



ALEX KILROY

**DANIEL'S**  
**DREADFUL**  
**DAY**

2

FEMDOM, KARATE, HUMILIATION, SCAT

## **DANIEL'S DREADFUL DAY: PART 2**

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FEMDOM, KARATE, HUMILIATION, SCAT.

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

ALEX KILROY

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About the Author

1. This has taken a turn for the worse.

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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

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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;

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## **THIS HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE.**

**T**wenty grand was more money than I had seen in a very long time. I put on the gloves and headgear that Stella brought and mentally prepared my plan. I assumed that Stella had been trained in fisticuffs by at least one of her martial arts masters and I already knew that she was fast, smart and strong. But the rules that her mother laid out only stated that I had to last two minutes, which I was determined to do. I really needed that money.

Stella was doing some light jumping and shadow boxing to loosen up. She really looked like she knew what she was doing. I tried to do the same but I got the feeling that I was not intimidating her.

"We'll go by the clock on the wall" mom announced. "Lets go, you've had enough time to warm up already".

Stella came to face me in the middle of the room. There was no bowing this time but her face looked more determined than ever. I sensed that she was not quite as confident in her boxing skills as she was in her martial arts grappling, which was a good thing for me.

"Ring!" Mom announced. "Lets go!"

Stella staked out the middle of the room first and I was slowly circling around her. I knew that I had to protect my face and felt no need to throw the first blow. I didn't have to wait long for Stella to act. She began by pounding my sides with really sharp, biting blows. I realised with a sinking

feeling that she was able to use her knowledge of the body's weak spots, even in boxing. I didn't see her punches as much as I heard them whoosh. She zeroed in with three consecutive rights to the side of my stomach that were so painful that I needed to lower my guard to stop her. I knew that this made me vulnerable so I figured that I would try to hit her with a left to keep her away long enough for me to recover.

In doing so I left my face totally open for a split second, which was more than enough time for her. She hit me in the chin, which made my teeth rattle even through the mouth guard. I stepped back, temporarily dazed but she came after me with two more shots to the side of the head and I thought that I was going down already. For some reason, she stopped the assault and backed away.

"Oh, let me see..." I heard her thinking out loud. "What's the best way for me to do this..."

She obviously felt that the Shawn Mendez tickets were already hers, and all that was left was for her to devise a way to mercifully deprive me of the \$20,000 without hurting me too badly. Not surprisingly, she came up with a good strategy that I could not counter, a flurry of super hard, super-fast punches to my mid-section followed by shots to my head that seemed to come out of nowhere. Blocking her was impossible. She kept this up for a few seconds and I got so groggy from the assault that I went down on my back. I heard her mother begin to count me out but I knew that I had to get back up and last long enough to get the money.

I desperately needed it. I forced myself to my feet and stood there, dazed but looking eye to eye with Stella again.

She had a strange look in her face now. For the first time she seemed almost angry. I realised that she felt that she had made a real effort to knock me down without really hurting me and she was actually pissed at me for getting up. But I really needed the money a lot more than she needed Shawn Mendez.

She came at me again with a terrifying flurry of shots to the mid-section and I tried to protect myself and hold on as best I could but she seemed to

be more determined than ever. When I let my guard down for a split second she came at my head with a combo of punches that were much harder than anything she had hit me with before. She was using everything she knew about body leverage. They felt like Mike Tyson blows; snapping my head way back and I don't even remember hitting the floor. But I do remember lying there and hearing Stella say; "Lets see you get up now".

For once she sounded a lot like her mother. Then she pulled her hair out of the ponytail and once again it flowed around her shoulders. She knew that she was done fighting for the day.

I vaguely remember her mother counting and then announcing with pride that I had lasted only 1 minute and 45 seconds against her daughter. It had seemed like hours to me. Stella was jumping up and down, overjoyed with her winning of the tickets. At one point she put her foot on my chest and held her hands over her head and started yelling "Yep, I am the winner and I am going to see Shawn Mendeeeee". Then she looked down at me and changed her tone to briefly apologise.

"Oh, I'm sorry. That was incredibly rude of me. I'm sorry you lost out but thanks for the fight!". Then she started jumping around in joy again, the brief moment of compassion for her defeated foe forgotten.

I lay there on the ground, trying to recover. I saw the mom giving Stella a congratulatory hug.

"See what you can do, Stella? That is a grown man and he never had the slightest chance against you. He was at your mercy from the start. Also, I could tell that you were taking it easy on him."

"Well, maybe just a little bit" agreed my beautiful young conqueror with a sheepish grin.

Then the mother began a new aspect of what she obviously regarded as an important lesson for her daughter.

"And you, Dan. Tell us a bit about what it is like to have to face off against my daughter in direct competition."

I struggled to my feet, tried my best to regain a shred of dignity and made an effort to be magnanimous to the girl who had just kicked my ass and cost me twenty grand so that she could go to a Shawn Mendez concert.

"She won, fair and square" I admitted. "She is very skilled, I'm sure glad that it's over with now."

"That is inadequate, you fool!" The mother moved towards me quickly and I thought that she was going to slap me. I raised my arm slightly. But instead of slapping me she quickly raised her leg and kicked me in the gut with her shin in a vicious swiping motion. I went down in a heap, gasping for air.

"Mother!" Stella protested. "Why did you do that? Muay Thai? He is already defeated, you didn't have to do that!"

"Stella didn't wait for an answer but instead knelt over me.

"Are you okay? I'm sorry about that. But you better do whatever you can to not piss her off. She is an extremely skilled fighter. I can't beat her. And I was taking it easy on you but she won't. She'll hurt you. Just do whatever she says, okay?"

"Stella, come here" her mother used the tone that seemed to force Stella to obey, and she did.

"I did it because I can, okay? I did it because I have my position in life and he has his. And you need to learn about your position in life which is miles above ordinary garbage like him. They won't tell you this at Princeton so I am telling you."

She then turned her attention to me as I lay on the floor still trying to recover from the kick.

"You're not getting up until you crawl over, kiss Stella's feet and properly acknowledge her place as your superior. Or do you need a little more convincing?"

I was terrified that she would kick me again and almost as scared that she would instruct Stella to continue beating

I remembered Stella's words about not pissing off her mother so I began obediently crawling over to Stella who was standing mute with a perplexed look on her face. She apparently didn't know what to do either.

Nobody said a word as I continued with my humiliating crawl. When I got there, I gently kissed the top of each one of Stella's Nike workout sneakers. Mom took a step closer and I knew that I had to make my speech convincing or else.

"I am here... I acknowledge you as my ...superior, Stella. The beatings that you administered to me made it totally obvious." I looked up at her, her eyes were now wide with amazement at what was happening and the pleased smile was returning. "You are beautiful, highly intelligent, talented and you can defeat me in every way possible. You are my superior and I hope that you accept my submission to your superiority."

She hesitated only briefly. "Thank you, Dan, that was very sweet. Yes, I do accept you." Stella then shot a furtive glance at her mom.

"You accept him as what?" Mom was still drilling her daughter.

Stella turned down to look at my begging face. "I accept you as my...my inferior, my subordinate. I am your superior to you in every way and it was totally appropriate of you to crawl over and kiss my feet." She seemed to be getting into it just a bit and becoming more comfortable. "Well, that was better. At least you didn't thank him again for doing what he should have been doing in the first place. You shouldn't even have had to expend the energy needed to beat him up although with a stupid male like him there is nothing like a good physical beating to demonstrate superiority. How do you feel now, Stella?"

"I feel pretty well. I guess you are right mom, as always. I am what I am, he is what he is and I am comfortable with that. Why should I hide my gifts after working so hard to develop them."

"Well, that's much better. Congratulations darling!" mom said as she exchanged an affectionate hug with Stella. I remained on my knees, hoping that my ordeal was finally coming to an end.

"There is just one more exercise today Stella, but it is a big one and it may seem a bit bizarre, but it will truly cement today's lesson in your mind. His, too, although I don't really care about that. What I want to is reinforce your position in your mind in a way that will help you always."

I felt my body tense up once again. What could possibly be more bizarre than what had happened already?

"Stella, it's been awhile since you had breakfast. You are now going to take a shit into Dan's mouth, he will be your afternoon toilet."

I could not believe what I had just heard. Stella tried to take charge of the situation, but I was terrified that her mother would prevail once again.

"Mama, that is really bizarre, I can't believe that you even suggested that. Really, perhaps this is going overboard. We've made our point already. He has kissed my feet and acknowledged me as his superior..."

"All just words, Stella" mom cut in. "Just words and all too easy to forget. After you take a shit in his mouth you will have learned something about yourself that will stay with you forever. It will make you even more stable and balanced in everything else you do, in all of your interactions with the public."

"But Mama, why are we doing this to him?"

"Him? Him? That's what I mean, you still don't get it and you won't until you do what I ask of you. You are going to do this to him because you can, because it is the natural order of things for a woman like you. Ask yourself, why do you have power to do so much and he doesn't have even the power to stop you from using him as a toilet? What is he going to do? Try to run away? He knows that isn't going to work. Or maybe he'll report us to the 'authorities' afterward. That would be a great hoot for everyone. Can you imagine how hard the police would laugh when he tells them that two women beat him up and used his mouth as a toilet? He'd wind up a public laughing stock unable even to get a cleaning job in the future."

"Or maybe he'll just refuse to accept his role." Mom stopped her diatribe to look down at me menacingly. "Well, let me just say that I would become really angry at him if he refused this kind offer. So, Dan, just so you know, you can't refuse. Because if you do I am going to beat you senseless. You can tell whatever story you like when you wake up in the hospital, but no one will believe you. My friends at the District Attorney's office will already have been told that you tried to attack my daughter and that we used our training to defend ourselves and you got hurt in

the process, like anyone will care. I'll have my lawyers take whatever pitiful assets you have and make sure that you can't work anywhere with your new criminal record."

"Oh wait.." Stella's mother continued, sarcastically stroking her chin in thought.

"Maybe he's thinking that he can grab some type of impromptu weapon and effect his getaway. Well let me be a good host and see if I can help him out." She walked over to a large closet, rummaged for a second and came out with a huge baseball bat. She looked at the label as she continued towards me with the bat.

"Babe Ruth's model. Autographed and everything. We got it when we stayed with the Braves owners on our last trip to Boston. Here, Dan, get up and take it. Maybe it will help you out."

I got up as she said but I wouldn't take the bat. I figured that it wasn't in the closet to be used for the family softball game. It was probably there so the family could practice taking it away from an assailant and then most likely use it against him. If I tried to use it she would probably take it away from me in an instant and then I would be in even more trouble. To say nothing of the fact that Stella would come up behind me and choke me into unconsciousness.

"No thanks..." I muttered dejectedly as I looked down. "Oh, but I insist!" she said as she thrust the handle towards me. I grudgingly took it but held it loosely. She stood there with her hands up. "Go ahead, Dan. Take your best shot. You won't get a better opportunity than this. I'm about to make you eat

my daughter's shit. You have the bat, go ahead, get even with me. Go ahead, you're a man with a bat and I'm a woman. What's the matter, are you still scared? Even now you won't try to do something to avoid becoming my daughter's toilet?"

I knew better and just stood there motionless. She held out her hand and I handed her the bat with relief. "Now, I'm getting tired of all this talk. Prepare for Stella's afternoon defecation. Take your clothes off so that you are naked before us."

An hour ago her request would have seemed absurd but at this point it was just another unbelievable event. Without saying a word I began to remove my clothes. Before long I was standing naked before my tormentor and her beautiful genius daughter. I heard Stella giggle nervously.

"Well, there's a clue for you Stella. If he had any genetics worth passing on he wouldn't have been given such a tiny penis."

Stella began laughing hysterically while I stood there naked. She would occasionally try to slip in an "I'm sorry, ....I'm sorry." Finally she composed herself and mom continued.

"Okay, do you feel better now? Are you ready to go? I'll get the camping toilet from the closet, he can just stick his head underneath it. I have an old shower curtain for him to lie on. The good thing is that after he becomes your toilet he goes back to being the cleaning servant so he can clean up any mess. A perfect arrangement."

"But Mama, really, is this good for him?"

"Please, Stella, with your diet I'm sure that there is more nutrition in your shit than in anything that he might happen to eat by chance. If anything you'll be giving him his vitamins for the day." Mom was heading for the closet now for the camping toilet and shower curtain.

"It looks like this is going to happen, Dan" Stella said

to me quietly. "I'm sorry."

I tried to mumble to her that it was okay. After all, what choice did I have. I also genuinely liked her despite the fact that she had beaten the crap out of me and cost me twenty grand. If I wasn't so scared I would probably have a raging hard on just from being naked in front of her.

Stella's mother returned with the camping toilet which was a toilet seat mounted on a piece of strong Plexiglas. Four other solid Plexiglas panels were designed to slide into slots under the toilet seat to form a bottomless box. Mom slid in three of the panels but left the front open, apparently to leave space for my head. She spread the shower curtain out and placed the three sided toilet on top of it. She tested it for stability and announced that it was perfect. Stella was still not convinced.

"But mother, why?"

"You shouldn't need to be ask, Stella. It should be obvious to you. You are miles above him and have nothing to be ashamed about. You are bred from better genetics that have given you superior intelligence, discipline and incredible physical ability. Men can't take their eyes off of you AND you have an IQ that they can't even fathom. You shouldn't even be asking why Stella. You are a top student at Princeton, you speak four languages fluently, you get offered summer internships for more money than he makes in five years. I won't even get into your physical superiority over him; you saw what happened when you faced him fair and square in boxing. You destroyed him with ease.

You need to shit in a man's mouth to reinforce your dominance over him and capabilities in your own mind. Are you ready to 'go' now?"

"Yes, mother" Stella said in her obedient tone and I knew that my fate was sealed.

Mom ordered me into the toilet seat, picking up the baseball bat for emphasis. I had no intention of disobeying her. I resigned myself to the fact that the way out of this mess was through that toilet and this bizarre ritual.

I lay there on my back looking up at the ceiling. The two of them came over to look down at me and I got a toilet eye view of the two of them. Stella

was trying to hide her smile, but mom was not.

"Okay, this is it, let's go" Stella's mom said.

Stella backed up to the toilet and I was looking up at the back of her shorts as she unzipped and pulled them down, exposing her panties which came off next, sliding down to her ankles. I couldn't believe the view of her perfect tight butt that I was getting from the toilet seat. She was sheer perfection.

Suddenly the two of them burst out laughing and Stella exclaimed, "Look at that!! Why???" I realised all fear had left my body and the sight of Stella was giving me a major erection at the strangest possible time.

Mom stopped laughing long enough to explain. "That's because it is exciting for him just to be used by a female like you in any way. He has no complaints about what is happening, trust me. This is the most exciting thing that has happened to him in years." She was starting to make sense, even to me.

Stella lowered herself down slowly. The box darkened but enough light came through the panels to let me see the perfect ass now just a few inches from my face.

"Look at that little thing standing straight up" mom commented. "Finally a show of respect for you" narrated Mom.

Stella giggled slightly and the toilet shook. She leaned forward a bit and I prepared myself. But suddenly she stood up and began pulling up her panties. Had she changed her mind?

"I can never do this without having something to read" she announced. "Let me get something."

She quickly left the room leaving me alone with mom, who bent over the toilet seat, cleared her throat and spat the result as a large glob of saliva right onto my face. I impulsively tried to get my hand into the box to wipe it off when she put the bat handle down hard on my balls. I froze.

"Don't you dare try to wipe it off. When one of us spits in your face we're not doing it so that you can wipe it off. You better not fuck this up for me now. When she comes back, I want to see you be the perfect toilet. As soon as you see her I want your mouth wide open and waiting, understand?" She pushed down a bit on the bat for emphasis. "And it stays wide open the whole time. Whatever she puts in it stays there. Then I want her to see you chew on it and swallow and love it. Now spread your legs apart so that your balls will be a wide-open target for me. You won't

know where I will be with this bat and your balls will be totally vulnerable so I will know that your obedience will be assured."

She began tapping on my thighs with the bat and I obediently spread my legs apart. She was right, I was now totally defenceless, and I really had no idea what she would do with the bat if I did anything to piss her off. She tapped lightly on my exposed balls with the end of the bat. I got the message.

Stella came back with her book. I noticed that it wasn't in English and I could make out the name 'Sun Tzu' and some other text written in Chinese characters. So the beautiful girl who kicked my ass was reading a book in Mandarin, a book that I could not get through in English. The thought of becoming her toilet seemed more natural to me with every passing minute. I followed her mother's instructions and opened wide when I saw her. At this point it seemed like the right thing to do.

She looked down on me, smiled, and announced a cheerful "I got my book! Here goes nothing!"

She turned around and began removing her shorts again, commenting that this was the point where "his little penis stood up" last time. Then she sat down and I was alone in the box just staring up at her bottom.

"This may take a while" she announced to no one in particular.

"Well, he's certainly not going anywhere. I'll do some stretching." Mom said.

Stella opened her book. I felt strangely peaceful and resigned lying beneath her about to become her toilet. There was nothing that I could do about it anyway and she had proven herself to be such an extraordinary girl that I don't know that I would have left even if I could have. I felt like I was floating, not too high and not too low. Lying flat on my back beneath her seemed like the right place for me to be. I was convinced that she deserved to use me in this manner.

"Oh...I have to pee first" Stella said.

"Then you are in the right place" mom answered without stopping her stretching. "Wide, Dan. Keep it wide open."

Stella sighed. I felt her lean forward just a bit and a steady stream of her piss started to cover my face. I did keep my mouth wide open and a fairly good amount got into my mouth. I let it build up there but was afraid to let it overflow. With a huge 'gulp' I swallowed it all down. It didn't taste as bad as I had anticipated. In fact it was warm and mildly pleasant. All in all, it wasn't too bad and it was exciting to think that I was drinking something that had been inside this superwoman just a few seconds ago.

"He just gulped down a big mouthful of my urine. I heard it. I think that I can..."

I looked up at her asshole which was now the centre of my world. Her cheeks were wide opened and her hole was puckering slightly. Then it relaxed.

"Almost" she remarked with just a bit of frustration in her voice. "I'm going to meditate. That relaxes me and helps me go."

She put the book down and sat up straight. A few seconds later she blew a fart right into my face.

"Oops! Perhaps I should have mentioned that sometimes I break wind when I meditate."

Mom was laughing. "He doesn't mind. He's just happy that you aren't beating the shit out of him right now. "There was some truth to that. I was

aware and comforted by the fact that the person pissing and farting and about to shit on me was truly special. A girl who could best me mentally and physically by a wide margin.

She leaned forward again and seemed to be straining. I could see her cheeks open and her butt whole puckering again. I vaguely heard her mom clear her throat again and tap lightly on the floor with the baseball bat. She seemed close by. I kept my mouth wide open.

I saw the shit snake emerge from her ass and I closed my eyes to help me get through this. Sure enough it landed right in my mouth, as Stella was precise in all things. It hit my tongue and the side of my cheek. It was warm and smelled...well it smelled like shit. I was afraid to move. Suddenly Stella grunted and another turd fell out, partly on top of the first one but now sticking out of my mouth and partly on my nose and upper lip. Now I could really smell it. As shit went it didn't smell too bad but it definitely reeked. To top things off she let out with a final huge fart and I was almost intoxicated by the mixture of her shit and her intestinal gas.

Stella stood up and turned around to look at me. Her eyes were wide with amazement when she saw her shit filling and hanging out of my mouth.

"Is he chewing?" Stella's mother asked. She tapped the bat on the ground. "If he isn't chewing here I can use this 'plunger' here to get a good flush out of him."

I knew what I had to do. I slowly moved my jaw and felt Stella's shit begin to squish between my teeth. Pieces were hitting the back of my throat and I swallowed unwillingly. I was eating her shit. I opened my eyes and could see the two of them staring down at me intently through the toilet seat.

"Mom he is eating my shit. That man is eating my shit. I almost don't believe it."

"Totally believable to me. You earned it, you did it to him. But he isn't finished yet." With the end in sight I gulped down as much as I could. After awhile it didn't get any worse and I got almost all of it down.

"There is some left on your lip" Stella pointed out. I swiped the remaining piece into my mouth with my tongue, much to their delight, and swallowed it.

"You know," Stella observed, "it does have a certain permanence to it. He ate my shit. He can never forget that. For the rest of his life when he thinks of me he will think of the girl who kicked his ass and then took a shit in his open mouth. Forever."

"Exactly" mom said proudly. "But more importantly, how do YOU feel?"

Stella thought about it for a second. "Powerful. Powerful.. uplifted and.. invincible. I liked it. Thanks mother" she said before hugging her. "Um...I have to go get some toilet paper if you'll excuse me.

"Okay" mom laughed. "He would probably be happy to lick the rest out of your ass but you are better off just getting some toilet paper."

While Stella was out mom shocked me by telling me my full name, address and phone number. She had apparently gone through my wallet while I was in the toilet box. She explained that she wanted the full info on me just in case I left the cleaning company. In the meantime she said that she would call them if she needed my 'services' again. Then she told me to get up and clean everything off, staring with the floor and the toilet box. I was to clean my face and mouth last.

I had just finished cleaning my face when Stella walked in. She had changed into dark slacks and a light blue sweater. She looked great. I was filled with a sense of admiration and lust for my conqueror.

"Dan, I know that whole thing must have been extreme to you, but I've been thinking about it and I believe that my mom was right about the whole thing. You are you and I am me; we are at two different levels. I don't...I don't clean other people's houses. I'm getting a degree from Princeton, I have skills that everyone admires, and I have worked hard to make myself a strong person in all ways. You haven't, Dan. Which is why what just

happened, happened. Like I said, mom was right...I was right for using you as my toilet. And Dan, I plan on using you again when and if

I need to. And I don't expect to have to physically beat you beforehand from now on."

There was such confidence in her voice and such beautiful sincerity in her eyes that I could only nod my head in agreement. She stood up slowly.

"I have to go now; I volunteer at the local soup kitchen. But we'll be in touch, okay?"

She didn't offer her hand, simply winking and leaving the room. I couldn't help but admire the beautiful ass that had just given my dinner to me.

Stella's mother then came in, pointed out some spots that needed additional cleaning and told me to get ready to leave. She also told me that they would contact me through the cleaning agency and reminded me that she had all of my contact information.

"Remember, I - actually we, own you now. When I beckon, you are to arrive at my door on your hands and knees, like the pathetic shit eating loser you are." She then began to clear her throat again, deliberately taking her time.. moved to just an inch away from my face and aggressively spat her warm, thick phlegm onto my face.

***The End***



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