



PUNISHING HIS BETRAYAL

LESBIAN TOILET SLAVERY, SCAT,
PUNISHMENT, BDSM, FEMDOM &
HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

PUNISHING HIS BETRAYAL

TOILET SLAVERY, SCAT, FEMDOM, BDSM,
HUMILIATION & MORE

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ALEX KILROY.

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

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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WARNING

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

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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THE TASTE OF REGRET.



It didn't matter that Faye Carter was one of the best doctors in the state—the pandemic turned the world upside down and every doctor available had to work their ass off to keep things running.

She never complained. When a younger Faye got into med school she already knew the hardships that she would have to face eventually. She never imagined something like what was happening nowadays, but nobody did.

Faye worked a lot of extra hours since the pandemic worsened, and it took a toll on her personal life. She always had a nearly insatiable appetite for sex, which was something that she had in common with her husband, Garrett. The bedroom was the first of my aspects of their life to suffer because she was always working or too exhausted after coming home just to shower, take a bite, and go to sleep.

Garrett tried to be understanding at first, but his desires were stronger than his will.



It started almost innocently. He would take a look at his coworker's legs and ass, or maybe even their tits if it was a hot day and they wore a top that showed a lot of cleavage. Eventually, he started flirting with them. He convinced himself that it was something innocent and not at all cheating because he wasn't actually doing anything.

It didn't take long before one of his coworkers started flirting back. To his delight, she agreed to go out with him after work to grab a few drinks. Again, he justified himself by saying that there was nothing wrong with that because nothing happened; just two people that worked together winding down after a long day.

Faye never suspected anything. She was devoted to her work and she spent all her energy at the hospital while her husband went out with Lucy from work.

Garrett kept making up excuses for his behavior in his head. He didn't think there was anything wrong with kissing Lucy on the lips because they didn't even have sex. Hell, he didn't even touch her. Maybe her face and her arm, but that's it. Maybe her back and her thighs, but what was the big deal about that anyway?

It didn't take long for Garrett to fuck Lucy. He didn't care about cheating or making excuses for himself. His cravings needed to be satiated and it was clear that his wife was too busy with work. He didn't resent her, but he didn't care anymore.



Faye started noticing changes in her husband's behaviour. It was the little things: he started coming home later than usual from work, he was busy on the weekends out of nowhere, and he claimed that he had to go on business trips more often. Despite being exhausted and busy with her professional life, Faye felt the need to investigate.

Her hunch was proven right when she checked their credit cards balance. There was money spent on jewellery and on expensive restaurants recently,

and she didn't receive anything from her husband, not to mention that she didn't go with him to any of those restaurants and fancy places.

The woman was broken inside, but she refused to break down because of the man's antics. The gears started turning in her head, and soon enough, she already had a plan. She set it in motion the very next day.

Faye talked to the hospital's director and explained that she needed some time because the pandemic took a heavy toll on her. Thankfully, they were close friends from all those years working together.

"I understand. What do you need from me?" asked Harry, the director.

"Look, Harry, you know that I'm good at what I do and that I love helping other people."

"But?"

"I don't think I can keep this on for much longer. I end up dead tired every single day, and it's making me want to quit so I can have some peace and quiet in my life."

Harry knew that he couldn't afford to lose such a good doctor, but he didn't realise that she was bluffing. She knew him too well, and his face revealed that he bought the little bit of acting.

"No, you can't even say something like that! Dr. Carter, no, Faye... I know that things haven't been easy, but is there any other way?"

"Perhaps if I could work part-time for a while instead of full-time with overtime on top of it..."

"Consider it done," said Harry, clapping his hands together. "Starting tomorrow, you'll work a lot fewer hours."

"I can't thank you enough."

"No, I'm the one who should thank you. You've been supporting us like nobody else, and it's my turn to pay you back. You'll have your new schedule in your email before the day is over."

Faye shook hands with Harry and left the hospital with a mischievous smile on her face. The first part of her plan was to make sure that she would have enough free time to enact her vengeance, and it went as smoothly as could be. It was time to surprise Garrett with the news.

The doctor went home and parked her car in the driveway. Her husband's car was already there, which was perfect. She opened the door and took off her shoes after entering her house.

"Honey? I wasn't expecting you tonight," said Garrett who looked like he just got home as well.

"Life is full of surprises, baby. Sit on the couch and rest, I'm going to cook dinner."

"Are you sure? You must be tired. We can eat something frozen."

"I insist. Sit your cute ass down and let me work in the kitchen."

Garrett was confused but delighted. He had been eating crappy meals since his wife started spending more time working at the hospital. That was about to change, but the man never suspected that it was all part of the woman's revenge. It was meant to appear as an act of love, but in reality, it was something entirely different.



The food was delicious, just as he remembered it. There was nothing unusual about it because it wasn't time for that yet. Faye wanted him to feel comfortable and at ease so he wouldn't notice or suspect anything. She was playing the part of the loving wife perfectly.

She broke the news about her change in schedule later that night when they were already in bed.

"You know, Harry," she said, "I've been working so much lately that I requested to work fewer hours so I could spend more time at the house."

"I'm glad you did. You were looking so drained lately."

“I can imagine. I’m sorry about that.”

“It’s okay, my love,” said Garrett while caressing her cheek, “this additional rest will do you good.”

She wasn’t thrilled about the man showing that kind of affection when he had been fucking some other woman while still married to her, but she masked her true feelings with a sweet smile.

They both slept peacefully that night. Despite the betrayal that she had just suffered, Faye was focused on her vengeance to get back at him. Garrett, on the other hand, was blissfully unaware and he fell asleep immediately thanks to the great and abundant food that he devoured.

She worked her new schedule the next day and she was back home so early that it felt alien to her. However, that was exactly what she needed: an empty house. She had been suppressing the need to go to the bathroom until then for that same reason. She needed the empty house to continue with her plan.

The woman grabbed a big plate and set it on the floor before taking her pants off. She squatted over the plate and pushed with all her might. Slowly but surely, an immense piece of shit made its way out of her asshole and dropped on the plate with a loud thud. The woman giggled to herself at the sight of that monster.

She wiped herself and threw the toilet paper away before putting her clothes back on, grabbing the plate, and putting it on the kitchen counter. Over the course of the next few hours, she cooked a feast that was even bigger and more appetising than the one from the night before. This time, however, there was a secret ingredient: little pieces of shit mixed with the food. She made sure to be subtle enough to not raise any red flags with the overall flavour and consistency of the food.

Only her husband’s portions got that secret ingredient, of course.

Her excitement was so intense that she had to control herself. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs that he was eating her shit, but for her plan to work as she wanted it to, she had to remain quiet.



She repeated the same process during the next few days. She stored her shit and her piss in containers deep inside the freezer, where she knew that the man would never find them. He constantly praised her cooking since she was going the extra mile for him now, or so he thought.

Eventually, the day for the grand finale came. The doctor slipped something in his drink when he wasn't looking to make sure that he wouldn't wake up until the morning, despite touching him and moving. She even sang as she put on the shackles on him after he was knocked out.

Garrett woke up slowly the next day. His head was killing him, and his day was about to get much worse. He tried to get out of bed but that's when he realized that he was restrained; his wrists and ankles were shackled to the bed.

His confused face was too much for Faye, who was silently watching him from the room's entrance, leaning on the door frame. Her laughter caught his attention.

"Faye? Honey, what's going on?" he asked.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

Her joking tone turned his confusion into annoyance.

"Come on, it's not funny. Take these things off of me."

"Why would I do that? I put them on for a reason."

"It was you? Have you lost your mind, woman?"

"No, I'm thinking very clearly, thank you very much."

She slowly walked up to their bed, where he was restrained. She sat next to him and caressed his cheek, tracing his jawline with her finger. There was no hesitation when she dropped the bomb.

"I know that you've been seeing and fucking someone else."

Garrett was taken aback. For a moment he even forgot about the ridiculous situation that he was in. His brain was going a thousand miles per hour, trying to come up with a convincing excuse. He knew by looking at his wife's unwavering look that any excuse would be an insult since he couldn't weasel his way out of this one.

"I see that you have nothing to say," she said with a half-smile.

"It's not that. I'm just... I can change. I can make it up to you."

"Even if I believed you, I'm not going to untie you just yet."

"Why is that?"

"Because the show is about to start," she said while patting herself on the stomach, which was a little bloated.

"What show?" he asked with fear in his voice.

The doctor stood up and walked around the room.

"Did you know that I've been eating an immense amount of beans for the past two days?" she asked while ignoring his own question completely.

"What...?"

"It's true! And to top it off, I haven't gone to the bathroom in these same two days. I have a bomb in here, I'll tell you that much."

Garrett didn't say anything. What could he say? His wife stopped making sense, tying him up to the bed and talking about beans and bombs. It would make sense soon enough, but he was far from ready.

"Anyway," she continued, "I've been planning this for a while now."

"Planning what?" she asked, still as confused.

"My revenge, of course. You've been eating my shit and drinking my piss for the past week, fucker. Right now you have my waste in your system."

Garrett was disgusted and dumbfounded. Was she serious? How could it be?

“I don’t believe you,” he said, trying to call a bluff that didn’t exist.

“Oh, I don’t care if you believe me or not. If you were able to get out of this bed, you could check the freezer. There’s a container in there with my shit. I had to store some since I was planning on holding these beans for a while, you know?”

She looked directly into his eyes with an ever-increasing smile on her face.

“I’m glad you enjoyed my cooking, honey.”

The man gagged uncontrollably. He felt like vomiting but he was able to keep it in him.

“Not so fast. It’s time for the main course.”

The woman climbed on the bed and stood up. She slowly took off her clothes, which she threw in random directions. She turned around and squatted over her husband’s face. He tried again, in vain, to release himself from his shackles.

“I can feel it coming. Enjoy the show.”

The doctor spread her ass cheeks with her hands and released an ungodly fart. It was so fetid that Garrett gagged again, unable to stop himself from sucking it in through his nostrils. He tried to hold his breath but a coughing fit forced him to inhale the rest of the fart. The flatulence continued, with every fart being louder and more fetid than the last one.



Faye enjoyed the symphony coming from her asshole and the restricted man sniffed it all up.

“That wasn’t too bad of a start,” she said. “I knew that eating so many beans couldn’t be good for me, but this is too much fun.”

Garrett mumbled something, but Faye shushed him and continued talking.

“Not now, baby. We’re in the middle of my performance and it would be rude of you to interrupt.”

She passed some more gas until she ran out. All the farts pushed the shit enough that it was about to come out with little to no effort from her.

She got serious and pushed with her hands on her thighs. She moved them to her knees and squeezed them, as her asshole expanded right in front of Garrett's eyes. He couldn't believe what was happening. He was still dizzy from all the flatulence that got shot directly on his face, but this smelled even worse.

The first piece of shit landed on his chin because he didn't move his head fast enough. It slid down to his chest leaving brown marks on its way until it found its home on his chest. The second piece of excrement landed directly on his chest, as the woman giggled and moaned uncontrollably from a combination of release and excitement. Keeping herself from using the bathroom for the last couple of days was hard, but the reward of shitting all over her cheating husband was worth it.

“Please,” he said, “no more.”

“We’re just getting started. Open wide now or you’re going to regret it.”

Her voice turned dark for a second, and he knew that it was better to just do what she said. He was in no position to negotiate anyway.

The woman relaxed another set of muscles and released a stream of warm piss directly into his mouth. The liquid was hot and it tasted like nothing that he had experienced before. He was confused, not knowing how to feel about it.

“You need to swallow five times. Nod if you can hear me.”

She turned her head to watch her husband nod, and she gave him a smile in return. One, two, three, four, five. She counted the gulps out loud to mock him more.

“Good job, honey.”

The man had watery eyes and his face and chest were covered in piss, not to mention the bedsheets. The shit kept on coming while he swallowed her piss, forming a small mountain on his chest.

“Time for the main dish. Dig in, I cooked those for you with all my love.”

“Faye, we can talk about it. You don’t have to...”

“You know me better than this, Garrett. You can’t talk your way out of this, and you know that you should do what I’m telling you to do.”

The smile sealed the deal. The man would not risk not doing what she wanted him to do, because she may as well destroy his life if she exposed his affair. Everyone in his company would find out and he would get fired before the day was over. No, he couldn’t risk it.

“I know that you fucked your little lover five times.”

“How do you know?”

“It was easy to figure out once I analyzed all our credit card statements. You took her to fancy restaurants and then you paid for a hotel. Disgusting, but at least you had the decency to not bring her to our home.”

“Baby...”

“Five times. You cheated on me with her five times. That’s why you had to swallow my piss five times and now you’re going to get five mouthfuls of my stinky shit.”

Stinky was an understatement. The man had to do a herculean effort to keep himself from crying and vomiting, but he managed to hang in there.

“Now,” she ordered.

“My hands are tied,” he said.

“You don’t need them. Eat from your chest like the dog you are.”

He nodded and focused on the small mountain of shit. Without hesitation, he took the first bite and chewed a couple of times before forcing himself to

swallow. The taste was rancid, but he endured it. The second bite was just as bad as the first one, but he once again masticated to break it down enough.

His mouth and teeth were coated with his wife's shit and his tongue could only taste shit and piss. It was something surreal, thinking that just last night he was eating a wonderful meal cooked by his wife while thinking that she would never find out about the affair.

The third and fourth mouthfuls were carried on almost in immediate succession, but he couldn't do it anymore. Faye noticed his hesitation.

"You're missing one."

"Faye..."

"How many times did you fuck her?"

He didn't respond.

"I asked you a question."

"Five times. You know that already."

"In that case, you know that you're missing one bite. Open up and make sure to take a chunk out of the biggest one on your chest."

She slapped him on the face to make him snap out of it. Once again, it wasn't necessary to threaten him because he knew that she was a strong and relentless woman that would stop at nothing to make her wishes come true.

Shaking his head to gather his last bit of strength, he took the fifth and final bite. The smell, taste, and somewhat soft consistency of the shit were the only thoughts bouncing around his head. The affair didn't matter anymore, only getting out of there was important now.

The woman smiled, satisfied. Her plan had finally come to an end and Garrett was punished accordingly. It wasn't easy, but it had to be done and she was satisfied with the results.

To her surprise, her husband didn't puke. She patted her on the head as if he was a dog, and took off his restraints. There was no fire in his eyes. They were almost empty. She knew that he wouldn't try anything because she had broken his spirit and his mind.

“Clean up before you leave the room.”

She went to take a shower after giving him his final order. Garrett, defeated and disgusted, looked down on himself and the bed, dreading all the mess that he had to clean up. Meanwhile, his wife sang happily in the shower.

He licked his lips. The taste of shit still lingered.



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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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[Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 4: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, BDSM, Financial Domination, Femdom & Humiliation](#)

[Whatever It Takes Part 3: Lezdom, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.](#)

[Her Husband... Is Her Slave Part 3: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Femdom & Humiliation.](#)

[You Are Her Slave 9: An Extreme Femdom Bundle: Toilet Slavery, Foot Worship, Spitting, Trample, CBT, Femdom, Cuckoldry, Humiliation & More.](#)

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[Drinking Her Milk To Grow: HuCow, Breastfeeding, Human Milk Drinking, Bullying & Femdom](#)

Becoming His Stepmothers Slave Part 3: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.

Whatever It Takes Part 2: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Bullying, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation.

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Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom

Open Wide, It's Coming Out!

Your Meals Come From My Ass!

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Smelly Our Stinky Farts

I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry

Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1

Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!:(Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom)

Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!

So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday

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