



EATING WASTE AT THE NIGHTCLUB

LESBIAN TOILET SLAVERY, SCAT,
PUNISHMENT, BDSM, FEMDOM &
HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

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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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DECISIONS, DECISIONS.



The Castle was the most popular nightclub in town. Having a lot of clients wasn't always a good thing, because it also attracted people who had ulterior motives. In an ideal world, everyone would go there to party and have fun, but Paul was proof that things aren't always ideal.

The man loved harassing women in nightclubs, dancing uncomfortably close to them to the point that he would usually rub his hard cock against their asses as they danced. He would hover around them trying to pick them up, but usually just breathing down their necks and making them uncomfortable was enough to turn him on and take a mental picture to use later.

However, Paul had never been to The Castle before. He thought that things would go like usual, but he wasn't counting on this particular location having a seasoned security team that was a little out of the ordinary. They had an all-female security team that didn't mess around. The last thing that a drunk troublemaker wanted to see was an angry team of hardened women in charge of the place's security.



When the weekend rolled around, Paul jumped into his car and headed to The Castle. It was still early, but the place was already almost packed, which was a testament to its popularity.

He looked around, trying to find a potential victim to appease his craving, but he couldn't find anyone who got his feeling that tingly spark down his spine. He didn't care, as he had plenty of time to find someone.

The man approached the bar and asked the bartender for a beer. Dark and cold. He proceeded to scan his surroundings one more time, looking for any hot girls to mess with. The thought of walking up to them to feel them up and make them feel uncomfortable was enough to get him pumped.

There was a woman dancing in the center of the club that caught his eye. Tall, slender, and with a little tight dress that showcased her curves beautifully. The black dress contrasted well with her long, blonder hair. Paul licked his lips and finished his beer before heading out towards her.

Clara, the woman in the black dress, didn't see him approaching her. She was too busy dancing and having a good time after breaking up with her boyfriend. Her friends had to get up early so they called it a night, but she wanted to stay for a bit longer. The night was still young and she wanted to enjoy herself.

Despite the place being crowded, she could smell his cologne. She turned around to see who it was and found Paul dancing really close to her. She brushed it off since the place was a little cramped, but the man was closer than usual. Closer and closer. Clara moved away from him a little but to no avail, because Paul moved with her, keeping an always-decreasing distance between them.

With adrenaline rushing through his veins, Paul danced closer to her until he was rubbing his cock against her ass. It felt better than he expected. She probably worked out, and that amazing ass got his mind racing, thinking about secret fetishes that he never told anyone.

Clara tried to get away from him but he firmly held her in place by holding her wrist, pulling her even closer so she could feel his erection better.

Mortified and alone, Clara didn't know what to do except look around, trying to lock eyes with anyone who could help her with this man away from her. Paul groped her ass with a smile on his face, but his own wrist was quickly grabbed and pulled away from Clara's ass.

After letting out a grunt, he turned around to find a tall and somewhat muscular woman holding his wrist. "Fuck," he muttered to himself when he saw that she was wearing an earpiece. He used his free hand to rearrange himself, trying in vain to hide his erection from the clearly pissed off security guard.

Paul couldn't help but find it funny, though, that they would have a female security guard. Despite her height and somewhat muscular build, he wasn't intimidated. How wrong he was to assume that he would face no consequences. Miranda was pissed off, and she secretly enjoyed making these troublemakers pay when they misbehaved in The Castle. She had her own brand of special punishment that Paul would soon experience.

A second security guard, also a woman, approached Clara and walked her somewhere else. It was too crowded for Paul to see where his prey had gone since he still wanted to have some fun with her. He would have to deal with Miranda first, though.

"What do you think you're doing?", Miranda said after leaning in so Paul could hear her.

"I don't know what you mean."

He wasn't the best at feigning innocence, not to mention that he was caught red-handed.

"Of course you don't."

Miranda squeezed his wrist tighter, letting him know that she wasn't playing around.

"Come with me," she said.

Paul sighed and decided to just play along. What was a woman going to do to him anyway? He was curious to see what she wanted, and then he'd just

break free and go on his way. He was thinking of finding Clara again to have fun with her again and maybe go somewhere else to keep the party going.



Miranda led the man to a room in the back of the nightclub. It was an office of medium size that had a couple more women with earpieces in there. He was amused but very confused at that point. Was that place only employing female security guards? He thought that was insane.

“Yeah, I know what you’re thinking. Everyone has the same dumb face when they realise it,” Miranda said.

“But why? A group of men would do a better job. No offence.”

The women chuckled instead of getting offended. They dealt with men like him on the regular, and they all regretted crossing them.

The laughing only got Paul nervous. He looked around him and saw other two women walking into the room. Despite what he said before, all the women were imposing and intimidating, with Miranda being the big bad among them all. He wondered if she was the one in charge.

“I saw what you were doing,” Miranda said.

“Me?”

“Yeah, you.”

“Again, I don’t know what you’re talking about. Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to get back out there and get another drink.”

Paul tried to walk away from the tall woman, but her iron grip prevented him from moving an inch. He instinctively turned his head to see if she had cuffed him or something when he wasn’t looking, but it was only her hand. She was so strong that he didn’t see it coming.

“Oh, you can’t do that yet,” she said. “You’ll be our guest for now.”

Yeah, she was definitely the woman in charge. After she said that, another female security guard walked into the room with Clara by her side. Clara had a good poker face on, so he didn't know what her intentions were either. Things were getting confusing and a little strange, but Miranda would clear everything up soon enough. She smiled when she saw Clara walking in.

"Welcome, miss..."

"Clara."

"Miss Clara. Please, have a seat over there while we get things ready," said Miranda.

Paul arched an eyebrow as Clara walked past him without acknowledging him. He was losing his patience.

"Okay, ladies. Whatever it is that you want, let's get it over with. I got things to do."

"Like harassing other women?"

Miranda smirked at the irate Paul, and she pushed him to the center of the room before turning around, getting a key out of her pocket, and locking the door. Paul looked around, ready to snap at her, but was met by severe looks from all the women there, including Clara.

"You heard the man, ladies. He has things to do and places to go, so let's get this started, shall we?" said Miranda.

The rest of the staff nodded while a confused Paul opened his mouth to object, but Miranda cut him off before he could say anything.

"This is how it's going to be, my friend. I'll give the orders and you'll listen. If you don't, you'll spend some time behind bars covered in bruises. It's not worth it, if you ask me. My girls here can pack a mean punch."

"What the fuck are you talking about? You can't do that. I didn't do anything."

“We got you on camera. That doesn’t matter anyway because I have good friends that are cops and they’ll make sure that you don’t get sunlight on your skin for a while.”



Paul knew that she was serious. She didn’t seem like the type of woman to bluff, and it didn’t look like their first rodeo either. He considered his options, but going to jail would fuck his life up. Whatever they wanted to do to him couldn’t be worse.

“Do we understand each other?” Miranda asked.

“Yeah, whatever.”

“Good boy. Now, since you don’t want to go to jail, your other option is to be our toilet slave for the night.”

The man blinked repeatedly, as he wasn’t sure if he heard correctly.

“It’s hard being a security guard, you know?” Miranda said, walking in circles around Paul. “You don’t get many bathroom breaks on busy nights like this one because otherwise, we’ll have little troublemakers like you going around, wreaking havoc.”

“It gets to a point where we need to relieve ourselves,” said another security guard.

“Which reminds me,” Miranda said, “don’t you feel like you have to go?”, she asked Clara.

Clara, who had already been informed of what the punishment would look like and had agreed to take part in it, nodded.

“Those delicious cocktails can get your bladder full, and this asshole here was keeping me from going to the bathroom,” she said.

“Ah, perfect timing then,” said Miranda.

The imposing security guard extended her arm towards Paul, inviting Clara to enter the stage.

“Take off your clothes and get on the ground,” Miranda told the man. “We don’t want those to get filthy and cause a scene when you leave this place.”

He reluctantly did it. Again, he didn’t want to go to jail or get beaten up. Or both.

“Fine.”

Paul had to admit to himself that the view was amazing from down there when Clara walked up to him. He had a nice view of her ass that was peeking from under her little black dress. His cock automatically twitched as it got half-hard, getting a chuckle out of the all-female security team.

“I guess he’s looking forward to it,” Miranda said. “He hadn’t had one of these for a while.”

Clara took off her panties and left them on a desk before standing over the man on the floor. She squatted and spread her pussy open, giving him an even better view. By that point, the man was already rock hard, and there was some excitement building up inside of him. A new feeling that he never experienced before that night.

“Ready or not...” Clara said, and interrupted herself when a stream of piss came out of her.



The piss landed right on his face and made him gasp for air when it hit his nostrils, which in turn gave him a mouthful. Miranda gave another order before he could spit it out.

“You have to swallow and eat everything that comes our way tonight. That’s non-negotiable.”

Paul locked eyes with her. They were severe and again, she meant every word that came out of her mouth. Paul tightened his lips and after keeping

the warm liquid sitting there for a second, he swallowed. It was something that he never tasted before, but he immediately opened his mouth again to catch some more.

Was it because he wanted to keep Miranda happy or was there another reason?

He shook his head to keep those thoughts away. There was no reason to analyze anything right then and there, he only needed to do as he was told and make sure that he wasn't going to be thrown into jail.

"Almost done," said Clara with a giggle.

The previously harassed woman was happy to see the man on the floor get his comeuppance, and even happier to be a part of it. After a few more gulps and after getting his face and chest soaked in her urine, Clara was done peeing.

The man thought that it was over, but he couldn't be more mistaken.

"I bet you feel better now," Miranda said.

"Yeah, that was... freeing," Clara said.

"Mhm. Now, I'm sure that there's something else in that thin body of yours for our human toilet. Feel free to let everything out."

Clara nodded in agreement and turned her head towards Paul.

"Are you going to be a good toilet?" she asked him.

"...Yes."

"In that case.."

She squatted over him again, but this time she was facing away from him. She grazed his hard cock to tease him, but he wasn't able to do anything about it unless Miranda gave the order. She was the one in charge of the whole show.



Paul had mixed feelings when Clara spread her ass cheeks with her hands, showing him her tender asshole. She pushed a little, and slowly worked towards getting the shit she had out of her system. Little by little, her asshole expanded to make way for a sizeable piece of shit.

“I don’t like repeating myself, but I will,” Miranda said, “you need to swallow everything that comes out of her body.”

Paul heard her but he didn’t dare turn away from Clara’s ass since her asshole was still making way for a monster turd. With a low moan from her, it finally broke free from her body, landing square on his face. The shit slowly rolled down the side of his mouth and landed on his neck.

“Use your hands,” Miranda ordered.

Paul grabbed the piece of shit with both hands and moved it closer to his mouth. Knowing that everyone’s eyes were on him, he did as he was told. He shakily opened his mouth and took a bite out of it, moving his jaws up and down to chew it before swallowing it.

The taste was like nothing he had tried before. The room, which was previously filled with the smell of Clara’s piss, was now a symphony of smells. He took another bite and then another one, chewing and swallowing again and again until the thing in his hands was gone. He licked his hands clean under the instruction of the amused and dominant security guard.

“Now, it wouldn’t be nice of you to let Clara walk away with a soiled ass and pussy, would it?” Miranda asked him.

“No, ma’am.”

“I’m glad we’re on the same page.”

Paul got on his knees and licked Clara clean, carefully using his tongue to remove all the little drops of piss from her pussy, and then using it to clean her ass cheeks. It took a while because at first, it looked like he was only smearing it more, but he eventually got it all off. His angry cock was witness to his diligence. Once she was satisfied, Clara put her panties back on and fixed her dress.

“Thank you very much for coming here, Clara,” Miranda said. “I hope you’re feeling better despite what this man was doing to you earlier tonight.”

“It’s fine, water under the bridge and all that. I’m feeling better thanks to you.”

“Good. You can go now. Feel free to ask for me directly if you ever need anything when you’re here.”

Miranda shook Clara’s hand before she walked away.

“I will. Thank you,” Clara said before another security guard unlocked the door for her.

Paul looked at Miranda hoping to see a softer expression, but he was met by the same severe poker face that barely hinted at a smile.

“I’m sure that you’re eager to go home, but like we were saying earlier, none of us get many bathroom breaks in nights as busy as this one.”

“Do you mean...?”

“Yes, you’re our human toilet for the night and my girls need to relieve themselves too.”

Everything was a blur for Paul after that moment. A guard stood up from her seat and took off her pants before pissing and shitting all over him, being wilder than Clara was. While the blonde girl in the tight dress soaked his face and chest, the security guard did it all over his body. Clara’s aroma got mixed with the girl’s. He didn’t even know her name but he was drinking her stinky piss as if his life depended on it. It did, in a way, because the threat of getting beaten to a pulp and then thrown into jail was enough to send shivers down his spine.

He also cleaned the girl up using his tongue, just like he did with Clara. Then another girl came, and another one, until the whole squad took turns shitting and pissing all over him. He was tired and his jaw was sore from chewing so much, not to mention that his belly was ready to burst. He wasn’t done, though. The boss was saving herself for last.

Miranda took all her clothes off, revealing a tougher body than Paul originally thought she had. She didn't utter a word this time despite mocking him here and there when he was consuming the waste that the other girls were kind enough to dump on him. There was no need for orders. Miranda simply focused on enjoying the moment, and she knew that Paul was starting to enjoy himself as well.

She looked at his crotch. His cock was ready to burst after being hard for close to an hour. She wasn't as mean as she looked, and Paul had won himself a little treat.

"You're going to have some severe blue balls if I let you leave like that," she said. "You can take care of it now."

A smile appeared on Paul's face. He looked at his hands smeared with shit, thinking about what to do when Miranda gave him another order.

"Use your hands as they are. It'll feel better."

The man jerked off with his hands full of shit, pumping his fist up and down across his shaft, smearing the brown shit all over his hard cock. He climaxed after only a few minutes of punishing his cock, turning into a cum fountain for a few seconds.

Panting, he got on his knees to get Miranda cleaned up. She could feel his warm breath hitting her skin as he kept gasping between every lick. She put her clothes back on when she was sure that she was clean.

The man was a mess. He was kneeling on a pool of piss and shit, the product of all the abuse that he was put through that night. Miranda gave her squad a sign and they all left, happy and giggly. She finally turned to her human toilet and nodded towards him, pleased.

"You did a good job tonight. You can use that towel over there to wipe yourself and get dressed. The nightclub's doors are always open, even to men like you, but keep in mind what will happen if I catch you again..."

Miranda walked out of her office and let Paul there, kneeling on his rancid pool of waste. It had been an interesting night, to say the least.

Maybe he would come back and look for another girl to harass the next weekend.



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

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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