



ALEX KILROY

DANIEL'S
DREADFUL
DAY

FEMDOM, KARATE, HUMILIATION, SCAT

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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.
- A man being mercilessly cuckolded in his own home.
- A man being used in one of the most disgusting ways imaginable
- A man being humiliated and degraded
- Gullible people being tricked, used and abused, both mentally and physically.

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To all my fellow sexual deviants .. Keep on keepin' on ;)

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

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Join his mailing list for info of new releases and *occasional free stories!*

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of ToiletSlave/Cuckoldry/She-Male/Foot-Fetish/Scat/Femdom/Humiliation based erotica.

Here are some of his other titles;

[Smelly Our Stinky Farts](#)

[You Are Her Slave 2: An Extreme Femdom Bundle \(6 Stories\)](#)

[You Are Her Slave 1: An Extreme Femdom Bundle \(12 Stories\)](#)

[Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 2 : Scat, Toilet Slavery, Coprophilia, Femdom](#)

[I Can't Bear Watching Anymore, Part 2 : Extreme Cuckoldry](#)

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[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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SHE'S HOT, BUT DEADLY.

Last April I thought that I had fell right into hell. The poor economy had really taken its toll and I had not earned a cent in over nine months. I'd already cashed in my pension fund, to say nothing of my kid's university savings. So, with my career on hold I had somehow found myself taking a position as a temporary house cleaner. A fucking maid.

One sunny Tuesday I went to my assignment in Shaftsbury Hills, the most affluent neighbourhood in the city. The house was stunning. Cleaning it was going to be a hassle but hopefully the people would tip well. I sure needed the money.

I pressed the bell and was blown away by the sight of the woman who answered the door. She appeared to be around forty but was still perfect condition. She had luxurious blonde hair, tight flawless skin, perfect features including stunning blue eyes and the sleek toned athletic body of a woman whose work is limited to hours of Pilates or yoga or aerobics every day. She was born beautiful and apparently had the time and money to make the most out of her natural gifts. She smiled lightly but confidently as she spoke.

"Hello, I assume that you are Dan the cleaning worker?" she asked. Her voice was rich, confident with a no nonsense tone. This was a woman who knew her place in life and was proud of it. I noticed her choice of words, instantly classifying me as a "cleaning worker". Most of my "clients" avoided the type of language in favour of more respectful terms but this

woman apparently had no problem addressing me as a lowly "cleaning worker".

"Let me show you what you will be cleaning for us today" she said, bypassing the small talk that usually occurs. She strode through the house with me following behind. She was wearing very stylish thin white jeans and her toned butt was a true sight to behold. Somehow I think she already knew that. She showed me the kitchen (where she reminded me that I would be scrubbing the floors), the living room, and the incredible master bedroom suite (which was bigger in itself than any home I had ever lived in). All though the house were pictures of herself and a good looking guy I assumed to be her husband. There were also pictures of a beautiful young girl, obviously her daughter.

I quickly realized that her condescending tone was quite real and not imagined on my part. She pointedly informed me that I would be hand scrubbing "her toilet" and that she wanted it to be really clean. I couldn't ignore the clear arrogance in her tone. It was another humiliating turn,

the fact that this rich beautiful trophy wife could treat me like that because I needed the money. But I did.

"Come along" was her crisp order as she led me down a long beautiful hallway to another large bedroom, this one her daughter's. The room was also incredible with a huge bed, tons of books, a violin was set up on a beautiful music stand by the window. There were also trophies and ribbons all over the place. Some were for tennis, one was for running, and I saw another that I believed was for soccer. There were also ribbons for equestrian competitions.

On the walls were several framed diplomas and merit awards from school. Many of the books were in foreign languages and even the ones in English had titles that I couldn't understand. It seemed that the girl was a jock and also a very good student. And judging by her pictures (and by her mom) she was also great looking. I was hoping that she was home and that I would get a chance to see her.

"Stella is just back from her first semester at Princeton" the mother explained with obvious pride. As you can see she is a very special young woman so you need to make an exceptional effort to make sure that her room is taken care of in a suitable manner. Her bathroom as well, of course. She is practicing the piano for an upcoming recital right now in the music room and later on she will be working out in the gym. You will be meeting her later" she added curiously.

I must admit that I was interested in seeing this young superwoman. I followed the mom back to the kitchen where my cleaning chores were to begin. She stayed close by and made me a bit nervous by constantly observing and commenting on my work. She seemed to just enjoy watching me clean her kitchen. When it came time for me to clean the floor I definitely got the impression that it was some type of power trip for her to stand over a man who was on his knees cleaning all the dirty spots that she pointed out. I must admit that it was strangely exciting for me as well, to have this blonde suburban goddess above me directing my menial work. I didn't know why it was exciting but it was, perhaps it was some psychological attempt to make the best of a bad situation.

She left me alone to do the bedroom suite and I was finishing the bathroom when she returned to check on my work. Her tone worsened to one of mild disgust, claiming that I had not done a good enough job cleaning the floor, particularly around "her toilet". I wound up on my knees cleaning her toilet while she barked increasingly rude orders at me. Her attitude was really starting to cross the line from demanding customer to mean bitch and it was starting to get to me but I kept reminding myself how badly I needed the money. Besides, she was incredibly hot and her agitated state was a real turn on despite it all.

Finally, after about 10 minutes of abuse she decided that her throne was suitably clean and informed me that we would be moving on to new rooms.

She led me down yet another long dramatic hallway. I could hear opera music being played on the surround sound system. We entered a large airy room with windows opening onto the back garden. In the centre of the room, playing the piano (I had assumed that it was a recording because it

was so good) was the daughter. She stopped playing and turned to greet us as we approached. She was even better looking in real life than in her pictures. She was a cross between Doutzen Kroes and Margot Robbie, but classier, with better facial features than either. Her face was absolutely captivating and her athletic body looked like it was carved in heaven. She had the beautiful dark hair, brilliant eyes and great features from her mom, but I immediately noticed that her smile was different. It was real, warm, accepting and she seemed truly glad to meet me.

"Nice to meet you, Dan" she beamed as she extended her hand to me. "Thank you for helping us today". I was taken aback because I could never imagine the words "thank you" coming out of her mother's proud mouth. She stood from the piano bench and walked toward me. I couldn't help but be blown away. She was a concert pianist who looked like she could win and Miss World and the US Open on the way home. She was wearing a simple T shirt (which probably cost hundreds of dollars), and white yoga pants. Beautiful tits, an perfectly flat stomach and thick shapely legs that were amazing. I couldn't find a flaw anywhere. She must be driving the guys at Princeton wild with lust, I thought.

"I trust that my Chopin wasn't too distracting for you" she asked with a teasing smile before her mother interrupted.

"I'm sure that it wasn't, Stella" her mother cut in.

"Its time to for our workout, darling. He will be tidying the music room." She then turned to me. "Try to do a better job in here and then come down to the gym to clean up after us when we are done working out."

I think I heard Stella grimace a bit after witnessing the degrading attitude of her mother towards me but she said nothing and the two of them went to their gym room, leaving me to clean the music room by myself. Not for one second did I think I would miss the mother's close inspection of my work but damn, I was looking forward to seeing Stella again. Her music was still playing in my head, along with that sexy body of hers.

The music room was already sort of clean, so I finished it swiftly and followed the mother's instructions to move on to the gym room. The two of

them were in the middle of the room doing some yoga.

Like the rest of the house, the room was beautiful. It was large and well lit, there were two treadmills and a stationary bike in one corner and a set of free weights in another. But most of the room was open with mats on the floor. I noticed a punching bag and a heavy bag mounted in one corner. As with most of the house there were pictures of the family members performing various sports all over the walls above the mirrors.

There was an entire wall devoted to martial arts with pictures of all three family members competing in tournaments and breaking boards. There were many sets of framed black belts above the pictures, a total of ten in all. Four of the belts were above Stella's picture and three were over each of her parent's images. I felt a momentary unease when I realised that the mother, my tormentor, was a triple black belt in Taekwondo. But I also found it pretty exciting for some reason to realise that sweet Stella, the beautiful Princeton educated pianist could probably bounce my head off the floor if she wanted to.

The mom saw me observing the belts but continued her yoga stretches. I put my cleaning materials down and scanned the room to figure out how I could clean it without getting further nagged by the mom, especially in front of Stella. As it so happens, I never did get to tidy the room that day.

"I see that you've noticed our martial arts wall, Dan." It was the first time that she addressed me by name and it made me anxious for some reason. "The martial arts are of high significance to all of us" she continued. Stella, Michael and I have all studied Taekwondo, Brazilian Jiu Jitsu and Judo. Stella continued on to study Muay Thai so she has a total of four black belts. She currently studies Karate and is already a brown belt after 8 months which is remarkable."

"Oh mom, I'm sure that Dan isn't interested in all of these boring details" Stella was nice enough to interject. Actually I was interested in knowing why all of this martial arts stuff was the first thing that the mom had seen fit to talk to me about. Was she trying to intimidate me or something?

"Have you trained in any martial arts, Dan?" Stella asked, trying to draw me into the conversation.

"Well, I've boxed a little but don't really have any formal training" I answered, trying to subtly flex my muscles as I spoke.

"I'm sure that you are an excellent boxer, Dan. I bet you won a lot of bouts" Stella said sweetly. I continued to be amazed at how nice she was – the complete opposite of her mother's bitchy attitude. Speaking of which, Mom was about to stir things up a bit.

"While Dan is here helping us maybe you should engage him as a sparring partner, Stella." The proposition came as a complete surprise to the two of us.

Stella tried to tell her mother that I wouldn't be interested and that it wouldn't work anyway because I hadn't trained in any of the martial arts she has. She was trying to be nice, but her mother wasn't having any of it.

"It would be a great exercise for you, Stella. If you are confronted in the street it will more likely be by someone like Dan than it will be by one of your black belt friends. He won't do what you expect him to do. He's here to work for us today, I think it is a great idea and you should do it, Stella."

Her words seemed to be making sense to Stella, or perhaps she was just brought up to do whatever her mother said. I noticed that no one was asking me if I thought it was okay. Actually, I had mixed emotions. I knew something about martial arts training, enough to realize that in a street fight Stella would probably boot me in the nuts extremely hard and then call the police on her iPhone while I was rolling on the floor in agony. But she wouldn't do that here. I figured that she would wind up winning but maybe I could impress her and shut up her cunt mom for a few minutes.

"Yes, mother" Stella said obediently. She flicked her flowing luscious dark hair forward, then back and pulled it through a small band to create a ponytail. It was cute, feminine act but it said that the fight was on. She walked up to me with that great smile radiating full power.

"Well, if you feel like sparring for a few minutes Dan, perhaps it would be fun. If you don't mind, of course. You know what they say, you really don't get to know someone until you fight them" she giggled charmingly.

I knew that honestly, I didn't have a choice in the matter. I managed a timid smile and put up my hands in a defensive stance. Stella bowed quickly and when she came up she looked completely different. Gone was the sweet smile, replaced by a look of cold focus. She was now in total fight mode.

I tried circling around, hoping to grab her in some type of hold, overpower her, laugh the whole thing off and move on. She didn't make any aggressive moves and I was hoping that she would let me start things off on my terms. Huge error on my part. As I moved towards her she evaded me by stepping to my left side, quickly tucked my left hand under her right arm and clamped down really hard. She used this as control to turn me around so that she was able to put her entire weight on my back and wrap my neck with her right arm.

I slammed face forward to the mat. She kept my left arm pinned down, hooked my right arm with her right arm, snaked her left arm around my neck and pulled back. I was completely immobilised. She said "Oh dear!, you'd better tap or things will only get worse..". I didn't want to, so she pulled back further and the pain was so great that I yelled out my submission to her. It had taken her about thirty seconds to beat me. Her movements had been rapid, elegant, efficient, smart and incredibly strong.

She helped me to my feet and seemed mildly ashamed at how easily she had beat me, saying something about beginners luck. She probably would have spared me from further disgrace but, of course, mom was not done.

"Well now that he knows what to expect we should try it again. That was over way too fast."

Stella turned and obediently squared off, the happy look again replaced by the competitive focused one that was starting to frighten me. The next few falls were no different than the first, with the exception that Stella was so at ease by this point that she was able to commentate as she beat my ass. I

learned that the reason I was losing consciousness during the second fall was that she was applying a hold against my 'anterior carotid triangle'.

After I submitted she let go, stood over me and offered the information that I would have blacked out in another four seconds. Another fall ended as I succumbed to the extreme pain caused by an elbow pressing against the 'dorsal motor nucleus of the pois nerve'. I submitted the final time when a radial motion was about to shatter "both the radius and ulna, leaving your forearm hanging like a limp sock."

I was helpless against her. She seemed to know what I was going to do before I did it. I could never get enough space to try to defend myself, let alone go on the attack. No matter what I tried she would turn it against me and wind up putting me in a painful hold effortlessly and at a point where she could seriously hurt me if she decided to.

After the last fall it was obvious to all, even her mom, that there was nothing to gain from carrying on. Stella looked at me and smiled, seemingly concerned that my male ego had been crushed by the knowledge that a young university girl had just proven that she could kick my ass any number of ways. She could probably kick my ass while she was sleep walking. But mostly she seemed pleased with herself.

But mom was still not done. "Stella, we shouldn't be so tasteless. We should give Dan a chance to compete at his sport, boxing. After all, he was kind enough to face you in a martial arts match, it's the least that you can do." Her voice was oozing in sarcasm.

Stella tried hard to defer, saying that she had worked out enough for the day, she wasn't prepared for boxing and that they had imposed on me enough. I thought that she would get me off the hook until mom upped the ante.

"Well of course I understand Stella. But I was hoping that I could offer both of you an incentive to try the exercise. Dan, you must be looking to earn some extra money, being a cleaning servant. I am prepared to offer you twenty thousand dollars if you can box with my daughter for two minutes."

I really needed the money, I had no doubt that there was plenty of cash in the house and that she was 100% serious. I was willing to do it, even if Stella was going to smack me around for two minutes it would be worth it for ten grand.

Stella seemed conflicted. I think that she wanted me to get the money but didn't want to put me through any further humiliation.

"And Stella, if you can stop him within two minutes I will make some calls and get you tickets to the Shawn Mendez concert. VIP passes too"

"NOOOO WAAAAAY, REALLY???" Stella squealed with anticipation, the reserved Princeton scholar temporarily becoming an excitable child for a few moments.

"Well, don't get so excited yet" mom warned her. "I said 'boxing', not 'kickboxing'. You've been trained well but... no kicks. This is upper body strength only and Dan here says that he is an experienced boxer. So he may walk away with the money and there will be no Shawn Mendez for you."

Stella simply walked over to the wall and confidently came back with two sets of boxing gloves and headgear. Gone was the compassion; she wanted to see Shawn Mendez and I was in the way, at least for the moment anyway.

To be continued.



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