



ALEX KILROY

LIFE UNDER
HIS FEMALE
BOSSES

BALLBUSTING, TRAMPLE, FEMDOM,
TOILET SLAVERY & MORE

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OceanofPDF.com

ALEX KILROY

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WARNING

Please **DO NOT** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- Scenario's that some may deem perverse.
- Scenarios that some may deem humiliating and/or demeaning.

Thanks.

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To all my fellow sexual deviants .. Keep on keepin' on ;)

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave in private.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of multi genre, Femdom based erotica. As a fetishist himself, he stories are often inspired by his own sexual fantasies.

Here are some of his other titles;

[The Humiliating Marriage](#)

[The Toilet Is Broken.. So Open Your Mouth : Toilet Slavery, Femdom](#)

[Breaking Tim's Spirit](#)

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I Didn't Know She Was A He Part 3: Shemale, Gay, Femdom, FUTA, Humiliation

Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 3: Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 2 : Scat, Toilet Slavery, Spit, Femdom

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AT LAST... A SECOND CHANCE



Jimmy sat as quietly as he could in the cubicle. He was hiding. Even though his tolerance for pain was much higher than the average persons, at this moment, he was definitely in pain. His balls were absolutely killing him, the abuse they'd just undergone now letting their feelings be known. He wanted to yell out in agony, but if he did, that would only alert the sadists who he currently worked for as to where he was.

But despite all of this, Jimmy's life had improved tenfold since he'd started working at Gabrielle Recruitment Ltd. You see, only a year ago Jimmy was homeless. He spent his days singing for money, shining shoes, doing pretty much anything he could to keep himself fed and doped up. Addiction to Xanax and Fentanyl is what put him on the streets, and despite wanting to clean himself up, he had no here near the money for rehab.



It was around 2 AM when Jim's life changed. He was asleep, slumped up next to a McDonald's in town. He was then abruptly awoken by a discomfort in his groin area. He opened his eyes to see a tall, thickly set brunette woman standing right in front of him. He looked down between his legs to see what was causing the pain, and saw that the woman had one of

her big high-heeled feet on his crotch. She was leaning on it with her hand on her knee, really stomping on his crotch. Ordinarily, Jimmy would push her or anyone that was fucking with him away from him. But due to being fucked up on Xanax, although he felt a bit of pain, he was too droopy to move. The most he could do was to half open his mouth, but no words came out.

A look of surprise crept on the mystery woman's face. She raised her foot from his crotch, brought it all the way back, and then swung it full force into the seated Jimmy's cock. Whack! It was a thunderous strike, but still, no reaction from Jimmy. Just a slight twitch in his left eye. She dug the point of her heel into the space between his cock and balls, really trying to force a reaction from Jimmy, but he took her abuse like a champ.

Then amazonian woman then stopped her brutal assault on Jimmy's crotch and put her hands on her hips, looking Jimmy up and down. She then told him to be at this exact spot at 10AM the next morning, that she was going to help him. Jimmy still couldn't speak, but he managed to nod his head in acknowledgement of what she said. As if on cue, a black Mercedes pulled up to the curb and the woman hopped in. After she shut the door, she lowered the window halfway, and repeated her instruction for Jimmy to be at this exact same spot tomorrow at 10AM. The car then zoomed away.

About an hour later, Jimmy was sober enough to retrieve his flask and take a swig of the cheap liquor it contained. He then swallowed a half tab of Xanax and passed out.



The following morning, bang on 10AM the same black Mercedes that picked up the mystery woman pulled up in front of Jimmy. The engine switched off, and a serious -looking woman with a buzzcut exited the vehicle. She stood in front of Jimmy and told him that Gabrielle had sent her for him. She opened the rear passenger door, and told Jimmy to get in. Jimmy hadn't been in a car for years, so he didn't need to be told twice.

They drove off, and Jimmy asked where she was taking him. The driver informed him that the woman who he met the night before was called Gabrielle and she owned a successful recruitment company. She explained that Gabrielle saw something in Jimmy and wanted to turn his life around. Jimmy was overcome with emotion and began sobbing. The driver informed him that he would be going to a rehabilitation centre for a few weeks to get cleaned up, after which he would begin working for Gabrielle at her recruitment company. The driver then stopped talking.

Jimmy's brain was still a little foggy from the night before, but this was all so much to take in. What could this woman 'Gabrielle' see in him? What did he know about recruitment? And why was this Gabrielle so willing to help him?

Jimmy, who was born into a Catholic family, began to thank the lord for his good fortune.

Little did he know, that all was not what it seemed.



Jimmy exited the car, and headed to the main entrance of Gabrielle recruitment. He was clean now, having been at rehab for the last three weeks. He walked up to the receptionist, telling her his name and that he was here to meet Gabrielle. The receptionist didn't even look at him in acknowledgement, simply pointing to the chairs on the side to him to sit and wait.

Jimmy waited for almost an hour, not angry despite the prolonged waiting period. Finally, the woman he met outside McDonald's, Gabrielle emerged. She said hello and asked him to follow her. She led him to a closet which had the word janitor on the door. Inside the closet were mops plungers rolls of toilet paper and the like. She explained that Jimmy was the new janitor, but not just a janitor. He was going to be an "assistant" of sorts. She explained that her and her recruitment consultants worked long hours and would sometimes need him to help them "blow off some steam". Jimmy didn't ask what she meant by that, he was just happy for the opportunity.

Gabrielle told him what his hourly rate would be and explained how and when he would be paid.

The large lady asked if Jimmy understood what she'd just said, to which Jimmy said yes. She informed him that his first job of the day would be to report to the third floor. One of the toilets was jammed and it needed urgent un-jamming.

With that, Gabrielle turned on her heels and went about her day. Jimmy filled with excitement. Years had gone by that he'd parade for the chance to be able to earn a living and be a functioning member of society, and now he had it. In the midst of his jubilation, he forgot to take the tools that he would use to unblock the toilet with him. He just ran upstairs to the third floor.

When he arrived to the third floor, he was met with an open plan working space. You noticed that there wasn't a man in sight, and that all the women there were, shall we say "on the bigger side". He announced that he was there to unblock a toilet, to which a few of the women sniggered at him. After a few moments, a voluptuous redhead walked over to him. She walked past him and then stopped, beckoning him to follow her. They arrived at a toilet door, to which she told Jimmy to go inside. When jimmy open the door, it was like a wave of shit stink washed over him. Even though he'd spent the last few years on the street, the stench of faecal matter emanating from that toilet was hideous.

His eyes began to water and he did his best not to take in too much of the stench as he breathed. It smelled of rotten eggs, spoiled milk and vomit.

The voluptuous redhead cleared her throat to get his attention and when Jimmy turned to face her, with a smile on her face she informed him that she was the one who'd filled the toilet. On hearing that, Jimmy's eyes widened in shock. She was a big woman, but still, that was a humongous amount of shit in the toilet. Having lived on the streets for a few years, Jimmy had met his fair share of weirdos, but something about the way the redhead looked and spoke to him creeped him out. It was like she was proud of the dump she presented to him.

She then matter of factly Jimmy that this was her designated lavatory, and she needed it unclogged and emptied within the next fifteen minutes. That wasn't a lot of time, and Jimmy realised that he hadn't brought any of tools with him from the janitors closet. He politely told the redhead that he needed to grab some equipment, and would be right back. But as Jimmy walked past her, she placed a hand on his shoulder. Her large, chubby hand was heavy and Jimmy felt a trickle of fear creep up his spine.

With ease, the redhead pivoted him to face her. In her four inch heels, she towered over him and must have had at least a hundred pounds on him. Her tits struggled against the tight black blouse she was wearing, and her ass was so big, starting at her lower back and stopping mid thigh. She looked sternly down her nose at him, reinforcing who was the boss in this situation.

After a few moments passed, she eased her seriousness and said that due to time constraint he was under, Jimmy would need to get started on the toilet right away. Jimmy was confused, apart from toilet paper and hand towels, there was nothing in the toilet he could use. The redhead saw him looking around, and said that he should use his hands! She said that as he used to be homeless, he was probably used to touching things normal people wouldn't.

With that, the redhead laughed in Jimmy's face. His feelings were hurt. There was no need for her to speak to him like this, no matter what he'd been through in the past.

Jimmy pulled his shoulder from the grip of her fat pale hand and ran out of the toilet. The redhead demanded he return, but Jimmy headed to Gabrielle's office as quickly as he could. Her office was on the seventh floor, and Jimmy ran up the four flights of stairs faster than lightning. He arrived at her door and stopped to compose himself. He then knocked and waited. She asked whom was there and after Jimmy announced it was him, she granted him permission to enter. Jimmy opened the door and was met with a large, lavishly furnished office. Gabrielle was sat at an ovular desk, her big high heeled feet resting crossed on it. Jimmy approached her table, walking in the direction of the seat opposite hers, but when he asked if he could sit, surprisingly, she declined.

She asked what he was doing in her office. Jimmy then explained all that had just happened with the big redhead and the clogged toilet. As he was explaining everything to her, she began messaging someone on her iPhone. It was like she wasn't interested in a word he had to say. When he finished, as if on cue, the door of Gabrielle's office swung open and the big redhead walked in. She headed past Jimmy, and sat in the seat that had just been denied to him. She too placed her feet on Gabrielle's desk and sat watching him with a shit eating grin on her face. Jimmy was at sixes and sevens. What the fuck was going on here? he thought to himself.

Jimmy was snapped out of his train of thought by Gabrielle calling his name. She beckoned him over with her finger, to which Jimmy obeyed. He walked around the desk, stopping next to her. Gabrielle then told him to get on his knees. Jimmy was clearly no high IQ individual, but he knew when he didn't have a choice in the matter. He dropped down to his knees, which brought a smile to Gabrielle's Mediterranean features.

Then, she told him to spread his legs a little. Confusion washed over Jimmy, but he did as he was told. Gabrielle then swung her swivel chair around, bringing her thick set legs before him. She placed her high heeled left foot on the ground, with a quick motion kicked Jimmy right in the crotch. It was a mighty kick, so forceful that it brought an "oooooh" from the redheads mouth. But maybe due to his years of fentanyl abuse, the pain wasn't that bad. Yes, it was slightly uncomfortable, but it was entirely bearable.

A huge smile appeared on Gabrielle's face, and she looked triumphantly across to the big redhead. Her attention returned to Jimmy, and she raised her foot again, this time bringing the base of her heel thumping into his groin. Again and again, she thrust her foot into Jimmy's crotch, her lunges getting so forceful that she had to hold onto the armrests to stop herself catapulting into him. Jimmy though, took it like a champ. After the tenth stomp, Gabrielle rose from her chair. Her five foot ten curvaceous frame looked gorgeous in the tight blazer and pencil skirt she had on. She placed her hands on Jimmy's shoulders for support, retracted her foot backwards, and rapidly brought it crashing into his balls. Jimmy felt that one a little, making his left eye twitch momentarily. She then pointed her

large back heeled hoot upward and repeatedly dug the stiletto into all areas of his groin. The redhead's mouth was ajar with amazement as she watched her boss brutally impale Jimmy's cock and balls with her pointy heel.

The force of Gabrielle's heel smashing into Jimmy's cock eventually waned, and she collapsed into her leather swivel chair. Her forehead glistened with sweat, and she had the look of someone who had just had a load of fun. She looked across to the redhead, who was sat motionless, amazed. Gabrielle had a sort of "told you so" expression on her face. She turned her attention back to Jimmy, and her happy expression changed back to a serious one. She leaned back in her chair, swaying gently from left to right, her eyes firmly on him. Eventually she spoke. She asked Jimmy how they met, to which Jimmy replied that they had met outside of a McDonalds restaurant. Jimmy began to worry, and started remonstrating about how grateful he was for the opportunity, but Gabrielle held out a hand, cutting him off. She asked him exactly what happened when they met, to which Jimmy replied that he was sat outside of the McDonalds and had awoken when he felt a pressure on his cock and balls, and when he opened his eyes, he saw her standing above him, with her foot on his cock.

Gabrielle nodded in agreement, and reminded him that she said she saw something special in him. She asked Jimmy what he thought she might have seen. Jimmy assumed it was the fact that he was down on his luck and maybe he looked like he was ready for a second chance. But after he asked Gabrielle if that was it, she said no.

While Jimmy racked his dope messed brain, trying to piece together the answer.. Gabrielle opened her thick, tree trunk legs and before Jimmy knew it, she had grabbed his head and shoved it up against her panty covered crotch. She lifted her calves over his shoulders and crossed them behind his back and began grinding Jimmy's face into her fat cunt. She ran her long chubby fingers through his hair, and aggressively rubbed her damp twat into his face.

Jimmy couldn't see anything and his hearing was seriously muffled, and with his nose rammed between Gabrielle's fat pussy lips, he could barely breathe. But aside from that, he wasn't in major discomfort. A normal person

would be in agony with the amount of pressure his skull was under, but Jimmy wasn't. That's when it finally hit him. His years of fentanyl abuse had vastly reduced his capacity to experience pain.

From between Gabrielle's thunder thighs, Jimmy could faintly hear her calling out to him. Why are you special. Why are you special. She repeated over and over, squeezing his head with her thighs like she was trying to crack it open like a watermelon.

Jimmy was really struggling to breath, and cried out the answer Gabrielle was waiting to hear. Gabrielle pushed his head as far up into her pussy as it would go, and then released him. Jimmy fell to the floor, sucking as much clean air into his lungs as would go.

Gabrielle was breathing heavily too, her usual olive skin now flushed. When she calmed down, she was short and concise with her statements. She explained that her and her employees worked long hours and had to deal with incompetence all day long. They needed a release, and Jimmy was it. Jimmy was able to take bull busting from her that would have normal men passing out due to their incessant screaming. Jimmy was to do exactly what her and her employees said, and follow every instruction without question. She said that herself and her employees may ask him to do things that he may think are "weird", but that's what he's being paid to do.

This was a lot for poor Jimmy to take in, his head was a myriad of emotions. Of course, he was still excited to be off the streets and earning a living, but he thought he'd be working a normal job. He didn't know that he was signing up to be some kind of pin cushion. Gabrielle read his confused expression like a book and told him that If he wanted out, he'd just have to work for free for a month, to pay back the cost of his rehabilitation.

There was silence for a few moments, with Jimmy thinking things through. It didn't take him long to realise that if he quit, it probably wouldn't be long until he was back on the street. He told Gabrielle that he was there to stay, in which she clasped her hands together happily.

She then told Jimmy to lie on his back and close his eyes. Jimmy did what he was told, accepting that this sort of instruction was to be part of his

working life. He lay down on carpeted floor, and after he closed his eyes, he heard Gabrielle call out the name Linda. So that was the name of the red head. He heard Linda's footsteps approach him, stopping on to the left of him. Gabrielle stood from her chair, positioning herself to his right. A few moments passed, and then suddenly Jimmy felt a small amount of pressure in the middle of his torso. He opened his eyes to discover Linda standing on him. If he had to guess, she probably weighed around two hundred and twenty pounds, but to Jimmy, it felt like a litre bottle of coke was balancing on his chest.

Jimmy could tell by the look on her face that she was amazed. She and Gloria made eye contact, and simultaneously looked down at Jimmy.

Poor Jimmy didn't know what he had just let himself in for.

To Be Continued...

