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WIDE
BOY, IT'S COMING!

ALEX KILROY

OPEN WIDE BOY, ITS COMING!

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Alan Kemp is an emerging author of scat/toilet based erotica. This is Alan's first book. Follow him on Amazon and find him on Facebook for free goodies!

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WARNING

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

- People being deeply humiliated.
- Gullible people being tricked, used and abused, both mentally and physically.
- Toilet play, in every way you can imagine.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Kilroy is an emerging author of scat/toilet slave/femdom/humiliation based erotica. This is Kyle's first book. Follow him on Amazon future releases and free gifts!

Here are some of his other titles;

[Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!](#)

[So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday](#)

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

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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THE QUANDARY



The shitshow that is my life began when she farted in my mouth. I was kissing her ass, well her asshole to be exact, as she had instructed, when she told me to hold my mouth open. The next thing I knew she'd arched her back, pressed her ass into my face, positioned her asshole over my open mouth... ..and farted. She was laughing her ass off as I gagged on her gas. It might have been the loudest, longest, and smelliest fart I had ever known - and it was in my mouth!

"Hey, *goddammit!*" I yelled. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Anything goddamm thing I want!" she replied arrogantly, and a huge grin spread across her face as she looked down over her shoulder at me. "Remember, that was the deal. It was your terms. Too bad for you, I won." Her grin broadened. I had to admit she looked absolutely delicious lying on my bed in front of me, her perfect ass inches from my face, the gentle arch of her back at her tiny waist, her stunning eyes, and delicious lips parted over her perfect teeth. She looked like a model, only with a lot more curves. A lot more.

"By the way, how did it taste?" she almost sneered, and laughed again. "Kiss my asshole while you tell me..."

You may be wondering how I got in this extremely compromising position. Well it was over a stupid game of Connect 4. Connect 4! Can you believe it?!? But I better start at the beginning.

Stacey and I met at the beginning of the school year. I was a sophomore and she was a freshman. The way our dormitory is set up, the east wing is the girls' side and the west is the guys'. On that first day, everyone was moving in, unpacking their stuff. You had to go through the main lobby to get to anyplace in the dorm, so everyone was checking out everyone else - you know how it is.

When I saw Stacey, I reacted like any other normal guy would. She was gorgeous. I'd never seen a girl with a sexier body, and she had a face to match. Long brown hair, stunning rich brown eyes. You figure people like that just don't exist in real life. But there she was. Thing about it though, she was so gorgeous that most guys just assumed she was either taken or unattainable - myself included.

As gorgeous as she was though, she was definitely a freshman, and silly too. So there she is on the first day, shooting guys she didn't even know with a water pistol. She was giggling and laughing and running around the dorm. When she shot me, I grabbed her water gun from her and shot her back. Well, that escalated into a wrestling match, and when it was all over she and I became friends. As the weeks went by that Fall, she would come over to my room all the time and do nutty things like steal my books or my letters from my girlfriend.

I thought she was so hot, but I could never act on it. Sure there were moments when I could have made a move. If she was disinterested in me, she never showed it; she never discouraged me. One time we even slept together (in the non-biblical sense) in her room. We'd just been hanging out all night in her room and talking, and at the end of the night she suggested I just stay and sleep in her room. We 'spooned' all night long, and I had a hard-on the whole time. If she felt it, she never let on. I had a girlfriend, she had a boyfriend, and I didn't have the balls to try to date her anyway. By the time the fall semester came to a close however, she and I had become such

close friends that we ended up scheduling most of our classes together for the spring.

About mid-way through that spring, I got a letter from my girlfriend saying that she met someone at the school she was attending and she wanted to break up. I knew that I wasn't madly in love with her, but we had been going out for more than two years (on and off) and I was really bummed out. Within the month, Stacey's boyfriend and she also decided to call it quits.

Stacey and I were just about inseparable from then on, and some people even thought we were dating, but the fact was nothing was going on. Our conversations did start to have more and more sexual overtones, though, and you could say we were flirting a lot more.

Then Fourth of July weekend came, and it seemed like everyone in the dorm had gone home. It was a really crappy weekend too. It rained the whole time, and for May it was unusually cold. Stacey and I started to kill Friday night by studying for our upcoming finals in Math and Applied Sciences. That grew tired real fast so we kicked around different things we could do. She started snooping through my closet, and she found a Connect 4 game my Mom had packed in my bags at the beginning of the semester. "Oh, wow!" she said, "I haven't played this since I was a kid! Let's play a game."

"OK," I said, "but be prepared to have your ass kicked."

We popped up some popcorn and broke out some beers and we started to play. It started out friendly enough, but I was surprised to see just how competitive Stacey is as the night went on. I also found out she's a really crappy loser, too. She knew almost no strategy and by the time we quit around 4 am, she'd lost six games in a row. She was so mad, she almost didn't let me go to bed. When she finally left my room, she vowed that we had to play again on Saturday.

By the time I rolled out of bed it was lunch-time. We hooked up for lunch, and afterward, we went back to my room. She started bugging me about playing some more Connect 4. I agreed, but this time I started to teach her

some of the "tricks" to the game and explain to her better strategy. She listened intently and became progressively better. As she got better though, she also got cocky and she started talking trash. I guess I was egging her on too. I really stuck it to her, and by the time dinner rolled around, she'd lost three more games.

I was getting real tired of Connect 4 when I beat her again after dinner, but she was so gorgeous sitting there on my bed in sweat pants and a lose-fitting flannel top that I didn't care. Her hair was in tousles from running her hands through it, and she wore almost no make-up, but I don't think she ever looked more beautiful. The fact that she wasn't wearing a bra wasn't lost on me either. Teasingly I suggested that she should show me her chest for all the times she lost, and much to my shock, Stacey the sore loser flashed her tits at me! "I'm not wearing any underwear either, asshole," she said.

"Whoa, slow down there, Stacey. Give me some warning before you do that. I don't think I can take it," I said laughing, and held my hand to my heart like I might have a myocardial infarction.

She smiled at me as she put her hand on her shirt and mockingly threatened to flash me again. We both laughed easily. I really liked this girl. She was so cool.

"You know," she said, "You really think you're hot-shit at this game don't you?"

"I told you you'd get your ass kicked," I said. "You should've listened to me."

You could see the ire grow in her. At some level, she was really competitive, and though we were just playing, she seemed to really get pissed off. "Well, I'm thinking I'd like to have my ass kissed," she said. "Let's make a bet on this next game. It'll be our last one."

"You've already been beaten 9 times in a row," I said.

"Yeah, well, I say we make a bet that you can't make it 10."

"OK, what's the bet?" I asked.

"I want my ass kissed," she said. "Loser has to do whatever - and I do mean whatever the Winner wants."

"Anything at all?" I asked incredulously, not believing my ears. "No matter what? What if I want you to take off that shirt of yours and..."

"I'll do it," she cut in, "Whatever you want. You can fuck me if you want." My jaw dropped. "Loser does whatever the Winner wants."

"Oh my God," I said, "You're on! I'm going to kick your ass, Stacey!"

"No, Eric, " she said quietly - almost to herself - as she began setting up the board, "You're going to lick my ass." She didn't even crack a smile. Her manner was so matter-of-fact, I admit I was a little taken aback.

To hide my reaction, I asked again, "I can do anything I want to you?" Hell, she'd already said I could fuck her if I won, what the hell else could I want? But I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"And you can make me do whatever you want to you," she said, "Anything at all. Let's say that it's for a 24-hour period. Starting at midnight tonight and extending to midnight tomorrow night."

"What if I want you to do my laundry, or clean my room. Write my Art History paper..."

"If that's the best your imagination can do, sure," she said. Something about her answer seemed to suggest she wasn't going to have me do anything like that if she won. But what could she have me do that I wouldn't elect to do myself if I did win, I wondered.

Underneath it all, I was a little nervous. I guess that's why, right from the beginning of the game I started trash talking her. Tried to get her out of her game. I was telling her I was going to make her do all sorts of things when I won. But she would just reply that there was no way I was going to win, and that I couldn't even believe the things she was going to do and things she was going to make me do. She was very cool-headed about it, unlike

earlier in the day. This sort of competitive bantering went back and forth throughout the game.

The game seemed to get more serious as we went. Sure enough I began to win. As the possibility began to become more remote, I began thinking about what she would've made me do if she won. At one point I even began making deals with her when she would hit expensive properties, just to keep her in the game. She never failed to take advantage of my generosity. The game wore on. I ate about all the popcorn I could. I didn't even want any more beer.

Then something amazing happened. She stopped hitting my properties. Sure, she'd hit the dumpy little places like Oriental and Mediterranean, but she started missing my big guns every time. Meanwhile, I hit her best property, Illinois Ave. three times in a row, completely wiping out my cash and threatening my hotels. Unlike me, she showed no mercy. Then disaster hit. I picked up a Community Chest card that charged megabucks for all my hotels, and on the very same turn (I had doubles) I hit the Chance card that sends you right to Illinois!

I begged her to make a deal with me to pay the rent, but she wouldn't budge. I had to sell every one of my hotels and mortgage half my properties. She used the money to completely develop the rest of her properties. How ironic that I was put in this position by my own soft-heartedness earlier. I was mad now, though, and I began playing ruthlessly.

The game and the bet now became deadly serious, and the bantering stopped. I battled back valiantly, but I'd lost my position of dominance. She had the upperhand now, and she had learned well from her previous losses. Sometime after twelve o'clock she managed to buy Park Place (I had had to sell it), and she gained a lock on the expensive half of the board. The game was over within a half hour. I was a big Loser. And Stacey the winner was letting me know all about it. In the final hour or so of the game, she was making no secret of the blast she was having. She looked like the proverbial cat that ate the canary. I was amazed at how pitiless she had become even when she knew there was no way she could lose. I guess the way I acted, I'd earned that from her.

It was now time for payback.

It was like 1 am, and she was going on about how much fun she was about to have. I kept trying to use reverse psychology to steer her toward things she might make me do, I guess because I was nervous about what she might have in mind. "I'm not cleaning your room," I would protest falsely, hoping that's exactly what she would have me do.

But Stacey, wouldn't take the bait.

"You'll do what I say!" she exclaimed, "but don't worry, Micheal, that's not what I have in mind..." The conversation went on like that until my phone alarm started buzzing at one o'clock.

I was still trying to persuade her toward something predictable (and palatable) when she cut in, "Ah, ah, ah, will you look at the time. I believe the fun is about to begin."

"Alright, alright," I said impatiently. I was genuinely nervous now. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well first you're going to change your tone," she said. "Speak to me with respect - utmost respect. I am, after all, the Winner. Oh, and by the way, you are the Loser." She was smiling so sweetly. "I think I want you to get off the bed."

"It's my bed. I don't have to get off it."

"Nah, uh, uh," she said again. "Yes you do. Unless you plan on not honoring our little agreement. But if you break it, Eric, I swear I'll never talk to you again." There was no smile on her face.

"You're serious," I said, but she didn't even change her facial expression in response. Quietly I got off the bed.

"That's better," she said. "Remember, you beat me 9 times in a row and then made a bet. I can do whatever I want with you for the next 24 hours, right?"

"Yes." I answered. I felt strangely subdued. I felt like I had just handed all rights over to her.

"Good. Drop to your knees in front of me," she said and swung both feet off the bed so that they rested on the floor. She was sitting on the edge of the bed. I knelt down. "Now lean forward and kiss my feet." Now she smiled. I leaned over and kissed the toe of one of her socks. She was wearing those rubber-soled socks you use as slippers. To my complete shock, the scent of her feet through the sock coupled with the demeaning nature of the act caused me to respond in a way I would have never guessed - I started to get a full hard-on!

"That's not my foot," she chided gently.

I guided her sock off and the kissed her big toe. My dick was rock-hard. "Keep kissing my feet," she said, noticing that I had paused. I wondered if she knew how totally in shock I was. I began repeatedly kissing her toes. I noticed that I was almost subconsciously sniffing her feet as I did it. I was totally aroused, and wondered if I was discovering I had a dormant foot fetish or something.

"That's it," she said, "the loser starts out by kneeling down and kissing the winner's feet." She lifted her foot and covered my nose with her toes. "Sniff my feet, Loser. Kiss the bottoms." I did exactly as she asked. My knees were beginning to ache on the linoleum tile of my dorm-room floor. Her feet were actually quite fragrant and it occurred to me that she might not have showered that day.

I looked up at her face. When our eyes met she laughed. She said, "I'm sorry. It just looks so funny with my foot in your face." She moved her foot so that her toes were pressed against my lips. "You know what," she said, "I would like it if you asked politely for permission to lick between my toes." My eyes opened wide in shock and she laughed again. "Say 'may I lick the dirt from between your toes? It would be an honor to taste the dirt between your toes because you are a winner and I am a complete loser.'"

I opened my mouth and repeated the words she scripted for me, but her toes covered my mouth, muffling the words. "What was that last part?" she asked mockingly and removed her foot from my face so that I could clearly respond, "I am a complete loser." She laughed and offered her foot back to me. "Yes, you are," she said, and I began licking between her toes. She

leaned back on her elbows on my bed like she was basking in the moment. While the taste of her feet was not entirely unpleasant, it was fairly strong, and I could not shake the feeling that I was thoroughly humiliating myself for her.

"That was very good, Eric," she said as she sat back upright. "But I think I'm going to call you Boy-Loser-Slave for the rest of today, OK?" Before I could answer, she continued. "Now, you've been pretty cool about not saying anything to me about it, but I've noticed since the beginning of the school year that you are constantly looking at me and my body." The girl continued to just shock the hell out of me. I was speechless. "Especially my ass."

"Now, I really don't mind that. But it's been bothering the hell out of me that you haven't said anything to me or made any moves or anything. You hurt my feelings a little bit. Made me think I was worth taking a look at, but nothing else."

I had to interrupt, "Stacey, I think you're absolutely beautiful—" "Eric - I mean, Boy-Boy-Loser-Slave, shut up." she said, and we both had to laugh a little. Then she continued, "now, you're going to make it up to me by kissing my ass, like I said you would. And don't get any wrong ideas. You're going to be my slave when you do it. This is totally for me, not you. Kiss my feet some more and tell me how grateful you are that I'm finally going to let you kiss my ass."

I'd never been more turned on in my entire life. This girl, who had become my best friend over the last 8 months, had sides to her I hadn't even dreamed existed. And they were fabulous! I started kissing every inch of her bare foot. Then I pulled off her other sock and gave her other foot even better treatment. I was worshipping her at her feet. I was really playing it up, giving her my best attempt at foot-kissing and licking. The feeling of genuine gratitude that I had at that moment was so strong it all but erased any sense of humiliation I was feeling. "That's a good little slave," she pronounced anyway, "but I don't hear you thanking me for the privilege I'm about to bestow upon you." At first I was puzzled, and then I remembered about the thanking her for kissing her ass bit. I didn't think she was serious.

I thought we were just going to have sex. She must have seen the confusion on my face because she said, "I'm serious. You'll soon be kissing my ass. Literally. Now I want you to let me know how grateful you'll feel when you service me." She chuckled as she said it. She was clearly loving the moment. "OK," I started uncertainly, "uh, thanks for letting me kiss you." "My ass, Boy-Loser-Slave, my ass. Here," she said and rolled over onto her stomach on my bed, "You don't deserve this, but you may kiss my ass now." I looked at her gorgeous ass, covered in sweat pants, and weighed what I was getting myself into. What was she up to? Still, she was right about how I felt about her ass. How could I turn down an opportunity to touch that sweet ass? I crawled up onto the bed behind her, kneeling between her legs, leaned down and kissed her right ass-cheek. "Keep kissing my ass," she said, and I saw her reach down between her legs. But I paid no attention to that. Instead I pressed my lips against her left ass cheek. And then the right. Then the left cheek and the right. Back and forth. Her ass was so firm and tight. I was nearly coming in my pants, when she arched her back, sticking her ass up in the air. It took me a second to realize she was taking off her sweat pants!

I couldn't believe my luck. She slipped them off and was left wearing her flannel shirt and her underwear. "I thought you weren't wearing any underwear," I teased.

"You're going to pay for that," came the retort. She lifted her flannel shirt so that I could see her underwear. A pair of white cotton underwear that rose with the cheeks of her ass and pulled tight between them. She tapped the tight fabric between her cheeks and said, "Kiss me right here."

She had arched her back and raised her ass very high. "Show me what a good ass-kisser you can be, Loser," she said. I wasn't sure what I was going to do, so I did what she said. I put a hand on each gorgeous cheek, and pressed my face - lips first - into her ass. Like her feet, her ass had a strong scent. She definitely had not showered that day. Something in my behavior must have tipped her off to what I was thinking about, because she laughed and said, "Sniff it, Loser."

I turned my nose down into the cotton that had pushed up into the crack of her ass, and in spite of my self, took a deep breath. I could smell her pussy and her asshole clearly. Her pussy was very wet, and her asshole was dirty and sweaty. As sexy as it was, the feeling of total degradation returned as I inhaled her most personal scents. "How does it smell?" she giggled in a mock teasing tone, "Does it smell sort of, I don't know, dirty?"

I couldn't believe how direct she was. She knew what she had and hadn't done that day, and she must have known what she was going to smell like. I couldn't respond. I began to feel like I had been set up. She must have sensed something in me that tipped her off that she could get away with making me do these things. She knew I had nursed a pathetic crush on her all year. Maybe she was taking advantage of that crush now, making me do things any normal person with an ounce of self-respect would have rejected doing long before it got to where I was.

As she began to pull off her underwear, I concluded that she was very dirty. It certainly smelled that way. I suddenly remembered a lesson we had in biology class, where we discussed the mechanical and chemical workings of the nose. Where, when you smell something, it's because small particles of what you are smelling are emitted into the air and actually drawn into your nostrils where they stimulate hair that enable you to smell. In fact, what that meant was, I was smelling her shit! I was sniffing it! "I actually have microscopic quantities of her shit in my nose right now!" I thought. I should've have been repulsed, but I found the thought strangely erotic.

And here she was now pulling off her underwear... "Now's when I get to really have fun," she said, as if she knew what thoughts were spinning through my head. "Kiss my asshole."

I was understandably reluctant. "I'm serious," she said, "and kiss it like you're absolutely in love with that smell." I felt like I was in a dream. Part of me didn't want to do it. And yet I felt strangely compelled. I began to think about the traces of fecal matter that must certainly be on her asshole right now. I began to think about my lips on it, about my lips being coated with a thin film of her personal filth. I looked down at her asshole. It was so hot, moist, sticky. The scent was absolutely disgusting.

And I began to kiss her asshole. I pressed my lips firmly and wetly against it. I began to sniff intently, and I allowed my lips to part slightly. It wasn't just the joy of seeing and feeling her incredibly beautiful round ass, up close mind you. I was falling in love with the smell of her ass. I was still thinking about how dirty her ass must be to smell like that - that there might really be more than just a 'trace' of shit...

"Hold your mouth open for me," she said. I did so without questioning it. Then she pushed that wonderful ass squarely into my face. I could see my own nose wedged deeply in the crack of her ass. The curves looked like the edge of the earth. The smell seemed intensely strong. "Keep it open," she instructed. My mind was reeling and time seemed to slow down. My open mouth made a perfect seal over her asshole.

And then she farted. It was a very long wet fart. My mouth filled with her stench and gagged. She laughed.

Momentarily what dignity I had left forced me to protest,;

“Stop!”

But she laughed and reminded me of my place. Then she told me to kiss her ass again while I told her how good her fart tasted. Now here's the part that I couldn't understand. Her fart, quite frankly, tasted like shit. (No surprises there.) But I liked it! Because it tasted like shit. It was more degrading than anything I could possibly imagine at the time, and it brought something out in me that I could not know existed. I enjoyed the feeling of being completely dominated and humiliated by this beautiful woman. The fact that she was my best friend I guess just allowed me to trust her enough to really enjoy it.

So I told her that her fart tasted great. I told her she could fart in my mouth anytime she wanted. The words were incredibly humiliating and the laughter they invoked from her made them even more so. I began to want to taste that dirty asshole. I told her so. It might have a little shit on it. I wanted to know what it would feel like to lick her dirty asshole. I told her that too, and then I stuck out my tongue and tentatively began to caress the wrinkled orifice of her ass.

Her asshole was fucking filthy, the taste bitter and salty. I lapped at it lasciviously and greedily. I wanted that taste in my mouth so badly. And I told her so. I thought she was incredibly beautiful, and I told her that too. Even Stacey was taken back by the lust of my desire. "I can't believe you like it so much," she said. "This is great! Any time you want to lick my asshole while you tell me how beautiful I am, you just let me know. Tell me again how much you like the taste of my dirty asshole." She giggled when she said the word "dirty".

"Actually," I responded, shocking myself as I spoke, "I believe dirty might not be the right word. It tastes like more than dirt. More like shit."

"You're tasting my shit?" she said. She spoke the words slowly, softly emphasizing each one. Especially the last. "Y'know," she said with that same tantalizing tone, "I have a confession. I have a fantasy of having a total slave. One that would do anything for me. I abuse my slave all I want, but nothing is too extreme for him. He dutifully does whatever I ask no matter how rude and degrading, and I have quite an imagination..." She smiled. "I don't really have a desire to be a bitch though, so in the fantasy he is willing, even more than willing, to humiliate himself for me. The more disgusting the act, the more he wants to do it. His willingness makes it all the more degrading and puts me on an even higher pedestal. I never beat him or anything like that.

"I can't believe I just told you all of that. No one has ever fully known that fantasy. I tried to tell Jason about a little bit of it. You know, starting with just liking to have my ass kissed. But he refused to do even that. That's the real reason we broke up."

It occurred to me that we might be perfect for each other. "Well, I'm not sure why," I said, "but I am absolutely loving this." And I placed a gentle peck on one of her perfect ass cheeks.

She said, "I forgot to tell you how the fantasy ends. The part that always makes me come..." She flushed slightly. I waited.

"Well, my slave, after taking hours of humiliation and abuse lies on the floor beneath me. I stand over him feet on either side of his head.

Sometimes I face him, sometimes I face away. Either way, I squat down over his face..."

I waved my hand in a gesture to encourage her to finish.

"Oh God, this is so strange to tell someone," she said. "Well, I can't think of any other way to put this other than... ..well, other than I shit on him. Well, at least I try to. But you see he is so adamant about humiliating himself for me... Well, when I look down at him, I am shocked to see that he has opened his mouth." She hesitated, then finished quickly, "And naturally he eats my shit."

I was overwhelmed by her story. She added, "It's usually too much for him to eat all at once when I'm shitting so it goes all over his face. Eventually he eats all of it, then he licks the shit off my ass until it's clean."

The story left me totally light-headed. I suddenly became aware of the heady smell of her ass on my face, coupled with the sweetness of her wet pussy below. I didn't say a thing. Instead I buried my face in her ass and began licking her pussy. Her come was such a sweet contrast to her ass, which I sniffed every time I inhaled. I licked her clit with great zeal and she came in a matter of a few short minutes.

After she came I showered her ass, asshole, pussy and clit with kisses. "That was so awesome," she said. "I still can't believe what's happened tonight."

I said, "Lie down and just relax. I'll do all the work. I want to lick your asshole some more." Then I took one of the pillows on my bed and pushed it under her hips. This forced a natural arch to her back and forced her ass up and toward my face.

She chuckled and hugged the other pillow on my bed to her chest. "You go right ahead. But if I have to fart, you'd better just open your mouth and wait for it." I said, "Please do."

I began licking her asshole again. I was actually a little disappointed that all the licking had eliminated most of the bitter salty mixture that I had first encountered. I began to probe my tongue inside her sweet shitter. She let

out soft little moans and satisfied chuckles as I licked out her ass. After a few minutes she said, "You are such a good ass-licker."

Then after a brief pause, she added with a teasing chuckle, "But what would you do if I really did have to take a shit? You wouldn't make a pretty girl like me get dressed and actually walk to the bathroom would you? I'm not like that skanky old girlfriend you had, right? Wouldn't you just offer to service me? I'm worth it, aren't I? Wouldn't actually be an honor for you? Think about it..."

I felt an unbelievable wave of excitement at the prospect of being treated that way by her-much to my own shock. I just couldn't answer her. She said almost shyly, "...because I think I have to go."

My mind exploded. I was at a complete crossroads. If I let this girl do this to me, things could never be the same. Hell they already couldn't. But this, geez... Apparently she sensed my mind was reeling and that she could just take control if she wanted to. She suddenly turned her nose up in the air, smiled, and said, "You know what? I won this bet, right? So if I want to make you eat shit, well you'll eat shit!"

And she laughed a wonderful cruel laugh that I would grow to love. I felt positively driven to begin licking her asshole again. I was absolutely worshipping her, even though I knew (or maybe because?) she was preparing to badly mistreat me. Talk about low self-esteem. Finally, she stopped me. She said, "Lie down on your bed." And so I did. She stood up on the bed and straddled my face, facing away from me. She looked down with a huge smile. We both knew why she was up there when she said, "I have to warn you, I'm going to love doing this no matter what you think of it..." I said, "OK," and gave her full reign to do with me as she pleased. And I already knew what her pleasure was...

She then lowered herself downwards. I looked up at her flowing hair as it lay down over her back. I could see, where her flannel shirt opened, the small of her back, and the exaggerated curves of her ass, now hovering maybe 18" over my face. Finally, I saw the beautiful pouting lips of her pussy and her delicious asshole. Her asshole began visibly puckering. Then it opened steadily and I could see the tip of her shit poking out. Then it

came out rapidly. The smell was overwhelming. It squeezed out of her ass and fell down onto my face. In my awe, I had forgotten to open my mouth so her first load lay over my nose and partly on my lips.

I heard her laughing as she said, "Eat it. Eat my shit." I opened my mouth and began to lap at it with my tongue. The bitterness of the taste could not match the bitterness of the degradation. She squeezed out a second load. It landed directly in my open mouth. I began to eat it, chewing it, pushing my tongue all through it. It was an exquisitely shitty experience. My mind kept going over the fact that this was really happening, and that Stacey's *shit* was really in my mouth. That this wasn't some fantasy. That I was truly eating shit for this girl. That she could look at me from this day forward and at any time say to me, "you ate my shit!"

She let a final, much softer load go. It landed on my nose and covered one eye. She was wracked with derisive laughter as she repeated over and over, "Eat shit, Boy-Loser." and then "Shit-Eating Loser!" and again, "Eat my shit!"

I remember how being amazed at how strong her shit tasted, but I swallowed anyway. I scooped up the shit that had not landed in my mouth and ate that too. She let me use a tissue to wipe up what was left on my face. When my face was clean (sort of), she sat full on my face, and I got to taste the wonderful stench of her shit and my humiliation afresh. As I wiped her asshole clean with my tongue, she said with great derision, "That's it. Lick the asshole of the person who just shit down your throat!" and laughed again.

I blasted into my pants without even touching myself.

She was stroking her clit while I licked her ass and she came too. Then she turned around so she was facing me, and told me to lick up her come. She told me to lick her clit. In the middle of doing that she pissed on my face and in my mouth. I had become her absolute slave. Before the full day was up she pissed in my mouth another eight times and took three more shits, two of a hard chewy consistency and one quite loose. I devoured and drank everything her beautiful orifices produced.



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EPILOGUE

Now, she's my full-time girlfriend, sort of. But with a very kinky twist of course. Strangely, we have sort of stopped being friends. I guess it's because I'm really more of a slave now. She makes me eat her shit often. She just loves doing that to me, and she is convinced no one else would let her actually shit on them.

She likes to make me beg for it. When she feels like she's gotta go, she takes off her pants and underwear, or if she's wearing a skirt, just her panties, and sits back on her sofa. She makes me kneel before her, and always always always I have to kiss and lick her feet and beg in as explicit language as possible to be her toilet. Sometimes she makes me lick her feet forever.

Once she is satisfied that I have humiliated myself enough for her current whims, she leans back on the sofa, lifts one or both legs and makes me lick her pussy until she comes or pisses or both. Then and only then am I permitted to lick her asshole. She says she wants to feel like I am coaxing her to shit on me, using my tongue on her asshole. It also relaxes her, she says. Usually I know she's getting close because she starts to fart in my mouth. Sometimes the stink is unbelievable, and she loves it when I gag. It always makes her laugh.

When the time finally arrives, she just starts to shit on my tongue while I am lapping at her asshole (like a dog she sometimes says). When I begin to

taste the bitterness of her shit, I cover her asshole with my open mouth and just let her shit right into my mouth. My mouth will fill with her shit. When it's filled I try to start eating it. The bitterness is indescribable. Sometimes, she continues shitting while I try to eat it as fast as I can, with a good amount of it going all over my face. She loves that.

I've gotten sick a few times, but she loves that when it happens, so I never complain. She never uses the toilet to take a piss. And we don't have any toilet paper for her, except my tongue. And she uses her "toilet paper" for everything. Even if she has her period, or diarrhea.

She does have quite an imagination, and she has found amazing ways to add sting to the humiliation. She sometimes will get up at the table in my apartment while we are eating dinner, walk over to me and piss on my food. Then she watches as I eat it. One time she made me lick both her piss and shit off of her bathroom floor. She gets a real kick out of making me "bob" for pieces of her shit out of the toilet. Every now and then she makes me lick her toilet bowl clean.

Things are really getting bad now. She regularly cheats on me for "normal" sex. She always tells me every detail about how she sucked the guy's dick or how good it felt when she took it up the ass. Last night she had a guy come to my apartment and made me sit in the closet while they had sex on my bed. They did everything. He came in her mouth, her pussy, her ass. I had to listen to everything, and unfortunately I could also see it. That wasn't the worst part though. The next morning after he left, she made me lick his come out of her pussy. Then she took a shit in my mouth and I tasted his come again. She pissed right on my face while I was still eating the mixture of her shit and his come.

The problem is, I love doing it all for her. And she loves having it all done for her. It may never stop...



End

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