

ALEX KILROY



**RULES**  
**FOR THE**  
**PUBLIC TOILET**

TOILET SLAVERY, FEMDOM, HUMILIATION

# **RULES FOR THE PUBLIC TOILET**

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TOILET SLAVERY, FEMDOM, HUMILIATION

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

ALEX KILROY

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## **WARNING**

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

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

Thanks.

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

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

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

Here are some of his other titles;

**[You're My Slave.. And Hers Too.: Toilet Slavery, Femdom, BDSM, Enema](#)**

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**[Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 2 : Scat, Toilet Slavery, Coprophilia, Femdom](#)**

**[I Can't Bear Watching Anymore, Part 2 : Extreme Cuckoldry](#)**

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**[I Didn't Know She Was A He Part 3: Shemale, Gay, Femdom, FUTA, Humiliation](#)**

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

*My Wife & Her Boyfriend Made Me Transgender Part 1: Cuckoldry, Forced Transgender, Humiliation*

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## WHAT A SHITTY SITUATION..



**D**etailed below is the unfortunate chain of events that led to a poor innocent man becoming the public toilet slave for women in his local area. It's a sad cautionary tale, but one that lessons can be derived from.



There are always parts of a town that, no matter how wealthy the country it resides in is, end up looking like shit. Inevitably, these areas tend to gradually lose their value and become ghettos for gangs and various other problematic individuals.

Buildings become derelict in appearance, decent folk stay well clear and public services either break down or cease to exist. Prostitutes spring up on street corners, and drugs dealers stalk the streets. Ironically, law enforcement are no where to be found.

That's usually how things go.

Enter a young Billy Batson, the sort of sensible young man that most parents would love to have their daughters to bring home. Billy is a stranger to these sorts of places. Not that he's a rich snob or anything like that, but our Billy knows well enough to avoid trouble spots for his own safety.

It's a real shame that our Billy has to wake up lying naked on the dirty floor of a deserted public toilet, smack bang in the middle of such a grimy area, with no idea of how he got there.

And it would be much more inconvenient for him if his hands were tied firmly behind his back and he had a seemingly uncontrollable craving for human shit, piss and vomit.

Did I mention that it was a Ladies' toilet? Not that they're many 'Ladies' in this part of town anyway, the only women you'd have the displeasure of bumping into here are skanks and single moms.

For bright Billy, a trainee doctor by profession, this is HIS worst-case scenario.

It was midnight outside the abandoned public toilet block when Billy groggily awoke. His eyes flickered open but his mind stayed asleep for several more moments as the effects of the drug wore off and his focus stabilized.

The very first thing he saw was a small pool of a hay coloured liquid resting in the cracks of a broken tile an inch from the tip of his nose. The odour reached him a moment later and he backed up, a revolted expression on his handsome face.

He tried to stand but his hands didn't respond and his bare feet slid on the slippery smooth surface. As the energy returned to his restrained arms, eight fingers and two thumbs fought desperately with the newly discovered bonds behind his back.

A stark realisation of his naked condition reached his mind and his will to fight strengthened. Amazingly, he managed to stand. Nervous eyes quickly searched the dingy room, offhandedly taking in the three filthy wash basins to his left and the ten toilets to his right, each sealed separately from one another and complete with lockable doors.

Billy hurriedly ran to the door, but it took only one glance at the heavy padlock holding the door firmly shut to dishearten him completely.

He felt tears gather in his eyes as he became aware of two A3 sized printed notices, side by side, on the wall near the gate, simply titled 'Read This'.

Moving closer, Billy stifled back his tears and slowly read the wall-mounted note.

*"Dearest Billy,*

*You must be scared right now baby, what with you being naked and bound, but I promise you that your fear is unnecessary since what happens during your time here is yours to decide.*

*Well, I suppose that's not entirely true, since I too will be manipulating what happens, but rest assured that your life is not in huge danger, or at least no more than if you were anywhere else.*

*I must also apologize for lying to you as I did. Our dates, the trips far and wide were nothing more than carefully set up events that led to this very day. I can't tell you just how much I've been looking forward to this day.*

*Let us speak of your predicament, trapped and alone in a Ladies's public toilet, in the middle of a shitty area. You see, I happened upon an interesting technology a long while ago. In the simplest terms, it's a form of mind control. It has its limits of cause, but several 'tests' involving beautiful ladies such as yourself have already been carried out. You would not believe some of the things I have seen since then.*

*Or perhaps you will, since I'm sorry to say that I've chosen YOU for my greatest test yet. The mind controlling technology works by interpreting written word and directly stimulating the part of the mind that processes the information in a manner differently to how it would normally do so.*

*Sound confusing? You just need to know that, basically, the instructions on this very letter are about to become your whole world. You'll understand better when you see it in practice. And notice that you can't stop reading? That's because you no doubt read the underlined title first - Read This.*

*Well, let's get the instructions over with. First of all, you can't leave this public toilet, no matter what the reason. Secondly, you will never speak*

*while here, and that includes not vocally releasing pleasure of any kind.*

*The cupboard is your new home; you will remain there at all times of the day to avoid being noticed by the public users of this facility. You will touch nothing and you will not try to release your bonds. You are handcuffed and secured with what many call 'bondage tape', this combination of bonds is extremely effective but not impervious.*

*Now for the fun part; you can easily turn the water taps with your mouth to gain access to clean water, but there is a distinct lack of food.*

*Billy, I assume you are not aware that the toilets in here are all broken. They do not flush, and get blocked easily. You will clean them every time that they are used, being careful to avoid being seen.*

*Forget the single toilet brush located in the cupboard, since you would be unable to use it anyway. You will kneel before the toilet and remove whatever human waste you find with your mouth. There are no bins or wastebaskets available, so you will devour each and every piece of shit that you find, and lap up the water in the bottom of the toilet until it looks clean.*

*You can keep watch from the cupboard; it has a nice-sized hole for you to look out of. And remember I told you about that toilet-brush? It stands straight upwards in a fixed holder secured to the ground, with the handle pointing up. The handle itself is long and rigid, about eight inches from tip to brush.*

*That toilet brush is your sex partner from now on. You are to fuck your asshole on it whenever you are not consuming human waste. You may not fuck it until midnight when the gate is locked, but even then you must clean the urinals first. You may ride it until morning when the toilet is opened once again, and then the whole thing starts again.*

*As the toilet brush fucks you in the ass, you are going to feel the sensation of your cock being stroked. And here's the fun part; just as you feel like you're going to cum, the sensation of masturbation will cease. Isn't that amazing?!*

*One more detail: during the night when you may freely ride the toilet brush, if you get to the point of orgasm, you will rise up off the handle and wait for the feeling to pass. You may continue riding it until the desire to cum returns and then you will, as before, rise off and wait for it to pass. This process you will repeat as necessary. Sorry Billy, you may get a little annoyed being denied your orgasms in this manner, but it's more fun for me this way.*

*Let me sum it up for you. You live in the cupboard, with the handle of a toilet brush firmly shoved up yourself while you watch for toilet users who come in and dispose of their wastes.*

*If they used a toilet and you detect that they took a dump, you hurry over when no-ones around, lock the door behind you and eat every last bit of their shit, while it's fresh and yummy tasting, clean the water with your tongue because they probably had a piss at the same time, then hurry back to your home when no-one's about.*

*At the end of a long day of shit eating, when the gate is locked, you clean the urinals carefully with your mouth, lapping up whatever foul liquids you find, before returning to your home and fucking your lover until morning.*

*Remembering, of course, to rise off it every time you feel excited enough to have an orgasm. Oh and I forgot to mention that you must clean the handle of the toilet brush with your tongue when you have finished with it for the night.*

*Talking of YOUR shit, I almost forgot! This is a Ladies' toilet, not a Men's one. You cannot use the toilets yourself, silly.*

*Billy, if you need to take a shit or have a piss, you do it on the floor of your cupboard, and eat or lick it all up afterwards.*

*Well, I that's all I have for you. There's very sophisticated hidden camera's around the room and looking up from below the toilet bowls, so I'll get to see all the fun.*

*Remember to vary your eating habits too, take your time with some turds, chewing them over long amounts of time; but also devour some quickly,*

*especially the big ones; nibble others, suck them and play with them in your mouth. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to condition you so that you like eating shit, so you'll be utterly disgusted and repulsed every time you take a turd in your mouth, but I'll be having the time of my life!*

*Watching you always, Harley xox*

P.S. I left you a little appetiser, I know you don't believe any of this could actually work yet, so go and take a look. It's an instruction so you can't do otherwise anyway. There aren't all that many nutrients available in human waste I'm afraid, so we may need to provide you with proper food eventually. And you better pray no-one comes in and vomits, as you'll be eating that too. Have fun, Billy! And thanks fucking me the other night, you actually came close to making me cum!"

The first thing that Billy felt was sadness, not for his situation or the implications, but for Harley. He had loved her, cared deeply for her, but now she had reduced him into a fucking toilet slave.

Why would she do this?

He found himself already standing over the middle toilet. He looked down and saw a disgusting pile of turds and brown tinted water. He had nudged the door closed behind him and pulled the lock across with his teeth when he found himself dropping to his knees on the hard tiles and putting his head over the toilet bowl.

The smell wafted up from below, strong and disgusting, and it made him feel sick almost instantly. His arms struggled hopelessly against his restraints and the force that seemed to be lowering his head deeper into the toilet. His long ginger hair reached the waterline first and played upon the surface until his mouth was finally within tongue distance of a large, fresh piece of shit.

Billy's stomach panged in disgust, but the realization that everything in the letter would actually come true made him feel more nauseated than the fact that he was about to eat a fucking turd.

His teeth felt the edges of it and pulled it quickly up into his reluctant mouth. He wanted so badly to spit it out; to force his head up out of the toilet; to have his arms freed; but he got none of his wishes as he slowly chewed the disgusting piece of human faeces before swallowing small parts, bit by bit. His stomach reluctantly accepted that which was offered but Billy felt so disgusted that he nearly passed out again.

The small camera above recorded Billy as he kneeled there in front of the toilet, with his head and his hair deep inside the basin itself. It watched on as two leanly muscled arms lay tightly secured behind his back.

Somewhere, many miles away, someone watched carefully as the brown haired doctor bobbed his head up and down, nibbling on another fresh piece of shit. How easily his pride had been removed, just like his clothes. From this vantage point it looked just like some kinky gentleman who liked to engage in some extreme femdom. She would of course be selling some of this video footage to any prospective buyers under such a heading.

Billy remained hunched over the basin for another fifty minutes, and afterwards it was hard to believe there had ever been anything in there. His face looked pale and had smudges of brown around his mouth when he finally raised his head and unlocked the door.

He stumbled over to the cupboard, turned the handle with his teeth and ducked inside. As he pulled the door closed, darkness filled the room; apart from a small beam of light coming from the room outside by means of a small peephole.

Harley laughed as he watched him find the toilet brush, but she couldn't help feeling excited as Billy lowered the head of the brush in the direction of his asshole.

Before long, Billy had lowered himself down the entire handle and now his clit rubbed teasingly against the prickles of the brush buried in the fixed base unit. His face bore an unmistakable expression of pleasure mixed with pain, but he made absolutely no sound at all. The instructions of the letter were completely in his mind as he began ass-fucking himself on the handle,

lifting almost completely off it before dropping his asshole back down on it as far as the base again.

The beautiful Harley Quinn observed his face closely while he fucked his new lover and he found his erotic picture had finally been painted. Smart and accomplished Billy was the perfect choice for such a humiliating experience. Moments ago he had cleaned out the entire contents of a shit-filled toilet using only his mouth and now she watched fascinated as he fucked himself in the ass with the toilet brush handle while edging himself, denying himself an orgasm, lifting his head in desperation, mouth wide but wordless, simply because she had instructed it.

Billy felt the need to cum slowly fade away, but it took a few minutes before it completely evaporated and he fell back into a steady rhythm on the handle again and jacking off.

The darkness and his restrained state only served to heighten the sensations that welled in his cock and balls and he soon felt close to an orgasm again. The disappointment was clearly on his face when, once again he involuntarily let go of his cock before reaching the point of no return and lifted his ass off the handle and waited for the feeling to pass.

All night long Billy ass fucked and edged himself, and countless times he was required to stop while a force he didn't understand deliberately and persistently taunted him in the worst possible way; when it denied him any real satisfaction from this nightmare situation.

Each time, after the feeling of an impending orgasm passed, he would fall back into the same slow, steady movement: letting go of his cock, pulling the handle out of his asshole and plummeting down back on it while sweat poured off his exhausted figure. Warm water pipes travelled along one wall of the cupboard, serving as a makeshift radiator. The heat in the small compartment was unbearable enough without the intensity of his tiring and fruitless self-masturbation.



Morning appeared abruptly as the night retreated, but Billy was only truly aware of the change when he involuntarily dismounted the handle, turned and bent down to lick the rough plastic surface clean.

There was little to wipe away but his tongue carefully played along the whole length, slow and precise, unknowingly preparing his partner for a long day as the instrument of his own sexual torture.

His heightened senses caught the sound of the padlock being unlocked, followed by a long creak as the gate swung slowly open. Perhaps deliberately, the inward-opening gate completely covered the letter detailing his instructions when it was opened wide and pressed to the tiled wall.

Those words haunted him now as he perched over the handle and lowered himself carefully down to its prickly base once again. His knees bent to accommodate the awkward position as they had the previous night, but this time there was no movement.

Billy lifted his head in frustration and let out a silent moan of agony as he realized that he was expected to remain in this position all day long. As his exhausted legs weakened he fell onto the bristling head of the brush and felt intense pain in his rectum as the brush handle dug forcefully up his asshole. It took a moment to find the strength in his limbs to rise up slightly, but he quickly discovered how hard it was to maintain.

A twisted part of his mind was crying out for someone to hurry up and use the toilet so that he could leave this sadistic torture behind for at least a little while. A conflict appeared when he found himself longing to kneel before a toilet rather than endure this any longer, and he disgustingly realized he would be merely trading one torture for another.

Little did he know that Harley had organized it that way from the start. Soon he would almost crave the chance to eat shit rather than sit on that brush handle, trying to hold his body up without the assistance of his arms.

It was erotic torture of the evillest kind, especially since his escape through the open gate might as well be a million light years away after the mind manipulation. But it would always be there when he looked out his

peephole; a toilet brush stuck up his asshole; tied and naked in a filthy Ladies' toilet; with the exit to him nightmare only a few meters away.

As if answering his irrational prayer, he watched intently while a haggard, large middle-aged woman entered the toilet. Her heavy booted footsteps made loud echoes in the small enclosure, and Billy felt a sudden fear of discovery, which somehow made his nipples harden in the boiling cupboard. The woman entered one of the toilets and proceeded to empty her bowels into it.

Billy's breathing rate soared, silent as it was, but he could do nothing except listen as she disposed of her wastes slowly. His legs cramped and the bristles dug into his anal cavity. Screams would have filled the room if he had been able, and his desperation to remove the intruding thistle-like strands turned quickly to panic, but his legs refused to support his weight and he was forced to endure the excruciating pain all around his sore and exposed ass. The handle wedged deep in his asshole and laid him wide open at the base where it widened in girth. The bristles seemed to be perfectly placed to viciously dig into the most sensitive of areas once the handle splayed his now stretched and prolapsed asshole wide open.

Billy barely noticed the woman attempt several times to flush the toilet before departing. His legs were still cramped, but his mind helped him lift off the handle and push open the door. Hastily moving over to the toilet and fastening the door quickly, he practically fell to the floor before the basin.

Almost as if some perverted being were watching and enjoyed observing Billy's agony, however, it seemed this was to be a quick meal. He wasn't even to have the relief of being off the handle for long.

Billy dug his head into the toilet bowl and scooped up a disgusting piece of shit into his mouth. Quickly, he was forced to swallow it before claiming another chunk in his disgusted mouth. Again he swallowed it whole.

So handsome to look at, Billy was the sort of young man who didn't reap attention from women or flaunt his toned physique, but merely displayed subtle attractiveness; something that was commonly ignored in this modern world. How fantastic it was to watch such a man take large pieces of shit

between his lips and swallow them whole like it was something he did every day. Even more adorable were his desperate blue eyes, usually so calm and in control; now lost and pleading for escape and relief. It was also fun to watch those erect nipples that would continue to cry out for their owner's fragile hands until they got what they wanted.

It took only five minutes to completely clear the basin of the hefty woman's wastes. Even as the disgusting act repeated in Billy's mind sickeningly, the horror of the sexual torture waiting for him in the cupboard brought tears to his eyes.

Barely a minute later he was carefully sat on the handle, peering through the hole that served as his only source of light, and trying hard not to let his legs give way as they had before.

He would never have imagined having the thick handle of a toilet brush fixed deep into his asshole; imposing and unmoving; could be such a huge turn-on. Those hard nipples continued to ache, pointing out stiffly at the summit of his firm muscular pectorals

The desperation of his entire situation finally found its way to his mind. The hopelessness of escape had already been established, and the mind control was evidently very real, despite his reluctance to accept it.

How long would he be here? How long would he force his to bear?

Harley barely left her observation room for a moment during the course of that day. She loved every element of Billy's torture and took great pleasure from watching his body perform acts that further tormented his mind.

He knew it would be a few days before he remembered his profession; that of an able lawyer; and try to find anything ambiguous in his instructions - to perhaps escape his torment with a little fancy word manipulation as lawyers so often resort to. Whether there was anything or not, he would leave for his to discover.

Forty-seven times she had watched Billy scurry over to one of the toilet-blocks before proceeding to devour the filthy contents of the small bowl and returning reluctantly to his lover in the cupboard.

That same lover continued to taunt him all day long, distracting Billy from any rational thoughts while it penetrated his asshole mercilessly. Sweat literally poured down Billy's toned body, his usually well groomed hair now plastered all over his head.

She watched now, herself tired and hungry, as Billy leaned over a toilet bowl and licked around the rim, making sure to take in every drop of human waste it contained. He reluctantly took every care to lick the whole thing from top to bottom. How she loved watching his long tongue carefully lick across the entire piss-sprayed surface before lapping up splatters of pissed around the flush like a man dying of thirst. His facial expression remained one of disgust the entire time.

A while later, he returned to his cupboard and took a pee on the floor. It burned as it poured out, sore as he was. Going down on his knees, Billy lowered his lips to the ground and slowly licked up his own warm wastes from the floor of the small room.

After submitting himself to a sadistic routine; eating countless piles of fresh shit only seconds after it's depositing in the toilets; licking up infinite amounts of strangers' piss and now lapping up his own foul juices; Billy still felt unprepared for his second night of ass-fucking the toilet brush. It was amazing that such an inanimate object could bring such pain to him, both physically and mentally.

Harley was already lay awake in her bedroom; the night-vision cameras' capturing every angle within the cupboard and transmitting it all to her huge private monitors before the huge bed; when Billy sat on the brush and slowly thrust up and down the shaft while rubbing his now extremely sore cock, silent groans of pleasure left his open lips.

***To Be Continued...***



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