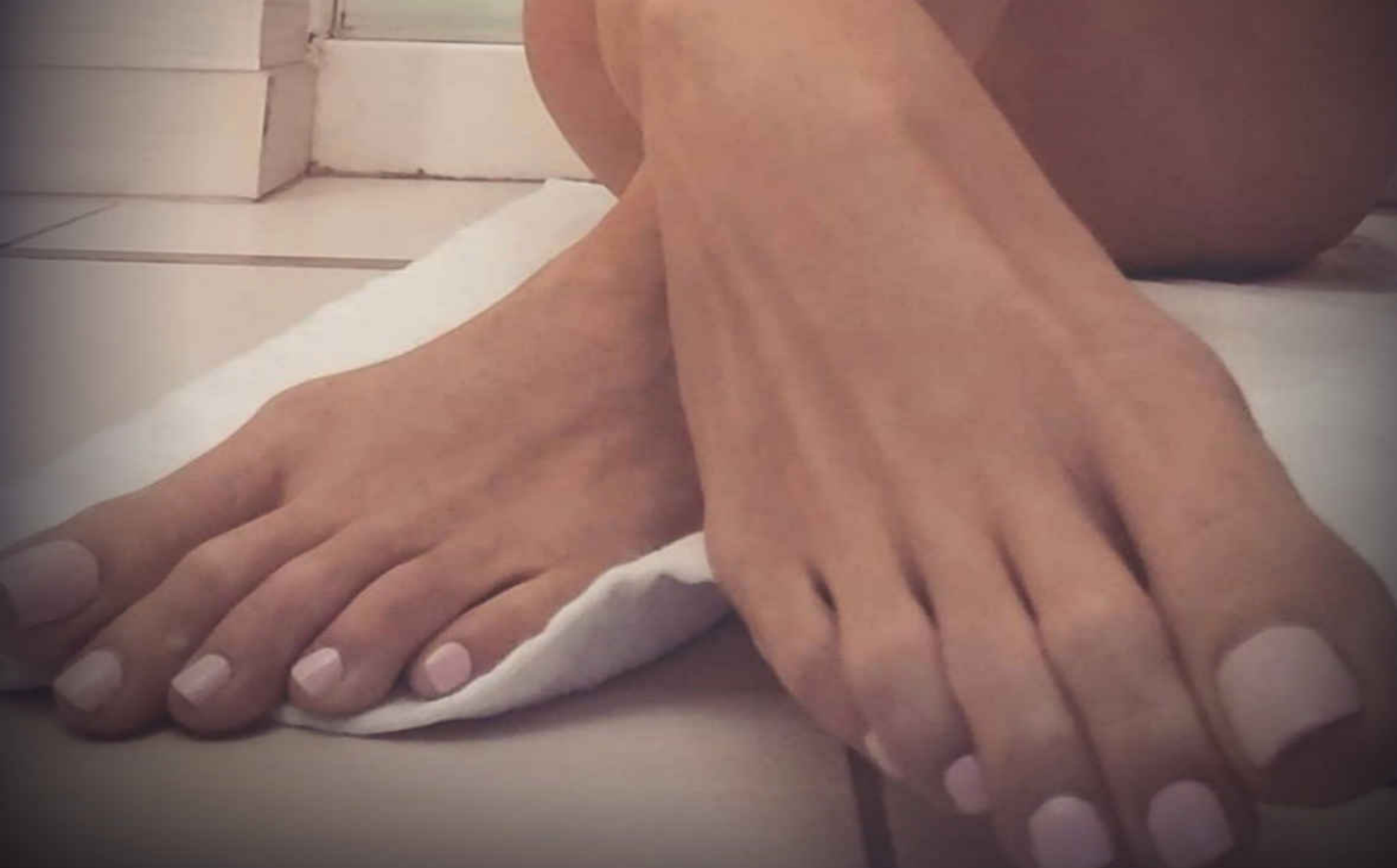




FOOT WORSHIP *AT THE MOVIES*

2ND EDITION

FOOT FETISH, FOOT WORSHIP, FOOT
SLAVERY, FEMDOM & HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

FOOT WORSHIP AT THE MOVIES.

FOOT FETISH, FOOT WORSHIP, FOOT SLAVERY,
FEMDOM & HUMILIATION.

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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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DAY OFF - RUINED.



My social life had taken a down turn ever since I moved to this new town six months ago. It's to be expected that when people move to new places, they tend to lose their old connections. Sometimes eventually losing old friends. But having only moved here six months ago I hadn't quite anticipated how quickly me and my old friends would drift apart.

I had a day off from work and decided that spending the day on XBOX playing video games would be a waste. I decided to do something I'd never done before ... Going to the cinema alone.

So I found myself walking up to the kiosk at the Cinema. I'd been waiting for this film to come out for such a long time. '*Avengers: End Game*', I was so excited.

As I'm heading up to the kiosk, I detect the cold gaze of the woman staring across at me. She was quite a tall lady with a solid build.. She had dark brown shoulder length hair and her green eyes had this look that's hard to describe. A kind of mean, selfish kind of look.

"Here to see '*Avengers Endgame*'?" She enquired, not even bothering to look at me as I approached to the kiosk.

"Yeah haha." I replied. "Am I that obvious?"

She looked me up and down, taking me in, assessing me.

“Well you do look like one of those comic book losers. You know, the guys that play those pathetic video games.”

I was a little surprised by the rudeness of this woman. Trying to hide my annoyance, I tried to put a positive spin on her comment; “I guess I have that intelligent look that comic book “losers” have?”

“No..” “You just seem like one of those guys who spends their nights masturbating while covered in Dorito crumbs.” She said, with a weird smile on her face.

I look at her with a look of disbelief.

“So anyway, can I get one adult ticket for ‘*Avengers: End Game*’, a large sweet popcorn and Coke please.”

“Would you like some nachos to go with that, loser? We’ve got a buy one get the second half price offer if you’re as cheap as you look.”

She was starting to annoy me, but I ignored her remarks. I paid for my ticket and snacks and was about to be on my way when then she said something that so unexpected that I almost dropped my popcorn.

“You know, the film doesn’t start for another fifteen minutes or so.. I’ve been on my feet for a while now, about three hours in fact. Is there any chance you could come behind the counter and give me a quick foot massage? My feet are killing me.” She said, looking directly into my eyes.

I was caught by surprise.

“...What did you say?” I was trying to give her a chance to think of something else to say to cover up for the ridiculous request she has just placed upon me. But instead, she doubled down.

“Look”, she said. “I don’t mean to be rude, But you’re here by yourself and judging by the looks of you, you probably don’t get much female attention. If I was in your shoes I would be jumping at the chance for some physical contact with a lady as attractive as me. AND it gives you some fresh

material for you to think about as you masturbate tonight!” she said, giggling.

I couldn’t believe it, There I was, simply trying to watch a movie... but instead I’m being publicly humiliated and pressured into rubbing some rude bitches feet.

I decided to do something about this woman's disgusting customer service.

“I would like to speak to the manager.” I said.

“Oh you want to speak to the manager?” She said back in an annoying childish voice. “Hold on a second.” She reached out into her pocket and retrieved a name badge.

It read ‘*Rebecca Smith, Branch Manager*’.

With a look of victory on her face she said, “I really should wear this all the time but the pin sometimes scratches against me. Oh you wanted to speak to the manager right? Let me just get her for you.” She turned around, walked away from me and came straight back.

“And what can I do for you?” She asked sarcastically with the fakest smile on her face.

“Look Rebecca, I’m just trying to watch a movie in peace there is *no way* I’m going to get down behind the kiosk and massage your feet! And you have been so rude!” I yell.

After that, I grabbed my snacks and walked away, not giving her the chance to waste my time or hurt my feelings any more.

I walked into screen number five and settled in. It was almost empty. Perfect. I had the whole cinema to myself, so I could really stretch out and get comfortable. I had my snacks, settled into my seat right in the middle of the VIP section and put my popcorn and drink into the holders positions

The film finally starts and I hear door to my screen room opening. I ignore it, thinking it’s just maybe someone just turning up late. I hear the footsteps get closer and closer to me, eventually stopping in the seat directly behind

me. Whatever, its no big deal, maybe they just want a great viewing position.

The film continues - it's just as good as I thought it would be. The build up is slow but meaningful, with each character getting Just enough screen time to give closure to their story.

Then, from behind me, I then hear the sounds of shoes dropping onto the ground, and I notice a strong smell in the air. There is this kind of cheesy, salty aroma. I assume that the person behind me perhaps bringing in some nachos.

Then, to make matters worse I then I feel pressure pushing forward on my seat. The person behind me had rested their feet up against my chair.

Frustrated, I turn around and ask, "Excuse me, would you mind getting your feet off my chair please? It's dark and I cant see the persons face.

"Why? I'm just trying to enjoy the film" came a familiar voice.

I turned my head and arch my neck up.

Its fucking Rebecca.

"Look Rebecca, I'm just trying to enjoy the movie, would you mind please removing your feet from my chair?" I ask as politely as I can.

I should've just kept my mouth shut.

"Listen *loser*, I've decided to take a well deserved break and all I'm doing is resting my poor tired feet. If you don't like that, you're free to move to another seat - but before you do, make sure you go to the kiosk and buy a new ticket." She said, a horrible smile on her face. I couldn't believe her horrible attitude.

I could feel myself getting angry.

"Why are you being like this? I've been nothing but polite to you and your making my life miserable."

“You should have been a good little loser and rubbed my tired feet!” She growled back at me.

I just give up and sink back into my seat, not wanting to miss any more of the movie. There was no point in arguing with her.

For the next ten minutes, I try my best to enjoy the movie. I reach down with my right hand to grab my drink and my elbow brushes up against something. Rebecca had placed one of her huge feet in the gap between my chair and the one to my right. It was long, wide and veiny, I’d guess at least maybe a size 44. Her toes were on the longer side too, a few of them with silver toe rings and her big toe having a slight bunion. The sole of her foot was quite thick and calloused, probably from the hours she spends standing up and walking around the cinema and her toenails were painted a blue colour, I think. It was hard to tell in the low light. Her feet had a very strong smell. Like parmesan cheese. I really hoped that she hadn't accidentally (or intentionally) touched the straw of my drink with her toes, because her foot was hovering literally three inches above it.

For a second I consider saying something. I also consider asking her to move her big fucking stinky feet away from me and my snacks, but I decide it's futile as she was the highest ranking member of staff at the cinema. Added to the fact that I didn't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing that her weird annoying behaviour was affecting me. I lifted my drink and out of the corner of my eye, I see her left foot pushing out the gap on my left side, getting closer to me. She sighs in comfort, as she stretches her leg out further. Both of her feet are now pushing out on my left and right sides. I was literally sat with my arms in my lap, as my armrests had Rebecca’s feet on them, the odour of her big cheesy feet filling my nostrils. I had no choice but to breath in her horrible foot stench. I was at her mercy. At the mercy of her big smelly feet.

Suddenly I’m distracted by a cracking or popping sound. I look at my armrests, and I see Rebecca’s toes flexing and stretching. I can see the deep wrinkles on the bottom of her soles as she bends her arches, using her big toe to force her second toe to move downwards, resulting in the loud crunching sound. Even though she’d taken her shoes off a while ago, the

cheesy aroma had not subsided at all. It had possibly even strengthened, due to her feet's increased closeness to me. I covered my nose and turned my head and try to make eye contact with her. She lowers her gaze from the screen to me and winks at me! It's hard for me to understand the craziness of this woman. But I'm powerless here, there's nothing I can do. I turn back around and try my best to stay positive and enjoy the movie.

"You know" I hear her whisper, "It's not too late for that foot massage." She says quietly.

She's really annoying me.

"Listen Rebecca" I rely, "I've come here in peace to watch a movie, not to massage your big stinky feet!"

"What if I give you free ticket for next time?"

I pause to think about it. The cinema had been steadily raising prices for a while. Her big feet of hers were pretty close and maybe if I just did what she asked this would all be over...

I decide to accept her deal.

"Fine. I'll do it -"

"Well get to work then, loser." she whispered arrogantly. "My feet need tender loving care."

I took a deep breath and then grabbed each of her sweaty feet in my hands. The wetness and warmth of her feet surprised me. Even through her socks, my fingers became covered in her foot sweat, each squeeze of her foot released a cloud of cheesy aroma that filled my nostrils. Rebecca seemed to be enjoying it; as I squeezed and rubbed her feet I could hear quiet sighs and moans of pleasure from behind me. But the smell was too much for me to bear. I counted down from twenty, and then ended her foot massage.

"Excuse me... what do you think your doing?" She asked, a tone of annoyance in her voice.

Frustrated, I reply; “Well I’ve given you your foot massage, my work is done.”

“Your work isn't done until I SAY it's done. I’ve been stood on my feet for three hours today! You need to rub them until I say I’ve had enough. Understand, *loser*? Or else, you can kiss that free cinema ticket goodbye!”

I groan out of miserable compliance. “...Alright fine.”

Rebecca picked up her stuff, stood up and stepped over the chair next to mine.

She sat in the chair on my left, with her back resting against her left armrest. She raised her feet over my armrest and held them in the air three inches away from my face. The strong odour coming from her wide big feet was stronger than ever. It was so strong, words can't accurately describe their level of stench. She wriggled and flexed her toes and crunched her soles.

“Aren’t my feet beautiful?” She asked.

“Please can we just get this over with..” I weakly ask.

“Tell me my feet are *beautiful*” She said, her voice sounding sinister.

“Are you being serious? -”

“Tell my feet they are beautiful or I will say that you touched me inappropriately. There's only two of us here. Now... do as I say.” She said, her tone of voice very serious.

I sigh and contemplated the position I was in. This woman was a lunatic. But one thing I knew was that crazy people do crazy things, and I didn’t want to find out if she was really capable of a false allegation such as that.

And to be honest I wanted that free cinema ticket.

I looked at her big feet that were right in my face, those long thick toes with their light blue coloured painted toenails wriggling in my direction.

“Your feet are beautiful, Rebecca”

She smiled at me.

“That's a good little loser.”

Then she moved her feet closer to me and rubbed them all over my face, squeezing my nose in between her big and second toe. She then placed both her feet onto my torso. Her feet were so big that the heels of her feet were in line with my belly button and her toes rested on my collar bone. Her feet were hot and damp, the sweat going on my shirt. She rubbed her feet all over my torso, using me as a sort of door matt.

“As you’ve probably noticed, nerd, my feet are a little sweaty today. That's what hard work smells like. Someone as beautiful as me shouldn’t have to work hard, but because I do... I want you to take a deep long breath of my feet, as a showing of appreciation for all the work they do.”

“If I do this, will it be over, will you leave me alone?” I asked hopefully.

She laughed to herself.

“Silly loser, you belong to me and my feet now. All of this has been captured on video. I’ll put this all over social media, you will be named and shamed. Now, I want you to take a deep long sniff of my feet. Inhale the scent of my hard working, beautiful feet into your soul.”

I look to her feet, hovering so close to my face that I can almost see the drops of sweat running down her soles.

I moved my nose closer, until the tip of my nose touched her soles, sniffed...

...and passed out.



You know that feeling when someone is poking you to wake you up?

I was still passed out from taking that long deep breath of Rebecca’s stinky feet, but then I felt a weight being pressed onto my face. I opened my eyes

and could see nothing. That horrible bitch Rebecca had her feet resting on my face!

“Wake up! we’re not done yet loser” I heard her say.

The stench of her feet made me a little dizzy.

“I can't believe you actually passed out!” she said. “You’re even more of a loser than I thought! You only took one deep breath of my beautiful feet and you were out cold!”

Still slightly out of it, I snapped back; “Well if your feet didn’t smell like a baboon’s arsehole maybe I wouldn’t have passed out!”

Rebecca didn’t like that, not at all. Her eyes narrowed and the smile disappeared off her face.

“What did you just say?” she slowly asked.

“Nothing.” I lied back.

“No no no, I heard you perfectly. How dare you.” she said quietly.

I decided to soften my tone in an attempt to keep her sweet.

“Look Rebecca, I didn't mean that. My head is over the place, that's all. Todays just been a bit...weird. I know you work very hard and I should have been more understanding.” I bowed my head, half in false apology to Rebecca, the other half in shame at my pathetic brown nosing.

“Well.. I accept your apology, loser.” she said. But then she moved her right foot towards me. “If you really mean it, I want you to kiss my big toe. Show it how much you appreciate its hard work.” she giggled as she finished her sentence, pleased with herself as she looked down at me, sat on the floor with her foot inches away from my face. She had me right where she wanted me; broken and at her feet.

I sigh in resignation and pressed my lips onto the tip of her big toe and kissed it. I could see the network of veins that ran over the top of her feet, the bunion from the edge of the toe I had just kissed. She really had the feet of a working woman, and as much as I hated her for the humiliating

situation I currently find myself in and the bullying and condescending tone in which she spoke to me... in some weird way, I found myself rationalising her actions, even empathising with them. Perhaps she genuinely felt that the hard work she and her feet did was going unappreciated, and she needed someone, (me in this instance), to show love and appreciation to her feet, even if they were sweaty and stinky. I still really, *really* didn't want to be anywhere near this horrible bitch and her huge stinky feet, but her bizarre behaviour was beginning to make sense.

She smiled down approvingly at me.

“That's a good boy” she said. “Now kiss the other toes too”

I obliged and did my best to ignore the smelly foot aroma. I pressed my lips and kissed each of her chubby long toes, from the biggest to smallest. She raised her foot slightly and rubbed the bottom of her toes down from my upper lip to my chin, leaving my face greasy, covered with her sweat. Then she held her foot directly in front of my face.

“Now kiss the bottom, loser. Kiss the sole of my foot” she instructed.

I groaned upon hearing her request.

“Do I have to?” I asked weakly.

A flash of irritation crept across her face, as if she was annoyed that I still had the gall to question her. She looked me dead in the eye, and then..

BOOM!

..slapped my face with her foot! It made my head spin and put me on my back. My face was throbbing with pain.

“*How the fuck did I get myself in this mess?*” I thought to myself.

“Listen to me loser and listen well. When I tell you to do something, *you do it*. No questions asked! Understood?” she hissed at me.

I shook my head to clear away the rest of the dizziness and looked up. She was standing directly over me, with her feet on either side of my head. She

raised her right foot and lowered it two inches away from my sore, throbbing face.

“Now... *kiss my feet.*” she said calmly.

Not wanting another slap or worse, I raised my face to give her what she wanted, but then she moved her foot slightly away.

“This is where you belong, footboy, underneath my feet.” I heard her say as I kissed her feet repeatedly. “Now carry on kissing!”

After a few minutes of this, my knees were aching. I’d had enough.

“Can I get up now?” I asked Rebecca hopefully.

“Absolutely not! I was just getting comfortable!” she exclaimed.

She sank into the chair above me and raised both of her enormous feet above my face. She wriggled and flexed her toes, enjoying in my obvious discomfort in the situation.

“Breath slowly and deeply, loser. Inhale my delicious smell.” she said devilishly.

Thankfully, due to the amount of time they had been exposed to the air, the cheesy aroma wasn't quite as strong as before, but it was still far from peasant.

Rebecca was really enjoying this. She leaned back into her chair, spread her legs and moved a hand into her skirt

“Oh yeah...Inhale and exhale, loser. I want to feel the air being sucked from between my toes deep into your lungs. Breath in my scent. It’s good for you, you *need it.*” She said, giggling down at me.

My lower face was getting very hot and sweaty due to having Rebecca’s big feet covering it and I didn’t know how much of it I could take. I was reaching my breaking point. She finally raised her feet off of my face, just for a few seconds...and then fully enclosed my entire face underneath both of her big stinky feet again!

“Now keep going loser, breath *deeply*.”

“You don't know how happy I am to have finally found a loser footboy” I heard her say.

“I get home after a long hard day, take off my shoes and the smell of my feet fills whatever room I’m in.” she continued.

“You’re going to come over and breathe in all of my foot stink for me... and some other things too” she said mischievously.

Rebecca used her gargantuan big toe to open my mouth.

“...What-what are you-you doing?!” I muffled to her from beneath her feet.

“My toes are tired and sweaty, loser... So you are going to bathe them in your mouth. You’re going to suck my toes and use your pathetic tongue so clean any toe juice and foot sweat from my beautiful feet, understood?”

I was horrified. It wasn't bad enough that she was forcing me to inhale the stench, but now she wanted me so suck her toes??? Where and when will this end?!!

Before I could even finish my thoughts, Rebecca brought one of her gigantic feet crashing into my balls.

“OW!” I yelled. Rebecca seized the opportunity and stuffed her other foot into my opened mouth. I tried to push her foot out of my mouth but she was too strong. Her toes filled my whole mouth, a vinegar like taste invaded my tonsils. I coughed over and over again, and unfortunately each cough seemed to force her foot deeper and deeper into my throat until eventually I felt her big toe press against my oesophagus. I was flailing and floundering, while she was screaming with laughter, still with her hand inside her skirt. Was she truly aroused by the feeling of her toes in my oesophagus? Or was it seeing me in agony that aroused her. Either way, to me Rebecca was a monster.

I tried one last time to remove her foot out of my mouth before, but I just didn't have the strength. I don't know why, maybe to try and win some

favour from her.. but I took her massive foot into my hands. I started to massage it.

“Good initiative! that feels so good, loser..”.

“Rub a little harder though, my feet are so sore!”, she said and closed her eyes.

I really, *really* wanted her foot out of my mouth, so with her enjoying her foot massage, I took this opportunity to try and gain some sympathy from her. I tried talking to her, but only able to produce nothing but noises. It got her attention though.

“Hmm? What’s that, loser?” Rebecca asked sarcastically.

She looked down at me, surveying the situation for a few moments.

“Well... you seem to have *finally* accepted your place...” Rebecca finally slithered her enormous foot out of my mouth. I coughed and spluttered, taking in as much air as possible. Rebecca placed the heel of the foot I was sucking onto my chest and held her toes up so that I could see them. She repeatedly squeezed her toes together and spread them apart, and I saw the saliva, *my* saliva that now completely covered them, like a glazed donut.

Rebecca wiped her foot all over my t shirt, getting rid of most of the spit. She spread her big and second toe apart and saw that there was still spit on them, so she cleaned her toes through my hair! As humiliating as this was, I just didn't have the energy to protest, and she could see that. She smiled at me and winked. My spirit was completely broken. She was bigger and stronger than me, and even in some extremely unlikely event that I did overpower her and free myself, she would accuse me of sexual harassment. I was trapped in this situation, there was no way out. The only thing I could do now was just to do as she asked and when she finally got bored, run away as fast as I could.

I was really thirsty. I let go of her foot and tried to get my soda. Rebecca beat me in the race though. She raised it to her mouth and took a big mouthful of it. Then she leaned down towards me and..

BUUUUUUUURP!

She belched right into my face! My nose was instantly filled with the warm disgusting stench of stomach acid and half digested noodles. I gagged uncontrollably, the smell and view of her tonsils was *so gross*.

It was all too much. I just couldn't take anymore of it. I felt so hopeless...

Tears began rolling down my cheeks and I began sobbing uncontrollably.

“HAHAHAHA!, you are such a little pussy!” She was roaring with laughter, and whether she realised it or not was stamping on my chest as she laughed. It was like watching a wicked witch.

“Why? Why are y-you doing this to me?” I asked through my sobs. “H-haven’t you h-h-had enough?!”

Her laughter stopped and she looked down at me, a weird sadistic smile creeping over her face. The sort of smile you could imagine a serial killer would use when they've cornered their next victim. She got up and stood over me, her feet on either side of my head.

“Had enough?” she asked sarcastically. “Don’t worry, you will know when you have really had enough.”

She quickly lowered herself, bringing her ass crashing down onto my face! I screamed in agony, feeling the crushing pain all over my body.

“ARGH!” I cried out. “Please stop!”

But then she repeated it, over and over again. She would slowly rise up and then bring her ass crashing down onto me, grinding her thick ass onto my ribs after she landed. I was in complete agony.

Oh how I wished that that I had just stayed at home.



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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[Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 1](#)

[Smelly Our Stinky Farts](#)

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

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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