NOW! and we’ll have a long discussion about your future here,” Svetlana hissed at Joshua, an evil glint in her eye.

The happiness in Joshua came crashing down, and the short man lowered his gaze and dragged his feet toward the office where he had endured so much abuse over the past few weeks.

Everyone else might believe that she was going to give him a talking to, but Joshua was all too aware of what was really going to happen.

Svetlana entered her office after him and locked the door behind her. Joshua gulped hard, and turned around sheepishly. Standing there in her

domineering presence, he felt so small.. so powerless.

“I’m sorry... I was really trying my best - ” He mumbled, but she made a gesture for him to remain quiet.

“Lay down on the floor right now.” She said coldly. She was smiling at him, but not a warm friendly smile. It was a sadistic one. Though Joshua truly wanted to argue, he was stared down by Svetlana’s hard glare, and ended up getting on his knees and then lay on the floor face down, knowing full well what was coming. She had walked over him hundreds of times, after all. It seemed to be her favourite way of belittling him and making sure he remembered how small he was, how worthless and pathetic.

Svetlana didn’t even take off her high heels! He pursed his lips so tightly, trying not to scream out loud! It hurt so badly! Not only was Svetlana heavy and tall, but her high heels were also incredibly pointy, sinking into his back viciously.

“Please! Please, it hurts too much!” He pleaded miserably, but of course, Svetlana didn’t listen. She never did.

He tensed horribly on the ground, gritting his teeth and closing his eyes, clenching his fists hard.

“This is the only way you’ll learn your lesson. You have to improve if you ever want to become a chef, Joshua!” She told him as she made sure she sunk her heel even further against his skin.

“ARGGHHH!” Joshua screamed out in agony.

He was certain she had actually ripped a hole in his shirt!

Still, even if she claimed she was doing this for his own good and that she only wanted to punish him in order to help him improve, Svetlana seemed to really be enjoying trampling all over the small man’s back.

Finally, she allowed him to sit up. He was trembling all over, and everything hurt. He knew he’d be sporting some massive bruises later that night. He didn’t even want to check the damage! She sat down on her chair

and removed one of her high heels, offering Joshua her large, beautiful right foot.

“Kiss and lick them. It will give you some time to recover before you return to work” Svetlana said as if she was being so merciful!

Instead of arguing, instead of trying to stand up for himself once and for all, Joshua nodded meekly and bent over.

He began peppering her long, big feet with soft kisses, at first panting from the residual pain he had endured. Then his tongue began to roll over the heel of her feet, and every single toe until she removed the other shoe and offered her left foot to him.

It took him close to ten minutes to complete the process in the way she liked him to, which meant every single inch of her feet had to be explored and licked fully.

“Lie back down, with your face up” Svetlana instructed him. Joshua was sore all over and couldn’t move as fast as Svetlana wanted, so she pushed him hard to the floor.

Then she quickly put both her size 12US feet on Joshua’s face and stood with all her weight on his head. Joshua grunted and his hands shot up and grabbed desperately for his boss’s ankles, but she slapped them away.

“Don’t touch me unless I say so, idiot! This is for your own good. You need to learn!” she yelled.

Joshua had never had anyone stand full weight on his face before. Yes, Svetlana and her friends had trampled him plenty of times, but never with this level of cruelty. Svetlana was a very tall lady, she must weigh over 80 kilos. And all of it was balancing on his skull.

After about 30 seconds, she started to wobble, and lost her balance, and fell backwards into her office chair, with her feet still on his face. On feeling the huge weight of her body leave his face, relief washed over him. He was blacking out under her large soles. She pulled out her phone, and just as Joshua thought it was over..

“Stick out your tongue.” She said dismissively, not even looking at him.

Svetlana continued to text on her phone while she alternated from rubbing her big sweaty feet across his tongue to just resting them on his face.

Thirty minutes passed.

To say Joshua was exhausted would be an understatement. His head was throbbing, his cheeks and forehead very sore, and his tongue and mouth were so dry, as all his saliva had been used licking Svetlana’s big sweaty feet clean. He was starting to lean to one side, and maybe his tongue wasn’t feeling as good on her soles anymore so finally, Svetlana said..

“I think you have learned your lesson. Let me give you a little treat. Lay down on floor again.”

Panic filled Joshua. His eyes began to water and dart from side to side, and he began to hyperventilate.

“I said you will get a treat, don’t make me change my mind!” Svetlana snapped at him harshly.

Not knowing what to expect, but a feeling a little reassured that she wasn’t going to trample him again, Joshua laid back down on the carpet of Svetlana’s office. Much to Joshua’s shock, Svetlana laid down next to him! But she was opposite, so that her feet were on his face and her head was near my feet. She slapped his feet away from her, and she grabbed unzipped his pants dug her long fingers into his crotch, pulling out his tiny cock. Her long fingers made wrapped around it and she started to stroke him. Unbelievably, after all he’d just been through, Joshua was rock hard in seconds and she continued to stroke him. As he got close to release, she started pushing hard on my face with her feet.

“Suck my toes, now” Svetlana said impatiently.

Joshua opened his mouth and Svetlana shoved her long thick toes into his mouth, exploring every inch of it. He gagged as she pushed her big toe down this throat and tickled his oesophagus. She continued jerking him off, escalating her pace. Joshua was close to climax, and then...

“That’s enough, I don’t want to spoil you.” she said mischievously.

Svetlana pulled her foot from his mouth and stood up. Joshua couldn’t believe it. But actually, he could. This was precisely the type of cruel thing he could expect from her. Rubbing salt in his wounds.

“You can leave now. I expect you to try harder from now on, though,” She warned him. Joshua was already trying so incredibly hard, so what else was he supposed to do to finally please her?

“I will,” He simply replied meekly, unable to gather the strength to argue with her, even if he knew she was too tough on him! He limped out of her office and headed straight to the staff toilet to tidy himself, before going back to the blazing hot kitchen for a further six hours until closing.



For a few days, things went back to relative normalcy for Joshua. Sure, Svetlana drove him insane with her incessant demands, but other than that, things were relatively stable.

That was until one evening after his shift had finished. He was outside his tiny apartment, desperate and ready to crash in his single bed, when his phone vibrated in his pocket.

Please not her. *Please not her.* **Please not her.** He prayed desperately to himself.

He slowly pulled out the battered iPhone 2 and glanced at the screen.

MESSAGE FROM SVETLANA

Joshua’s legs lost all power and if not for the front door of his apartment he would have collapsed onto the floor. He started sweating profusely and his heart was racing.

Would she demand him to go back to the restaurant and work extra hours for free? Would she have him running errands all over town? What new hell had she planned for him?

For an instant, he considered not reading it, pretending he had no signal, but he knew he didn't have the courage to do anything of the sort.

Instead, he opened her message.

Get to my apartment. NOW.

Sighing heavily, he dropped his bag of dirty work clothes, took a quick shower, and got on the night bus. He simply couldn't afford a cab there.

By the time he knocked on the door to her amazing, incredibly expensive home, Svetlana was waiting for him and seemed irked that he took so long.

"Finally, you are here! Come in, immediately!" She snapped at him, slamming the door behind them.

Standing in the living room was an equally tall, beautiful, and menacing-looking woman. Her hair was a darker shade of brown than Svetlana's, and she was a little heavier built. Joshua gulped in fear.

"This is my sister, Sofia. She's visiting from out of town, and I need someone to serve us drinks and dinner while we catch up. I told her you volunteered, isn't that right?" Svetlana said, giving him a sharp look, almost as if she was daring him to say no.

"Oh, oh, yes, of course," He mumbled timidly and gave the stunningly beautiful Sofia a shy smile "Hi, nice meeting you."

Sofia quickly nodded at him, barely acknowledging his presence. She was clearly as snobbish as her sister.

"Now go cook, you have the recipes laid out for you in the kitchen. And when you are done with the starter, you can bring us some wine." Svetlana commanded, and Joshua left at once, preferring to be away from those women as much as possible. He knew he didn't have a say at all in whether he worked that night at all, but at least he could spend as much time in the kitchen as humanly possible.

Or so he thought! Because every single second he wasn't cooking, Svetlana expected him to be at their beck and call, like a little servant. Or a slave.

He had to stand around with a tray in hand, offering them food and drinks, as well as rush into the kitchen for more alcohol and the rest of the meal.

After a few hours, both women were absolutely drunk, laughing out loud and mocking Joshua to his face.

“Yes, he is so pathetic. I have to be constantly behind him to make sure he doesn’t fuck up every single task I give him!” Svetlana sneered, and her sister laughed out loud, looking at the small man with a mixture of disgust and amusement.

“And you said he has a thing for feet?” Sofia asked looking him squarely in the eye, burning him with her gaze. Hearing that made Joshua blush furiously, squirming uncomfortably where he stood.

Why had Svetlana told her sister that? And was that even true? Svetlana *forced* him to worship her feet and walked all over his back constantly, but that didn’t mean he had a fetish of any sort!

Sure, Svetlana’s feet were beautiful, so long and large. He’d maybe appreciate them if he was her boyfriend or something, but not in this way! Joshua certainly didn’t enjoy being degraded, being commanded to lick, and suck on her toes whenever she wanted to.

“A big thing, yeah, he’s a little perv,” Svetlana replied, and both women kept on mocking him, calling Joshua a creep, a weirdo, a tiny and pathetic man. It was so degrading.

They were so drunk, and they got even meaner the more glasses of wine they had. In his own way he tried to keep them from drinking so much, by bringing it to them slowly.. but they demanded more and more, and by the time dessert arrived, they were so fucked up that he was sure they wouldn’t be able to walk a straight line even if they tried to.

When he presented them with two beautifully, individually-plated strawberry cheesecakes, he thought they’d be at least pleased with that, but he was sorely mistaken.

Much to Joshua's shock, Sofia actually stood up, dropped the cheesecake on the floor, and then stepped on it with her big, sexy bare right foot. She rubbed it in hard, making sure that the cream and strawberries got stuck between her toes and all over the sole of her foot.

"Clean it up right now," Sofia said blankly, flaunting her big cake smeared foot to the small man standing there dumbfounded. He couldn't believe it! Not only was Svetlana giving him orders now, but her sister also got to do the same thing? This was messed up and wrong.

He stared at her in disgust and confusion and shook his head, but both women shot him such a dangerous look that Joshua immediately cowered away.

"I said NOW IDIOT!" Sofia roared, towering menacingly over the small man and drawing her hand back as if to slap him." You will totally fire him if he doesn't do it, right?"

"Absolutely!" Svetlana replied and gave Joshua a death stare.

All Joshua could do was whimper miserably, getting on his knees and hands. He looked ahead, to where Sofia had her toes pointed upward, cake splattered under her wide sole. Joshua took a deep breath..

It will not be this way forever.. he promised himself.

... and started to lick the sugary and tart dessert from the drunken woman's foot. He barely even knew her, yet here he was kneeling before her, basically a pathetic little man slave that anyone could abuse to their liking as long as they knew Svetlana.

He felt so humiliated, so embarrassed. It was as if he had lost complete control in his life and he didn't have a say in anything that happened to him. He was used and abused constantly, and it was beginning to seem like a vicious cycle that would never end, at least not until he quit. And he was too dependant on the money he earned from Svetlana. He had no savings and no family, he was on his own.

This turned Svetlana to no end. As she watched her sister force her pathetic employee to lick her feet, a feeling of pride came over her. Their mother had raised them to embrace their strong femininity and had taught them that men were beneath them, merely tools for their pleasure. They had an.. *interesting* upbringing. Once her employee was over with his last task, and had dragged his tired tongue over every millimetre of her sister's foot, she snapped her fingers at him.

“Come here, lick my beautiful pussy. I'm horny and need to cum.”

“P...please, I just... I just want to go home!” He pleaded, sobbing miserably, feeling like the lowest piece of shit in the world. He had become a slave to Svetlana, and his feelings of self-worth were at an all-time low. He just wanted to crawl into bed and cry himself to sleep.

He didn't know how to escape this endless cycle of abuse, but Svetlana wasn't feeling merciful, not at all.

Instead, the tall tormentor snapped at him:

“Get your face between my legs and lick me right fucking *now* unless you want to leave this house an unemployed, you pathetic ungrateful idiot!!” She yelled, spraying him with her spit even from a distance.

She spread her legs wide and showed she wasn't wearing underwear. She rarely was when he was around, wanting to be prepared to be orally pleased whenever and whenever she wanted to.

He gulped and crawled toward her chair, knowing all too well that if he tried to stand up and walk over to her, she'd admonish him even further. She liked to demean him as much as possible, and pathetic little slaves didn't walk once they were told to get on the floor.

Joshua timidly got his head between her long, powerful thighs, and immediately began licking Svetlana just the way she liked it. After all those weeks, well, he had learned what she loved and what she hated. It wasn't because he was eager to know it, it was a pure survival instinct. When he messed up, she immediately upped the bet. He knew that no matter how bad the punishment he was enduring was, it could always, always get worse.

He lapped his tongue up and down her cunt, rolling it over her clit, then sliding it back down toward her entrance, pushing it deep inside her and then repeating the process all over again. He'd add little nibbles and suckles from time to time to mix things up, and that really worked for Svetlana. She was moaning and grunting like a whore in front of her very sister. Her hands were grabbing the back of Joshua's head, pulling him tightly against her cunt and grinding herself on his face.

"Fuck, yes, just like that! Lick harder, yeah! Oh, I'm cumming, I'm fucking cumming!" He moaned loudly, and he braced himself for what was coming next. Svetlana was definitely a squirter, and as her thighs tensed and quivered against his head, she finally reached her orgasm, covering Joshua's face with her juices. Since she was rubbing herself so hard, it got not only in his mouth, but also in his nostrils and all over his chin and cheeks. All he could smell was her arousal on his face, and when she finally let go of him, Joshua dropped to his hands and knees, breathing in heavily. It took him a few seconds to catch his breath, but before he knew it, there was another command being barked at him.

Apparently, Sofia had grown bored of just standing there and watching, and she wanted to take part in his continual degradation.

"If you licked my sister's pussy, I think you should lick my ass." She told him, and Joshua knew all too well that it wasn't a petition or a suggestion. "So get your mouth and tongue against my asshole or get your ass fired, pathetic little man!"

Joshua wanted so badly to stand up and run away, but by then, he was too broken down to even attempt to say no. Instead, he meekly crawled forwards, whimpering, close to tears.

She had removed her panties and lifted her skirt, displaying her big ass to Joshua. Much to his horror, he noticed it was slightly dirty. She hadn't really cleaned up well when he went to the bathroom!

He sobbed and reluctantly began licking her disgusting asshole. His tongue got inside that little pucker, and it was so tight and dry. It tasted so bad, so

terribly disgusting, and he wanted to gag, but someone stopped himself from doing so.

Joshua just wanted so badly for this to be over, so he licked and kissed her asshole, hoping that she'd be done with him soon. Instead, she seemed to have one more trick down her sleeve for him.

“Check this out!” She told her sister, laughing drunkenly.

BRAAAAAAAPTTTTTT!!!

Sofia spread her cheeks and blasted a stinky fart right into Joshua's face. It was a foul-smelling, roaring, disgusting fart, the stench of her shit burning up his nose and embedding itself into his lungs.

This was more than Josh could bear, and he retreated at once, gagging hard and wrinkling his nose in disgust. He tried to compose himself, but it was too much for him, and he ended up getting sick, pushing his head down and vomiting all over the carpet. What was worse, some of the chunks actually reached Sofia's feet, making her hiss in shock.

The two women stared at him in disgust and disbelief, and Svetlana jumped to her feet, almost losing her balance after all the wine she had drunk that night.

“He vomited on me! I can't believe I have puke on my feet! Svetlana, do something!” Sofia hissed, wrinkling her nose in total disgust.

“You disgusting pig! How dare you! Look at the mess you've done!” Svetlana screamed at him, and Joshua was sure that he had never seen her angrier. She was pale and trembling, completely livid that he had dared disrespect her sister and mess up her carpet that way. “You are going to regret that, you fucking loser!”

WHAM!

Svetlana kicked him powerfully to the ground, forcing him to lay down, so infuriated that he didn't even dare try to move away.

Joshua was seeing stars, but he heard loud footsteps get closer and as he looked up, he saw huge feet descending down upon him.

BASH! BASH! BASH!

The sisters began violently trampling over Joshua, walking all over him. Sometimes taking turns, others taking on different sides of his body, stomping down as hard as they could with their big bare feet. Sofia made sure she cleaned herself off on his clothes, staining Joshua with his own puke.

This time around, Svetlana didn't show him any kind of kindness or consideration. She didn't stop even after she knew she was taking it way too far. She kept on stomping on him, harder and harder, making it hard for Joshua to breathe, even to think straight. All he felt was pain and the intense degradation of being abused that way by two tall, big-footed women.

Neither Svetlana nor Sofia stopped before Joshua quit crying and whimpering, they didn't stop until he passed out from the horrible pain he was being subjected to.

Only then did they step away from him. Svetlana checked Joshua was simply passed out and still breathing and instructed her sister to clean off the remainder of the puke on her feet on his face, so he'd wake up in a few hours with that on his face.

"I'm going to make his life even more of a nightmare from now on, I promise, Sofia," Svetlana told her sister, making Sofia smile.

"You're the best sister ever. But your employees are garbage."

"I know. Don't worry, he will be punished for it. Now let's go to sleep. It's late, and I'm so drunk!"

The two statuesque left the living room, stepping over the passed out man lying on the floor and headed up to the main and guest bedroom, ready to enjoy a good night's rest after squeezing as much amusement out of their pathetic little slave.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

If you would like to **commission** a story, email me at:

AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com

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