

A woman with long red hair, wearing a red blazer and red skirt, stands in an office. She is looking down at a man who is lying on the floor, propped up on his elbows. The man is wearing a dark shirt and is looking up at the woman. The office has a desk with a lamp and a computer monitor in the background. The wall has a patterned wallpaper.

FROM
ASSISTANT...

TO TOILET SLAVE

FACESITTING, TOILET SLAVERY,
FEMDOM & HUMILATION

PART 2

ALEX KILROY

FROM ASSISTANT... TO TOILET SLAVE 2.

TOILET SLAVERY, SPITTING, FEMDOM &
HUMILIATION.

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ALEX KILROY

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

If you would like to **commission** a story, email me at:

AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com

Here are some of his other titles;

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Open Wide, It's Coming Out!

Hotboxing The Car

Your Meals Come From My Ass!

Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery

Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 2

Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 1

Smelly Our Stinky Farts

Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 2 : Scat, Toilet Slavery, Coprophilia, Femdom

I Can't Bear Watching Anymore, Part 2 : Extreme Cuckoldry

I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry

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

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“We're all captives, in one way or another . . .”

— JANE FRANCES

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EVERYBODY HAS A BREAKING POINT.



Zack had now submitted fully to Lizzy's control over him and pretty much had become Lizzy's slave. That's all there is to it. With the video recordings she had, he had no choice but to do everything he was asked to do. Even some things he wasn't supposed to do.

Initially, Lizzy hated Zack for blackmailing her, but now she was loving life. If she didn't feel like doing something she was assigned to do, you'd better believe that she would delegate it to her slave. Poor Zack was always tired at the end of the day. She made him write her reports, he was even now responsible for her work emails and she didn't bother to respond to them anymore as Zack was always there to do that. He was literally her office bitch, for better and for worse.

To say that Zack was stressed over the increased workload would be an understatement. He was being pushed very close to the edge. He prayed for the perfect day where he would fire back at Lizzy for her abuse of him, but he was scared to death of what she would do to him or how she would punish him. So for those reasons, he kept his mouth shut and obeyed her every whim.

In the rare moments of respite Zack had away from her, his mind would race back in time and he would remember the horrors of what she put him

through the last time he was at her place. Zack most likely had PTSD now. These days whenever he would drift off to sleep, he would have the same recurring nightmare.

He would be sat in the toilet cubicle minding his own business, when the roof of the bathroom would be ripped off. He would look up in terror and see a giant, naked version of his tormentor, Lizzy. She would cough and clear her throat, open her mouth, stick out her huge tongue and let an ocean of her saliva rain down onto him. It was warm, and sticky and smelly, fully encasing Zack into its gloop.

Zack would then frantically try to free himself from the ton of spit that he was submerged in. But then, he would detect a foul rotten stench in the air. He would look up and be met with Lizzy's ass, which was *enormous* at this scale. She would be spreading her cheeks, which looked like fleshy white-hot air balloons, and he could see every detail in her huge, pink dirty asshole. Lizzy would then grunt loudly, and then..

BRRAAAAAAPPPTTTTTTTSS!!!!

Lizzy would unleash an almighty fart down on him. The gust of her foul air would blow Zack around as if he was fighting against gale force winds. Small pieces of her dark brown shit would fall all around him, some sticking onto him, embedding into Lizzy's spit. At this point Zack is coughing and spluttering. The foul stench of Lizzy's ass gas is so strong in the air that he can barely breathe. He's not even sure if he wants to breathe, because the air around him had a brown tint to it. The copious amount of gas she blasted out of her asshole has corrupted the air around him, so every breath he took meant he was inhaling her faecal matter directly into his lungs. That fact sickened poor Zack to the core.

This is when the worst would happen. Zack would finally free himself of her gloopy saliva and would run for the door, but the giant Lizzy was simply too quick. She would rapidly stretch out one of her giant feet and grab him between her big and second toe. Zack would yell in pain, feeling his torso being crushed by her titanic toes.

Then, Lizzy would place him between her feet, immobilising him. Zack would then feel the temperature rise as Lizzy would crouch down, her puckering wet asshole hovering directly above him, big enough to swallow him into her rectum at its giant size. Small glops of ass juice would fall from it, down onto Zacks face as it pulsed at him in anticipation.

The stench was unimaginable. It was as if this giantess version of Lizzy had not wiped her ass in weeks. No matter how long Zack could hold his breath, the inevitable gasp resulted in a huge amount of her ass gas flowing through his nose, into his lungs. The shitty scent was so strong it made the poor boy lightheaded, and amidst the smell of shit he could detect faint traces of the food she had previously eaten.

Then Lizzy would turn her head toward him and always say;

“I hope you’re hungry like left over Mexican.” Though Lizzy was beautiful, the evil smile on her face as she would say that would make Zacks blood turn cold.

She would grunt loudly, and Zack would hear a soft crackling sound as an absolute monster of a turd would slither out of her now stretched out asshole, down toward him. As the huge brown turd slithered close, the heat and stench it emanated was unbearable. Zack would fight desperately against Lizzy’s huge feet, but there was no budging. She would continue forcing it out, and soon the disgusting huge turd was touching the top of Zacks head. As it slid further out of her filthy hole, the sheer weight of it would cause Zack to fall to his knees beneath it. He would feel his body becoming encased into it, the air unbreathable due to the ungodly stench that surrounded him.

“NO! PLEASE! PLEAAAASSSSEEEE!!!” he would beg and scream, but all he would hear is Lizzy’s maniacal laughter as poor Zack became entombed in his coffin of shit.

Then he would wake up, covered in sweat, panting frantically... and cry.



On other, very rare occasions, he would dream that Lizzy would come to him, scantily dressed, in silk gowns with her body parts slightly exposed. But he knew where it would end. He wasn't going to let himself be trapped again by this evil mistress of his.

One night, he was asleep and the now familiar dream started again. This time, they were in her office and he was sat on her desk like the very first time he tapped her ass. He really, *really* wished he could go back in time and not do that. This time, he was sat on the desk terrified and only because she had ordered him to do so. Lizzy wanted to recreate their first exchange that led to all of what was now going on. She told him to take off his clothes and sit on the glass table butt naked. He obeyed like the slave he now was, like a sheep who had to obey its master or risk being slaughtered. She then took his cock into her hand and played with it. Despite it feeling somewhat nice, Zack's recurring nightmares and the general fear of her he had prevented him from getting a boner. Then, with a confused look on her face, she looked up at him and said;

“What, you don't find me attractive enough anymore, Zack?”

“I-I-It's not what you think...” Zack stammers, still very much afraid of what she might do to him if he displeases.

“Well, if you don't find me attractive, then you don't deserve all the pleasure I had all planned out for you.

W-What?” He questioned her.

WHAM

Instantly, she slapped him, real hard.

That hurt him real bad and he tried to hide the sting it brought to his eyes. They watered as he fought back to control the tears that had welled up in them. Lizzy paid no attention and went ahead to spit on his cock, then spurn

her fingers and her palm around his cock. To his disbelief he begun to get an erection as there was no way his cock could ignore the softness of her palm and how nice her slimy saliva felt combined with her tight grip. As he moaned softly, Lizzy slapped him with her saliva coated hand. Then..

TU!

She forcefully spat on his face. She then demanded he use his shirt to wipe off the saliva from his face and then slapped him again.

And again.

And again.

Zacks was struggling to fight back the tears. His face was throbbing hot and so sore. Lizzy though just laughed at the sight of her pathetic “assistant”. Gone was the cocky little shit who thought he had power over her. He was now nothing to her but a toy, a *thing* to be used and abused.

However, when she tried to slap him again, he did something unexpected. He held her hand up in the process and stopped her from striking him. He wasn't going to take her abuse anymore, even if she released the video recordings and his professional life was over. Enough was enough!

But then he woke up.



One evening, he had just finished preparing a forty-page presentation that Lizzy was supposed to present before the members of the board the next day, when she walked into his office and dropped a file on his table. It was already past the close of work and he was finally getting set to leave for home when slapped his desk with the file.

“Er, w-w-what file is that, please?” He asked her as politely as he could, forcing a smile onto his face. He had become very polite whenever he spoke to her, not wanting to risk any receiving punishment for rudeness or disrespect.

“Well, that’s more work for you. That’s a summary of our last marketing campaign. I would need a detailed report of our entire operations, including the strategies we undertook, what worked and what failed in the course of the operations. You will also include solid recommendations to the board on our next course of action. It should be clear, concise but informative so that the board understands what exactly we would be needing in the department.” After barking her instructions to him, she turned to leave. Zack snapped.

“I’m not doing that.” He said under his breath.

Lizzy turned instantly on the spot and marched straight toward him, stopping inches from him. He looked up at her, and the fury on her face was blood curdling.

“*What* did you say to me?” Lizzy asked quietly.

“I-I said I-I’m not doing that. I am done with doing all of your work for you. It’s time you did your own fucking work!” He barked, visibly angry. Tears gathered in his eyes, weeks of torment and nightmares beginning to boil over.

“Oh wow!” She said, surprised at his sudden change in attitude. She smiled calmly lowered her face down so they were almost eye level and said;

“Did you just swear at me, Zack?”

“Well, you deserve it and more after what you’ve put me through” Zack retorted emotionally, wiping away his tears. “You have been straight up abusing me and I can’t take it anymore. I have put in ten times more work than anyone at assistant level in this entire building and I am sick of it. No more, no more.”

“You’re such an idiot. You never take full responsibilities of your actions.” Lizzy said to him condescendingly. “Was it not you who threatened to expose my past to the Board? You threatened to ruin my career! A career I had to build from scratch after years of hard work. I can never forget that! Lizzy was getting emotional and had to stop talking. She had plans on how she would put her swine of an assistant back in his place.

Lizzy said nothing more to him but walked out of the office. When Zack had calmed down, he began to think of what he had just done. He wondered what Lizzy would do to him that night as he packed up his stuff to go home.

When he arrived back at his flat, he waited anxiously for Lizzy's call to come in, but it didn't. He slept off and dreamt that Lizzy asked him over to her house again. In the dream, Lizzy wore the same silk dress she wore the last time he was at her house, but she was nicer. She asked him to sit on the couch and went and got him something to eat. Zack was scared, afraid that she had drugged the food, but then she ate some of it to reassure him that she had put nothing in it.

He ate and thanked her and afterwards, and she seductively leaned closer to him, placing a hand on his crotch and asked him if he cared for a blowjob. Zack could barely believe his ears and asked her what she said. She again offered to give him a blowjob and this time, he obliged her. She knelt at his feet and took his cock in her mouth. With skill, she began to pleasure him in ways he had hardly felt before. She sucked and slurped and just as he was about to cum, he heard the sharp sound of his alarm. It was morning already. He opened his eyes to turn off his alarm and afterwards, took up his phone. He saw that he had a text and when he read it, it was from Lizzy. His heart immediately skipped a beat and he read it again. She was asking him to meet her at the office car park by 9 that morning. He got out of bed wondering why she wanted to see him outside the office. He was glad at least that it wasn't her house. It meant that she would not be punishing him. She couldn't do all those nasty things at work. It was too public.



All night, Lizzy did not sleep. Her mind was too active, making her plans for Zack. She was going to teach him a bitter lesson he would never forget. He had the guts to be rude to her and to speak to her anyhow. Well, she was going to show him. He was going to learn never to talk to Lizzy that way ever again in his life. She was up early and prepared for work. She was not going to take the train today. She was going to drive as her plan needed a car. She got up early and went to a car rental, hired a small SUV and drove

it back home. It had to be one that would not be connected to her, just in case everything did not work out as well as she had hoped.

She then texted Zack and told him to meet her at the company car park by nine in the morning. She smiled at herself for the ingenious plan she had cooked up. He was going to have a real taste of her wrath.



When it was 8:30, she drove down to the office but chose to park very far away from where she would be easily spotted. Then she went to get some food from the cafeteria. She got herself a large Mexican burrito with loads of extra beans. It was almost nine and just as she was about to text Zack again, he walked towards her. Perfect timing.

She calmly tells her to follow her lead, nothing more than that. Together they began to walk to the carpark, where she had left the rental car. Zack is visibly scared; she can practically feel his nervous energy. It's her spookily calm demeanour that's messing with him, so he begins to apologize profusely and plead for forgiveness for the things he had said to her the previous day. She ignores him, turning to him and smiles, telling him to calm down and follow her lead.

Zack's mind races, and he wonders where she intends to take him to. They enter the car and he hears the doors lock. Lizzy then ravenously devours the burrito, practically inhaling the thing into her pretty mouth.

“What exactly fuck is going on?” he wondered to himself.

After Lizzy swallows the last bite, her stomach gurgles loudly. Then, she slowly lifts her left buttcheek (the one closest to him).

BROOOOOOAAAAPPPPTT!

Her fart is long, deep and stinky. The foul stench of Lizzy's digestive system quickly wafted around the car, invading his nostrils. Poor Zack begins to understand. When she saw his nose wrinkle in disgust, she smiled and ate the last few beans that were in the burrito wrapper. Zack was busy

struggling to breath with the stench of the fart that she had just let out. When she was done with her lunch, to add insult to injury Lizzy reached for the glove box and took out an oxygen mask put in on!

“This is for your own good.” He heard her muffled voice say.

BRAAAAPT!

BROOOOOPPTTT!

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPTTT!

She’s on her hands and knees, with her ass pointing straight at Zack’s and begins to blast fart after stinking fart at him, filling the car with the stench of shit. Zack begins to cough and gag, the smell is beyond tolerable. Its as if Lizzy has literally smeared her shit on his top lip. He feels he is going to be sick. Lizzy notices

“Don’t you *DARE* fucking vomit, you stupid boy.” She warns him, wagging her finger at him as if she was talking to a child. Then she places her hands on her skirt covered ass cheeks and...

***BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPP
PTTTTTTSSSS!!!!***

Lizzy blasts the longest and most heinous fart right into Zacks face. Zack was sure that Lizzy had sprayed some shit into her panties, such was the force of her passing of ass gas. The car is filled with the stench of her shit, the odour strong and pungent. Zack coughed and spluttered. Not only was he struggling to breath the shitty air, the smell was making his eyes water. He couldn’t hold it any longer.

BLUUUUEEEERGGH!

Zack vomits all over himself and the seat of the car.

This infuriates Lizzy greatly. She reaches across and violently slaps him across the face.

“You fucking IDIOT! I told you not to make a mess!” she yelled, and then spat into directly into Zacks open mouth. This only made matters worse, as his stomach churned and he vomited again.

Lizzy was fuming. Her pale skin now flushed. Steam practically coming off her long red hair. She turned back around and pointed her ass at him again.

“Get your hands under my ass, *NOW!*” she screamed.

Zacks head is spinning. The shit fumes of Lizzy’s fart are making him dizzy, which was further compounded by the almighty slap she just gave him. But he forced himself to obey. He places his hands together, under Lizzy’s big pale ass.

Lizzy’s asshole starts to pulse, quickly opening and closing. Then, he sees it start to emerge.

“No. Please. Please” he begs Lizzy.

“This is what you deserve. You are a disobedient little shit, so you deserve my SHIT!”

And with that, a torrent of light brown liquid shit exploded out of Lizzy’s pink asshole. It splattered all over Zacks hands and arms, making a horrible mess of his shirt. The smell was not of this earth. Zack couldn’t look. He just closed his eyes and cried as he felt the warm stinky shit sludge pour into his hands.

“Ahhhhh” he heard Lizzy sigh in relief. “I’ve been holding this in all day!”

Zack is so lightheaded he feels like he will faint. He is only breathing in the minimal amount of air, as her ass gas is pretty much unbreathable. He begs Lizzy for mercy, promising never to be rude to her again. Her shitting has finished, and she turns to face him quickly removes her gas mask, clears her throat loudly and spits in his face to shut him up. As soon as she finishes scolding her pathetic assistant, the awful smell of the car hits her.

“Damn, it fucking STINKS in here!” she says, fanning her nose, smiling at Zack and then putting the mask back on.

The sight of Zack is so pathetic. His hands are clasped in front of him, filled with her diarrhoea. He’s just crying and sobbing. Lizzy pats the top of his head condescendingly and reminds him of what he did in the that led to all this. She also reminded him that it was HE who threatened to reveal her

past and tried to ruin her career. She tells him that if he was not a horrible person, all this would not be happening to him.

“You are an arrogant fucking prick, Zack, and this is your punishment. If you were humble guess what, none of this would be happening! You had to bring out a side of me that I had buried in the past. All you had to do was do your fucking job and go home. But no, you just had to be the pompous arrogant prick that you are. What, you thought because you’re an okay looking guy, you were safe from stuff like this happening to you? Have your looks stopped you from breathing in my ass gas? Where are your connections that you always bragged with? Who is here to save you now? You are all alone and at my mercy. If you had been a good, humble little assistant from the onset, we would have gotten along pretty well. You ruined every possibility and chance for us to be anything. All because of your pride and ego. Now look at you, you’re pretty much just a toilet to me now.”

Zack can’t keep his hands in this position anymore. He lets them drop, spilling her shit onto the floor of the car. Lizzy raises her hand to slap him, but he curls into the foetal position and continues his sobbing. He then starts clutching his throat, he is choking from the stench that had filled the car.

Lizzy takes a little pity on her little slave. She has broken him, she can see it.

“Are you going to be a good little assistant from now on?” she asked in a sickly sweet voice.

Zack nodded, still crying.

“And you’ll do anything and everything I ask of you? Hmmmmmm?????” she continued, again in that horrible voice.

“Y-Yes, yes L-Lizzy.” Zack stammered.

Lizzy removed her gas mask.

“Good boy.” She said happily. Zack was glad that things seemed to be over, so he looked up at Lizzy and smiled. But as soon as he made eye contact she spat a thick wad of spit right onto his cheek.

Lizzy takes out some tissue from her purse and wipes her ass with it. Then she flings the tissue at Zack. Then she pointed at a thick turd that was on the seat of the car. It had a piece of sweetcorn sticking out of it.

“Show me how good of a boy you are now. Eat it.” She said, devilish mischief in her voice.

Zack doesn't want to disobey Lizzy, but after all he had been through today he just couldn't bring himself to eat her shit. It was just disgusting.

Lizzy senses his hesitance, clears her throat loudly again and spots a huge load of saliva and phlegm onto his face.

“Eat. My. Shit.” She said again, her voice more serious this time.

She looks very serious – the most serious he had ever seen her. She was getting angry. Zack fights against himself and bends to take a bite of the shit and tries to swallow it. The consistency of it was doughy and uneven. The taste was foul, dirty and It was difficult as his stomach could not hold it in. He begins to gag, trying to keep his vomit, but he couldn't. He then vomits again, all over the car seat where he sat, but not in Lizzy's direction, luckily for him.

Lizzy takes out another tissue and picks up the shit.

She then smears it all over his face, right into his skin. Its like she's using it to exfoliate him, such is the force of her grinding her faeces into his face.

Zack begins to cry again. He can't take the humiliation anymore and wishes he could just end his life, but Lizzy pays no attention to him. For a moment, she takes off her oxygen mask and is shocked at how putrid the car smelt. She quickly returns her mask to her face and then she has an idea.

She unlocks the car and steps out quickly. Before Zack realises that she had unlocked the car and was getting out, she shut the door and locked the car

again, locking him inside. She laughs to herself as he bangs on the windows, begging her to let him out.

“PLEASE! *PLEAAAASSEEEE!!!*” she can hear him scream. But she simply slaps her ass in his direction, winks at him and walks back into the office. As she walks she continues to hear his screams, but they become fainter and fainter. She deliberately parked in a spot nobody parks near to. He was going to be stuck in that car, breathing in her shit for as long as she wanted him there.



Zack opened his eyes to realise he was lying in a bed. He looked to his sides and he determined it was a woman's room. He wondered where he was and tried to move his hands in a bid to sit upright, but realised that his hands were securely tied to the bed frame. He checked and saw that he had been chained to the bed frame with a handcuff.

He didn't bother to struggle as he knew it was a pointless thing to do. He waited until whoever his captor was came. Then the events of yesterday began to filter into his mind. He relived the torture of being trapped in a stench-filled car and having to choke on Lizzy's shit. As the memory of the horrible events flashed through his mind, the emotions came back to.

He began to sob silently to himself, sweat profusely and his heart beat rate began to rise. He did not, *could* not experience a repeat of that incidence and he began to fight against the handcuffs. They wouldn't budge. The last thing he remembered from the previous day was the sight of the laughter on Lizzy's face as she left him begging to be let out of the car. He must have passed out after that because he couldn't remember anything after until when he just woke up a few minutes ago.

He began to scream for help. Then the door clicked and he went silent. Maybe someone had heard him and was coming to save him. When the door opened, Lizzy came into the room and Zack's eyes widened with fright. Was it another episode of humiliation again? He pleaded with her using his eyes. He didn't want to eat shit again.

“No, no-please, no more, please, *please* –“ he begged.

“Shhhh.” She said, smiling kindly at him and walking his way.

His stomach hurt from vomiting so much recently, and it filled with terror as her every step brought her closer and closer to him.

Her toilet slave.



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