



EAT MY LOAD LOSER

TOILET SLAVERY, FART FETISH,
FEMDOM, HUMILIATION & MORE

ALEX KILROY

EAT MY LOAD, LOSER!

TOILET SLAVERY, BDSM, FEMDOM, HUMILIATION &
MORE.

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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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DESPERATE TO PLEASE HER.



Samuel was obsessed. There was no pretty way of putting it or any way around it. He was madly in love with Cynthia, one of his classmates. He was forever grateful to fate for all the things that had to happen for him to cross paths with her. He went to the capital instead of remaining in his hometown and going to the local college, he chose Greenville University, and he took the same class as her.

Cynthia was a gorgeous girl with blonde hair. It reminded him of the first sunshine rays in a warm morning. Her green eyes looked right through his soul, but in reality, she never looked at him. Her body was a work of art, sculpted by the gods themselves. She had big tits, and her ass was amazing, and he was mesmerised by it whenever she walked by.

The young man tried to get her to notice him, but it was near impossible. He tried running into her by “accident” in the halls or making conversation with her before class started, but he rarely could even get a word out. His nerves were overwhelming and crippling.

Samuel was never an “alpha” or anything like that. He admired Cynthia from afar, and he dreamed of being with her. He found his social media and jerked off to her pictures until his cock was raw. He didn’t want anyone but her.

Another downside is that the girl was a huge bitch. She was popular, and everyone wanted to be her friend, but she was a snake and a two-faced jerk. His dreams came true thanks to his professor.

They had a group project, which was a fair portion of the grade; almost all of it. Professor Grant announced that he would post the list of the group members the following day. Samuel seriously considered trying to bribe him so he would put him in the same team as Cynthia, but that wasn't necessary after all, and he was thankful that he didn't go for it. He rushed to the classroom the next day to check the list; his name was right there, under Cynthia.



He left the campus ecstatic. A couple of arched eyebrows and giggles could be seen and heard as he danced and sang a love song as he walked. His chest was bursting with happiness: he would be spending time with his impossible love. She would talk to him, and maybe they would joke, hit it off, go on a date...

Reality hit Samuel; he could barely contain his nerves to tell her "hello," how was he going to do all that he fantasised about? He would worry about that later. The weekend came at the worst time; he would have to wait until Monday to check with his group about the project. He could message Cynthia, but she never gave him her social media, and he feared that he would come off as a creep.

He spent the weekend doing essays from other classes and thinking about the blonde girl. He took breaks now and then to see if she had posted anything new to her social media, and he *used* the new pictures if that was the case.



Monday came. He picked his best outfit since he knew that he would be talking to her. He wore some cheap cologne that a friend had gifted him last

year, but that was the only one he owned. The young man went to campus like he owned the place. His excitement made him forget his nerves, and when the professor asked the class to gather in the designated groups, he went right to her seat.

“H-Hi, Cynthia. Good morning, how are you?”

The young girl didn’t hide her repulsion. She scoffed at him and rolled her eyes.

“I’m okay.”

She didn’t ask how he was, of course; she didn’t care. She put a strand of blonde hair behind her ear and kept talking to her friend until she left to be with her team. The other members gathered around Samuel and Cynthia.

He was at his wit’s end. Even with the blessing of being on the same team, she didn’t even look at him. All his plans like joking together and go on dates came crumbling down, but he wasn’t about to give up. They all discussed the project, and everyone had a portion of the work assigned. They would all combine their share at the end and present their work to their professor.

Everyone agreed on their workload, and they all went their way after the bell rang, announcing that the class was over. Samuel stayed there, and Cynthia gave him a bored look.

“What do you want?” she asked him with an exasperated tone.

“You’re probably busy in the afternoons; I can do your share of the work too. It’s not hard, and I like the subject, and I’d love to help you out.”

The girl’s facial features softened a little, and even a small smile appeared on her face. The guy was singing her tune now.

“Would you? That’s very sweet of you.”

“Yes, it’s no problem!” Samuel’s excitement was palpable. This was the first time that she even acknowledged his existence without twisting her face.

He promised to do her part in time for the group project to be put together and presented. He had a couple of weeks, plenty of time to take care of his segment and hers.

Samuel wished that things had gone differently, but he still considered it a win. His fantasies about their life together resumed and occupied his mind for the rest of the day.

Samuel got a text that afternoon. He couldn't believe it, but it was right there on his phone's screen: Cynthia asked him if he would like to come over to her dorm. His hands shook as he replied, saying that he would be right there. He took a shower and wore clean clothes. He even wiped his snickers clean before wearing them.

"You're looking good," he said while looking at the mirror.

Cynthia didn't mention this being a team thing; she only asked if he could come over. Maybe he had won her over by promising to do her part of the project, and now she wanted to pay him back with some pizza or something like that. He didn't need anything else. Just the fact that she reached out to him was enough to make his heart flutter.



He finally got to her room and knocked on the door. He was sweating already, but as long as he wouldn't stutter or make a fool of himself because of the nerves, that would be okay. He waited and waited.

"Coming."

That was her voice. He worried that this was a prank, but that didn't seem to be the case anymore. She opened the door, and Samuel had never been more attracted to her. Her luscious blonde hair fell on her shoulders and her back, she wore a white tank top that showed a lot of cleavage, the blue shorts were tight and showed her beautiful thighs, and they wrapped around her ass nicely, making it stand out more.

"Hi," he said shyly.

“Oh, hey Samuel, come on in.”

She stepped back to allow him to get inside. Samuel thanked her and stepped in. Another girl was resting on a couch, reading a book.

“This is Anna, one of my roommates,” she said.

“Nice to meet you,” he said.

“Hi.”

The girl didn’t pay much attention to Samuel. She seemed pretty invested in the book. Cynthia sat down on the other couch and made room for the young man to sit down; her laptop was in front of her.

“I-I thought that you could do my work here.”

Samuel was confused and a little deflated. Was that all she wanted? He wasn’t used to working in other places or with another laptop other than his own, but he wasn’t going to say no to this gorgeous girl’s request.

“Sure, if you want. I don’t mind.”

“Good. Get to work then.”

He grabbed the laptop and started working on her part of the project while Cynthia and Anna hung out and talked about random stuff. They laughed and got loud, and the noise was distracting for Samuel. He wanted to speak up, but he didn’t want Cynthia to get mad and kick him out. He was still happy to be invited. He was familiar with her aroma from a couple of times that he had gathered the courage to talk to her, and her dorm smelled just like her. He also recognised her outfit from one of her social media posts. Thinking back on that night when she posted it and he jerked off to the picture gave him a chub.

“Where are the girls?” asked Cynthia.

“They should be back in a moment,” said Anna.

“Okay, good; I thought that I should send Samuel here on a couple of errands for us, and I wanted to see if they needed anything from the store.”

Anna arched an eyebrow in amusement. She took it one step further.

“Is he your errand boy then?”

“Well, he’s doing my school work, so why not run some errands as well?”

Samuel was more than just within earshot; he was right there in the same living room. The girls were joking and giggling at his expense, and it hurt him a little.

The thing is that he didn’t mind running errands for her. As long as he was getting closer to Cynthia, all the work would be worth it. Anna put the book down, and she made a list with the other girl about all the things that needed to be picked up from the supermarket.



Some keys rattled on the other side of the front door. Two beautiful girls walked in, both wearing equally revealing outfits, similar to Cynthia’s. Samuel felt intimidated by the number of gorgeous girls around him.

“Hey, girls,” said Cynthia. “This is Samuel; he’s doing my work today. Anna and I were thinking that he could do some chores too, do you need anything from the store?”

The other two roommates were Brenda and Melissa. The girls looked as mean as bitch as their roommates.

“For real?” asked Brenda, laughing.

“No fucking way,” said Melissa, with a smirk.

The four girls sat down and took note of what they needed. Cynthia handed me the piece of paper.

“Here, get me all that on the list.”

“Okay,” said Samuel, still happy because she was talking to him. “About the money...”

“Just pay for it now. I’ll give it to you later.”

Samuel liked the idea of Cynthia owing him something. That would ensure future interactions. The young man hadn’t figured out yet how to progress his relationship with Cynthia, but he wouldn’t give up. He headed for the supermarket and gathered everything, making sure not to forget anything.

He went back to the dorm and proudly announced that he got every item on the list. The girls barely cared; they just instructed him to put the stuff on the pantry or the cabinet.

“Oh, by the way,” said Cynthia. “We’re hungry. Get us some pizza.”

“Okay. From where should I order?”

“No, I want you to go get it. There’s a nice pizza place a few blocks away. Don’t take long, or it’ll be cold.”

“Get some soda,” said Brenda.

“And some beer, too,” added Melissa.

He was promised once again to be paid at a later time, and off he went. The pizza place wasn’t difficult to find, and they gave him the pizzas quickly. He struggled to carry the pizzas, soda, and beers on the way back.

When he got back to the dorm, the girls were already drinking wine, and they were exasperated for him taking long, even though he did his best. Cynthia called him a useless slug, which stung a little. The other girls joined in and called him slurs and demeaned him. He took it all, standing there, with tears forming in his eyes.

The girls ate and drank everything, only leaving him a couple of slices. He didn’t get any soda, beer, or wine.

He got back to work on Cynthia’s portion of the project. He was thirsty, but they denied him any liquids. “You’ll understand later,” said Cynthia.



Hours passed, and the girls never stopped teasing Samuel. He couldn't concentrate on doing Cynthia's work anymore. The girls seemed happier and louder, probably from the beer and the wine, but they didn't look tipsy.

"Come give me a foot massage, NOW!", yelled Cynthia. "I'm tired."

"Tired from what?" he thought, but he happily complied. He would get to touch her beautiful feet and massage them to her satisfaction. Not even in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would get to feel her up that day. She took her socks off and offered him her feet. They were gorgeous and smooth; everything was beyond Samuel's expectations. He started with his hands on her sole and his thumbs on her arch, applying a bit of pressure here and there. He looked up to her, and she nodded in approval.

"They're a bit dirty too. Why don't you clean them?"

"Okay, do you have a towel or something?"

"I do, but I don't want you to use that."

"What should I use?"

"Your mouth."

The rest of the girls cracked up. Samuel didn't mind at all, he was already erect just from touching her skin, and now that he would lick her too, he was afraid that he would ruin his underwear. He took her right foot and took her toes into his mouth, one by one. He licked them clean, removing all the sweat and dirt. He licked her soles too, which got a giggle out of her; she was a ticklish girl.

He did the same with her left foot after he was done. Cynthia looked satisfied with the way that he had worshipped her feet. He was treating her like royalty.

"Now.. do them."

Cynthia pointed at her three roommates. Samuel had an obvious preference for Cynthia, but all the girls were gorgeous too, and it was a direct order from Cynthia. He went one by one, adoring, touching, licking, and

massaging their beautiful feet. His jaw was a little sore by the end, but it was well worth it.



“I want to try something. Do you mind if I use your bitch?” asked Anna.

“What do you have in mind?”

“You’ll see.”

Anna pulled her shorts down, revealing a beautiful pair of blue panties. They were tiny and see-through, which grabbed Samuel’s attention. She caught him staring and giggled a little. She pulled her panties down too. She hadn’t shaved recently since she broke up with her last boyfriend, so she was somewhat hairy. She put the empty glass beneath her pussy, and she closed her eyes. A few seconds later, a golden liquid filled the glass almost all the way up. She looked at the glass like a proud mother, happy with her idea. She let out a long sigh of relief after pissing.

“Bitch boy... come here.”

Samuel got up from the couch and walked towards her.

“Drink it.” She said, smiling sadistically at him.

The rest of the girls smiled at her idea and looked at Samuel expectantly. Cynthia intervened when she saw that the young man wasn’t moving. He was too shocked and nervous to react.

“Didn’t you hear her? asked Cynthia.”

“Yes. Do I have to do it?” asked Samuel.

“Yeah, anything that they ask you is like a request coming from me.”

Anna offered him the glass with a smile from ear to ear. He grabbed it and looked inside. The yellowish liquid had a particular smell, although it wasn’t wholly unpleasant. The glass was warm to the touch. He imagined

that he was about to drink some warm tea and closed his eyes. He put the glass rim against his lips and gulped the liquid in.

“Good job!” said Anna, pulling her panties back up but kicking the shorts off. “It was good, right?”

Samuel hesitated, but he didn’t want to spoil the good mood that the girls seemed to have.

“Y-Y-Yes, it was good.”

“In that case,” said Brenda, “we’ll graciously offer you some more. You’ll drink mine directly from the source, though.”



Brenda took her shorts and her panties off. She rubbed her freshly shaven pussy and motioned Samuel to approach her with her index finger.

“Kneel,” said Cynthia.

Samuel went to Brenda, and he kneeled in front of her. She entangled her fingers in his hair and pulled his face to her pussy. He opened his mouth and waited. Brenda stopped holding it in and pissed directly in his mouth with a shiver. He swallowed mouthful after mouthful after she was done. All the soda and wine had affected all the girls, and they felt like pissing after seeing their friends do it. He was ordered to drink Melissa’s piss too, and Cynthia was the last one.

“Did you like it?” asked Cynthia.

“Yes.”

TU!

Cynthia spat on Samuel’s face, who was still kneeling in front of her. The warm saliva slid down his right cheek.

“You need to say ‘yes, master’; understood?”

“Yes, master. I’m sorry.”

“You’re not done! I want you to lick my asshole clean.”

Cynthia turned around and spread her cheeks with her hands. Samuel almost came when his tongue made contact with her asshole. He licked her entrance and stuck his tongue inside, moving it around to her satisfaction. She moaned a little in response, and Samuel doubled his efforts, grabbing her ass cheeks with his hands to press his face against them even more. He finally let go and got some air.

The blonde girl told him to stop after she was satisfied, and as Samuel feared, he was ordered to eat Anna, Brenda, and Melissa’s assholes too.

He got spit on and degraded as he carried his duties, but he soldiered on without complaining. His tongue and jaw had almost given up entirely when Cynthia called him back to her.

She had him press his lips against her asshole once again, but this time, he felt something.

“Open up Sammy boy..”

Cynthia grunted and he opened his mouth, and she pushed a giant piece of excretion into his mouth. The turd was quite heavy, at least half a pound in weight. The taste was like nothing he had tried before, and the pungent smell filled his nostrils. He bit down on it and swallowed piece by piece until there was nothing left. Cynthia was beyond amused by the man’s actions and subservience. She pushed a smaller turd in his mouth, which he swallowed whole. He didn’t know that the pizzas and drinks were Cynthia’s idea to have this happen before the day ended.



Samuel touched and squeezed her ass cheeks. He needed to take advantage of the situation. Cynthia allowed him to worship her ass; he had earned it. He licked her ass cheeks too, drunk with pleasure. Her skin was smooth,

and her ass was soft, but firm at the same time. It was the best ass that he had ever seen or touched.

“Now go with my friends. They have their own gifts for you.”

Anna, Brenda, and Melissa had equally pungent shits with varying degrees of softness. He ate everything that the girls offered him as they reminded him how worthless and filthy he was. They spat on him too when they turned around after emptying their bowels in him. Melissa had some more piss in her, but this time she didn't wait for Samuel to drink it; she told him to get flat on the floor, and she let it out on him, getting it on his face and shirt.



The strange, foul taste in his mouth and tongue didn't go away. The four gorgeous girls were naked around him, berating him. Cynthia asked for a moment of silence.

“There's another surprise for you, my dear Samuel.”

“What is it, master?”

“I took pictures of you eating their shit, and I had a phone hidden over there that filmed everything.”

Samuel's heart skipped a bit. He couldn't afford to have that come out. He was already an outcast, and that would be the final nail in the coffin; even his parents would disown him. Cynthia laughed at the anxious face that the man showed.

“It's not the end of the world. They don't need to know what kind of filthy subhuman you are,” she continued. “You'll be my slave starting today. You belong to me now, is that understood?”

“Yes, master...”

The day had taken a turn for the surreal, something that Samuel never expected. It had awakened something in him, and he had a sudden urge to

get more of their filth in his mouth. He crawled from one girl to the other, tending to their assholes.

The young man cleaned them all up with his tongue as they danced around. Samuel had no choice, he belonged to Cynthia now, and he would do his best to keep his new master happy.



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For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)

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