



*his
stepdaughters*
REVENGE

PART 2

FOOT SLAVERY, FEMDOM, ASS
WORSHIP, HUMILIATION & MORE

ALEX KILROY

HIS STEPDAUGHTERS REVENGE - PART 2.

FOOT FETISH, HUMAN FURNITURE, FEMDOM,
HUMILIATION & MUCH 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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CONSEQUENCES.



Jed continued to be the *only* guy permitted to work at his stepdaughter (ex-stepdaughter, actually) Melanie's incredibly successful recruitment firm, even though he was treated like little more than a piece of shit.

Even though he was grateful for the job - after all he'd been living on the streets only a month ago - Jed simply couldn't comprehend why these women hated him and treated him as badly as they did. Every single last of them. It wasn't simply his boss, Melanie, who used and abused him in every sense of the word.

It was every other woman, from the board of directors to the receptionist. He was worth less than a rabid rat in that place, and he had to fulfill so many different tasks. Every single day a new responsibility was added, or so it seemed, and he could do nothing but take it.

He had once decided to speak to the HR department, which was of course run by two women. They stared him down as he spoke, feeling less and less confident with each passing second.

He had truly believed at first that they'd at least care, but it was all a delusion. They were looking at him like he was insane.

“And then, they make me kiss their asses. It doesn’t stop there, because at first it was over their dresses and pants, but now almost everyone lowers their panties so I can kiss their actual asses!” He explained, going over a long list of grievances. “Oh, and I’m starting to have really bad back pain. Every single day I’m supposed to carry one of the women to her car. It’s a prize for something, I’m not sure. But they are heavy, some more so than others, and I’m expected to carry them and their bags down the corridor, to the elevator and out the parking lot, on my hands and knees. I can’t be sure, but I suspect that the winner has her coworkers move her car further away from the building, too. And I can’t just drop them off half-way to their cars, I have to stay on the floor until they get inside.”

“Are you calling our employees fat?” One of the HR women asked, raising her brow sharply.

“No, no, of course not!” Jed replied, feeling powerless and trying not to get on these women’s bad side too. “I just meant that some were heavier than others. Not fat, nothing like that! All these women are wonderful, of course, I just hoped that we could lay some ground rules so that the work isn’t so backbreaking.”

“You can just quit if you don’t like it,” The other woman replied, shrugging nonchalantly, and the other employee agreed.

“No, I don’t want to quit. This is the only job I’ve managed to get in a decade! I need it, I just want to be treated a bit better. Please, isn’t this your job? You’re supposed to help employees feel better at their workplace?” He asked with despair, his lips trembling hard, his hand clenched together as if pleading with them.

The two women rolled their eyes sharply and sighed.

“Fine, look, we’ll talk with the board. Come with us, we’ll see what tasks we can assign to you so you feel better about this whole situation.”

Jed allowed himself to be hopeful for a better treatment. Sure, these women didn’t like him, but surely they had a heart? After all, they told him they’d try to get new tasks for him?

What he didn't know was that complaining meant that he'd be treated even worse. It was determined the instant he was hired. The more he complained to other coworkers, to HR, even to the board, the worst his life at the company would become. In time, he'd discover that it was best to just accept what was happening instead of getting something worse when he tried changing things.

An hour later, he was asked inside the large meeting room the board of directors always gathered in. The two HR women were also there, and they had dangerously smug smirks on their full lips.

He instantly realised this wasn't a good sign for him.

"It has been brought to our attention that you don't enjoy the method in which you are expected to greet us every morning. One of my staff tells me you complained about having to kiss our asses as a sign of respect."

"I just... I'm sorry, but I'd rather shake your hands." He mumbled, lowering his gaze as he encountered nothing but angry death stares.

"No, that simply won't do. None of us want to touch your dirty hands. But as a concession... You will be allowed to kiss our feet instead, BUT to make it up to us, you'll have to suck our toes as well while you're at it." Melanie explained, matter-of-factly.

Jed was stunned, and he tried to protest, but there was no going back then. If he didn't want to kiss their asses, this was the new deal.

"Unless... you want us to come up with some other way?" Melanie asked, and Jed noticed the cruelty and sneakiness in her voice. It was clear that they had something far worse in mind.

So he reluctantly shook his head.

"Fine, I'll take it. Thank you very much." He muttered timidly, knowing that fighting it would make his morning ritual even more terrible and disgusting.

"You know what, let's practice it *right now*, as a matter of fact." Melanie announced, standing up and removing her high heels. She had been walking

around all day long, so her feet were a little smelly and sweaty. He reluctantly got on his hands and knees and moved his head toward her ankles.

Melanie stretched her size 10 feet in his direction, wiggling her toes in anticipation of them going in her stepfathers mouth. Jed kissed her feet quickly, trying to get it done as swiftly as possible. She hissed with frustration, pushing her right foot up and sticking her toes inside his nostrils.

“No!” She roared, covering his face with the soles of her sweaty feet, forcing him to smell her stink. “You do it with care and respect, or you’ll get punished!”

Only when he mumbled a meek “Yes” did she remove her feet from his face, placing them back on the floor, and Jed reluctantly went back to kissing her feet, but this time with dedication and pretend devotion, even though he was disgusted by it. She grabbed his nose between her big and second toe and pinched it quite hard, and this had scratched his nose and the inside of his nostrils with her nails.. but Jed knew better than to protest.

One after the other stood up and walked toward Jed, removing their high heels and boots. The older man remained on his hands and knees, and tried to be as polite with each of those women as he possibly could.

“Thank you for allowing me to kiss your feet,” He whispered each time, and his lips pressed again and again on their smelly skin. Some were worse than others, and though some of the women were neat enough not to have anything more than dry skin between their toes, some had been doing chores all over the company and even outside under the hot sun. That meant that a sweaty goo had become stuck between some of their toes, and Jed was expected to clean it with his tongue.

He made the mistake of spitting it once, but after being instructed to clean it right off the rug, he learned his lesson.

By the time that day was over, the smell of those women’s feet seemed to be stuck in his nose, and he couldn’t smell anything else. He felt he was

going to puke any second then, but he needed to keep working hard, unless he wanted to be punished all over again!

That evening, just minutes before he was allowed to leave for the day, the winner of the daily contest was declared. He didn't know if they had planned it or if it was just pure bad luck, but this time, Harriet won.

Harriet was the tallest woman in all the office, broad shouldered and sporting a *massive* thick ass. She had to weigh at least 220lbs, and to make matters worse, she *always* carried around a bag filled to the brim with all sorts of knick-knacks. He whimpered quietly as he got on all fours, knowing this would be hell.

The instant she sat on him, Jed actually fell flat on the floor, hitting his face against the ground. The women around them booed Jed angrily.

“Come on, she's not that heavy!”

“You are a man, aren't you? Well - a pathetic excuse for a man. You can take it!”

“I can't believe you'd be so insensitive!”

“Get up right now! Harriet won fair and square, you're not weaselling your way out of this one, you lazy bum!”

He struggled to get back onto his hands and knees, and somehow managed to do so. His limbs were trembling badly all the way to her car. And much to his dismay, the vehicle in question was on the furthest corner of the parking lot. By the time he got there, the palm of his hands were scraped and sore, his pants were torn at the knees, and his back was killing him.

She got in his car and cleaned the sole of her shoes on his shirt, covering it with some sort of disgusting mud. At least he hoped it was just mud.

“You took too long, now I'm going to be late!” Harriet admonished him, rolling her eyes sharply. “I'll be sure to tell Melanie about this tomorrow!”

Jed was worried about the consequences of this issue, but he was in too much pain to do anything about it. He dragged himself to his home, and got

in the shower, trying to relax his sore muscles under the hot water.

He was in so much pain that he needed to take some painkillers simply to fall asleep, but that proved to be a problem in and of itself. He ended up oversleeping, and got to the office half an hour after his shift had started.

Melanie's secretary immediately told Jed to wait by the boss' office door. He wasn't allowed to sit down, and was made to wait for over an hour, with employees walking by his side and forcing him to open his mouth, throwing their trash inside it.

Finally, he was allowed into Melanie's office, who stared at him with a dangerous glare, shaking her head in disappointment.

"I can't believe you think you have the right to arrive late and mistreat my employees. This is unacceptable behaviour, and I will not tolerate it! I think I'll need to fire you now, Jed, you're not worth my while!"

He dropped to his knees, sobbing in distress and despair, shaking his head and clenching his hands together in a begging gesture.

"Please, don't! I need this job, I really do. Please, I'll do anything, I swear! I'll be a good employee!" He pleaded in despair. This went on for minutes, until Melanie finally raised her hand, motioning for him to shut up.

"Fine, but I'll add another responsibility to your job summary. Two times a day, you'll have to go into the bathroom for half an hour. You see, our toilets need maintenance, and if a few women every day use another receptacle, the cost of keeping them working will be reduced substantially. So for a full hour every day, divided in two separate moments, you'll be expected to replace the toilets for our entire staff."

Jed stared at her wide-eyes, clearly shocked by what he was being told. Still, Melanie didn't even flinch, her stare unmovable. It was clear she was being deadly serious. Much to his dismay, the older man sighed and agreed to this. He wanted to run away, but knew if he didn't keep this job, he'd end up going right back to sleeping on the street.

“Fine... Fine, I’ll do that.” He mumbled, gulping down hard, and wondering if just accepting it would be enough for her. Perhaps it was all a cruel joke to make him understand his place, and nothing really would come of it.

But the very next morning, at 11 am sharp, he was tapped on the shoulder by Melanie’s secretary as he was cleaning the windows.

“Your bathroom shift has begun, let’s go.” She told him, and he pursed his lips hard, following behind her dragging his feet.

She placed a timer on the table and set it for half an hour.

“When this beeps, you’re allowed to leave. Not a second earlier.” She explained starkly, and walked away.

Jed sat there, unable to believe this was really happening. Perhaps none of the women would walk in. Perhaps it was just about messing with his head, keeping him in there half an hour believing he’d have to be a human toilet.

This had to be a sick joke, right?

Well, no. Because about two minutes later, one of the women walked inside, and gave him a devious look.

“I have to pee.” She announced, and he gulped, wondering if there was any way to escape this. “Come on, I need to go back to work, get on the floor and open your mouth wide!”

He got on his knees, doing as he was told. She raised her skirt and lowered her panties, and then hoovered her pussy over his mouth. The young woman at least tried to aim in his mouth, and she began peeing. It was such a long jet, smelly and nasty, and he almost puked all over the floor.

Somehow, though, he managed to keep it together and swallow miserably, until she was done with him.

She waited for him to grab some toilet paper and clean her pussy before she pulled her panties back up.

“Great, but you took so long! Next time I expect quicker service,” She admonished him, and promptly left the bathroom.

Jed tried to get back on his feet, needing a glass of water urgently, but he didn’t get the chance to wash his mouth off. Not at all! The very next second, another woman stepped inside, and she raised her brow sharply at him standing up.

“What the hell are you doing?!” She snapped in disapproval. “I need to pee right now!”

“I’m sorry!” He replied, his lips trembling, but she remained unmoved.

“Toilets don’t speak. Come on, I’m busy, I can’t be waiting for you to get ready!” She promptly lowered her jeans and panties in the same motion.

He closed his eyes and accepted her pee in his mouth, but this employee didn’t even try to aim into it. She just peed all over the place, staining his face, his shirt, the floor underneath him.

“Shit, look at the mess you did! You’re supposed to catch it in your mouth, you loser!” She snapped at him, and aimed at the tiles. “Come on, clean it up right now.”

He whimpered, and got on his hands and knees now, reluctantly licking her pee off the floor, cleaning it all up with his tongue.

The rest of the half hour slipped by so slowly, and by the time he was allowed to walk out, he reeked of pee, and worse still, of defecation as well. Melanie’s secretary gave him a disgusted look, and sighed, motioning for him to come near.

“I don’t care about you being dirty or clean, since you are basically trash, but we can’t bother employees with your stench. So from now on, you’ll wear a uniform for your toilet duties, and change before and after it.” She explained, giving him a new pair of pants and shirt for him to change into, as well as a pair of scrubs “You’ll change into scrubs every single time you fulfil your toilet duties. And you’re expected to take them home and clean them up by hand, of course.”

He reluctantly agreed, preceding to go change himself in the tiny man's room, where he barely had enough room to move around. He placed his soiled clothes in a bag, and went on with the rest of his miserable work day.

His second shift as a human toilet wasn't any better. One of the women had bad diarrhoea, and she expected him to clean her ass with his tongue, saying:

"I have really sensitive skin, if I use toilet paper, I'll end up with a rash." She insisted even though he clearly didn't want to do it, threatening to tell on him if he didn't do so. And so he licked her asshole clean, trying his hardest not to puke.

He could only imagine what would happen to him, what they'd make him do, if he dared puke on their precious toilet floor!

That night, when he opened the bag containing his dirty clothes, the stink almost knocked him over, and he actually did end up puking. At least it was in his kitchen tiles and no one was there to admonish him. He cleaned it up, trembling all over, unable to believe the disgusting chores he had been reduced to accept. He cleaned the clothes by hand, careful not to leave any stains behind. It took him hours, and Jed wondered how long it would take him as time went by. Would he get better at it, or would stains get worse and worse, making him work extra hours after this job at the company was done for the day?

By the time he got to bed, it was close to midnight, and he barely got any real sleep before the alarm clock dragged him out of bed. He wanted to stay in, call in sick, but he knew that would be unacceptable to his employer. And so, dragging his feet, he walked toward the office, the bag of now clean clothes underneath his arm.



A whole new week went by, and it didn't get any easier for Jed. It seemed like every single day they tried to find new ways of tormenting him and making him feel like less of a man.

Come Monday, however, Jed was nowhere to be seen. No one really cared about him, so no one asked any questions. It was two days later that Melanie finally seemed to show some concern. Not because she cared at all for that son of a bitch, but rather because the toilets were getting a bit dirty. No one was cleaning them, and it was then that she noticed that he hadn't been coming in to work,

Since she knew his address, she decided to drive there to check on him. When she knocked on the door to his tiny apartment, no one answered, and she knocked harder. The door opened on its own, clearly it hadn't been properly closed to begin with.

She slowly stepped inside, discovering her stepfather lying on the floor in his living room, dirty, smelly and drunk off his mind. He had clearly relapsed, and was a complete mess, having passed out god only knew when.

BOOM!

She furiously kicked him on the ribs to wake him up, and he sat up, startled, staring up at Melanie, still groggy.

"Melanie.." He whispered, his voice hoarse and trembling. It was clear by the way he looked up at her, he finally understood who she was, and what he had done to her all those years ago. "I couldn't understand why you were treating me so badly, but now I remember. I remember everything. You were my stepdaughter, the one who got me fired from my job, the reason I got divorced. I bullied you, Melanie, I messed up your childhood."

He got on his knees and began weeping miserably, a completely broken shell of a man. Jed clenched his hands together, whimpering as he begged for forgiveness.

"I'm...I'm so sorry, Melanie, I screwed up so badly. I-I wasn't a good stepfather to you. Please... *PLEASE* forgive me, I should have never called you all those nasty names, treated you that way. I'm so sorry, *I'm so sorry!*" He seemed like a whimpering baby kneeling there on the floor, grabbing her feet and getting them wet with his pathetic tears.

Melanie just watched him as he pled and begged for him to finally let go of her grudges, but she didn't feel bad for him, not even a tiny bit. She just was disgusted by the pathetic man kneeling before her. Jed looked so small, so lame and powerless. She had managed to break him, just as she always had wanted to.

“Fuck yourself, Jed. You're not even a man, you're a piece of shit. You'll never be anything better.” She snapped at him, coughing loudly to clear her throat and...

TU!

Spat forcefully on his face before walking away, closing the door to his dirty apartment behind her.



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

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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