



**HER HUSBAND IS..**  
**HER SLAVE 4**

TOILET SLAVERY, BALLBUSTING,  
STARVATION, FOOT WORSHIP &  
HUMILIATION & MORE

ALEX KILROY

# **HER HUSBAND... IS HER SLAVE PART 4.**

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SPITTING, 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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## WEAKENING SPIRIT.



**T**risha's the most beautiful woman I've ever met, and even after everything that's happened, even after everything that she's put me through.. I still find myself borderline obsessed with her. Her gorgeous face, her amazing body... I know it may sound pathetic, but she's honestly the highlight of my life.

As a software developer, I try to always be logical in my thinking. I know what I look like. I'm under no illusion that looks wise, my wife is way out of my league.. but I'm starting to realise that just because she is better looking than me, doesn't mean I have to accept being trampled over and degraded *every single day* in my very own house! Whenever I try to stand to her, I just cant bring myself to do it. No matter how badly I want to. Just one look at her makes my anger melt away. She has me in the palm of her hand.

Maybe it's something that happened to her as a kid, but she's perverse in the most wicked way. Though I found that so sexy in the beginning, things are getting way out of control now. Trisha barely allows me to eat anything at all except for her shit, and it's starting to get to me. I feel sick nearly all the time, I'm losing weight by the week, I can't think straight, and people are starting to notice the changes in my personality and body.

I'm frustrated almost constantly, bullied into silence, and abused every time I walk into the home we have shared ever since we got married. She's stunning, beautiful, and wonderful. To the outside world, she's perfect. I'm the luckiest SOB on the planet, that's what my colleagues tell me. But to be honest, I don't feel lucky any more. Maybe the novelty of her beauty has gone, and I just see her for what she really is now.

A monster.

I'm lost in her cruelty and punishments, and just try to go through the motions as smoothly as I can manage to.

She knows that a diet exclusively made up of her shit and piss would probably kill me, not that she would care – she would probably just miss the 90% of my salary she takes from me. So I still get to a few actual meals, but very small portions and nothing as tasty and delicious as what Trisha gets to have. The rest of the time, we'll be sat at the dinner table, and after she places her delicious looking plate of food on the table, she puts an empty plate in front of me. She then stands on the table (usually looking down at me and smiling that evil grin that fills me with dread whenever I see it) then she turns around, lowers her pants, crouches over my plate and a thick stinky thick turd slithers out of her expanded asshole. By now, I'm used to the foul smell of her shit.. but it's the soft wet crackling sound of the turd as it emerges out of her shit hole that usually makes me gag. As an "appetiser", Trisha makes me lick her asshole clean and try to guess what she ate earlier that day. All this is just to further humiliate and debase me, as if literally eating her shit wasn't enough for her. Then she makes me "feast" on her shit as if it was an elaborate dish and drink her pee, thanking her for being so generous.

People have started to comment on my appearance, telling me I look thin and pale. I think about telling them, ending my suffering. But instead, I make up excuses, knowing that the punishment will be far worse than anything Trisha has put me through so far.

"I'm on a strict diet, trying to look better for my beautiful wife," I reply, faking a smile while lying through my teeth, and everyone just believes me.

Meanwhile, physically I'm getting weaker and weaker every passing day, while Trisha grows heavier. She's eating fatty and greasy foods all the time. She never used to eat like this in college, if I had to guess why she's doing this? Probably to make sure her shit stinks even worse... and her farts, they smelled like rotten milk before... now they smell like dead animals. Whenever she feels a fart brewing in her gut she screams my name. I'm then meant to drop whatever I'm doing – even work – and run to her, shoving my nose deeply into her ass crack.

BRAAAAAAAAAAPT!

Her farts are never silent. Her gas explodes out her her asshole, bathing me in its disgusting stench.

“Take deep breaths! Inhale my scent my love.” She usually says, as she giggles as I cough and gag.

Weighing 30 extra pounds, she's become a real problem for me to deal with whenever she wants me to pleasure her or she just feels like sitting on my face. Her ass has almost doubled in size, and maybe because of the way she positions it on my face.. I feel like I'm underneath an elephant. I'm always out of breath and gasping for air, but I'm afraid that if I even try to protest, she'll think of a way to make it even worse for me. Because I know my wife's mind, and she's nothing if not wickedly smart. She has a special talent for cruelty and manipulation.

She's still as gorgeous as ever, but dealing with her is becoming a nightmare. I'm constantly degraded and the torment she inflicts on me is hellish.

I don't know how much longer I can take all of this, but suddenly, an unexpected glimmer of hope slips into my life.

It's such a small gesture, and yet I feel like my world suddenly isn't so dark and filled with humiliation. My wife, for the first time in what seems forever, crawls into the bed and doesn't snap at me or degrades me in any way.

Instead, she smiles at me and grins sweetly. That smile makes her look so stunning, so beautiful, and I melt underneath her fingertips as she caresses my cheek!

“Hello there, sweetie” She whispers, and then actually lays down next to me and starts kissing me. Her heavy body is pressed against my side, but I ignore the pressure on my ribcage. I’m immediately turned on, relieved to finally have a normal interaction with my wife.

I kiss her back, letting her take charge as usual, but this time she’s not cruel at all. The kiss is passionate, even sweet, and it seems to linger for ages.

In reality, it’s probably only a few minutes, but hell, after *so long* without a kiss or basic shows of affection, a tender caress.. this feels like heaven.

Trisha suddenly interrupts our making out session, and this time, her smile is a little sinister, but still gentler than most other nights. I have a small amount of hope that we’ll make love like a normal couple and I’ll get to enjoy her sexy body instead of dreading whatever fucked up thing to do to me.

I feel aroused, excited, perhaps even exhilarated. My cock’s so stiff, and I want so badly to fuck her, to sink deep inside her tight warm pussy. It’s been so long since we’ve had sex, years. And yet, it does seem too good to be true, right? After all this time, why is she being so much nicer tonight?

I try to cling on to hope, though and am pleasantly relieved when she begins to caress my body temptingly, and finally whispers:

“I want to have a little fun tonight, Greg. Why don’t we try a 69?”

I open my eyes wide, and gasp, unable to believe that this is truly happening. She actually wants to suck my cock! Yes, I’d also eating her pussy (no doubt she’ll ask me to lick her asshole too), but something that hasn’t happened in *years*. Sure, Yes, I’d prefer to make love to her, but I’d take any kindness she throws at me, no matter what kind.

Plus, it sounds so arousing to have her give me oral sex. I almost don’t remember how it feels like, after all this time.

She must have noticed the way my face lightened up, because Trisha chuckles, giving me a playful look.

“We’re going to have lots of fun!” She tells me playfully and I smile back at her, nodding eagerly like a child receiving a piece of candy.

“Of course, Trisha, that sounds amazing!,” I reply, kissing her again. She kisses me back passionately, her tongue slipping into my mouth seductively. This is the most amazing night I’ve had in forever, and I begin to have hope for the future.

Trisha climbs on top of me after turning around on the bed. We’re both naked and aroused, and though she’s heavier and curvier than she used to be, I still can’t get enough of that sexy, amazing body of hers.

She settles on top of my face and I have to admit, I’m surprised by how heavy she is now! It’s insane, it’s hard to breathe, and it seems like she’s even trying to push her body’s weight harder against my chest, compressing it badly. I can hear my rib cage creaking as the thick flesh of her ass and thighs pushes down onto it. It’s getting hard to breathe, but I try to hold onto hope and hope that she’s not doing it on purpose.

So I begin to lick at her pussy, and wait for Trisha to return the favour, to get her pretty lips around my stiff, aching cock... but that never happens. She doesn’t attempt to as much as brush her lips against the skin of my cock, not even by mistake.

I’m confused! Why did she suggest we perform a 69 if she didn’t plan on touching my penis? She leans down and starts to crush me even harder under her big ass, her thick stomach, her large breasts. It’s very hard to breathe at all, no matter how much I try. All I manage to do is inhale and exhale sharply, shallowly. It’s painful, and I gasp, trying to get enough air to speak to Trisha.

“I-I can’t b-breathe, Trisha” I manage to mumble, and that’s when I hear her giggle cruelly. Her laughter is so mean spirited, and I suddenly realise that this was all a trick. Another fucking trick. She just wanted to get on top of me without me suspecting anything was wrong, I can tell by the ring of her

laughter. It's the same she uses whenever she's planning a one of her cruel punishments.

“You didn't really think I would be giving you a blowjob, right? You know I *hate* touching that disgusting little cock of yours.” She snaps at me, and I try to reply, try to ask why she's doing this, try to ask her to stop when she pins me even harder against the mattress. I wheeze as the little amount of air in my lungs is forced out under the weight of my wife's huge ass cheeks. I'm asphyxiating underneath her, with Trisha's weight crushing me horribly.

BRAAAAAAAAAAPT!

That's when she begins to fart on my face with a devious kind of glee, chuckling at my distress. The farts are long and stench to high heavens.

BRAOOOOOOOOOOOOOPT!!

“Breathe it in, Greg, unless you want to continue to be smothered,” She snaps at me, and I try to so hard, I really do, but as soon as the smell of her digesting food hits my nose I gag. The stench is so terrible, so disgusting, that I gag and cough constantly, unable to inhale it even if I try.

“P-Please, it's too much.. I can't..” I manage to whisper under her heavy ass, but it simply doesn't work at all. Trisha shows no mercy whatsoever. She just continues to bounce up and down, crashing her huge heavy ass cheeks into my chest and neck, moving backwards a bit and slamming my face with her massive, thick ass.

“*I said smell my fucking farts!!!*” She replies, screaming like a banshee, and I try again, I really try so hard. But I cant, all I can do is take short little sniffs of her ass gas but it is so potent, the smell of her shit so rank that I cant bring myself to take the long inhalations she's asking for. Her many weeks of eating junk and fatty foods have made the foul smell of her farts and asshole even more potent.

Her farts are so disgusting, the smell worse than ever before, that I simply can't take it and gag all over again. This time, I don't have enough air in my lungs to even try to protest. I can't speak, I can't breathe, I can't do anything but lay there at her mercy.

I try in vain to hold my breath, and when I do, she snaps at me in anger, and much to my shock, bends down and...

CHOMP!

Takes a huge bite of my cock, sinking her teeth into my shaft.

ARGHHHHH!!!

I scream out in pain, and that's when...

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPTTTT!!

..She blasts such a huge, long, stinking fart, unlike anything she's ever ripped before. Her ass gas sprays right into my open mouth, coating my inner cheeks and my tongue with the nefarious smell and particles of her shit.

I gagged so hard I almost vomited.

Trisha has taught me a long time ago that she only cares about her own pleasure and enjoyment, and the worse part is that my distress and degradation brings her great delight. She just ignores the way I gag miserably and gasp for air, starting to grind her soaked pussy and disgustingly stinky ass against my face. I'm helpless, lying there underneath her large body, being forced to swallow her juices, inhale her farts, struggle to breathe.

So she keeps it up, not caring a bit about my pain, my discomfort, my complete disgust by everything that's going on! Her pussy juice, anal discharge and particles of her shit have coated my face, drenching my cheeks and the sheets underneath my head. The foul smell was indescribable.

It's the most disgusting situation I've never had to face, and there's no way to squirm away from her. I know better than to try and struggle, however. The punishment will only be worse, far worse than what she's putting me through now.

Trisha begins to actually finger herself hard, rubbing her clit and sinking them deep inside her cunt, rubbing them against my face hard. She forces her fingers into my mouth, hard, forcefully, and hisses:

“Lick them nice and good. I want some extra lubrication,” Her tone is so cruel and domineering, and there’s nothing I can do but obey meekly, like the weak pathetic man that I’ve become. I begin getting really lightheaded, and trying to focus on anything at all becomes impossible. I struggle to inhale, and Trisha simply ignores me, continuing to rub her pussy against my face over and over again, farting against my nose so violently that the little air that does get to my lungs is laced with her faecal matter.

Trisha’s pleasure is rising and she begins to violently bounce up and down on my face again, moaning like a wild woman and panting, her large ass smacking my head hard. She squirts all over my face, drowning me in her arousal as I feel her stomach expand and push me down deeper into the mattress and then..

**BRAAAAAAPT!**

She spreads her ass cheeks apart and rips one more fart onto my face. It’s a wet one and I feel droplets of liquid shit spraying the lower half of my face. I look up at her asshole and as it closes up a tiny piece of shit drops from it onto my lips. It lands on my left cheek and Trisha rubs it into my skin with her inner left thigh.

It’s simply too much to handle any longer. I’ve been struggling to beg for her to stop, to give me enough room to breathe for minutes now, but it’s extremely difficult to even breath. I feel the world around me growing dark, and I’m so lightheaded her moans seem to come from miles and miles away.

I pass out, unable to do anything to stop her from smothering me into unconsciousness, and that’s the last thing I remember before everything goes black.



When I finally wake up, it's already morning, and Trisha is sitting up on the bed next to me, staring at me as if she was waiting for me to wake up. She seems gleefully angry, like she's happy to have an excuse to punish me

“You passed out before you gave me my orgasm, you that's acceptable, shit head? Plus, you clearly disrespected me by gagging like you did when I farted, you need to learn how to enjoy whatever comes out of my body.” She hissed at me, and I gulp down hard, wondering what she has in mind for me.

Trisha's smile is particularly cruel this morning, and I know it'll be bad, but nothing prepares me for what she's about to say:

“From now on, you'll be wearing a chastity belt 24-7, and I'll be the key holder.” She explains, and I open my eyes wide and my stomach sinks.

“W-What?” I manage to mumble, shaking my head, but too intimidated by Trisha to actually say no, even though I truly don't want this!

“You heard me, Greg. I'm going to go buy it now, and you're coming with me: I don't want you taking advantage of the last day you'll ever have free access to your disgusting little cock. You're not getting one last orgasm before I put it on you and hide the key.” She said as she smiled widely with her eyes narrowed.

My lips tremble, but I don't dare argue. Instead, I miserably follow her out the door and watch her purchase that horrible chastity belt.

And when we return home, I meekly allow her to place it around my body, locking my cock up. I whimper miserably, but she just laughs at me, clearly satisfied with herself. She's able to plan the most wickedly cruel plans, and seems to find happiness in making me miserable!

At first, I hold hope that she'll let me out after a few days, perhaps after a few weeks. She can't really keep me locked up for good, right?!

But as the days turn to weeks and the weeks, shockingly, turn to weeks, I realise that this is my new reality. Trisha doesn't plan to let me out of this damned belt, and I'm starting to lose my mind!

I'm in a constant state of despair, unable to control my emotions, and people are starting to notice. I haven't been allowed to have an orgasm in months, but it feels like years. My balls hurt, my head is constantly aching, and I need so bad to just have one orgasm, just one, I can't handle this any longer!

I can barely sleep at night, and people have commented on how erratic I have become. My secretary seems truly worried, but I know better than to let anyone know about what Trisha's doing to me!

"Trisha, please, please," I plead daily, getting down on my knees and begging her, offering my wife everything and anything if she'll just let me cum, just once! She already has taken everything from me, so what else could she want?

I have no way to convince her to let me cum, and I'm losing my mind! I plead, beg, negotiate miserably, but she simply won't relent. I feel like I'm never, ever going to cum again, no matter what I say, no matter how much it's affecting my mind and my life. That's why I'm so surprised when Trisha welcomes me one day after work with a sudden announcement:

"I'm allowing you to masturbate today!"

I blink in confusion, staring at Trisha for an instant before my eyes water with gratitude.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" I scream and she rolls her eyes at me like I'm the most pathetic thing she's ever laid eyes on.

"Get naked and kneel on the floor." I obey immediately, practically ripping off my clothes and getting on the floor, staring at her with a new-found hope. I'll finally get to cum! I can't believe it!

But then, as she begins to remove the belt, she adds yet another condition:

"You only have 5 minutes to orgasm, and you need to remain in this position, kneeling on the floor. I'll be timing you with this stopwatch, and if you don't cum before the time's up, I guess you really don't want it as hard as you said you did."

She's so cruel, but this time, I'm not really worried. I'm so desperate that I can cum within a minute, *easily*.

A moment later, though, when the timer starts, and she tells me I can start touching my pathetic cock, I realise how naive I was. She never planned on making this easy for me.

The instant I wrap my hand around my cock..

*WHACK!*

Trisha slaps me hard across the face! I gasp and look up at her, only to be...

*WHACK!*

slapped with the back of her hand on my other cheek. It hurt like hell, but she didn't stop. Instead, Trisha begins to kick and punch me hard, and I fall onto the ground, wincing in pain, letting go of my cock to hold my battered sides.

"Get back on your knees, Greg! The timer's still going and you have 40 less seconds" She reminds me, her eyes glinting. I open my eyes in shock. I get back on my knees as she continues to attack me relentlessly.

It hurts so bad, but I know if I don't cum right now, I'll regret it for weeks and perhaps even months! Who knows when Trisha will let me touch myself again, and under what horrible conditions?

She's vicious, her attacks cruel and painful, but I wrap my cock anyways and start masturbating furiously. I close my eyes in distress, and I know that I'll be bruised and hurt afterwards, but I don't care! Nothing but finally getting to cum matters at this moment.

I rub my cock hard, desperately trying to push myself over the edge. She pinches me hard several times, before slapping me again. Trisha kicks my legs so hard I bend over, it hurts like fucking hell, but I don't stop masturbating, not even for an instant.

The humiliation is only heightened as I grow closer to my orgasm, as I begin panting and moaning loudly.

*TU!*

Trish loudly clears her throat, gathering saliva and spits at me, punching my chest so hard I almost run out of air. By the time I feel my balls tensing and my cock throbbing, My face is a mess, covered in her disgusting phlegm.

I cum hard, grunting hard, and she takes advantage of my weakened state to slap me across the face hard. It hurts like hell, and it makes my orgasm a miserable experience.

After keeping me in that belt for so long, my wife couldn't even allow me to have one single orgasm without humiliating and degrading me.

If I think she's done, I'm sorely mistaken. My cock is twitching, strings of cum oozing from its bulbous head, when she delivers the final blow. Much to my surprise...

*BOOM!*

Trisha raises her size 10 foot and kicks me... right on my ball sack.

I fall over, unable to even scream in pain, my voice trapped in my throat. It hurts so much, unlike any pain I've ever experienced before. I hold my balls miserably, feeling like they must have slipped up my body for damned sure. Every single inch of my body hurts, and when I finally am able to breathe again, I'm sobbing miserably, trembling in pain.

"You're going back to the chastity belt now," She tells me, and I'm still in too much pain, too much distress to even try to remember. I can't even move, and she has to drag me back to my feet. My legs tremble, threatening to fail me and have me fall onto the floor again, but I somehow manage to remain there, standing up miserably as she once again locks me up in that horrible belt.

I can't believe I'm locked up in that horrible thing again, and I cry miserably, not knowing what to do to make this nightmare end. Trisha simply doesn't care if I'm suffering or not. In fact, she does care, but only because it amuses her deeply.

“P-Please,” I mumble miserably, but I don’t even know what I’m begging her for. Not to lock me up, not to kick me on my balls again, not to spit on me any more? All of the above?

She just laughs cruelly and rolls her eyes sharply.

“Shut up, Greg. I already allowed you to cum like you were pestering me about for months. You’re so ungrateful, you should be on your knees thanking me!” Trisha hisses at me, and I lower my gaze, knowing better than to argue. “Anyway, I have to take a big dumb, Greg, come with me. Grab a plate, I’m going to feed you well today” she said, winking at me.

My lips tremble as I limp behind her, every single inch of my body throbbing with pain still. It’s like I’m experiencing tremors after a powerful earthquake. My balls ache so badly, but Trisha doesn’t seem to care in the least. In fact, she’s clearly quite happy with herself.

I really, *really* don’t want to eat my wife’s shit again, but I know that trying to refuse will just bring something far worse. So I timidly obey, grabbing a plate as she stands on the desk and spreads her fat ass cheeks grunting as forces the brown snake looking turd onto my plate. After she is done serving my “dinner”, she stands up, opens her mouth and..

*TU!*

She spits onto the turd.

“A little bit of seasoning for you, now dig in, before it gets cold!” she says, giggling down at me.

She’s so beautiful, but so cruel, and I see no way of ending my misery.



*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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Here are some of his other titles;

[Stepsister Domination Part 2: Lesbian Slavery, Dependency Exploitation, Bullying, BDSM & Lezdom.](#)

[Drinking Her Milk To Grow Part 2: HuCow, Breastfeeding, Breast Enlargement, Lactation, Bullying, Femdom & Humiliation.](#)

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*Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!*

*So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday*

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