



*putting him*  
**IN HIS PLACE**

FOOT SLAVERY, FEMDOM, ASS  
WORSHIP, HUMILIATION & MORE

ALEX KILROY

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

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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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## A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE.

On the outside, Rupert was the guy everyone wanted to be. He was handsome, athletic...and a member of a filthy rich family.

The problem?

He was also a *huge* asshole and a self-admitted misogynist.

So until he opened his mouth, everything seemed to be going for him. Then he'd begin with one of his rants, telling women they only were good for cooking and cleaning, and that letting any of them go to college was a waste of everyone's time and money. In Rupert's eyes, a woman's place was at home, and nothing more.



Being enrolled at an elite boarding school, it wasn't like students and staff could just get away from him after class was over. He was, in more ways than one, the king of the school, as his father was the institution's largest financial sponsor. Rupert believed he was untouchable thanks to his highly influential and wealthy father, and even though *every single faculty member* and female student loathed him, no one had the power to get rid of him.

The headmistress had thought *many* times how on earth she could expel him without his father firing her and reinstating him the very next day?

Rupert was making everyone's lives a living hell. The spoilt asshole had once told her:

“Why don't you quit and let a man take over your job and do it properly? If you were even half way educated, you would know that the female brain is 40% smaller than a males. There's simply no way you can do the job as well as a man could, *you're inferior*. I bet that's why you don't even have a husband, you try to be something you are not.” He said, while smirking at her.

The headmistress had never been a violent person. But at that point she wanted to slap him Rupert across the face.



It seemed inevitable that Rupert would graduate and go on to become a very powerful and messed up man himself, and Mrs. Hallew hated the fact that there was *nothing* she could do to put him in his place, to bring him down a notch. That was, until a piece of news that would have been tragic had it been anyone else arrived.

Rupert's father was dead.

Rupert's father had died and the teenager didn't even know about it, because he simply refused to pick up his stepmother's phone calls. Can you imagine?! Amanda had called him *repeatedly* since the terrible accident, but no matter how much she insisted, he simply ignored her. Rupert believed himself to be “so cool” by ignoring all communication with her. Since she was a good-for-nothing woman and simply a gold digger in his eyes, anything she had to tell Rupert, he could hear it from his dad instead. After all, he was the man in the relationship, and the wife was just there to look pretty and keep her stupid mouth shut.

Eventually, Amanda gave up, and called the headmistress instead, letting her know about what had happened to her husband. That was when Mrs. Hallew had an amazing idea, and hearing the weary tone in Amanda's

voice, she knew that the stepmom would agree to anything just to keep her bratty stepson in check.

“If you don’t mind me saying... I know how difficult your step-son can be. I’d like to send you a detailed plan to improve his behavior.”

Amanda agreed to review the proposal, and Mrs. Hallew sent it over that very afternoon, dedicating herself to nothing else during that workday. She had been waiting for this kind of opportunity for so long, and now, she was going to teach that little brat a lesson he’d never forget.

To no one’s surprise, Amanda gave the school her consent. How could any woman not hate Rupert’s extremely misogynistic, spoilt attitude?

The very next morning, a brightly smiling headmistress stepped into the teacher’s lounge, and she distributed the new treatment Rupert should receive from that very day. It was going to be a very interesting year indeed.



It was only a few days later that the plan was finally put into action. Everything seemed normal to Rupert, but little did he know his life was about to change forever. He ignored the line at the cafeteria completely, getting ahead of everyone else like he owned the entire place.

“I want my food now, *peasant*.” He snapped at the lunch lady, a matronly but sweet older woman who had worked at the school for many years and adored all the students there... all but Rupert.

“You’re just in time, deary, I have a very special lunch for you,” She replied, sweet as sugar. He huffed and rolled his eyes at her.

“Can you move your fat ass faster? God, it’s like you want to irritate me! I’ll call my dad and get you fired if you waste any more of my fucking time!” He insulted her viciously, calling her a few more names for good measure before leaving with his tray of food.

He began eating at it with absolutely no manners, not even realizing what had been mixed in with the meat. Mrs. Hallow smirked as she saw him gulp down his lunch. That was it, that was the moment she had been waiting for!

It didn't take Rupert long at all before he started to feel sick. He was dizzy and confused and decided that he'd better go lay down in his room. He didn't care at all if he missed the rest of the classes, he'd get straight As nonetheless! His father would make sure he did. Rupert had been raised to believe that he deserved everything without working hard for it, after all.

That was about to change for good!

He laid down on his bed and didn't even realise when he fell asleep. Or rather, when he fell unconscious due to the drugs he had ingested.



When Rupert opened his eyes, feeling his head spinning and hurting like hell, he didn't realise where he was sitting at first. It wasn't his bed, that was for damned sure! The floor was cold, and he was resting his head against a smooth and smelly surface.

When he finally managed to focus his gaze on his surroundings, Rupert finally realised where he was. It was a damned bathroom, and his hand was chained to the toilet!

"What the fuck?" He grunted, confused, and angry, not understanding what was going on! That was when he noticed the school's headmistress standing there, staring down at him like he was garbage left behind on the floor.

"We are all a bit tired of your attitude, and it's time to go through an attitude adjustment therapy. It'll help you correct your behaviour, and make you understand how wrong your treatment of women is." She informed him, and Rupert stared at her, mouth agape, unable to believe the guts in that woman! "You'll be the slave of the College Netball Team until you learn your lesson."

Rupert growled at her, sneering cruelly as he spat:

“I’m going to tell my father about this, and when he hears what you’ve said to me, he’ll not only have you fired... you stupid, disgusting *bitch*... He’ll get you arrested! I bet you’ll love that, since you’re obviously a fucking dyke! You’ll get to fuck lots of disgusting women like you in there!”

But this time, she didn’t cower at the mention of his father. Instead, she simply laughed and shook her head dismissively at the bratty teenager.

“Oh, you’re going to tell your father? I don’t see how that’s possible, considering he is dead and has been for two weeks now.”

“What?!” Rupert yelled, opening his eyes wide.

“Amanda, your stepmother, has been calling you nonstop to tell you the news, but since you refuse to answer her calls, then this is how you must find out. And since she is now your legal guardian, she has the power to authorise an extreme treatment to finally help you learn your place.”

Rupert was in disbelief. His eyes wide with shock and fury.

“You really are an insane fucking *BITCH*!” He screamed at her, trying to pull at the chain and free himself, but it was impossible.

“Shh, you are going to hurt yourself. And believe me, you’ll want to keep your strength for what’s going to come next.”

“From now on, you’ll be washing - *by hand* - all the netball team’s uniforms, socks and underwear. You will also be required to give them a nice, long massage after their every match, and compliment them daily. As a matter of fact, *anything* that they ask of you - you do. You need to learn that mistreating women is simply not acceptable, do you understand?”

“I don’t understand a fucking thing!” He snapped at her angrily, but she just laughed dismissively.

“You don’t realise that all that bravado is worth nothing now? Your father can’t protect you any longer, and your stepmother? She wants this to happen to you. So, you can scream and scream all day long, or you can try and become a decent human being. Until then, you are staying there.”

And just like that, Mrs. Hallow turned around and walked away, leaving him screaming profanities. She closed the door behind her, and Rupert was forced to spend the rest of the time sitting there, trying in vain to break free. It was all for naught: there was no escape, not until she set him free, and that wouldn't happen until he stopped being a misogynistic little brat.



The very next day, Rupert awakened to the sounds of the netball team walking into the locker room. Some of them decided to take a shower, but others? They couldn't wait to take advantage of their brand new slave, especially after every nasty thing he had said to them.

"Let me out of here, you crazy bitches!" He screamed loudly as he heard them walking near. He didn't seem to understand the position he was in.

"Someone is being a bit of a brat!" Ashley, a tall, muscular student said, grinning wickedly at him. She had been called a slut and an idiot plenty of times by Rupert. She had been called a dyke and a disgusting tomboy that didn't know how to use makeup even if she tried by him, one too many times.

And now, he was going to pay.

"I want a fucking foot massage." She snapped at him, putting her smelly, sweaty right foot on his chest, and pinned him hard to the wall.

"No fucking way!" He snapped at her, but she just laughed and told him:

"Right now, idiot. You don't run the shots here any longer. The headmistress said that if you don't obey, you won't be getting fed. And since there is nowhere you can go, well, you won't be eating till you stop being such a jerk. She told us that you haven't eaten in a full day already."

Rupert gritted his teeth and he hissed harshly, but he was indeed hungry, and he had no way of asking for help, so he decided that he'd submit to their demands until he planned a way of getting out of that disgusting toilet.

He grabbed her moist foot and began rubbing with a scowl of disgust on his face.

“Fuck, you sweated so much!” He said, wrinkling his nose and trying not to smell in her stinking feet.

“Yeah, well, I’ve been playing sports all morning long. You know what? Since it bothers you so much, why don’t you clean my foot up with your tongue?” She said, smirking down at him. “Clean it up, especially between my toes. Come on, slave!”

“No!” He screamed, but she took advantage of that opening to stick her toes into his mouth.

“You try and bite me, and I’m telling the headmistress. Believe me, she doesn’t like you at all. She’ll be happy to punish you!”

Reluctantly, he sucked on her toes, cringing at her disgusting smell, at the salty taste of her sweat. He didn’t want to do any of it, but what else could he do? It reeked so bad, and he couldn’t hold his breath for so long! It was impossible. Rupert ended up having to smell her sweaty feet, while she laughed and mocked him.

“See? This is what happens when you mess with women constantly,” She snapped at him when he was done licking her toes when she was satisfied with the job he had done. “Now massage it, and quit complaining. It’s boring to hear you go on and on, you know?”

He grabbed her foot again and began massaging it, swallowing up his pride and anger. But if he thought that this would be all he had to endure, he had another thing coming.

Girl after girl walked into the bathroom, demanding him to massage their feet, lick their soles.. suck their sweaty toes, or rub their shoulders to relax after the big game. Some, mercifully, had showered, but most purposefully went to him before they cleaned themselves up. It was more fun to force Rupert to do whatever they wanted him to while having to endure their after-match stink. Their skin had soaked up huge amounts of sweat, so the girls stunk to the high heavens. After a while, Rupert actually tried to force

himself to enjoy the women's torments, but being forced to lick toe jam and sock lint from between their long, boney toes always made him gag uncontrollably. They would always laugh at him as he coughed and spluttered.

After all the girls were done with him, there was no rest -and certainly not food- for Rupert. Instead, he had to deal with all the clothes the girls threw at him. One of the teachers walked in after they had all left, and holding a basket filled with their soiled uniforms. Rather than simply place the basket down.. she emptied the reeking garments down onto him. The smell was so rank that she had to cover her nose as she laughed at him.

"Here you go, little brat." She said, with a satisfied look on her face. It was his math teacher, a middle-aged woman he had called stupid more times than he could even remember. "Clean everything up nice and good. And if you don't do a good job, you'll only be having water and bread for dinner tonight."

"You need to let me go! This is a crime, you'll all end up in prison!" He threatened her, but she just laughed at him.

"Jail? Oh, dear, don't be stupid. We have your step-mother's written authorisation. Believe me, we aren't going to get in any trouble... but if you don't learn to be an obedient boy and respect women around you, you'll be the one in real trouble, Rupert."

He gritted his teeth and grabbed the soap, starting to rub the stinky clothes, clumsily cleaning everything up. He wasn't good at it: Rupert hadn't as much as cleaned a single t-shirt in his life! So indeed he didn't end up doing a good job, and his dinner was just warm tap water and stale breath.



During the following few days, he continued to hand wash every single item of clothing those girls wore and tried harder and harder as time went by.

The girls were getting increasingly sadistic with him, finding joy in humiliating the guy that had once put them down without any kind of repercussion. Finally, Rupert had to do whatever they told him to, or face consequences. He wasn't the alpha male in the boarding school any longer. Most of his classmates didn't even know where he was!

"You are such a loser! Look at my socks, they are all yellow and disgusting! You didn't clean them at all!" One of the players hissed at him, throwing the stinking socks at his face. She had used them nonetheless, and if they had smelled bad before, now it was truly disgusting. She leaned down in front of him, coughing loudly and clearing her throat. She then picked the sock from the ground and held it under her mouth. Rupert couldn't watch, he suspected what was coming and it would be disgusting.

But then...

*WHACK*

The tall female athlete slapped him across the face.

"Make sure you're watching, *slave boy*" she said, her voice full of spit. When Rupert didn't obey, she quickly drew her hand back as if to slap him again.

"Okay, *okay!*" he yelled desperately, and watched her.

She then opened her mouth and a huge glob of spit fell onto the sock.

"Ewwww, look at it.. there's so much!"

Then she forcefully grabbed Rupert and forced her spit filled dirty sock into his mouth.

He gagged and pulled the socks out of his mouth, but she wasn't having it.

"Put that damned sock in your mouth and give me a nice long foot rub, unless you want me to tell Mrs. Hallegew all about the pathetic job you did here!"

"No, please, I need a real meal tonight!" He pleaded, but the girl wasn't showing him any mercy. He reluctantly rolled up the sock, and stuck it in

his mouth, trying so hard not to gag. That would only make her madder, and who knew what she'd have him do next?

With that disgusting fabric stuck inside his mouth, he began rubbing the girl's feet, both of them resting on his lap. He rubbed his thumbs against her thick warm soles, but she wiggled her toes at him, raising her brow sharply.

"Rub between my toes, get all up in there." She demanded, stretching her big feet out toward him and Rupert truly didn't want to do it at all. That was where the sweat and gunk gathered up. It was so disgusting, but he didn't really have a choice. Not if he wanted to eat meat that night, or even veggies.

He stuck his fingers between her sweaty toes and groaned against the disgustingly smelly sock. It was as if all he could smell was her stink. Fuck, it was so bad!

"Inhale sharply, Rupert, I want you to learn to enjoy that smell, you should be thanking me for blessing you this way. You were such a pathetic jerk before, thinking you were better than anyone else in here!"

He was about to shake his head but forced himself to inhale sharply instead, taking in all her sweaty stench. His stepmother had absolutely betrayed him, and that bitch would agree to Mrs. Hallow doing anything she wanted to him.

It was almost a week before Mrs. Hallow returned to pay him a visit. His back was killing him, and his fingers were sore and red. He spent all his time sitting there, waiting for the girls to come to bring him their clothes or demand he massage their feet or clean them up with his tongue.

He hated them all, but bit by bit, it seemed like he was making a bit of progress. It wasn't that much, but it was enough to have him not scream profanities at whichever woman entered the bathroom. In the beginning, he couldn't even achieve that.

"Well, I've heard you've been less of a little brat this week." She said as all greetings. He didn't even deserve that, at least not for the time being. Perhaps when he was a decent young man, but that wasn't the case yet. She

had been told he was obeying the girls, but she wanted to test his humility, and see if he was truly genuine, or just faking it to leave the bathroom.

“I’m trying.” He replied, somehow managing to keep his temper from ruining everything for him. “Please, I need a bed to sleep on. Everything hurts.”

“Not just yet... but perhaps soon,” Mrs. Halley said, and smiled at him thoughtfully. “You know what? You might have earned yourself a little break. Perhaps I’ll let you take a nap on a cot down here if you show me you’re truly improving your attitude.”

“Alright, yes. Please, put me to the test.” He begged, and she smirked at him, knowing that he’d be regretting those words soon enough.

She lifted her dress and lowered her underwear, taking a seat on the toilet next to him. Much to Rupert’s shock, she actually began taking a massive dump right there, filling the bathroom with her disgusting stench. It smelled so bad, he couldn’t believe it!

“W-Why are you doing this?” He asked, swallowing his pride and trying to keep his anger from bubbling up.

“I want you to show some humility. You’re going to wipe my ass.” She explained, and with a loud fart, finished taking the disgusting, smelly dump. “Flush for me, too.”

Rupert flushed the toilet, relieved that the worst of the smell was going down the drain along with the turds. But what he thought was the worst part was only just the beginning of the most disgusting situation he would ever experience. Mrs. Halley stood up and stuck her ass up to him. It was stained with shit, and he held his breath, trying to avoid gagging.

He really wanted to say no but forced himself to do it, grabbing toilet paper and carefully cleaning up her asshole.

But just when Rupert was certain that he was going to get to sleep in a bed, as tiny as that cot might be, Mrs. Halley took it a step further.

As he is wiped her ass, she farted explosively, spraying small amounts of shit on him. The specks hit his face, and one of them even got into his nose, making him gag hard, and jump back.

“Fuck! That’s disgusting, you are such a fucking bitch! You ugly, sickening cow! I can’t believe you did that!” He screamed at her like a madman, swearing like crazy, spitting as he yelled in anger.

He was still chained to the toilet, though, and there was nothing he could do to run away. She laughed at him cruelly, standing upright and lowering the skirt of her dress.

“Oh, you naughty boy! I knew that you still weren’t ready to be given any privileges. You’ll be locked in here for many, many months to come. By the time I free you, believe me, you’ll be an obedient slave. I’m done dealing with your filthy mouth. No dinner for you tonight. I hope you enjoy sleeping on the tiles again tonight.”

“No, no, please!” He pleaded, but she didn’t show him any mercy.

“If you want to have something more than bread tomorrow for breakfast, you’ll keep those little shit speckles on your face overnight. But it’s up to you, of course. You can clean it all up and give up on eating something good and have some hot tea.” She informed him matter-of-factly and started to walk away as he pleaded with her to no avail. “Oh, stop begging, it’s getting sad. Sleep well, you little brat!”

Duncan continued to scream as she stepped away. There was nothing he could do to change the fact that he was chained down there, alone, and hungry. A filthy woman had all the power over him, and if he didn’t obey, things would get far worse, he could tell.



*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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