



*Mike's*

*Smelly Mishap*



**ALEX KILROY**

**MIKE'S SMELLY MISHAP (ASS  
WORSHIP, FOOT WORSHIP, SCAT,  
FART WORSHIP AND MORE)**

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

ALEX KILROY

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

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Alex Kilroy is an emerging author of scat/shit slave based erotica. This is Alan's seventh book.

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## WARNING

Please **do not** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- The sniffing of multiple disgusting smelling farts.
- The forcing of snot ingestion
- The forced worship of big stinky feet
- The quaffing of copious amounts of piss and devouring of copious amount of shit.
- The licking and sucking of assholes.
- shit slave play, in every way you can imagine.
- A shit slave slaves misery.
- Female Domination

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*For all my fellow shit eating, fart smelling, toe sucking aficionados.. Keep  
on keepin' on.*

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“Slave, you know how much I love it when you suck on my asshole. Now, whilst you suck it, I want you to shoot your tongue in and out, and deeply. Off you go.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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## WELL THIS WAS UNEXPECTED..

Sammie wiped the sauce from gorgeous mouth of hers, lifted her enchilada, and took another big bite. Her pal, Betty, watched on, smiling, and waited for Sammie to speak again. She had been listening to her friend, Sammie, talk for quite a while before she paused to start eating, the two of them sitting in Taco Bell. Betty was a pretty average, brown haired girl. She was on the thin side, with small, drooping tits. Nothing special at all.

Sammie however, was a stunner. She was quite tall, but that was hardly what one would notice, because she was huge in a lot of other ways. Her clothes seemed to be desperately fighting a losing battle to keep her nakedness contained within. Her heavy, d-cup, maybe even E cup, breasts were forced into what was obviously a C-cup bra and shirt. Her ass was overflowing her tight, bright pink shorts, as she brushed a strand of bright, red hair out of her face with a greasy hand, smiling widely, with some grease dribbling down her chin onto her cleavage.

While the first thing anyone would notice about Sammie was her figure, the second thing would undoubtedly be her smell. Sammie was painfully unhygienic, and anyone within a hundred feet would lose their appetite from the smell, god forbid being closer.

Sammie was smelly pretty ripe though, despite being a hot chick. This was because she never washed, or cared much about it, having never really grown out of an adolescent tom-boy phase. She only showered once in a

VERY long while, and only when Betty forced her to. Betty was just about the only person willing to put up with Sammie, and it was probably because they had been friends since very early childhood.

No matter what she did, Sammie just couldn't help but forgive the chubby red-head for any transgression, and so they remained steadfast friends. Betty was pulled out of her quiet contemplation by Sammie's voice, as she finished her first Spicy Chili Burger, starting to unwrap the second of five of the big sandwiches, smiling.

“So anyway, I've been following Tim's Instagram and he went to the post office yesterday, to buy stamps. Ooh, I wish he'd buy ME stamps...” she said, sadly, as she bit into the second burger. “He's just SOOO cute and sexy and I-I really like him...have you...have you tried talking to him for me yet, Betty..?” Sammie asked, timidly, cheeks a little red as she ate the second burger.

A smile crept across Betty's face as she thought about Tim. She worked at an office, with a young man named Tim, a fairly small boy with messy, brown hair, and green eyes, and Sammie has a massive, intense crush on him that bordered on the creepy. She obsessed over him, but was too embarrassed to talk to him or ask him out. She had scared off far, far too many boys with her poor hygiene and various other problems that most boys were not very willing to put up with.

Many times she had asked Betty to talk to Mike for her, and see if he would ever be willing to go out with her, or if he maybe liked her (even though he had never met her and didn't know her), but Betty knew he would reject her, so she always made some excuse not to. However, this time, a smile crept across her face as she thought about what she had planned. “Actually, Sammie, I was going to talk to him today...” she said, softly, smiling a little wider.



Sammie gasped, smiling, and hugged her blond friend close, getting sweat, grease, and chilli sauce on her top, as they embraced. Most other people

would have found being so close to Sammie disgustingly unpleasant, but Betty just smiled, and hugged her back.

“T-That’s great! I-I’m s-so excited...A-And nervous...!” she cried, shyly, and continued her eating. Betty finished her own food, and said goodbye to her friend, standing to leave.

As she did, Sammie called out goodbye to her, leaning to one side and letting out a long, loud ‘Brrrrrrrrrrpt!!’, sending almost every other customer scrambling desperately for the exit to escape the small...and the few who didn’t running for the bathroom, covering their mouths. Betty just giggled, and left the place, smiling.

Betty smiled as she carried two cups of tea to her cubicle, at her job, the steaming mugs two different colours. She licked her lips a little, as she sat down, setting one mug in front of herself, and one in front of the person directly across from her, Tim. He was about five foot eight, with short brown hair and eyes, wearing a poorly fitted suit. He looked tired, as he did every morning, and he and Betty shared a large cubicle, with their desks together, facing each other. She warmly offered Mike the mug of tea.

“Here you go, sleepy head. Why don’t you perk up a little?” She said, warmly.

Mike smiled at her, weakly, sleepily clutching the mug, and taking a few long gulps of the hot drink. Betty had to bite her lip to keep from giggling, as she reached into her pocket, fingering the small glass vial that had once contained liquid, which was now in Tim’s tea. With a feel of great excitement, Betty waited.



Mike groaned, and awakened inside a dark room. The room felt unstable, and it shifted and bounced a little every few moments, making him feel very confused. The last thing he remembered was being in the office, being sleepy from having just gotten up, and the next thing he recalled, he was waking up in this strange place. He looked around himself, slowly, but

everything was dark. Suddenly, he heard a tremendous, loud sound like a door opening nearby, and heard a vaguely familiar voice, magnified ten times, saying loudly

“What’s this...?” before everything around him began to shake and tumble wildly.



Sammie blinked in surprise when she opened her front door, early one morning, and found a small box, wrapped and decorated like a present, including a bow. She lifted the beautiful package, and shook it a little, sending whatever small object as inside tumbling back and forth inside the box.

She examined it for a moment, and then found a tag on it, decorated with hearts that simply said “I’m all yours.” She seemed confused, and carried the box inside, under her arm. When she got inside she set it on her table, sitting on the couch in front of it, and slowly opened it up, and nearly screamed with surprise as she saw what was inside.

Slowly, she lifted the tiny figure out of the box, who was squirming and blinking in shock at the sudden bright light. She examined the little person for a long moment, then gasped.

“M-Mike? Oh my gosh, M-Mike! Y-You’re so tiny, what happened!?” she cried, her warm, unpleasant breath washing over the tiny young man, who fidgeted and struggled in her grip.

He started speaking, but all she heard were tiny, unintelligible squeaks from the tiny boy. She could barely contain her mixed shock and excitement as she carefully set him down inside the open box, and pulled out her phone, swiftly send a series of frantic texts to her friend Betty about her discovery, explaining what she had found. She got a text from her friend shortly after.

Mike was terrified and confused, as he watched her using her phone from inside the cardboard box, feeling terrified, and a little nauseated by the

smell of the house he was in. He recognised the girl as Betty's gross friend, Sammie. He heard her phone beep loudly, making him jump in surprise.

"G-Guh...She can't hear me...." He mumbled, waving and yelling up at her, to no effect. He heard her reading the text she had received out loud, and he felt horrified as she did.

Slowly, Sammie read the words of the text she had received from Betty out loud.

"Always thought I was...Pretty? Especially the things other boys thought were gross...and he didn't want to be able to back out of it...so he shrunk himself down..." she said, cheeks growing red, as a wide, excited smile, as she set her phone down, and snatched the little man up out of the box.

"Ah...I hope you like kisses, you cute little guy...Because you're all mine, now...!" she said, with a giggle, before starting to sloppily kiss Tim, drenching him in saliva, his four inch form wet from the waist up in her spit.

She felt a little unsure of what to do with herself, as she kissed the little guy she had pinned after for so long, and so she began to text her friend again, setting Mike in front of her.

'Betty what kind of thing did you say about me that he liked?' Sammie texted, picking Mike up and smooching him a bit more, despite his weak struggles and squeaked protests, as she awaited a response. When he phone beeped she picked it up, eagerly reading the text. 'He told me once, he thought it was really exciting how you picked your nose in public, and didn't care who saw. He said he especially liked when you wiped your boogers on stuff around you.'

Sammie blinked, cheeks growing rosy, and smiled sexily down at Tim.

"So...You like when I pick my nose, eh?" she said, sweetly. Tim's eyes widened.

"W-What?! N-no! T-That's disgusting, w-what are you talking about...?!" But of course, despite his revulsion, she couldn't hear him at all, and held

him up near her nose, as she slowly began to pick it, wiggling her finger around inside, and digging out a thick glob of mucus, and, without hesitating, wiping it right on him, smearing it all over, especially on his face, giggling.

"Oooh...I know you love it..." she said, starting to dig out more and more boogers and wiping them all over him, even pushing some into his mouth, giggling as he swallowed. Eager to please him some more, but unable to ask HIM what he liked, she texted Betty again, asking for more stories of things he had said.

'Ah, once you were at the office, and you had been jogging, and he said you were so sweaty he nearly lost in on the spot. He said he especially liked the smell of the sweat coming out of your shoes when you took them off in my cubicle' Betty texted back. Sammie giggled, and smiled grabbing Mike up, and running to her bedroom, excitedly.

When they arrived in her bedroom, she licked her lips, and quickly set Mike down in the middle of a wooden stool in her room, before starting to take off her shoes. Soon, she had gotten both shoes off, and peeled both soaking wet, sweaty, unwashed socks off, as well.

"Mmm..Here you go, little Tim...all the sexy sweat you can handle...!" she said wringing the wet, warm socks out right on top of him, drenching him in warm, linty, disgusting sweat, the stink of her socks making him nearly vomit as she pushed the moist cloth down on top of him, rubbing them around on top of him.

Just when he thought the experience couldn't get worse, she slid him toward the edge of the stool, and right into one of her shoes, and it was like falling into a sauna where, instead of coal, they burned rancid cheese, and she draped the socks over the top of the shoe, trapping the intense, moist heat inside. Mike began to kick and struggle inside the shoe, working around in the grimy, messy, wet sole before he managed to get up toward the opening again, pushing up on the socks and slipping out of the shoe, gagging and gasping in the relatively fresh air.

But Sammie wasn't done, and suddenly, as he lay on the bed, breathing heavily, she squished her two big, sweaty feet into both sides of him, rubbing her messy, wet soles all over his body, and pushing his head between her toes, texting Betty as she squished and squashed the little guy between her feet. She thought he was having the time of his life. Betty texted her back once again, with another false story.

'Ah, more things he said he liked? Well, on the same day you had been jogging, he also told me, after seeing your big, sweaty pit stains, he wished he could push his face under your arm and smell you for hours' she sent back, making Sammie blush darkly. She smiled down at the little guy she was sliding between her feet, pushing his head between her toes. "Mmm...I'm gonna make every single fantasy you have about me come true..." she said, sweetly, reaching down to pick him up, and moving him toward her underarm, making him pale as he realised what she was doing, shouting for her not to desperately, his pleas falling on deaf ears.

The sweaty, chubby girl giggled, as she pushed his face into her huge armpit,. rubbing him around, rubbing his face raw on her stubbly flesh, making him groan. The stink of her unwashed pit making him want to puke, before suddenly he was engulfed on all sides by soft, sweaty flesh, and had nothing to breath but the stench of her pits. She giggled uncontrollably as she squished her arm down around the little man, enjoying his movements immensely, squishing and rubbing her arm around.

"A-Ah...hehehehe...Ooh, I-I love this, i-it tickles! Mmm...A-And y-you definitely seem to be enjoying yourself!" she said, between her giggles. Then she finally pulled him out, gasping desperately at the air, and feeling an intense feeling of gratitude that that particular hell was passed...he could only sob, as she lowered him right to the opposite pit, and crushed him into her, relaxing as he weakly struggled and cried, texting her friend for more tips on how to please her tiny new boyfriend.

When Betty texted back, Sammie had to squish Mike down a little more so he held still, having trouble reading while he tickled her with his movements. Finally, she read the new text, and blinked, eyes glittering a little as they read the text.

'Um, I remember the last thing he said before he left work...he was talking all about your ass. If I remember, right, he said he want to do "anything and everything" with your butt. He didn't go into much detail, but I could tell he meant anything AND everything!'

Sammie blushed intensely, and felt a powerful, growing sense of excitement, as he tossed her phone aside, standing up, and dropping the little Mike on the bed. He was battered, sore, and exhausted. His body was wet and caked with a half dozen fluids and gross grimes from her body, and he was barely strong enough to move, eyes drooping weakly.

It took him a few seconds to finally realise what was happening, as Sammie, standing over his minuscule, shrunken form, began to slowly, and sexily, strip for him, panting softly as she peeled her sweaty clothes off. Mike couldn't deny he got pretty excited by the sight of her slightly cubby, incredibly curvy body, as her big, sweaty breasts bounced out, her bright pink bra barely seeming to hold them in. Soon, she started struggling against her pants, wobbling and jiggling before she finally forced them down, revealing her matching, cute, pink panties, although he got the feeling he had borrowed them from Betty, because they looked painfully tight. Sammie bit her lip, and smiled sultrily down at Tim.

"So, Tim...You like my behind, hmmm?" She asked, licking her lips, eyes glittering. He gulped, eye wide, not liking where this was going. She turned her back, wobbling her huge behind back and forth.

"Mmm...You wanna do...anything....and....everything...with my big, sweet ass, eh...?"

Mike nearly screamed in horror at the very idea, as he got an up close, and personal look at her ass. The panties were so far in her crack, he couldn't see them until they emerged at the top of the long crevice, and all along the way he made out various shades of brown and green remains of previous meals, as she leaned forward, spreading her behind slightly. Shortly, the smell reached him, and his eyes watered, his face going not pale, but green. He was too weak to stand, and the noxious stench made him want to pass out, as her big hand reached back to pluck him off the bed, licking her lips.

"I-I'm gonna make your ultimate fantasy come true..." she whispered, licking her lips, as she lowered him back toward her ass. He struggled with what little strength remained in his body, and heard words from the girl that chilled him.

"Mmm...A-And you c-can stay back there f-for as long as it takes f-for you to p-please me.. B-because I know you're a good boyfriend, and you would never stop without me being pleased...Not to mention, I know you've always dreamed of this day!" she said, giggling. "So get to it!" she said, and he screamed as she pushed him down into her crack, slipping him into her panties.

As she pushed him down into her panties, every inch he passed through another layer of intense, rancid stench. Finally, he had been pushed all the way inside, and he was already slick with sweat and other, more horrible things from her poorly wiped ass, and all the smells and stenches he had passed through mixed together into a horrendous, choking stink.

He tried to grab her hand and be pulled out, desperate not to stay, but her hand left, and the panties tightened back up, and his face had no place to go but right into her puckered hole. He wanted nothing in the entire world more than to leave, and he knew only one thing could get him out; satisfying the giantess he was trapped against. He sobbed, and did the only thing he could, starting to lick at her filthy, disgusting, wrinkled flesh.

Sammie gasped in pleasure, having never felt such an intimate touch from a boy, and laid on her stomach, moaning Tim's name as he licked at her hole. he had gotten right to the licking so quickly that she knew he had been dreaming of doing it all day as she played with him, and wiggling her behind, pulling her panties up to push his face a little deeper.

For a few minutes, or for Tim, what felt like a few hours, she just quietly enjoyed his licking, then suddenly, her guts began to gurgle and groan. Mike didn't even notice, far too desperate to pleasure the girl and escape his hellish prison, but the second time her belly gurgled, he DID notice, and a moment after it did, Sammie giggled. "Mmm...Well my dirty, naughty little boyfriend...How do you like it when I do this?" she asked, grunting softly.

Ppppppppffffttt! Mike thought his face might be stripped off by the hot, moist air that gushed out of the girl's hole, at what could only be described as super point-blank range, his lungs forcefully inflated by the fart, making his desperately cough and hack as he struggled to get oxygen into his lungs. Sammie squeaked.

"O-oh gosh...A-Ah...I have more gas than I thought...brace yourself, sweetie, here comes a lot!" she cried.

Pbbbblllffffftt, brrrrrrrrrrroooooopt, Brooooooppptt!. Fart after fart blasted powerfully out of her ass, as she stuck it up into the air, moaning and giggling as she released blast after blast. Beads of moist from inside her ass began to collect all over her inner cheeks, and soon Mike was not only choking horrendously on her hot, foul gas, but he was drench in literal ass juice, soaking every inch of his body and her panties. He was sure, without a doubt, that the experience couldn't be worse, and even thought to himself "This has to be worse than if she just shit herself!" as his body was literally sprayed with intensely moist air from inside her behind.

As if on queue, one last long fart ripped out of her behind, ending with a wet, bubbly

"Brooppptt!" as she let out a liiiiiittle more than fart. She gasped, blushing intensely, and giggling.

"Mmm...Time for you to come out, little boyfriend...it's time for the finale!" she said, excitedly, walking toward the bathroom, excitedly. She groaned, clenching her cheeks around her messy, soiled panties...and her messy, soiled boyfriend, who was literally choking on a thick gob of her waste, as she pulled the panties off.

He stuck to her hole for a long moment, and then, thankfully, gravity peeled him off her ass, and he felt a short distance, hitting a pool of ice cold water, gasping as he was suddenly invigorated. He was breathing fresh, clean air, and he was sitting in clean, cold water. He felt as if his ordeal was finally over. He blinked as he heard a gurgle from above, and looked up, and his mouth fell wide open in shock as he realised what was coming next.

Sammie let out one small grunt before a long, intensely wet fart blasted out of her. The toilet she sat on looked comically small underneath her massive ass, almost like a child's toilet. The tiny bubble of air underneath her fat ass filled with the hot, moist air, and halfway through the ten second fart, it turned, without warning, into thick, muddy, liquid waste, spraying like a hose right down on top of the tiny boy...who, unfortunately, still had his mouth wide open in horror. She unloaded wave after wave of waste, and ever second it got worse and worse.

She began to hold her stomach in pain as she shit turned from muddy, wet dung to liquid, greenish sludge, and then to horrendous, nearly water waste, and solidifying again until she was sighing in wonderful relief, as mound after mound of wet, soft, pudding-like shit plopped out of her ass, burying the little guy under pounds and pounds of waste, before finally, the torrent ended.

Mike spent the majority of the duration of her bathroom break struggling desperately to breath, digging and sloshing through her waste, fighting with every ounce of strength to stay near the surface, gasping any air he could get, every other attempt at breathing just ending with a mouthful of disgusting waste.

As the waste kept mixing with the water, and turn into mud like sewage, he started to lose hope, and it just kept going, the waste piling higher and higher. When she finally stopped dumping on top of him, he was nowhere to be seen, for a few moments.

Suddenly, although no one saw, his hand burst through the steaming, reeking, green and brown waste, like a zombie bursting forth from the earth, and he struggled, dragging himself barely above the surface, the waste just solid enough to let him rest about halfway outside the shit. He immediately vomited what was, to him, at least a gallon of her waste, but flopped backward, knowing that he had weathered the worst of it.

Mike felt like he was in heaven as Sammie silently plucked him out of her faeces, and began to wash him in the nearby sink. He felt like he could barely stay conscious as she rubbed her finger gently along his body, making sure to scrub out his hair.

She smiled sweetly down at him, and for a moment, he felt like the ordeal was finally over. Then his heard skipped a beat, as she swung him around behind her back, his body still dripping wet.

"Mmm...my booty loves a wet wipe...And you're the softest, warmest one I'll ever find! Hehehehe!" she said, giggling at her little teasing joke, as she pressed him into her crack, never hearing his tiny, pathetic scream. As she began to scrub every inch of her filthy, dripping ass with her tiny "boyfriend", she giggled.

"Mmm...You know what my favourite part about you being my boyfriend, Tim...? I think it's that I don't ever have to buy toilet paper again! Heheheheh!" BRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPTTTT! She shot out a final, humongous wet fart that sprayed faecal matter all over Mikes body.



***The End***

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Kilroy is an emerging author of scat, shit slave, femdom and humiliation based erotica. This is Alex's sixth book. Check out his other sex;

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