



*his  
stepdaughters*

**REVENGE**

FOOT SLAVERY, FEMDOM, ASS  
WORSHIP, HUMILIATION & MORE

ALEX KILROY

# **HIS STEPDAUGHTERS REVENGE.**

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BALLBUSTING, FOOT SLAVERY, FART SLAVERY,  
FEMDOM, ASS WORSHIP, HUMILIATION & MORE.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

ALEX KILROY.

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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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## WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND.



I'm a fighter, I've always been. A self-made woman. I've worked hard for *everything* I have and feel proud of helping other women achieve their dreams every single day.

Years back, I got a loan from the bank and managed to start my own recruitment company. It was a struggle, but after busting my ass for a few years, I paid back every single dollar and now don't owe anyone a single dime. My company employs and helps nothing but women, and I make sure to empower them to be the best version of themselves, without needing to depend on men.

My hatred and distrust of men come from my childhood. I don't really remember a thing about my dad, as he left my mom when I was a toddler. Then she married this guy, Jed.

At first, Jed seemed like a decent guy. It was all an act, of course, and mom fell for it like a fool. I don't blame mom, though. She was just a lonely single mother working hard to give me everything I needed growing up.

But merely *days* after the wedding, everything went to hell. Whenever my mom wasn't around, Jed began really messing with me... essentially making my life a living hell. He bullied and demeaned me, making me feel like I was worth less than the toilet paper he wiped his ass with.

For *years*, this went on, and I silently endured every single mean word and even the occasional beating. But it was really the emotional abuse that hurt the most. He didn't need to harm me physically to destroy my heart.

I was 12 when I finally had enough. Jed had convinced me my mom wouldn't believe a thing I said. I was terrified to hear my mom tell me she thought I was a liar, so I kept quiet until I couldn't take it any longer.

That was when I finally walked into her bedroom while Jed was out working, sobbing miserably. Mom hugged me tightly and asked what happened, and I told her everything. All the years of emotional abuse came pouring out my mouth, all at the same time.

My mom was utterly shocked, staring at me as I spoke and spoke until I once again broke down, sobbing in her arms.

I remember being so terrified that she'd call me a little liar then, but instead, mom hugged me back hard and promised me Jed would never, ever hurt me again.

She was an amazing mother, and I'm so grateful that she supported me as she did back then. It helped me gain confidence in myself and understand that fighting was always worth the effort, no matter how much it hurt.

Mom changed the locks to the front door that very day and left Jed's clothes out on the lawn. When he got home, he was shocked and furious and began banging on the door and calling out for my mother to open that very instant.

Mom divorced him soon after, and she never looked back. To make sure everyone knew exactly what kind of man he was, she called his boss and told her everything that Jed had been doing to his young stepdaughter.

Jed's boss was a woman, and I'm so thankful that she was as appalled as mom was by his attitude. A man probably wouldn't have really cared. She fired him right away.



I'm an *ultra*-feminist, and there are only one or two men in my life I can trust, and even then, I always keep an eye on them. Even then, I wouldn't allow any of them to work in my company! I exclusively hire women, as I want to protect my employees from a toxic work environment. I want them to feel safe and happy in their workplace.



Everything in my life was going normal until today. Revenues were growing month on month and my company had just been nominated as '*Recruitment Firm of The Year*'. I went out to withdraw some cash from an ATM close to my house when I felt someone tap on my shoulder.

I turned around, already clenching on my pepper spray since the voice was clearly male. I never trust a guy who approaches me in the street!

"Can you give me some money?" He asked me, and I wrinkled my nose in disgust. I won't be helping any man, that's for sure!

When I stared up at the disheveled, homeless guy, I suddenly opened my eyes wide, unable to believe what I was seeing. The man looked and smelled like shit, but I would recognise that ugly, gaunt face *anywhere*.

It was Jed.

I never forget a face. The damned bastard was standing right there in front of me, asking for money after everything he did to me!

I realised that he didn't recognise me; he was an utter and complete mess. He was holding an almost empty bottle of vodka in his hand. Surely he had been drinking and drugging himself into oblivion, and his memory was destroyed over the years.

"No, I won't give you any money! HOW FUCKING DARE YOU TALK TO ME!!" I yelled at him, furious that this guy doesn't even have the decency of remembering me after everything he put me through. The damned bastard! I stomped away furiously.

I returned home, and that's where I've been ever since then. I can't stop thinking about it, memories flooding my brain like never before. He messed up with my head so badly when I was a kid, making me believe I was worthless.



I can't believe I ran into that piece of shit. It's insane, what are the chances, after all these years?

It's 11 pm, and I know for a fact I won't be sleeping yet. I ask myself if I really did see Jed or if my mind's playing tricks on me!

I put on a movie, but I can't concentrate so switch it off. Then I try and read a book, but again... my mind is restless. Seeing that bastard Jed has really made a mess of my mind. So I decide to return to the ATM where I saw him earlier that day and make sure that it's really him. When I arrive there, I find him a few feet away from where he demanded for money, passed out on the floor.

He *reeks* and is using a few old newspapers as a duvet. Seeing him lying there brings back painful memories, and I hold back the tears threatening to fall down my cheeks. I refuse to cry for him; I promised myself years and years back that I would never cry for a man again!

The memory that immediately comes to mind shoots me all the way back to when I was 11. I was so excited, smiling widely as I returned home from my first gymnastic class after school.

"I'm going to be a gymnast when I grow up, Jed!" I told him since my mom was still at work, and I didn't have anyone else to talk to at home.

He looked at me like I was an idiot and laughed dismissively.

"*You?! Are you stupid or something? You're too tall and gangly, girl! Also, look at your stomach. You have a bit of disgusting fat there, and you're as graceful as a retard. No way you could ever be a good gymnast! Stop being*

such a fool and go bring me a beer!” He barked at me, and I still remember how bad it hurt.

Hot anger builds inside me like a volcano. I purse my lips and look around, making sure that no one is around to see what I’m about to do. Moving closer to him, I lift my right foot and...

*BOOM!*

Stomp my foot down as hard as I can, crashing his balls and dick with my high heel.

I cant tell you how good it felt to do that. To crush my bastard “stepdads” pathetic cock under my foot. Doing that one time simply isn’t enough, and I...

*BOOM! BOOM!!*

Stomp on him two more times, putting my entire weight on every kick.

The pathetic drunk’s so intoxicated he doesn’t even move, and this only makes me feel angrier at him! I wanted to hear him scream and curl up in a ball!

I quickly look around, scanning the area for people. There’s nobody around. Then I look back down at Jed’s sleeping stinking body.

When I was a kid, I was lactose intolerant. No matter how many pills the doctor put me on, even a drop of dairy would cause be painful bloating and gas. It wasn’t my fault, and it made me so self conscious.. but Jed, that *piece of shit*, would make a huge deal whenever he thought he smelled a fart.

I was going to make him pay.

Turning around, I squat in front of him and lower my ass until it’s right in front of his face. I have to confess, I’ve put on around ten pounds over the last few months, and it seems to have all gone to my ass. My ass crack is two inches away from the tip of his nose, and then...

*BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPT!*

I release a *huge*, long, crackling disgustingly stinky fart right in front of his nose. I'd eaten a whole tub of Haagen Dazs before I came, so the gas had been brewing inside me for a while. It felt so good emptying my bowels of the gas, all over his face. Wow, even out here in the street, the smell of shit reached my nose, making my fan it away. I can only imagine the stench that he must be inhaling. I *loved* that.

This is not the kind of woman I normally am. I'm composed and confident, I'm a great boss to all my girls. But seeing this jerk, this guy who ruined my childhood, brings out this dark craziness inside me.

It's like all the anger I've been gulping down for so long suddenly bubbles to the surface, and I need to take revenge on this son of a bitch!

I turn around to see if he reacts at all. He jerk is still asleep! But at least I see his expression change a tiny bit. *Fuck*, I just want him to react! It's so unfair that I had to endure his cruelty all through my childhood, and now he doesn't even wake up!

Losing my mind a bit, I raise my size 11 foot and...

***BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!***

Repeatedly bring my big high heeled foot crashing down onto his cock. On the last stomp, I keep my foot planted and grind his balls into the pavement under my arch. I cough loudly, clearing my throat and gathering saliva, and then...

***TU!***

Spit a huge wad of phlegm right onto his face. I watch as the saliva trickles down his face, its no more than this piece of shit deserves. Then, I'm ashamed to say I lose my cool and began screaming every swear I can think of at him.

*"You fucking son of a bitch, you ruined my childhood! You almost ruined my life you filthy hobo piece of shit! You don't get to just lay there like a stupid drunk and ignore me! You have to pay, you disgusting, good for nothing bastard"* I scream, losing my cool completely.

I made sure that no one was looking before, but I have to admit that I'm not thinking straight any longer. I just feel so angry, so enraged at this pathetic abuser, sleeping peacefully.

Fortunately for me, no one's around at that time of night. So I don't get caught kicking the hell out of him, but when he finally starts to stir, I hurry away, still not sure what on earth I should be doing. It's messed up to be kicking an unconscious guy on the street, I know, but he messed up my childhood and made me feel miserable for years!

I was just a child, and he used me as his emotional punching bag for absolutely no good reason! He deserves to suffer!



I'm not going to lie.. the next morning, I feel *amazing*. It feels like I've taken ecstasy. It's like a huge weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I finally got to tell him off and punish this bastard for everything he put me through.

The ball-busting was so therapeutic, and I know for a fact he honestly had it coming. To be honest, I wished I could punish him more, but I guess that would have to do. I feel vindicated, powerful, and happy. It's so nice not to have his shadow continually hanging over my head, like a demon from the past.

I go to work in such a good mood and decide to buy breakfast for my employees. I stop at Starbucks and spend \$500, completely buying out all the pastries. My girls are certainly happy about this little treat! I feel like it's only fair that I share the happiness I'm basking in right that moment.

However... that intense happiness lasts only for a week, however. All these days, I felt like I got to him in some capacity, even though it's not quite the same level of pain he put me through all through my childhood.

When the feeling of vindication begins to fade away slowly, I realise that it's simply not enough. I need far more.

Thinking about it, I begin to consider that another one-time thing isn't enough. It simply cannot be enough. I need to torture him the same way he tortured me for years!

And so I come up with a great idea. I need to bully him as he bullied me while I was growing up. He deserves that and far, far worse!

I know I can trust *every single one* of my employees. They are happy to work at a place without male toxicity, a place where they can feel safe and where they can talk to their bosses without fear of repercussion.

And so I ask a member of security to escort me as I try to get ahold of my stepfather. Of course, I won't be kidnapping him, but what I plan to do for him is probably not completely legal.

I park my car in front of the ATM, where he has been sleeping around for a while, and we get out, walking up to him.

He's drinking yet another huge bottle of vodka, like the pathetic loser he is. Jed looks up at both of us and asks for money.

"I'm not going to be giving you free money." I bite my lip and take a deep breath. From this point there's no going back. "

"I'm here to offer you a chance to turn your life around." I explain, holding back the anger I feel for him. I need to convince Jed to say yes, after all. "You can come work for me as a janitor, if you want."

He stares up at me with surprise, and he immediately nods. But I'm not done!

"I have a few conditions, though. I won't go into any detail. You can either accept or go back to drinking your disgusting cheap ass vodka."

"Yes, yes please, I'll take the job. I'm desperate to get off the streets." He says eagerly, and I smile at him. He can't tell it's not a sweet smile; it's a sinister smile. My plan is working, and it's only a matter of time until I begin my revenge against this bastard.

My security gets him in my car and drive Jed to a rehab center. I'm going to pay for him to sober up because I don't want him to numb down what I have planned for him with alcohol or drugs.

I bide my time, knowing that I need to be patient, even though I certainly struggle not to spit on his face right away.



For three weeks, I wait and wait and wait. The anxiety builds inside me, I cant wait to have my human pin-cushion under my heels.

*Finally*, the doctors allow him to be released, and a car drives him straight to my office building.

Jed looks much healthier, and he's cleaned up well, but he's still the same bum and loser he always was, I know it.

The bastard *STILL* doesn't recognise me, but that's just fine. I don't need him to remember who I am yet. I'm going to make sure he realises just who I am in time, and how badly he messed up back then. I'm going to make him pay.

I take him to the main meeting room, a large and beautiful space where the board of directors meets. Of course, they are all women! He waves hello, too stupid to realise what's about to happen to him.

"Get on your hands and knees, you're going to greet them *properly*," I tell him coldly. Jed gives me a shocked look. "In *this* company, we don't accept men to work with us. We're making an exception for you, but if you want to be employed here, you'll have to kiss all the board member's shoes and asses, as a display of your understood position beneath them."

He opens his eyes wide and seems to expect I tell him it's just a joke. But I raise my brow shapely, giving him an icy stare.

Jed seems to realise that he doesn't really have a choice unless he wants to go right back to sleeping on the street.

So, reluctantly, he gets on his knees, and each one of the board members goes up to him to let our first and only male employee greet them like the pig he is.

All of them are man-hating gals and love every instant of what we're doing to this disgusting being. They know what he put me through and want to see him suffer! I have the best team ever, and I know I can trust each one of them.

They all look at down him with disgust, and raise the bottom of their shoes. One after the other, Jed kisses the soles of their heels, then all over their feet. A few even demand that he remove their shoes and smell them immediately. I have to admit, seeing Jed's nose wrinkle in disgust as the smell of their feet filled me with glee. Then they each stand and present their asses to him. He reluctantly briefly brings his lips to their skirt covered asses. Not good enough.

Before I have to correct him, my brilliant recruiters take the initiative. Some force him to kiss their asses again, instructing him to give each of their ass cheeks a big smooch, while others have fun farting against his nose when he leans forward to press his lips against their asses.

I encourage by beautiful employees, to the point that it seems to turn into some kind of competition after a while, to see who can let out the smelliest, longest, most disgusting fart. In fact, several women go back twice or even three times to try again.

BRAAAAAAAAAAAPT!

BROOOOOOOOOOOOOOPT!

BRRRRAAAAAAAAAOOOAAAAAAPPPT!

The farts blast out of my recruiters asses, their stinky gas wafting all over Jed.

"Take deep breaths", Tanya, the tall curvy blonde who just farted into his face says with a giggle.

Jed coughs tries to protest, but I laugh at him dismissively.

“If they want to be greeted more than once, you have to do it. You’re the *janitor*, after all, Jed. It’s your *job* to do *whatever* we the fuck we tell you.” I tell him, smirking at him. Little does he know that this is only just the beginning.

After a while, my boldest employee, the one who hates men the most, decides to up the bet even further. She saunters over to Jed, who at this point is slumped on the carpet, light-headed from all the methane fart gas he’s been forced to inhale. She stands over him, and turns away from him, so that he’s looking up at her huge, skirt covered ass. She places her hands on her hips and sways her hips from side to side, and just when Jed becomes entranced by her little dance...

**BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPT!**

A *huge* fart, and I mean HUGE, erupts from her asshole. Its loud and the gas is so thick and stinky it almost looked like it had a brown tint to it. Jed coughs, splutters and gags.

“Shut the fuck up, *maggot!*” she yells down at him and..

*TU!*

She spits forcefully onto his face.

She turns back around, slowly lowers her pants and pulls Jed’s face against her ass crack. She begins using his nose to stimulate her big asshole, and we all laugh at this.

“Ooooh yeah, that feels so good... scratch and sniff Jed!” she says, and we all giggle. As Jed’s nose is sandwiched between her huge pale ass cheeks, she begins blasting fart after fart right into his face. Some of them are quite wet, and we see droplets of shit fly onto his skin. Jed is coughing uncontrollably, he’s really having a hard time breathing in her ass gas. I don’t know why, but seeing him be so humiliated is getting me all hot and bothered - I can feel wetness trickle down my thigh.

It doesn’t take long before other women want to try it out as well, and most of them also far while this happens.

After we're done with him -for the time being- he's told to go start cleaning up the toilets and the rest of the office. Little does Jed know that he's not only our janitor, but also our personal trash can.

He discovers this fact a few hours later when one of the women working at her desk calls for him to come over. He approaches cautiously, and she grabs the wrapper of a chocolate she just enjoyed.

"Open your mouth, *wide*." She tells him, and he reluctantly agrees. She stands up and places the wrapper in his mouth. "There you go, trashcan."

*TU!*

She then spits right in his mouth, and when he stares up at her in shock, she just chuckles.

"I needed to spit, and I'm not about to do it on the floor."

All through the day, Jed is called over to different desks, and he is forced to open his mouth wide and trash is placed in it. Everything from pieces of paper, to leftovers to receiving spit and even cigarette ashes after one of the girls comes back from a smoking break outside.

Every single day after that, the women continue to think of new and inventive ways of messing with the man who ruined my childhood, and I enjoy seeing it all. They encourage each other to be crueler and crueler, and it becomes a bonding experience to come up with crueler ideas to degrade Jed.

While we're having lunch, he's forced to kneel in front of the table. We discard everything at him, and not just on his mouth, but all over. If we have leftover soda, we either pour it on his face, or gargle it and spit it directly in his mouth. If any falls on the ground, he has lick it from the floor *immediately*. Screwed up sandwich wraps are thrown at him all the time, and whenever someone comes in and goes out of the lunch break room, they get to choose if they want to slap him, kick him in the ass or on his balls.

And of course, every single morning, he has to greet the women who work for me the very same way! Kissing their asses, waiting for them to walk in on his knees.

It doesn't take long for every single woman to choose to fart against his face, and most of them decide to pull up their skirts or push down their pants in order to feel his nose against their assholes while they fart. It's become a real competition by now! We have a board and everything, and the girl who gets to release the stinkiest and longest fart of the day gets a great reward: Jed has to get on his hands and knees and carry her to her car while the other employees clap.

It's usually a long walk since he has to pick up the woman from her desk and carry her to the elevator. Then out the parking lot, and up to her car. Sometimes the winners lie and tell him their cars are to the left when they're really to the right, and they force him to crawl around for a good while until they suddenly remember where they left their vehicles.

And so our office's janitor has to go to the other side of the parking lot with a woman sitting on his back and barking humiliating orders at him.

"You're too slow; I need to get home, so hurry the fuck up, slave!" They scream, insulting him oh so delightfully every single time.

*Slave.* I like the sound of that.

Jed complains that this really hurts his back, but when I tell him he protests too much and I might end up putting a gag on his mouth whenever he's not working as a trashcan, he just his mouth right away.

I'm thinking that soon I'll be adding a new chore to his long list of obligations: *Toilet*. I mean, my girls complain that the toilet seats are too cold sometimes, and I'm sure that Jed's lips and tongue is warm and my employees will love peeing and shitting in it. I'll make this suggestion to the board tomorrow and put it up for a vote. I know what the answer will be as they all greatly enjoy tormenting this son of a bitch!

I think that Jed also needs to be cuffed to the board of director's table during the night, as a pig like him doesn't deserve a bed. The floor of that

meeting room should be more than enough for someone like him.



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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.

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

[AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com](mailto:AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com)

Here are some of his other titles;

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*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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