

A woman in a striped shirt and black skirt stands over a man in a brown shirt who is covering his eyes in distress. The scene is dimly lit, with a patterned rug visible in the background.

ALEX KILROY

EAT *MY WASTE*
& WORSHIP ME!

TOILET SLAVERY, FEMDOM, HUMILIATION

EAT MY WASTE AND WORSHIP ME!

TOILET SLAVERY, FEMDOM, BDSM, HUMILIATION

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CONTENTS

WARNING

About the Author

1. Sacrifices parents make.

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WARNING

Please **DO NOT** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- 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;

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

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

[I Didn't Know She Was A He Part II](#)

[Swallow My Turds, Nerd!](#)

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

[Colin The Cab Driving Cuck](#)

[I Didn't Know That She Was A He Part I](#)

[Foot Worship At The Movies Part II](#)

[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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SACRIFICES PARENTS MAKE.



No, please.. I can't be late.. Shirley will kill me. Why is the traffic so bad coming up this road? My ex girlfriend is a bitch for putting me in this mess. If I had the money, I'd take her to court and win custody of my son. At least If he lived with me, I'd be able to make plans for getting him to school on time. But no, despite me clearly being the more stable and reliable of the two, the court awarded custody of our son to her. Well guess what, at eight o'clock she tells me she can't take him to school, and guess who has to drop everything to save the day? You guessed it, me.

I'm employed by Sherrin & Gloe, a luxury bathroom company. I report to Shirley, the order fulfilment manager. I'm her personal assistant. Her father founded the company, and this gives Shirley a power within the office that nobody else has. She is *extremely* difficult to work for. She's the type of person that if you gave an eighteen karat gold diamond ring to, she'd throw it back in your face because it's not twenty two karat gold.

Let me tell you a bit about me. I worked my ass off, and graduated with a 2:1 from the University of Sheffield in Business Management whilst working part time at McDonalds. But for some reason or another, I just couldn't get past the interview stage for serious jobs.

The only thing I can think of is my physical appearance. I'm only five foot five inches tall, and my face has been described as "an acquired taste". By some miracle, near the end of my degree, I managed to land a girlfriend, but due to my inexperience with contraception, I got her pregnant. Despite neither of us having much if any money, she insisted on keeping it. Anyway, I needed to be able to provide, so I lowered my sights a little and saw an advert for Sherrin & Gloe, they were recruiting for warehouse workers.

I worked on the warehouse floor for three years and for some reason, Shirley took a weird sort of "shine" to me. By that, I mean she would quite often get me to do weird little things for her. Like one time she called me into her office and told me there was something wrong with her computer. I offered to call the IT guy, but she insisted that I'd be able to fix it, despite me having very little IT knowledge.

Anyway, I sit down on the floor where the tower for her computer is. As I start tinkering, I'm suddenly hit with this foul smell of cheese. I look around, searching for the source of the rank odour. Then I notice that she's taken off her heels and she's got her big bunioned feet stretched out, less than away from where I'm sitting on the floor, trying to fix her computer.

I'm completely weirded out at that point and try to leave the situation by saying I really have no clue when it comes to computers. She then tells me to forget about the computer, and that I should give her a quick foot massage. I turn to look at her feet, they had to be at least a size ten, and the cheesy aroma coming off them was pungent. I told her that I'm no good at giving massages, joking that I was pretty clumsy and I'd probably pull her toe off by accident. Her face was cold as ice, she didn't see the funny side at all.

She pointed at the ground in front of her and told me to sit cross legged. I did as I was told and she raised her feet and heavily dropped them into my crotch, hitting my cock and balls with the heels of her feet. I looked up at her one last time in an attempt to put an end to this, but she informed me that if I complain one more time she'll have me instantly dismissed.

I had no choice, I needed this job to provide for my son. So I grabbed onto her feet with each of my hands, and started rubbing. She smiled down at me and told me if I did a good job, she wouldn't forget it. I moved my thumbs in a circular motion around her sweaty chunky soles, and massaged each of her toes between my fingers. She oohed and ah'd from above me, indicating that I was doing a good job.

In the end I was sat there rubbing her feet for a good twenty minutes, and it wasn't until the break time buzzer went off that she decided she'd let me go. When we heard the sound, she sighed in disappointment and raised her feet off me, she brushed my cheek with her right foot, and said "well done.", then sent me on my way. When I went back to my assembly desk, the workers on either side of me gave me weird looks, and then I realised the smell of Shirley's feet was all over my hands and face. I ran to the toilet to wash it off.

Six months later, I was called into the HR department office for my annual appraisal. That's where they discuss how you've been performing at your duties and/or fire you. The meeting is usually between just myself and the HR director, a middle aged, thickly built lady called Sarah. But when I walked, I saw that Shirley was there as well. They whispered and started giggling to each other as I walked in, staring at me in a sort of patronising way.

After I sat down, Sarah ran through my appraisal very quickly, as if she wasn't really interested in my answers. Then I heard a loud grumble from her stomach. I looked at her and she turned bright red, as if she was embarrassed. Shirley then informed me that Sarah has Irritable Bowel Syndrome, and that today was a particularly bad day for her. She then walked over to the door, locked it and lowered the window blinds.

Sarah then told me to get on my knees in front of her. Against my better judgement, I asked why. Shirley sat back down next to Sarah and explained to me that a new position as her personal assistant had opened up, but that aside from the regular administrative duties, there would be some "extra responsibilities" here and there. She didn't go into detail about what those extra responsibilities would be, but said that the role would be double my

current wage. Words couldn't describe how much that extra money would change my life, so I instantly got on my knees in front of Sarah, just as she asked.

Sarah explained to me that she hated the smell of her farts, as she had lived with IBS for so long they reminded her of bad memories. She explained that she wanted me to absorb the odour right out of her asshole. I was confused, how was I supposed to do that? She then stood up, turned around so that her plump ass was facing me, and then she parked her ass right onto my face.

Sarah then asked Shirley to get my head firmly in her ass as possible. So Shirley placed her hand at the back of my head and pushed my face as far into her ass as it would go. Sarah was around five foot eight inches tall and around one hundred and ninety pounds, so her ass was pretty big, it swallowed my face whole. Even through her office skirt, I could feel the roundness of her asshole over the tip of my nose.

The crack of her ass smelt revolting. Even though she hadn't farted yet, there was a residual scent of shit in her ass. I felt pressure build around my face and then suddenly a wave of gas puffed out of her asshole and all over my face. The smell was diabolical. Her fart smelled like one of those shits you take the day after eating some spicy food. I heard her sigh in relief, and then she told me to take deep breaths, that she didn't want to be able to smell any of it at all. I sniffed over and over, my stomach turning with each sniff but I really, *really* wanted the job. Sarah was enjoying my obedient sniffing of her stinky ass, as she bounced her ass back and forth onto my face, my nose being shoved up her odorous asshole at each bounce.

She then stopped bouncing and perched her big ass onto my face again. I knew what was coming, and my stomach turned in dread. This time, her fart was silent, and hissed out of her asshole with a small blubbering sound at the end of it.

“Sniff it, smell my stinky fart!” she yelled out.

I just visualised what I'd be able to do with my son, all the places I could take him and things I could buy him. Like some weird horny dog I sniffed

at her asshole. The smell was so bad my nose was starting to run, but I combined the sniffing of her fart with the sniffing of my nose. I couldn't lose this opportunity. She juted her ass backwards, grinding my nose as far into her asshole as it would go.

"Oh Jimmy, your nose feels so good in my asshole." she sighed. "Shirley babe, please see if he's done a good job of absorbing my farts?"

"It would be my pleasure babe!" Shirley said smiling. I couldn't see much as my face was still covered by Sarah's big fat ass, but I heard her footsteps approaching us. I took one more deep breath of her stinky ass, just to make sure I'd ingested as much of her fart gas as I could.

Shirley then grabbed the back of my head and because my nose was jammed in to Sarah's ass so tightly, she had to dislodge my face from between her big ass cheeks. The air felt super cold on my face, and even after only being in Sarah's ass for a few minutes, the first couple of breaths I took of uncontaminated air felt like heaven.

"Wow, he was in there good and tight!" Shirley said giggling.

"Sorry for asking you to do this, but could you please tell me if you smell anything?" Sarah sheepishly asked her friend.

"I told you it's not a problem babe." Shirley replied. She then took a couple of small sniffs in the air.

"Nope, not a whiff. He sucked it all down!" Shirley said, a look of surprise on her face

I was still on my knees, and Shirley looked down at me. She rubbed her hand on my head, like I was some kind of pet.

"I think somebody may have just earned a promotion." she said patronisingly.

It was a bittersweet moment for me. I'd just doubled my paycheque, I'd be able to pay for my son to learn new skills like playing an instrument, or buy him some new clothes. I'd be able to provide him the life I never had growing up. But at that moment, whilst I was on my knees having my head

patted like a dog.. I felt like I'd sold my soul, my dignity. I knew that from that point on, for better or for worse, my life was never going to be the same.



I've arrived at the office, and I'm ten minutes late. In most normal working environments, with the excuse of having to take your child to school, ten minutes wouldn't be the end of the world. But that didn't apply to my boss Shirley. Simply put, she just wasn't normal.

I turn the handle for the office I share with her, and by share, I mean she has a huge table and luxury leather chair that takes up most of the room, and I have a little plastic seat that faces the side of her large leather chair. My seated position is around a foot lower than hers, and with her already taller than me by two inches (her being five feet eleven inches tall and me being five foot nine) its makes me feel incredibly submissive and inferior. Just the way she likes it.

She was sat at her desk on the phone with a customer, with her feet crossed on top of the large mahogany table. On seeing me enter the room, she points at my little plastic chair thats positioned next to her, indicating she wants me to sit.

It's incredible, her voice was jovial with the client, but her face is deadly serious as she stares me down. It sit at my chair, and she swivels around facing me, and crosses one leg over the other. I'm sat there, eye level with with her shin. I feel like a toddler that was about to be scolded. She started dangling her heel off of her foot, and I'm immediately hit with her dank vinegar foot odour. Because her foot is so close to my face, the smell is so unpleasantly strong. My nose scrunched involuntarily, desperate to minimise the amount of foot stink it breathed in as possible.

After a couple of minutes, the telephone conversation comes to an end. She's just sat there, looking down her nose at me for at least a minute. Sweat started rolling down my forehead, it was so uncomfortable. When she was satisfied in her silent torment, she started talking.

“So after giving you this amazing opportunity, you have the audacity to turn up late?” she asks, her voice filled with venom.

Her foot dangling becomes more aggressive, so much so that a couple of times while swinging her foot forward she accidentally kicks me with the point of her shoe. To be honest, it probably wasn't accidental.

“I-I-I'm sorry Shirley, I-I h-had to take my s-s-son to school-” I stuttered, my voice stricken with fear.

Then she jumped out of her seat and got right in my face.

“I don't care if your son has a terminal disease. You are *never* late working as my personal assistant. *EVER!*” she screamed at me, with such force that spit flew out of her mouth onto my face.

On feeling her saliva on my skin, I couldn't help feel a bit disgusted, and I'm sure my face showed it. Because then, she hocked her throat, bringing forth all the saliva she could muster, and then she forcefully spat on my face. I was shell shocked. Completely frozen in shock at what just happened. I just sat there, on my pathetic little plastic chair, as she stood above me, watching her big glob of spit roll down my face.

“I took a huge chance on you, making you my assistant. Do you know how many people would kill for such an opportunity? You will be punished for your misbehaviour. Your arrogance will be thoroughly expelled!” she shouted from two inches away, her spit splashing onto my face.

“Open your mouth, now.” she commanded.

What could I do? If I didn't comply she would probably fire me on the spot as I was still in my probationary period. I'd already a down payment on a car that was being delivered next week, so I *really* needed to keep this job.

I opened my mouth and closed my eyes.

I then heard her clear her throat. My stomach dropped, thinking that she couldn't be seriously about to spit in my mouth. Spitting on my face was horrible enough, and in some weird way I guess I deserved it. But my mouth?

Suddenly she stopped clearing her throat. I opened my eyes and saw her face looking down at me and she stretched out her tongue and it was covered in white thick saliva. The spit slid down her tongue and splashed into my wide open mouth. It travelled down my tongue and when it hit my oesophagus I started to gag. I couldn't help it. But then she grabbed my head with both hands, one clasped over my mouth.

“Drink it. Drink my spit you ungrateful little shit. Eat my waste.” she whispered into my ear as she tightly held my head.

I forced myself to think of my son. Think of the reason why I was allowing myself to be put through this hell. I grimaced and then swallowed. The taste of her spit was disgusting, I could tell that she recently smoked, as her saliva had a slight hint of tobacco.

Satisfied that I'd swallowed her disgusting offering, she tapped my face twice and threw my head back. The force of her push sent me to the floor and with me lying at her feet, she raised one of her high heeled size ten feet and pressed it into my crotch. Her two inch thick heel crushed the area between my shaft and my balls, causing me to writhe in pain. The pain was very bad, I tried lifting her foot off of my cock, but she slapped my hand away and spat in my face again.

“This is what you deserve, you ingrate.” she snarled down to me.

Thankfully, she lifted her foot off my crotch, and sat back in her big leather chair. She removed both of her shoes and pulled me close to her bare feet. She simply told me to “sit”. I was in pain, and exhausted. I weakly extended my arms to pick up my small plastic chair, and she kicked my arm with her big bare feet.

“On the floor.” she said coldly, pointing at an area right in front of her feet. I sat cross legged, as she asked and then she raised her right foot an inch from my face.

“You need to learn that your place is beneath me. You are my inferior. I am your boss in every way. Now lick my foot.” she said.

I really didn't want to and I could feel my stomach turning. But I had no choice. The heel of her foot looked like it had the least amount of sweat on it, so I took a little lick of it. It was so salty. Shirley wasn't satisfied, not one bit. From an inch away, she kicked my squarely in the face, sending me flying. My head was spinning and my nose felt like it was on fire. I felt a little blood trickle down onto my lip. She held out her bare foot again, and slowly pulled it back as if she was going to kick me again.

"P-P-Please, n-no more." I said desperately.

"Then lick my foot *properly*." she hissed.

I extended my tongue and dragged it from the base of her heel all the way up to her big toe. My mouth was invaded by a barrage of salty sweat and grime. Shirley leaned back in her chair, and I continued licking her foot, like a dog sometimes does to its owner.

"That's a good little assistant." she raised her other foot to my face, placing it next to her right foot.

"Now suck my toes, like your life depends on it." she said softly.

I looked at her chubby toes, and she wriggled them at me in anticipation. I wrapped my mouth around her big toes and swirled my tongue around it, licking off all the foot sweat and gunk. I sucked her other toes in turn. One each, I slurped all her other toes, taking in the disgusting waste that had accumulated while they were in her tight black high heels.

"Now hold my feet for me as you lick." she said, an evil grin on her face.

It was preposterous. As if it wasn't humiliating enough for her to spit on my face, in my mouth, stomp on my balls and force me to inhale her friends farts right out of her asshole, she had to make me hold her foot for her as I licked it?

Her steady humiliation of me had finally broken my spirit. She had won. A wave of sadness washed over me as my reality sunk in. She owned me. I couldn't help it, I started to silently cry.

Shirley started laughing in my face, in her mind glad that she'd finally taught me whatever lesson she was seeking to.

“Awwwww”, she cooed mockingly. “I think my personal assistant has finally learnt his lesson. Its okay, I forgive you now. Now, let me help you dry those tears.”

She grabbed my arms, holding me still, and smeared her right foot all over my face. She then let go of my arms and pinched my nose between her big and second toe.

She then paused, and I heard noises coming from her stomach, a sort of grumbling noise. She put her feet on the floor, spread her legs and with a sigh, released one of the most horrendous smelling farts I've ever smelt. She wafted it into my face, and the smell of shit in the air was palpable. Shirley then rubbed her stomach, which I just noticed looked slightly bloated.

“I can feel something cooking in there, just for you. I hope you haven't had breakfast” she said menacingly, an evil smile plastered on her face.

To be continued..

