MistressPriya.com

Presents

Eat Everyone’s Shit and Die

By
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Before you go any further, be warned-

This book is solely intended for BDSM audiences above the age of 18 only. Just in case you’re wondering whether “eat shit” is some kind of metaphor, it’s not. This book is about a boy eating the actual excrement of several girls, one after the other. Look up the term “scatology.”

Now, does that thought disgust you? If so, stop reading right now and point your browser elsewhere.

This book also has other very explicit forms of violence, including bestiality and electric torture. Please stop reading if you are not into those things.
The Pillow Fight

Priya and I decided to set up a public pillow fighting contest between the two of us, which would be witnessed by all the kids in the neighborhood. The audience would gather and sit on the benches in the nearby park, while the two of us would get pillows and fight each other. This match had very high stakes attached to it - the loser would have to worship the winner’s feet and kiss the winner’s ass in front of everyone. The match day arrived, the park was full of people - not just the kids we’d invited but even the parents and elderly folks. She entered the ring from one side, carrying her heavy pink pillow, looking especially gorgeous in her glimmering blue frock. Everyone cheered each step she took and chanted her name. From the other side, I entered the ring with my blue and white striped pillow. Nobody noticed or cared that I’d entered.

Someone in the audience blew a whistle, signaling for the match to start. I fumbled with the pillow in my hand, while she swiftly took her pillow behind her head and dealt a swinging blow to my head. In one shot, she almost beheaded me as the crowd cheered her victory. The match lasted less than two seconds - she blushed and bowed to the audience while I was still struggling to regain consciousness from her blow. “You are the loser!” She said, placing her foot on my head. “Loser! Loser!” She laughed with all the other kids and walked once around my fallen body. Then, she stood over me and slowly stepped both her feet onto my chest. “Hey, loser! I have a question for you. How does it feel to be defeated under my power again and again?” I looked up to her, tears welling up in my eyes. “How does it taste, exactly?” she asked, placing one foot on my face, toe in my mouth. “Bitter?”

I sucked the black dust off her toes and licked them clean. The audience cheered every lick with chants of “Loser, Loser.” She smiled and moved her feet, making me clean up every inch of their dusty bottom surface. “Hmm. I guess this is how God intended it to be. Some people always win, while others have to accept defeat as a way of life.” I licked dust off her heels and joined my hands, praying to her like she was God herself. “If everyone was a winner like me, who would be the loser, right?” She asked, lifting up her feet and checking whether I’d licked them completely clean. “He’s such a loser, he can’t even clean my feet properly.” She announced to the audience. They cheer as she walked over my chest and neck again and pounded her feet on my face. “No compromise, loser. You should at least try being a good loser in your life.” She then paused and smiled with a big grin. The audience was bowled over by the next activity that the loser had to do. “It’s time for you to...,” she said. The audience joined in and cheered every word. “KISS-MY-ASS.” She leapt and rejoiced, using my body as a landing cushion.

I watched with my bleeding face and teary eyes as she stood on my neck and lifted up her blue frock to reveal her little naked butt.
She turned around and bent her knees, lowering the butt just a couple inches off my face. The crowd went “Ooh,” as I was made to prove my inferiority and smell the bottom of her victorious butt. I lifted my head up and pecked the sweaty, cold flesh of her ass cheek, but she did not move away at all. “Hey, loser! Did we agree on how long you’d have to kiss my ass?” I shook my head, no. “I’m the winner, so I decide that it’s twenty minutes. Come on, kiss my ass you filthy loser!” I went up and kissed them again. She smiled to the audience; they could not stop feeding her pride.

“We never agreed on what I’d be doing while you kiss my ass, did we?” She asked. I had to shake my head again. “I have a special drink prepared for losers like you,” she said, letting out a shower of golden urine on my face. I managed to open my mouth and swallow all of it as the
audience began to chant her name again- she was giving them the time of their lives. Unknowingly, she was doing the same for me too. “Haha. You’re my pee drinking loser.” She said. For some reason, she didn’t move even an inch even after the peeing. She just caught my head and brought it up, smothering me for a few seconds before everyone I knew. Then, there was a loud, thundering noise as she blew out a stinky fart on my face and rubbed me against her butt. Everyone had a good laugh watching me suffocate inside the stinking fog of pungent gas. “Just like that, you’ve become my fart smelling loser!” She said. Her body weight still crushing down on my neck, she waited for a few seconds while I had to lick some more of her buttocks for being the loser. Between her hot ass cheeks, brown turds of solid, stinking excrement began to form. She shook her butt, allowing them to tumble onto my face. The audience applauded even as her turds began to cover the complete area of my face. She let the last drop fall on my face, then used my hands to clean off her ass. “Shit eating loser,” she said, finally getting her feet off my neck. The audience began to chant those three words SHIT-EATING-LOSER as I began to open my mouth and eat up her feces in front of everyone. Minutes later, I was done. I crawled to her feet and begged for mercy. “You know what I’m going to do? I will take you home as a souvenir for winning this fight,” she announced. “And I’ll keep you inside my kennel with my dog. You’ll have to live your life like my second dog. Except you won’t get any dog food. You’ll have to eat my shit for the rest of your life. And my dog’s shit.”

**Recruiting the Toilet Slave**

“Are you ready to come home as my doggie, loser?” Priya asked, placing her feet on my head. She took another bow to the applauding audience and blushed some more.

“Yes, Priya.” I said.

“See how easily he accepted to become my doggie?” Priya asked the crowd. “He knows exactly how inferior he is to a girl like me.”

“True, Priya.”

“You are my shit-eating loser bitch. That’s how you’re going to live your life. In fact, show me your ugly face now.” She grabbed my cheeks in her hand and spit on my face. “Eat shit and die!”

The crowd clapped at the display of superiority. “Eat shit and die, eat shit and die,” they chanted in the background.

“That’s the purpose of your life.” Priya said. “You got it, bitch?”

“Yes, Priya.”

“What is your ambition in life? Tell me!”
“To eat shit and die.” I declared

“What will you have for breakfast every morning?” Priya asked.

“Your shit, Priya.”

“What about lunch?”

“Only your shit, Priya.”

“Dinner and snacks?”

“Nothing but shit.”

“That’s right, bitch!” Priya said, throwing my face into the ground. “I just made you eat shit in front of everyone. Tell everyone how beautiful it tasted.”

“It was shit, Priya.”

She brought down her foot on my face and drilled my head into the mud. “What did you just say, you bastard? Did you talk back to me?”

“Sorry, Priya.” I mumbled under her crushing heels. “Your shit was heavenly.”

“It must be the best thing you have ever tasted in your miserable life.” Priya laughed. “And it’s the only thing you’re allowed to eat from now on.”

“Yes, Priya.”
“Look at him, crying under my feet.” Priya pointed to me and blushed at the mesmerized crowd. “It’s where he belongs. Right at my feet.” She wiped off some of the dust from her feet on my head. “In fact, I believe even that is too much!” She took her leg up and pounded on my skull, sending me deeper into the muddy grass. “Dig into the mud, loser! Use your nose!” I shook my head, shaking some of the mud out of my way. She kept pounding my face down mercilessly, tearing much of my skin in the muddy gravel. She made me dig up my grave, and I wasn’t even allowed to use my own hands.

A few minutes of hard pounding ensued, and the ground soon had a hole the shape of my face. “This is where losers like him belong!” Priya crushed my head down into the hole and laughed with the crowd. “Under the ground.” I kept my head buried in the mud, breathing its fine particles into my lungs like I would air. She stood on solid ground, so my head had to be below her feet, underground.

“Keep your head there!” Priya ordered and walked away. It provided a few moments of relief to be able to stick my head in the ground without her weight crushing me down further. Soon, she came back and said, “good doggie. Nice doggie.” I smiled a bit, for the first bit of appreciation I ever got from her since losing the pillow fight.

Suddenly a stream of hot liquid came gushing down to my neck. She had made me drink her pee in front of everyone just a few moments back, so the smell was somewhat familiar, the force wasn’t. I poked my head out of the mud to realize that it wasn’t her peeing on me this time- it was her dog! A golden brown Doberman that was half as tall as she was. The audience was bowled over by the display of superiority. “That’s right loser! You’re that low in my hierarchy! This dog is my pet, and you are going to live on as his pet.”
She caught her dog’s leash and unlocked it. “Come here,” she said, showing me the dog collar. “My dog is too good for this kind of control. You, however…” Priya chained the collar on my neck and tested the leash by kicking my head away. I would fall, and she would bring me back using the leash.

“The show is over, people. I have a pet human. I’m going to go home now.” Priya bowed down to the crowd and walked away dragging me by the leash. Her dog was even scarier, following her and growling at me all along the way upstairs to her apartment.

Priya rang the door bell and waited for her mom to open the door. “Where the hell were you, so long?”

“I was playing with my neighbor.” She pointed to me, sitting on all fours next to her knees. “I made him my dog.”

“What do you mean? Look at him, he’s bruised and bleeding. Young Lady, did you do this to him?”

“He did it to himself, mom!” Priya said.

“You will let him go home this instant. And unlock that collar, that’s for you dog!” The mother said.

“Oh, alright!” Priya turned around, disappointed.

“Help him home and come back for dinner.” Her mother said, leaving the door open and going inside to continue her cooking.

Priya unlocked the collar and pushed me near the edge of the stairs. I saw the scary flight of stairs rolling down. “It looks like I have to let you go, after all.”

“That might not be necessary.” I said. “I can climb in through your balcony window.”

“I’m on the sixth damn floor!” Priya said. “You’ll kill yourself. But then again, who cares about your life? Alright, you can come in from my back window.”

“I will, Priya.” I pressed my lips to her dirty sandals.

“For now, I want to watch you tumble down these stairs.” Priya said. “Get in position, now.”

“Please, Priya. I’m coming to your room, anyway. You have your whole life to beat me up as much as you want.”
“Shut up.” Priya said, kicking my buttocks hard. My body flew head-first down the flight of stairs, somersaulting through some of the steps and painfully sliding down the last few. “See you in an hour!” she said, disappearing into her house.

A night of cold shivers

As I stared at the tall apartment building, I couldn’t help think of how weird I was. Priya had beaten me up in front of every kid in the apartment. She had peed and pooped into my mouth, publicly. She kicked me down her stairs. Yet I was contemplating climbing up the wall of the apartments and going into her room, sixth floor by climbing up some pipes and window ledges. How could pain and humiliation from a girl feel that good to anybody? I was weird, extremely.

I began the arduous climb quickly, helping myself up using window ledges and some balconies along the way. Monkey tricks like these was the one thing I was good at. Eventually, I reached Priya’s balcony and peeped into her bedroom. She was reading a book on her bed, dressed majestically in her red pajamas. A set of jogging clothes lay right next to her bed - she was a girl of wonderful habits and discipline.

I knocked on her window. She looked out to me and stepped closer to the window. A burst of hope aroused my exhausted body as she opened up her window. “You did it,” she said.

“I did, Priya. I’m ready to live as your human pet.” I pleaded.
“Well, I was about to go to sleep.” Priya said, pointing to her bed. “So I don’t need you for the night. You’ll have to sleep out there.”

“It’s extremely cold here, Priya. Please let me in. Let me sleep on your floor, at least!”

“No.” Priya said, shutting her window. She turned off her room’s light and went to sleep. I looked around the cold balcony floor. No choice at all; I fell to my knees and slept on the spot, using my arm as a pillow. I spent the night out in the cold balcony, shivering in the icy cold. How was this okay? I had a perfect, warm bed right on the floor below. Great food and a caring family, too. The heart wants what it wants. It never made any kind of sense, anyway.

I was going to endure the cold night sleeping on solid ground like a homeless man. To get beaten up like a dog the next day.

Shitty Breakfast

I spent much of the night tossing, turning and shivering in my outside Priya’s room. Early in the morning, I was woken up by her brown hell-hound licking my face and barking at me. Priya ran over to the dog and caught it by the mouth. “You’ll wake the neighbors and they’ll come over to scold me! Shut up.” The dog became quiet for a minute. “Are you awake, loser?”

“I am, Priya.”

“Good. It’s time for my morning dog walk. You know the protocol, since you’re inferior to my dog. He’ll follow me and you’ll follow him. Is that clear?”

“Yes, yes.” I said, wrapping my body in my arms to maybe produce some warmth.

“Let’s start, then.” Priya said. “Follow me on your hands and knees and keep your ugly head down.”

“I will, Priya.” I began to follow her as she sneaked me out of her house, carefully checking that her mom hadn’t noticed. “Now,” she locked the door and stood over me. She dealt a nasty, hard kick to my back. Once I fell, she kicked my back and my head a dozen more times. I tried to remain silent through it all.

“Why, Priya?” I couldn’t help myself but ask in the end.

“That was just in case.” Priya laughed. “If you disobey me in any way, or bring your head up, this is how I’m going to kick you. Understood?”

“Yes.” I said, nursing my wounds.
“Good. Let’s go for a nice, long morning walk.” Priya raced down the stairs and the dog followed quickly. I fell behind by a long way very soon; I had to get accustomed to being on my hands and knees like an inferior being with no rights to even stand up.

The climb down the stairs was hard, but once we ran out of the apartment and made into the park, things were quite pleasant. Priya walked her dog through a few rounds in the dewy grass of the park while I tried to keep up with her on my hands and knees. Occasionally, I would run on two legs when she wasn’t looking but soon remembered her brutal “just-in-case” beating she’d given me as a warning. Surely, I couldn’t take those anymore.

Priya walked close to her dog as it did its business in various random corners of the park and the street adjoining. She seemed to care a lot more about the dog than she did, me. A few rounds later, she was sweating thoroughly as was I, but she took an enjoyment to her exercise—she looked up to the raising sun and stretched her limbs. She was an icon in every way, one could tell even though she was young and hadn’t achieved anything of note.

Having spent a healthy half hour in the park, Priya began to head back to the apartment. She locked her dog back in his kennel and kicked me to her room’s toilet. “My bums are so wet. I usually wipe them with a napkin but today I have a human being. You’re my butt-wipe!”

I knelt in the corner and looked straight, offering my face as her butt wipe. She approached me and shook her head. “Nope. This just doesn’t feel right. I have smothered your face before as humiliation, haven’t I?”

“Yes you have, Priya.”

“You are so inferior to me, a loser like you shouldn’t even get to smell my superior buttocks.” Priya mused. “You should earn it.”
“How, Priya?”

“Pray to me. I’m your Goddess from now on. Your one and only true Goddess. Worship me!” Priya said, stretching out her hands. I joined my hands and offered my head at her feet. “Nah!” she stepped closer, turned around and brought her butt to my face. “Worship that. That’s your God.” I did, and she took down her jogging pants and smothered me with her sweaty buttocks. She relentlessly pulled my face into her sweet ass and twisted the balls all around my face. “Now,” she stopped and said. I instinctively kissed the center of the beautiful balls, to take a loud, nasty stink to my face from a thunderous fart. “You see how extra-good it smells after a morning walk?” I raised a thumbs-up. “Exactly. Sweaty bums and an extra juicy stink.” She stepped off and stood over her commode and pointed to the insides. “Your head. In there.” I crawled towards the commode and stuck my stinking head into it. “No your idiot. Face up. As if I’m going to drop your breakfast on your head.”

“Sorry, Priya.” I sat to the right of her commode and pushed my body backwards into the commode until my head touched the water.

“Right.” She took down her panties and sat down. Huge, stinking turds of shit pelted down my face, along with some pee. Soon, my face was covered by more than a three-inch layer of her excrement. “Eat shit and die! That’s the purpose of your life, remember?” I tried to nod, but felt more immobilized than ever. “Well, don’t eat it yet. Let it float on your face for a few hours. Eat it when it is dry. See you after school, loser!” she said, locking up the toilet and going into her bathroom.
Priya’s dog was lying flat with its hands and legs folded on the floor and her feet on its head. She would wipe her foot on his skin and the dog would begin to whine happily from the sentiment. She then turned to me as I crawled out of her toilet. “Why can’t you be more like my dog? See how nice he feels, living under my feet.”

“I will try, Priya.” I lied down on the floor flat and placed my head next to her feet, so she could keep one foot on my head.

She caught some of my hair in between her toes and pinched it around. “Hmmm, just doesn’t feel right. My dog is so much better for this job. You are such a loser at everything.” Priya spat on my face. “Lick that up, loser!” she watched as I savored the sticky ball of spit on my face. “You know, I don’t feel bad about hurting you at all. Because it doesn’t feel like I’m hurting a human being. I’m just hurting a loser. Human beings are on top, then come dogs, their best friends. Below them all is the loser species, to which you belong.”

Priya pounded my head to the floor as hard as her legs would allow, then kept kicking me down. “Lo-ser. Lo-ser. You’re just sickening.”

“I’m sorry, Priya.”

“What are you sorry for?”

“For being such a loser.”

“See, now you’re being sorry for who you are. Who does that help?” Priya asked. I had no answer. “Tell me, what would happen if you ever got into a fight with my dog?”

“I would lose.”

“And why is that?” Priya asked with a big grin on her face.

“Because I’m a loser.”

“That’s right.” Priya giggled. “Loooser.” She held her forefinger and thumb up to her head to make an L shape on her forehead. “Loooser. Come on, let me see you doing that.” I obeyed.

“Haha. That’s more like it.” She laughed. She then began to walk her dog towards the kennel. The beast went in and sat down in the corner of the small metallic cage. She kept the door open and turned to me. “Hey, loser. Get in there with my dog.”

“Into your kennel? Please, Priya. Have some mercy.”
“Mercy? What the hell is that?” Priya asked. I mumbled “nothing” and crawled myself in with the beast. It was aroused by my entrance into its territory, and let out a ferocious growl. I retreated a step back and took a deep breath. This was going to happen. Suddenly, I felt Priya pulling my hands back and tying them together with a rope.

“Why would you do this Priya? That animal is going to eat me alive anyway.”

“But what if you use your hands to defend yourself? I wouldn’t want my dog to get hurt.” Priya said, tying the toughest knot she knew how to before kicking me into the kennel of doom.

The vicious beast got up and began to bark loud, piercing barks. I fell in an instant, and the kennel was much too small to use my legs. There was no defense whatsoever. The hell-hound pounced on my body and bit my ear, and tried to chew it off. It bit my stomach and my legs and as my body began to squirm from the pain, my head hit the metal cage. Blood began to pour out of my head and skin as the dog tried to push me out of its territory, which at that point didn’t really have any exit. I felt the dog’s razor sharp teeth dig into my arm muscles, piercing the flesh away and exposing some of my bone. The dog stopped and growled for a bit, while I tried to retreat towards the cage door. Priya opened it up, caught me by my hair and pulled me out, laughing her butt off all the while.

“That was awful!” Priya said, crying a few tears of excessive laughter. “You lost to my dog.” I tried to expose my wounds to earn some sympathy from her, but she wasn’t even looking. “I think I got why my dog hates you so much,” she said. “It’s because you smell nowhere near as good as I do. Dogs recognize people by their smell, you see?” I continued to twist in pain at her feet. “So maybe if you smell more like me, my dog won’t get so angry.”
Priya brought her butt down to my face and shook herself on me. “This will make you smell a bit more like me,” she said. A burst of rotten gas exploded from her butt and took over my respiratory system. She wiped her butt on my face to make sure that I smelled exactly like her fart. “Good. Now get up!”
I sat up with the lingering stench on my face. She opened up the kennel and threw me in again. “Let me see how badly you lose this time.” The beast began its assault, barking and biting as its biting apparatus was designed for. It mercilessly tore apart my flesh and skin and this time Priya didn’t seem to have any intention of letting me out. She watched, laughed and clapped for many long minutes before she opened the kennel door. I pretty much had to slither my way out, twisting my body to move.

“That was just a super performance.” Priya laughed. “From my dog. Of course you lost. You’re the loser.” She let her dog out of the kennel and stood over me with it. “Winner,” she pointed to the dog. “Loooser,” she pointed to me. “My fellow winner, what do you say we do with this loser?”

The dog looked up to her, expressionless. “That’s right. I was thinking the same thing.” She turned the dog around and held its belly between her legs, so that its butt was right above my face.

“Eat dog shit, loser!” Priya announced, as the dog relieved itself with large black balls of shit on my face.

**Breathe Shit and Die!**

Early in the morning, I was woken up with an incredibly strong hit to my chest. Priya had made me sleep in her room’s little toilet through the night, and now she stood over me with her dog. “Bastard,” she muttered, hitting my face with her dog’s leather leash again. She pounced on my chest and hit my face, my neck and other parts of me with hard lashes with the leather, leaving red welts all over. My attempt to bring up my hands in defense was thwarted under the weight of her legs. She had me fully pinned down and was apparently furious with me about something.
She stopped after about two minutes of continuous lashing and stood up. Priya’s dog then attacked me with its claws and its beastly teeth. It barked all the while and joyously tore my skin apart as it always did.

Priya held her dog back after it had done sufficient damage, then pulled me up to a seated position on her toilet’s floor by pulling up my ears. She kicked my face with her bare feet. Her legs went up again, and thus began a relentless rain of kicks straight to my face. “Bloody loser!” she said under her teeth. I opened my mouth to ask her what I did wrong, but her kick went straight through my mouth.

“Yucky loser!” She said, delivering one kick after the other, crunching my bones in her legs’ path. Priya jumped up and delivered a circular landing to my face mid-air. She began to do more jump-kicks one after the other, shifting legs on each instance. The devastating kicks ended with a finale of her pinning me towards the back wall and jabbing me with her knees. “You lazy loser. You deserve nothing better than this.” Her legs went up, folded close forming a battering ram capped with her knees. The knee jerked its way through my temple and blurred my vision for a few minutes.

Priya paused her assault and I promptly dropped to her feet, nearly lifeless. There wasn’t a single working muscle left in my body. She then pounded my head down. “Do you know what time it is?”

“I don’t, Priya.” I said.

“It’s seven o clock in the morning.” Priya said. “I already went out for the morning walk with my dog. Why didn’t you join me, you bastard?”
“Priya, I was locked up in this toilet when I heard you leaving.”

“Are you making excuses to me, now?” Priya asked. She took a small run-up and kicked my head like a goalkeeper would do a goal-kick. “Sickening loser.”

“I’m sorry, Priya.” I said.

“Losers like you don’t deserve to crawl behind my dog’s ass anyway. You can’t even bloody wake up on time.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Anyway, it’s time.” Priya snapped her fingers. I got up and moved my head over to her commode. “Shit eating loser,” she said, taking off her panties and sitting over my head. “Anyway, it’s a holiday today.” she dropped a few drops of shit the bowl of her commode. “So I’m going to shit in my toilet and watch how you eat it up.” A few more solid plops fell into the commode water. “I’m sure a loser like you can’t even do that right.” She began to bounce her buttocks on my head as she completed her session of shitting her brown poop over me. I kissed the bottom of her ass as a thank-you for the heavenly smell she had me trapped in.

Once she was done relieving herself, she stood up and kicked my head. I raised my hands and reached for the brown solid formation floating over her commode water. Priya kicked my head again. “Bastard. Can’t you see that my bum is dirty? What sort of a loser are you, anyway? You want to dive in and eat my shit before cleaning up my bum?”

“I’m sorry, Priya.”

“Start licking.” She said, turning around and pointing to the bottom of her bare buttocks. I stuck out my tongue and went in for the cleanup. A few brown balls were stuck to the bottom of her ass. I reached for them with my tongue and transferred them into my mouth. “That’s like a good loser,” she said, shaking her butt left and right. “Is it completely clean?” I stuck in my tongue and let it across the full surface of her shit-hole. With a few more hard licks, I was sure that she was clean and indicated as much.

“Alright.” Priya said, pointing to her commode. “Now eat my shit. Let me see whether you can even get that right.” With shivering hands, I picked up a solid three-inch piece of brown goo and stuffed it into my mouth. Priya cringed a bit as I chewed and swallowed the piece. “Why aren’t you smiling?”

“I’m sorry, Priya.” I said, grinning wide for her.

“He’s not doing it right.” Priya said, picking up her dog’s leather leash. “Is he doing it right, doggie?” The dog barked senselessly. “Hey loser, you aren’t supposed to chew it. The taste of
my shit is much too good to linger in your loser mouth. You should swallow it like a big pill. Try
again. If you don’t get this right, I’m going to throw you off from the terrace and kill you.”

There was never a time when I had to do this under such pressure. She usually shit on my face
and left for school, I shivered as I picked up the second piece of her shit, carefully selecting a
smaller one. “Of course you picked the small piece. Loser. But it all needs to go anyway. Let me
see you swallow this.” I put the piece into my mouth, forced my throat to open up and allowed
the piece to run down the food pipe. “That’s more like it. Now pick up a bigger piece of my
shit.” she said. I did, and I stuffed it into my mouth much like the last piece. My throat struggled
to swallow this one; it caused some nasty chokes. Priya stood with her dog and kept laughing.
“Let me see you eat this piece.” she said, pointing to one more piece.

“I used to call you a shit eating loser, but you seem to be having such a hard time even with
that.” Priya said. “Okay, I’ve seen enough,” she said, picking up a mug. “Put the rest of my shit
in this,” she ordered.

I used both my hands to trap the residue turds of her shit and placed them into the mug. “Place
that on the floor,” she ordered. I kept the mug next to her commode. “Now lie on my floor and
stick your ugly head into my shit mug.” I lied down and placed my face on its rim. The shit was
far below, there was no chance of me eating it.

“Are you looking at my shit, loser?” Priya asked.

“Yes.” I mumbled.

“That bit of my shit is costlier than your life. Did you know that?” Priya asked. “Imagine I go to a
rich man and ask how much he would pay for three pieces of my shit. What would he be willing
to pay?”

“Billions, Priya.” I said, savoring the smell of her shit.

“And let’s say I go to the same rich man and offer him the loser of a human being that you are.”
Priya said. “What would he pay?”

“You would have to pay him, Priya. I’m a useless life, a complete loser.”

“Yes.” Priya said. “Which means you no longer have the right to eat my shit. You have to earn
your way up.”

“What do I have to do, Priya?”

“Start by inhaling those turds until they are gone.” Priya laughed. “Smell them for at least ten
hours and see if they disappear.”
“But they won’t disappear, Priya.” I pleaded.

“If you inhale hard enough, they will. Trust me,” she said, laughing hard and stroking her dog. “I will come back here in the evening. If they aren’t gone, I’m going to beat you three hundred times with my dog’s leash.”

“And if they’re gone?” I asked, contemplating the thought of tumbling the mug and gobbling her shit.

“That would mean that you have cheated,” Priya said, walking out of her toilet. She bolted the door and said, “Eight hundred lashes!”

A Potty Revenge

I saw Priya’s feet moving towards the bed- she had kept me bound and gagged, with her panties spread out on my face under her bed. She took a few steps into her room and jumped up on the soft, velvet cushions. I saw another pair of feet enter the room and walk over to the opposite end of the bed. “You are the most charismatic girl in the world!” the other girl was saying. “The way you beat up that loser and made him eat your shit in front of everyone. Spectacular show.” It was the voice of another neighbor of mine, Sapna. She lived a few floors downstairs in the apartment complex and went to the same school as Priya.

“Thank you.” Priya said. “He deserved every bit of that, didn’t he?”

“Yeah.” Sapna said. “And much more. He’s such a creepy loser, he would never amount to anything in his life anyway.”

I felt like saying “I’m right here!” but I was gagged with Priya’s dirty panties.

“Is that loser still alive?” Sapna laughed.

“Unfortunately, yes.” Priya said. “But I’ll make him jump off the top floor terrace today. I’m going to watch him fall down to his death. You can join me if you want.”

“I would love to.” Sapna said. “What did you make him do so far?”

“I made him eat my shit every morning.” Priya said. “Then one day I tied him up and made him fight with my dog. He lost, of course.”

“Wow. He turned out to be inferior to your dog, too?”

“Yes.” Priya said. “So I made him eat my dog’s shit.”

“Awesome!”
“Yeah, but today I decided that he’s too much of a loser to even eat my shit. He can’t even do that correctly.” Priya said. “Which is why I’m killing him off today.”

“Where is this guy, anyway?” Sapna asked.

“Under this bed.”

“Mean, right here?”

Sapna peeped under the bed and saw me staring back at her. “Hey, loser!” she said, catching my hair and pulling me out before the two girls. “Look at him, sucking on your panties. He’s enjoying the last day of his life for sure!” Priya laughed and fell into her bed. “You know what, loser?” Sapna caught the panties on my face and pulled them away. “You won’t get to smell Priya’s panties. Her underwear is too good to be in the mouth of a loser like you. Why didn’t you eat her shit properly?”

“I tried my best, Sapna.” I said.

“Your best efforts weren’t good enough to be her shit-eating loser? You deserve to die!” Sapna said.

“I know I’m going to die today.” I bowed down, accepting my defeat.

“You’re such an inferior being. You went from a shit-eating loser to useless loser. You’re getting exactly what you deserve.” Sapna said. “Show me your face now.” I looked up to her. She made a fist with her right hand and landed a hard punch to my face. As I fell from the blow, she stretched her fingers. “Why did you close your eyes, you loser?”

“You punched my face, Sapna.”

“So what? I’m superior to you. I’m better than you. If I want to punch your face, I’ll punch your face. You have to accept it like a loser. Understand?” Sapna prepared herself for another punch. I got up and she did the obvious.

“Get up!” she said, waiting for me to sit up, perhaps for another punch. “I remember seeing you the other day.”

“Which day, Sapna?”

“I was in my room, changing my clothes. Some creep was staring at me through the window. I think it was you,” she said, pointing to me.

“I... don’t...remember girl changing...” I muttered.
“What apartment were you living in, before Priya took you prisoner?”

“323.”

“Then it was definitely you.” Sapna said.

“No.” I attempted to plead, but she was right and she knew it well.

Sapna approached me and caught my ear. “Are you sure that wasn’t you? Because it sounds creepy enough for a loser like you.” I shivered and tried to retreat but didn’t answer. She dropped her skirt. “Maybe this will jog your memory.” She then turned around and brought her butt to my face. “Look at my beautiful bums! Aren’t they magnificent?” I swallowed and nodded. “I’m a friggin’ Goddess! How can you not remember seeing something so beautiful? A loser like you, getting to look at something so gorgeous. It must have been the crowning achievement of your worthless life!”

“I did look, Sapna.” I said, crawling backward. Priya got up, too and the two girls began to gang up on me. “I’m so sorry. Please, forgive me.”

Sapna began to smother me by shaking her buttocks left and right. “Loser. Loser.” She then farted a loud one on my face and laughed. “Fart smelling loser. He actually did that right, can you believe it?”

“Smelling your fart?” Priya asked. “Yeah, He cannot do anything right in his life. This time he succeeded only because I’m pushing him into your buttocks.”

“True,” Sapna said, continuing to smother me. “Anyway, I feel like taking a shit in his mouth. Should we go into the toilet?”

“Not at all.” Priya said, picking up two large canes and returning to push my head. “Here, take this stick. We both will beat him up to death if he lets a single piece of your shit fall on my floor.”

“Great idea.” Sapna said. “His life depends on whether he eats my shit correctly.” She stood still for a minute and gave me her warning. “Are you ready for this, loser? If I smell anything or see anything, it’s your death.” I nodded. “Okay, let me see how well you eat shit when your life depends on it.” A rapid flow of shit began to stream out of her buttocks into my mouth. “Ahh,” she said, relaxing herself and guiding her poop into me. I felt my mouth begin to fill up, and had to swallow profusely to keep up with her. She was done in less than two minutes, and I kissed her buttocks clean.

“Is my bum clean?” Sapna asked, stepping forward.

“Actually, yes!” Priya said. “How is that possible? When did this loser learn to eat shit correctly?”

“No idea.” Sapna said.

Priya raised her cane and tore into my legs with a hard hit. “Bastard. Why did you eat her shit properly? Is her shit better than my shit?”

“I needed some practice, some time, Priya.” I said, between hisses of pain.

“I asked you, is her shit better than my shit?” Priya asked, hitting me with her cane again.

“No, Priya.” I turned into a ball to protect myself but Sapna began hit me with her cane.

“Did you say Priya’s shit is better than my shit?” she asked, hitting me even harder.

“No, Sapna.”

“So, her shit is better?” Priya asked, caning a hard one into my back. The girls passed me around with their nasty canes and made me bleed out at their feet.
Sapna placed her foot on my head and declared herself victorious. “That actually felt good. Shitting in his mouth and beating him up anyway.”

“I know.” Priya said. “It’s like we’re doing the right thing, putting him in his place. So, do you want him or what?”

“Not full-time.” Sapna said. “Let’s share him for a few days and see how good a job he does for both of us.” Priya nodded. “Exactly.” Sapna said. She bent down and sat over me. “You know what, loser? We’re going to let you live, under one condition.”

“Name it.” I said, licking her toes.

“Every morning, you’re going to come over to my place through the balcony. It’s a dangerous climb down, but I don’t care for your life. You have to be in my toilet at six in the morning every day. So Priya will use you at five-thirty and I will use you as my toilet at six. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sapna.”

She turned to Priya. “I think Aditi would be interested in him, too.”

“You mean as a prospective shit-eater?” Priya asked.

“Yeah. She was telling me about how she’d left her slippers in front of the temple and this loser began to lick and kiss them, without realizing that she was watching. She would surely want some revenge.”

“I’ll go call her over.” Priya said.

Sharing the human toilet

“This creep is still alive?” Aditi stepped into Priya’s house and made her way to me. Priya and Sapna were standing over me, holding me by her dog’s leather leash.

“Yeah.” Sapna said, kicking off my head towards the guest. “We gave him one challenge to save his life and he did well for the first time.”

“What was the challenge?”

“Oh, I made him eat my shit.” Sapna said. “He gobbled it up like the pig he is.”

“That’s what his life is for, anyway.” Aditi said. “But you are going to let this loser live just because he ate your shit?” She shook her head and smiled. “I have a new challenge for you. If you don’t succeed, I’m going to pound you to death right here. Is that okay with you girls?”
“Certainly!” The girls replied cheering her and sharing a couple of high-fives. “I would love to watch him die at your feet.”

“What should I do, Aditi?” I asked.

“Fetch my sandals, I’ll tell you. And hold them with your mouth, you do not have the right to touch my footwear.” Aditi headed for her couch and sat there with her two friends, while I crawled out of Priya’s house and caught Aditi’s sandals with my mouth. They had a familiar taste- I had licked them before in front of a temple, but she had noticed me doing that. I could only imagine what revenge she had planned for me being as creepy as I had been.

I crawled back to the girls, mouthing Aditi’s dusty sandals. They giggled as I sat before them, sandals in my mouth. “Look at him. He’s so addicted to them, he won’t even set them down.” Aditi said. I closed my eyes and inhaled some of the dust- she was, indeed, very right.

“Bastard!” Aditi said, kicking my face hard. Her sandals dropped to the ground, as did a couple of my teeth.

“Pick up one of them with your hand, now.” Aditi instructed. I picked up her left sandal. “Slap yourself with that,” she ordered. I struck my cheek with the bottom surface of her sandal. “Harder!” The girls giggled and watched. “Even harder, come on!” I tried harder each time. Aditi made me do the same thing with her other sandal.

“I’m still not satisfied with your performance,” she said. “The soles of my sandals have such a beautiful pattern beneath. I want to see those patterns on your ugly face. That way, you can prove that you are inferior to the bottom of my footwear.” I tried to grind myself with the sandal, but to no avail. “I will show you how to do that,” she said, standing up. “Lie down with my sandals on your face!” I lay down exactly the way she asked, at her feet. “Hold my sandals still,” she said. She began to pound me with the bottom of her sandals, stamping their patterns on to my face.

“How much do you love my sandals now, loser?” Aditi asked, wiping off her feet against my face.

“More than ever.” I mumbled.

“Good. Because I want you to eat it.” Aditi said, settling back on the couch. “Pick up both my sandals and eat it up in front of me and the girls. If you don’t succeed, we are going to beat you to death.”

“But how, Aditi?” I asked, picking up the sandal. “This is solid leather, rubber and stuff.”

“I don’t care how.” Aditi said. “Eat it or we’ll kill you.” I looked at one of the sandals and tried to stuff it into my mouth. I tried to assault the sandal with a hard bite, which did not work in the least. The girls prepared themselves by picking up three huge sticks and sharing them with each
other. “Do you give up, loser?” she asked. I made another attempt at biting into her sandals, but I only ended up hurting my teeth. I placed the sandal at her feet and joined my hands together.

“That’s like a good loser.” Aditi said, hitting me with her stick. “You are going to die now.” The two other girls came after me with their sticks and hit me as hard as they could. I tried to roll away but Priya went on the other side and kicked me back into danger zone. Relentless beating followed, as the girls began to hit me towards each other.

“This is a nice game,” Sapna said. “Let’s call it ‘passing the loser.’”

“Yeah,” Aditi said, smiling at the concept. “When he drops down unconscious at one our feet, we will gas him awake.”

“That’s clever.” Priya laughed, preparing herself for the hardest hit. She took back her stick and cut into my flesh with a single powerful strike. I fell down at Aditi’s feet, with no strength left to recuperate. “Well, what do you know? It is your turn to gas him awake.”
Aditi brought down her butt to my face, sat exactly on my nose and blew out the nastiest fart. She bounced up and down my face and repeated the gassing. The girls enjoyed the thorough humiliation and clapped at her efforts. “Let’s do it together,” Priya said, raising me up by my hair.

“Yeah.” The two girls trapped me between their buttocks and farted straight into my lungs.

Then the ‘passing the loser’ game continued, with nasty beatings to my spine. I passed out somewhere between them, and bled out of consciousness.

This time they woke me up, with an electric shock passing through my head. I woke from it and realized that there was a sort of helmet stuck to my head. The three girls held remote control devices that triggered a shock to my head. They were happily testing out their device at my expense.

“So this is how we can share him in the mornings.” Aditi said. “Whenever I want to shit in his mouth, I will press my button once.”

“I will press twice.” Priya said, pressing her button twice right there just to test her call.

“I will press a hundred times.” Sapna laughed, pressing her button frantically and triggering multiple shocks to my brain.

“How will that work?” Priya asked. “Let’s say you would want to take a shit. You’re going to sit and press the button hundred times?”

“Oh!” Sapna said. “Just three times, then.” I kept passing in and out of consciousness as the girls tried out their torture device.

**The Shit Beggar**

Priya, Aditi and Sapna grabbed my leather leash and dragged me up the stairs of the apartment complex. “We are giving you one last chance to save your life. If you don’t do this right, we’ll kill you.”

“What do you want me to do, Priya?” I asked, looking up to her.

“I will tell you when I tell you.” She gave a kick my face hard as a reply. We climbed to the eighth floor and reached Sowmya’s house. She was a high achieving young executive who worked for a large software company, and she was always dressed in a pant suit.

“You have to convince Sowmya to let you eat her shit.” Priya said.
“Would she allow that?” I asked.

“She’s the toughest damn person there is.” Sapna said. “She knows what she wants and always gets it. It will be very hard to convince a girl like her. But that’s your challenge.”

“Alright, this is it.” Aditi said. “We will stay here and wait for you. We’ll be listening to your attempt to convince her. Go up and ring her bell now.”

“I will.” I climbed up the last flight of stairs, my leash free from anybody’s grip. This was a chance to run away to the terrace and escape down the stairs. Perhaps. But I felt that the girls were offering me a chance at redemption for all the sins I’d committed in my miserable life. I rang the doorbell and got down on my knees, with hands joined together.

Sowmya opened the door and rolled her eyes. “It’s you. You pathetic loser. I thought Priya had finally put you in your place.”

“She has, Sowmya.” I pleaded. “She has sent me here to beg you for punishment.”

“You want me to punish you?” Sowmya asked. “For what?”

“For being a creepy loser.” I said.

“That you are.” Sowmya said. “Here,” she stepped back and swung her legs, kicking my face hard with her sharp boots. I fell back down on the ground. She held her hands on her hips and crushed my neck with her boot. “Is that enough punishment for you?”

“Actually, I was supposed to…”

She kicked my face again, before I could complete the dare that the girls had sent me for. “That felt so damn good. Sit up now, loser!” she ordered. “You want punishment, I will give you punishment.” She caught my neck and punched my face. Her knuckles nearly made their way into my skull with that punch. But she simply took her other hand back and landed another punch, harder than the last. She followed up with a relentless rain of punches that buried me into the solid ground before her apartment. “Is that enough punishment for you, loser?”

I held my hands up but her swift fist went through them like they didn’t even exist. “Is that blood in your body?” she asked, wiping off my blood from her violence-trained fists. “Losers like you shouldn’t get to have blood in your body. Pthooie.” She spat on my face. Then she continued to spit on my face until there was a thick layer of her saliva on my face. “Now, my spit should go into your bloodstream.” She continued to punch my face with joy and an animalistic lack of sympathy.

“What about the dust in my boots?” Sowmya asked, hammering my wounds with her boots. She went on and on until my lights were out.
“Good!” Sowmya said, grabbing my neck, preparing to throw me down the stairs. “Go back to Priya’s place, eat her shit and die for her.”

“Actually,” I began.

“What?”

“Can I eat your shit, Sowmya?” I asked, touching her feet.

“No way in hell!” She said, kicking me down the stairs. I tumbled down a few of the stairs and fractured a few ribs in the process.

Priya, Sapna and Aditi began to climb up the stairs and caught my leash. “Hey, Sowmya! Wait up.” Priya said.

“Hi!” Sowmya reacted emphatically. “I thought this creep was lying again. You actually sent him to beg me for my shit?”

“Yes.” Priya said. “I tried to keep him as my shit eater. But he didn’t succeed. So I reduced him to a shit beggar. He still doesn’t succeed. Loser fails at everything.”

“Yeah.” Sowmya said. “That is the definition of a loser.”

Sapna caught me by my neck and brought me before Sowmya again. “What do you say we let him try again? In front of us.”

“I’m almost sure he won’t succeed.” Sowmya smiled, winking at the young girls.

“Hey, loser. Ask her again.” Aditi said, kicking my head. I fell at Sowmya’s feet.

“Sowmya.” I began, licking her boots. “Please let me be your shit eater.”

“Hey loser! I’ve had a long, hard day of work and I’m not interested. What do you not understand about that?”

“Please, Sowmya.” I said. “I will do anything to prove myself to you.”

“Oh, alright. I can give you a test.” She said, walking into her house and jumping onto her couch. “I have had such a tiring day. My socks and feet must be stinking like crazy. If you can get the stink off in less than two minutes, I will consider you for the tougher job of eating my shit.”

“I will do that, Sowmya. Thanks.” I leapt for her boots and took them off. A nasty stink filled up the room, and it clearly emanated from her socks.
“Eww. How come they stink so much?” Priya asked.

“I went for my morning jog in these socks.” Sowmya said. “And I wore them to office, too. I did that on purpose. You should see how quickly my programmers write code when smell my sexy stinking socks.”

“Your office is full of losers too, huh?” Priya asked.

“Most of them, yes.” Sowmya said. “Yesterday I promised my team a chance to rub and kiss to my stinking feet, they worked all night to complete the project. I still didn’t let them kiss my feet. One guy begged, so I complained for sexual harrassment.”

“Wow.” Priya said. “Your stinking feet are good for business. Anyway, he’s going to kiss them for you.”

I took off her nylon socks and sucked on their stench like a lollipop. The girls cringed but enjoyed watching me at work, much like people who enjoyed horror movies. I stuffed the sock into my mouth and swallowed the sweaty juice off them. I then quickly took off her other sock and did the same thing.

With the strong smell still stuck in my mouth, I picked up her bare, stinking feet and licked their complete bottom surface. I licked as hard as I could, as quickly as I could, to get the stink off the feet. I cleaned off the black surface of her heels and her foot cheeks, before diving my nose into the spaces between her toes. The foul smell filled up my lungs, but I had a job to do. I took off my shirt and wiped the complete surface of her feet clean and dry. The four women just watched me at work; none of them seemed to be keeping track of the time. Soon, I was done licking, kissing and then drying her stinky feet in front of the three girls.

“Alright.” Sowmya stood up and caught my face. “Lie down on my dining table,” she ordered. Strange, but I climbed up her table and lay down on it anyway. She caught my head and pulled me out, so that my neck was exactly on the edge of her table, with my head completely unsupported. She then raised one leg and let it down the other side of my head, trapping my head between her thighs. “Let me see how well your face fits into my ass.” She sat herself down on my head. I could feel my neck breaking at the edge of her table as she smothered me and pushed me down mercilessly. She then shook her buttocks left and right. “You actually fit very well into my ass.” she said, stepping away for a bit.
She then caught my head and pulled me into her ass. “Let me see what my stomach decides about your fate. Dear stomach, is this loser good enough to eat my shit?” She laughed and smothered me between her moist buttocks. A loud fart emerged from them, sending more foul fumes into my lungs. “I can’t believe my ass is so excited on seeing him.”

“He is a shit-eating loser.” Priya said. “That is the very purpose of his existence.”
“Apparently.” Sowmya laughed, smothering me further into her buttocks. “I would like to play a game with this loser if you girls don’t mind?”

“Not at all.” Priya said. “We can watch, right?”

“Of course. I would love that.” Sowmya said, pulling me by my head and tossing me to the floor. “Hey loser! Sit against my wall. I want to play a game with you.”

### The Shitty Explosive Sandwich

Sowmya went into her kitchen and came back with three large plastic tubs full of popcorn. She handed them to Priya, Aditi and Sapna. “Enjoy the show while I beat the pulp out of him.”

Sowmya walked over to me and threw me against the wall. “I am going to play a game with you.”

“What game, Sowmya?”

“Oh, it’s nothing new.” Sowmya smiled with the other girls. “It’s a game where I am the winner, you are the loser and you have to eat my shit for being the loser you are.”

The girls clapped for Sowmya and cheered her on. “Just like my pillow fight with you, loser!” Priya said.

“Something like the pillow fight, yes.” Sowmya smiled. “Except that in this one, I won’t even give you a chance. I mean, look at you. What could you possibly win in your life? You’re a born loser.” I cried and bowed my head. “And look at me. A born winner!” She spread out her hands and blushed. “The world would be a much better place if losers like you just died for winners like me. Don’t you want to make the world a better place, loser?”

“I do.”

Sowmya kicked me hard, thrusting her boot into my face. “At least you are good at being a loser.” I reeled from her kick, and wiped off some dirt from my face. “Which school are you from, loser?” she asked.

“HSJPK Institute of technology.”

“Hah. That college is full of losers like you.” Sowmya said. “Look at me. I’m from MSCE, the very best in the state.” She ran into me and kicked my neck. “Loser.” She spat on my face. “Everyone in your college should take that from the winners in my college.”

“We should, Sowmya.” I said.
“What were your scores last semester?” Sowmya asked.

“Fifty five percent, Sowmya.” I said.

Sowmya took back her leg and swung her boot into my eyes. “That has to be the lowest in your class.” I nodded and tried to shield myself from her next kick, but it was far too late. “I’m the best in my class. You are the worst among the losers in your college.”

“True, Sowmya.” I said.

“You’re in your last semester. Did you get a job, yet?” Sowmya asked.

“No, I didn’t.” I gave up, expecting the obvious.

Sowmya began a chain of kicks to my face. “What job would a loser like you get?” She beat me black and blue with her ruthless boots. “You are better off just eating my shit and dying for me.”

“I am, Sowmya.” I said.

“Loser.” Sowmya said. “Each piece of my solid brown shit is more of a winner than you’ll ever be.” She slapped me with her right hand, then her left. “Do you accept that, loser?”

“I do.”

“Then say it out loud so I can hear it.”

“I am a loser to each individual turd of your shit.” I said.

“That’s true.” Sowmya said. “So what you’re about to get is the feast of your life.” She caught my ear and pulled me towards her couch. I fell at the foot of her couch, as she and the three younger girls watched from the other couch. She lay down on her couch, facing down and displaying her naked buttocks. “Kiss my ass,” she ordered.
I moved my lips to her butt and closed my eyes, only to be hit by a rotten gust of fart gas to my face. She laughed, and the girls clapped at the performance while I had to inhale the stink of her buttocks.

“Now,” Sowmya said, pulling me into her butt, “you will eat my shit, while I relax on my couch. If there is even a single speck of shit on my couch, we are going to pound you to death here.”

“Don’t worry, this is the one thing he is actually good at.” Priya said, catching my head and pushing me into Sowmya’s butt. “In fact, I will sit on his head.”

There I was, being thrust head-first into Sowmya’s buttocks, under the full weight of Priya’s body crushing me down. Breathing was not an option. I opened my mouth and covered up Sowmya’s shit hole, praying that I could perform for her. A large turd came out into my mouth, over three inches in length. I gathered it into my mouth using my tongue and swallowed it as quickly as I could.

Sowmya grunted as she let two more pieces flow into my mouth. She was clearly trying to outdo my mouth and being crushed down by Priya didn’t help one bit. But I swallowed everything just as quickly as it came out of her ass. Her shit had a bitter, pungent flavour but my tongue couldn’t care- its job was to push everything down the throat into my body where it belonged. The flow stopped for a bit, and I took the chance to kiss her butthole clean.

“Did he just eat up everything? All of it?” Sowmya asked.

“It’s more like you have given him the best moments of his life,” Aditi said.
“Yeah.” Sowmya said. “Send him to my place every morning for this.”

“Sure!” Priya said, getting off my head. “Here,” she fished out a buzzer from her pocket. “Pressing this button will produce a shock in his head.”

Sowmya stood up, took the buzzer in her hand and tried it out. I screamed from the intensity of the shock in my head. “This is how we call our human toilet.” Priya explained. “Whenever you want to use him, you buzz him four times.”

“Sure thing.” Sowmya said, relentlessly buzzing the device.

**Cold Night, Warm Poo**

Priya took me back to her apartment as the night drew closer. She let her dog into its kennel. “Bring my dog a nice rug, so he has a warm place to sleep for the night,” Priya said. I fetched a thick rug from the closet and spread it over her dog. It seemed to whine in the warmth as I spread the rug over its furry exterior. The dog closed its eyes and seemed to have a smile as it drifted off into its canine dream world. I bolted the kennel shut and looked up to Priya.

“As for you,” she said, “you are going to sleep in my balcony tonight.”

“Please, Priya.” I protested. “I got beaten up by you and three other girls today. I’m in pain. Please let me sleep in your room.”

“No.” Priya said, bluntly.

“I will spend the whole night rubbing your feet if you want. Please,” I joined my hands and kissed her feet.

“My answer is still no.” Priya said, kicking my head away. “Warm beds are for winners and their pets. Not for losers like you.”

“I’m sorry, Priya.”

“For asking me such dumb questions? You should be sorry.” Priya said, leading me into her bedroom and then out into her balcony. A gust of cold wind bit into my skin even as the door opened. I could feel my bones becoming brittle from the extreme cold winter. Tears flowed out of my eyes, warming up that bit of my face for a few moments. But soon, the tears froze and made me feel even colder.

“Do you have the device with you?” Priya asked.
“I do, Priya.” I answered, pulling out a metallic head-band from my pocket. The metallic band was a shock-inducing device that could be triggered by remote controls. Priya and the other girls had arranged a system where they would shock my head a certain number of times to indicate that they wanted to take a shit in my mouth. If the device buzzed once, for example, I was to go to Priya’s balcony and eat her shit. Twice, I would have to climb over to Aditi’s place.

“Good.” Priya said. “Keep it on your head the whole night. In all probability, I’m going to buzz you first.”

I spread the metallic band on my head and showed it to Priya.

“That’s right. Now have a bad night.” Priya said, bolting the balcony door close, leaving me in the cold darkness. I crawled to one corner, between the two walls, to see if there was any warmth there. There wasn’t any. I crawled to the other side, towards the door. No warmth there, either. But there was some warmth as I crawled between the corners. So I began to crawl from corner to corner, without stopping myself even for a moment. Soon, I was breathing heavily and my body had some warmth. I went on for a few more minutes, crawling here and there, then stopped myself once I was tired. The cold filled up my body again.

The right plan became clear- I was going to exhaust myself to sleep. I began to crawl between the corners of Priya’s little balcony until I couldn’t feel my legs anymore. I fell asleep somewhere, somehow. There was no memory of it at all- my body was fully drained of all its energy.

I passed much of the night unconsciously shivering from the biting cold. Early in the morning, I was woken up with a nasty shock into my brain. The metallic band had buzzed once. Within moments, it buzzed again. The buzzing stopped. Which meant that Aditi had to take a shit.

I stood at the edge of Priya’s balcony and looked down at Aditi’s apartment. She was two floors below, on the fourth floor. I climbed to the sill of Priya’s balcony and leapt to catch one of the window tops. It was a precarious leap, but I had a job to do. I felt my blood pumping and turning liquid again as I embarked on the thrilling climb. I jumped between a few more window ledges and eventually landed myself in Aditi’s apartment. Her lights were on. I knocked her balcony’s door.

Aditi opened up her window. “Oh my God. You are so bloody late. Why can’t you do anything right in your life?”

“I’m sorry, Aditi.” I said. “Please let me in.”

“No, I won’t let you in.” Aditi said.

“How will I eat your shit if you don’t let me in?” I cried, praying that I could finally get into a warm room that way.
“You are going to stick your head inside through this window,” she smiled a mean, sinister smile. “I can’t let inferior beings like you enter into my house now, can I?”

“Oh course not.” I said.

I stood up, placed my hands on the bottom of her window and poked my head into her apartment. “Idiot.” she said, slapping my head. “Your head needs to be facing up. What do you think I’m going to do if you’re facing down?”

“I’m sorry, Aditi.” I said. I sat outside her window and poked my head through her window so that I was facing up as I went in.

Aditi caught my cheeks with her hands and crushed me down, nearly cutting off my neck at the edge of her window. She raised one leg, let it down on the other side of my head, trapping me between her thighs. “Yuck! Your head is so cold!”

“I’m so sorry, Aditi.”

“Did Priya make you sleep outside the whole night?” Aditi asked. I nodded. “Of course. What more does a loser like you deserve?” she laughed.

“That’s true.”

“Anyway, I must be giving you a taste of heaven right now with my hot, naked bum on your face.” Aditi said, wiping herself all over my face. “Plus these warm farts right into your nose.” A loud, hot gust of wind emanated from the bottom of her buttocks, covering me in their warm, musky odor. Aditi giggled as she got down on my face again and treated me to another burst of her gas.
She stood still and placed the hole of her butt exactly over my face. A huge turd of her shit negotiated its way through her intestines and forced its way out of her butt, straight into my open mouth. Almost out of instinct, my throat opened up, swallowed the piece and opened up again, ready for more. “Eat shit and die, loser!” she said, letting out a mighty grunt as she released a few more pieces of her excrement into my mouth.

**Brown Substance Facesitting**

Aditi sat over my face a bit longer than was needed, giving me moments to kiss and lick the inner cave of her buttocks and her butt crack. “Is it clean, loser? Completely clean?” she asked, wiping her butt on my face in a smothering grind. I had no way of telling her the answer, or to breathe for that matter.

She stepped away after smothering me at the edge of her window for about a minute. “It is clean, Aditi.” I said at last.

“Good. Now worship my bum.” Aditi said, patting her juicy butt in her room. I knelt outside her window, joined my hands and worshiped her. “Thank my bum for giving you a few more hours of life,” she said, smiling at me. I bowed down and began my prayer and thank-you.

At that moment, my metallic head-band buzzed with a horrible electric shock to my head. I fell down, dizzy and shook to the very core. The buzzer didn’t go off again, which meant that Priya wanted to take a shit. I took leave of Aditi, or rather, she told me to get lost and closed her window.
I began the precarious climb up the pipes and window ledges to the sixth floor apartment balcony where Priya would be expecting me. The tops of the windows somehow seemed over slippery this time. Or maybe I had just lost every bit of strength I ever had. I almost slipped on one of the windows, but held on tight for dear life. Looking down from the sixth floor window, the ground seemed too far away for a human to fall down and still have any semblance of life remain.

After two minutes of the scary climb, I eventually landed in Priya’s apartment. I knocked on the balcony door, hoping to be let in. She hadn’t let me in throughout the night, and Aditi wouldn’t let a subhuman like me enter her room.

Surprisingly, Priya opened up the door this time. The good feeling was extremely short-lived, because she had her hands on her hips and a glaring frown on her face. “You are late,” she said in a soft, angry voice.

“Priya, I almost fell off when I was climbing here.” I cried.

“So you would have died. Who cares?” Priya said. “That’s better than you being alive and late.”

“I’m sorry, Priya.” I said, hitting my head to the floor before her feet.

“Get the fuck up, you bastard!” Priya said, kicking my head hard. I sat up and knelt down in front of her. She turned around and pointed her finger to the bottom of her panties. The white cloth of her panties was dirty at the bottom, with sticky brown substance.

“Look at what you did,” Priya said, shaking her buttocks uncomfortably. “You made me shit into my panties.”

“I don’t know how I can be forgiven for such a crime, Priya.” I said, crying of fear and my own incompetence. “A supreme being like you should not have to wait for her shit eater…I am willing to accept any punishment you put me through, Priya.”

“Grrr..” Priya said, grinding her teeth together. She wanted to say so many things, but perhaps accepting my willingness to take any punishment confused her into a moment of silence. I had been her slave and loser for quite a few days, and spent sleepless nights in her balcony. I would constantly think of ways to decrease the punishments she put me through and this was one of the tactics I came up with.

“Your punishment.” Priya paused, and kept her eyes closed tight. “Come into my toilet now,” she said softly. I bowed down my head and followed behind her into her toilet, prepared for a massive failure of my tactic. “Lie down there,” she pointed to a spot next to her commode. I lay down at the spot.
Priya stood over me, then jabbed one knee into my chest. “What the hell is wrong with you? I saw you eat the shit of three other girls right in front of me. And you did that right. Why do you always fail me, loser?”

“I tried so hard, Priya.” I said.

“But you failed. You always fail, only with me.” Priya said, sitting her other knee down on my chest. She then turned around and landed her buttocks on my face. “Smell that, loser?” I tried to nod under her shit covered butt. The sticky substance seemed to float and spread all over my face, trapping me in a stinky vacuum but she had her dirty panties on- there couldn’t have been
anything on my face. A loud, wet sound emanated from her butt, thoroughly smothering my life with the foul smell.

“This is the first part of your punishment.” Priya said. “Sitting on your face and shitting into my panties.” I spread my lips over the surface of her dirty panties, but there was nothing there to chew or swallow. It was just cloth- stinking wet cloth but still just cloth.

“Then I am going to make you wear these panties,” Priya said, “on your ugly face.” She sat down even more heavily on my face, allowing a huge turd formation between her butt and her panties. She got up after a few minutes and signaled for me to get up. I caught a glimpse of my own face in the mirror. For that point in time, there was no brown on my face. “Take these off, slowly,” she said, pointing at her panties.

I crawled behind her and carefully grabbed the sides of her panties. I brought it down slowly. There were mountains of poop all over her beautiful naked buttocks. I went forward and kissed them off, but there was too much of it. With intense licks and kisses, I was able to clean up most of her butt and I took down her panties. The panties, however, were still dirty.

“Now wear that on your face.” Priya ordered. I took the panties and spread it all over myself, punishing myself with their offensive smell.

“For the last part of you punishment,” Priya said, “I want you to dip your head into my commode.” I stuck my head into her commode and drowned my masked face in the water. Priya grabbed my legs and tied them up to a hook on her wall, effectively trapping me upside down with my head drowned inside her commode.

“How would you like to spend the next ten hours trapped like that?” Priya asked.

“I might die, Priya.” I cried, my voice muffled in her dirty, wet panties.

“That’s a good thing, then.” Priya said. “You deserve nothing less.”

“I’m so sorry, Priya.” I said, but she had walked out. She returned with a huge electric device and electric clippers. “No!” I screamed, struggling to break out of my trap.

“Yes.” Priya laughed, clipping the device on my legs. “This is like the electric commode torture,” she laughed. She stepped towards the switch and placed her hand on it. “Any last words, loser?”

I struggled with the ropes, but they wouldn’t budge even slightly. They were tight enough to eat into my skin- struggle was futile. I gave up and closed my eyes. Life was over.

“Die, you worthless shit eating loser!” Priya said, flipping the switch on.
Deeper into the Shithole

I let out a loud scream from the powerful electric shock Priya delivered to my upside down body as she flicked the switch on. She had me trapped and bound with my head in her commode water and an electric device delivering nasty shocks through clips in my legs. The shock caused my body to vibrate over her commode as I dipped in and out of it.

Priya flipped off the switch and stepped closer. “Shut the fuck up, you loser! What the hell are you trying to do? Get me caught again?” I joined my hands together and shook my head. She protruded her foot into the commode, stepped on the dirty panties over my face and stuffed it into my mouth harder. “Now try to scream!” she ordered. I let out some muffled noises through her heavy panties.

“Good.” Priya walked over to the switch and flipped it on again. It hurt even harder, and I couldn’t even scream. As my being suffered the high voltage charge throughout the body, I could feel death drawing closer. There was no way out.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the toilet door. “Priya, are you in there?” It was her mother’s voice. Priya placed her hands on her lips and stood still. “Priya, I heard screaming. Is everything alright?”

“There’s no problem, mom!” Priya called out.

“Young Lady, I want you to open the door this instant,” she said. “I know what I heard. You have the neighbour’s boy in there, don’t you?”

“I do.” Priya said, quickly untying my ropes. “I’m sorry, mom.”

“Just open the damn door!” Her mom demanded, banging her fist against the door.

“Yes, mom.” Priya opened the door and stepped aside as her mother stormed into the toilet.

“What is all this?” she asked, pointing to the ropes and the electric device and the panties in my mouth. “Priya, you will untie him at once.”

Priya swiftly untied the ropes and helped me to my feet, so I could kneel before her and her mom in her toilet.

“Explain yourself now,” she said.

“Mom,” Priya said, “I was sitting by myself in the park one day. This guy came to me and said that he wanted to become my shit-eating slave.”
“He wanted to become your slave?” her mom asked, suspicious.

“Yes.” Priya said. “And I told him to get lost.”

“Now that’s like a good girl,” her mom said.

“But later, this guy came after me and attacked me.” Priya said, pointing to me. “He said that he will eat my shit even if it’s the last thing he does in his life.”

“Is that true, young man?” her mom asked, frowning at me.

I looked up to her mother and was about to shake my head, “no.” But then I looked at Priya, with her eyes wide open in anticipation of my answer. It wasn’t so much a look of fear, for she knew that her mom believed every word she said. There was no point fighting their force.

“Yes, aunty.” I said, bowing down. “I attacked your daughter. I’d been stalking her for days, hoping to eat her shit at least once in my life.”

“Why would you want to eat her shit?” her mom asked. “You’ll die from poisoning.”

“I wanted to die that way.” I said. “For all the sins I’ve committed against her and the other girls.”

“Yuck!” her mom cringed.

“Mom, I had to take him as my shit-eating loser slave.” Priya said. “He forced me to. I kept him locked in here for a few days and tried him out as my human commode. But he always failed.”

“Oh?” her mom said, “he didn’t do it right, even though it was his lifelong dream?”

“Not at all. Not once.” Priya complained. “Today he made me shit into my panties.”

“That is disgusting,” her mom said, spitting in my eyes.

“I know.” Priya said. “So I decided to end his miserable life.”

I thought of putting on a protest but her mom was far too trusting of her to ever believe a creep like me. All I could do was hit my head to the floor and give up, without even trying.

“There’s no need for that,” her mom said. “Priya, you get ready for school. Your bus arrives in half an hour, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, mom.” Priya said.

“And you go to school,” she said. “I’m going to teach this kid some manners before you return.”
“You will, mom?” Priya asked, putting on an innocent face.

“Of course,” she said. “He mistreated my daughter. I’m going to give him the worst punishments for that.”

“Thank you, mom.” Priya hugged her mother and received a kiss to her forehead. “Bye bye, loser!” she said to me. “I will see you in the evening.” She disappeared into her bathroom.

The Motherload of Punishment – Preview

WARNING: This story contains anti-religious themes. If you are a Hindu who gets easily offended, please have the decency to stop reading this and point your browser elsewhere.

Priya’s mother stood glowering over me, as I attempted to recover from the beating her elder daughter had so cruelly delivered. I slowly sat up and took Priya’s dirty panties off my face. The woman had seen it all, there was no point trying to hide anything. I could hear the woman’s heavy breath, I could feel its awesome force under my skin, even from a distance of about three meters away from her, and each of her powerful intimidating exhales filled me with fear.

“Padmini auntie”, as she was called, was known all over the neighborhood as a strict disciplinarian of a mother. But she wasn’t just a one-faced Hitler; she was a petite, agile woman for her age (45+) who had a good sense of humor and involved herself in sports and other physical activities. I had seen her playing badminton many times in the apartment grounds- she had the jump and reach of a twelve-year old. Overall, she was a well-rounded, fun personality in general, but not the type you mess around with. There was no telling what would happen if one made her angry.

I had seen the angry side of her only once before- during the “Ganesh Chathurti” festival. That day was etched in my memory forever. A large crowd had gathered in their apartment for the festivities and celebrations. Padmini auntie’s two daughters, Priya and Vidya walked into the room, dressed very differently from each other. The younger sister, Vidya, wore a beautiful, elegant red Sari while the elder sister came in, boldly dressed in her black, sleeveless t-shirt and her very revealing denim micro-skirt.

Priya’s younger sister, Vidya, took a conservative approach, much the way she had done throughout her life. Vidya was the role-model daughter, the ideal mommy’s girl. She blindly obeyed everything her mom said- ate the right food, dressed with the right clothes, hung out with the company her mom chose for her, spent more than six hours studying every day even though she didn’t need to. She was an extremely submissive female. Four years of age separated the sisters, and their personalities couldn’t be any more different from each other.
Padmini auntie soon entered, carrying the sweets and candles, when she saw her two daughters. A fierce battle ensued. Much of the neighborhood witnessed the clash of the titans—the strong, defiant daughter and her even stronger mother.

“What sort of Lady dresses like that in front of so many people?” her mother demanded, pointing to the revealing clothes. “Go back to your room and dress properly, like your little sister here!”

“I’ll dress however I want. You can’t tell me how I should dress.” Priya retorted.

“Today is the Ganesha festival. Young Lady, you will dress up in a Sari for the occasion.”

“No I won’t! I hate Sari’s.”

“It’s an auspicious day. You are going to wear a Sari whether you like it or not!”

“I don’t care what day it is. This is how I dress.”

“Priya, these clothes are an outrage to our family God! This is simply unacceptable.”

“Mom, let’s just say that you believe in a different God than I do, okay?”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“You believe in a God who is a strict, boring, and scary disciplinarian. He expects you to dress a certain way on auspicious days, He wants you to go to the temple daily and donate a lot of money, He wants you to fast all day on Shivaratri. Loads of meaningless stuff like that. And He will burn you in hell if you don’t do any of those things.” The whole crowd sat in stunned silence, as they heard their charismatic icon speak so defiantly to her own mother, not to mention the complete, unabashed quashing of their religious beliefs.

“Is that so?” Padmini aunty laughed. “And who is your God?”

“I don’t have a God.” Priya said. “Because I AM God. All these people should be worshiping me, instead of that stupid, lifeless idol of an elephant.”

“What did you just say?” Her mom asked, stepping closer. “You called the Lord stupid?”

“Not the Lord. The idol of the Lord.”

“And you really expect all these honorable people to worship you instead of the Lord Ganesha?”
Priya replied with a bold, resounding “Yes.” She walked over to the idol and placed her foot on the idol’s head. “Everyone!” she addressed the enraged crowd. “Each and every one of you! Get down on your knees and worship my feet. Stop worshiping imaginary, mythological creatures and pray to my feet instead. At least that way, some good things will happen in your life.”

“How dare you disrespect our Lord?” Padmini auntie growled. “Priya, take your foot off the Lord this instant!”

“No, mom! I won’t!” Priya said. “You people must learn to live and let live. If you’re going to force your religious beliefs on me, why shouldn’t I do the same?”

Padmini auntie picked up a wooden rolling-pin from her kitchen and returned, tearing through the crowd like a wild beast. “Are you going to take your foot off the Lord or do I have to force you?”

“Force me, mom!” Priya said. “I’m not afraid of you or any of these people.” Her mother raised the pin in her hand. “Everyone! Watch how my mom forces me into believing in your stupid God.”

“You’re pushing it too far.” Padmini auntie held the wooden pin in her hands, hesitating for a moment. “I give you one last chance to take back your words.”

“I’m not going to.” Priya announced. “I will not be forced into a life of obeisant blindness based on religion or anything else for that matter.”

From that point on, the fight turned violent. Her mom chased her out of the room with the rolling-pin and flicked her on the knees, leaving a brown scar that would persist for many, many years. A close look at Priya’s body would still reveal that impact point as the single inch of imperfection, in an otherwise perfect structure.

But all that was in the past. The present moment was here, and I was staring right at her mom. I would be on the receiving end of Padmini auntie’s punishment, which probably meant my funeral. She had an even more menacing look on her face than she did the other day. After all, in her eyes, I was an outsider who had harassed a member of her family, her beloved, albeit obstreperous elder daughter.

She stood still and squeezed the knuckles of her left hand in her right, then vice-versa, as if she were preparing her hands to punch my face inside out.

“Auntie, I’m so sorry.” I said. But she just stepped closer, without speaking a single word. I retreated to the corner of Priya’s toilet, but soon there was no room left to retreat. She had me cornered like a bold Lioness would, a helpless deer. “Please, auntie. I’m just a shit-eating loser to your daughter. Nothing more. I didn’t offend or hurt her in any way.”
“Enough with your lies!” Padmini auntie said. “You sickening pervert. I’m going to teach you a lesson you’ll never ever forget. Come with me. Now!”

The Motherload of Punishment

I crawled behind Padmini auntie as she walked into the kitchen. But this didn’t feel like the submissive crawl I would usually use as I went behind her daughter, Priya. This was a much scarier version of the same move, and while her daughter made me do it out of superiority complex, this woman made me do it out of anger and disgust. Plus, she was making me crawl into her kitchen, a dangerous place where almost anything could be used as a weapon.

I stared at the woman’s feet below her dangling maroon nightie as she walked. For one thing, there was nothing else to stare at. and for another, her feet were just as shapely as Priya’s, with similar beautiful curves. The bottoms of her legs were just as beautiful- so healthy and smooth that they glowed with brilliance. It was as if hair had never grown there all through her life. Perfect legs seemed to run in the family.

Suddenly, the legs stopped moving right in front of the kitchen. I sat down on the floor and joined my hands together. “That’s right,” she said. She raised her nightie to reveal and prepare her smooth legs for some action. Her foot slowly came up and pinched my nose between her toes. The toes soon began to crush my nose, cutting off any chance of breathing. “Breathing is too much of a privilege for someone like you,” she said, thrusting her feet into my face. I fell down to the floor with her deadly foot still clinging onto my face, now crushing me down into the floor. It felt like she was pushing me straight into hell under her feet, with no sign of mercy or concern for my worthless existence.

I felt a darkness come over me, it had been over a minute since I took was allowed an inhale of fresh air. My lungs
screamed for breath, but soon stopped screaming. “Auntie, please auntie.” My brain screamed its last words before everything stopped.

Less than a minute passed before I woke up, screaming my lungs out. There was a red welt on my chest, with blood pouring out in a free flow. I looked up to see the auntie, standing before me with her riding crop. There was a red stain on the black leather whip, with my blood dripping carelessly from it.

“Shut up!” she ordered, placing her forefinger on her lip. I couldn’t. Her foot went up in the air and landed in my mouth, bringing me down with force. She then stretched forward her feet and let it linger over my face, knowing full well what a pervert like me would do with them. I promptly began to kiss them and lick them clean for her. The bottoms of her feet were a bit harder than Priya’s, with a few dry cracks on the skin. The taste and odor of her foot brought a sense of calm to my heart, and slowed down the pour of blood from my chest.
Her whip went up in the air again. I began to squeal and cry as I struggled to break my way out from under her feet. The whip did look like it was about to land on me, but she hit the floor instead. The noise it made scared some of my internal organs out of me. “Get up,” she ordered. I sat down before her.

“You are going to cook my lunch for me.” Padmini auntie said, going into her kitchen. “I’m going to watch everything you do. Each time you make a mistake,” she said, raising her whip again. I slithered back from her, tumbling down to the floor again. “This,” her whip cracked into the floor next to me, “will hit you.”

“Understood, auntie.” I said, keeping myself far away from her whip as possible.

“Don’t try to run from me. What the hell do you think you’re doing?” she asked.

“Auntie, you were about to hit me with your whip.” I said.

“What should you do if I am about to hit you with my whip?” Auntie asked. She raised her left foot up and wiggled her toes a few inches off the floor. “You offer your head at my feet.”

“Please, auntie…”

“Shut up and throw yourself here.” Auntie said, stretching out her whip and preparing it for action. I brought myself to her feet, closed my eyes and prayed to her divinity. Her whip crushed its way into my spine this time, even as her foot crushed me into the floor. Even as the blood flowed out my back, I licked the dust off her floor. There was nothing else I could do.

“That is the way you should submit yourself to me.” Auntie said. “Go, run to the kitchen and start cooking.”

I crawled over to her kitchen and looked around. There was a large pot of rice at the corner. I picked up a tumbler from her shelf and filled it to capacity with the rice. Then I picked up a cooker and turned it on, so it could boil.

Auntie sat on the kitchen table and rested her feet on the chair. “Come here and kiss my feet,” she ordered. “Each and every step, you will kiss my feet and ask me whether you’re doing it right.”

I knelt beside her chair, picked up her feet and placed it on my face. “Auntie, did I put the proper amount of rice in the cooker for your lunch?”

“Hmm, I guess you did.” Auntie said. “Good dog. Lick my toes before you continue.”

“Yes, auntie.” I licked her big toe and looked up to her. She waited for a few seconds and nodded. I picked up her next toe and ran my tongue over it, then waited and watched for her
nod of approval. This I did for each of her ten toes, mouthing them and licking them thoroughly before moving on to the next step in my cooking—picking up onions to make her a spicy curry.

I continued the cooking as best as I knew how, and she allowed me to lick off several layers of dust from her toes. Before long, I had managed to bring a smile to her pretty, Priya-like face. A dazzling face, to put it differently. A nice smelling lunch was ready and waiting for her.

Padmini auntie walked over to the living room and turned on her television to watch her soap operas. “Stay near my feet,” she said.

The smell of the onion curry was simply overwhelming. I hadn’t eaten normal food in days, and as a well-trained cook I knew I had done a good job. I gathered some tears around my eyes and kept them ready to flow on cue. “Auntie,” I began.

“What? Why would you disturb me when I’m having my lunch?” Padmini auntie said.

“Priya hasn’t allowed be to eat anything in days. Can I eat some of the food, auntie?” I asked, carefully pushing tears out of my eyes when I did.

“No,” she answered bluntly.

“Please auntie. Just some of your leftovers.” I cried.

“I said no. Stop bothering me unless you want to get whipped again.” She said. “Oh, by the way,” she showed me her feet and pointed to the hardened cracks on her skin. “I got these from cracks from walking too much in the temples last week. Why are they still here?”

“I’m sorry, auntie.”

“You obviously didn’t lick my feet properly, otherwise they’d be gone by now.” Auntie said. “Start licking my dirty feet, slave. This is your lunch.”

“Thank you, auntie.” I wasn’t really thankful but it wasn’t like I had a choice in the matter. I bit into the dry, dead skin lining up the edge of her heels and tried to get them out of her feet. I picked up her other foot and kissed that with all my vigor, but the dead skin on both her feet wouldn’t wear off. I began to lick them profusely, like a dog. With my open tongue ready for action, I attacked both heels with intense, wet licks. It wasn’t much of a lunch, nor did I make any progress getting the dirty skin off her feet.

Padmini auntie finished her lunch in about twenty minutes, after which she ordered me to bring her a fingerbowl. I warmed up some water and placed a quarter lemon piece in it for her. Like an obedient waiter, I courteously walked over to her and served it with my head bowed down. She used the bowl, staring with rapt attention at the TV. “Napkin,” she ordered once she was done.
I fetched her a fresh kitchen towel. As she wiped her hands dry, the phone rang. I fetched the cordless receiver and handed it to her. She began a long conversation with the person on the other end, her little sister. She conversed about the weather, then about her lunch, her daughter’s “loser slave boy” which was me, how I cooked lunch for her and still took a beating from the whip she had been waiting so long to use, and so on while I continued to work on the dry skin on her heels like a champion dog. My tongue began to hurt, being stretched so far out from its origin but I kept going. Auntie deserved the prettiest feet.

She conversed about her sister’s children and asked her to send them over. “Priya will return from school in the evening, they can play with her then. Oh, don’t worry. It’ll be my pleasure to take care of them.”

After a long conversation lasting more than ninety minutes, she handed me the receiver to place back on the phone. As I went to place them, she checked her heels and noticed that I still wasn’t able to get them off. “Why is this ugly skin still on my heels?”
“I’m so sorry, auntie. I will lick them all my life if I have to.”

“No you won’t. Bring me my whip,” she said.

“Please, auntie. I’m begging you.” I hugged the bottom of her legs and placed my forehead at her feet. “Please.”

“I asked for my whip.” Auntie stated. I fetched them from the kitchen and placed it next to her. No matter how many times I said “please” and “sorry”, she was adamant about what she planned to do. The next few hours, she beat the life out of me with the unforgiving leather.

The Loser Demonstration

Priya examined the wounds on my body, delivered by her mom’s whipping and giggled. “Enjoyed my mom’s beating, loser?”

“Yes.” I cried. “Thank you, Priya. And thanks to your mom.” The last time she beat me up, she scolded me for not thanking her, which led to yet another beating.

“Why would you thank me for that kind of violence, loser?” Priya asked.

“It’s nothing, Priya.”

“Oh, I know what you’re trying to do.” Priya said, grinning wide.

“You do?”

“Yes. You’re trying to be all polite and respectful so I won’t beat the crap out of you right now.” Priya said. “You’ve got to know by now there’s no way you can avoid getting beaten up.”

“Priya, your mom gave me a horrible beating just now. Please give me some time to recuperate.”

“No.” Priya raised her hand and clenched her finger into a hard, scary fist. Just before it descending upon my face, the doorbell rang.

“Priya, you want to get that? It’s your favorite cousins.” Padmini auntie called out.

“Sure, ma.” Priya answered. She then pointed her finger at me. “Stay right here, we are not done yet.” She ran off towards the across her hall and to her front door to answer it. I took a deep breath and enjoyed the few moments of non-punishment that was gifted to me.

I looked around the empty room. I felt strange, being left alone in her room free to do whatever I wanted. This wasn’t right. I crawled out of the room, headed towards the hallway. I heard the
voices of three young children screaming and cheering with joy. Just before the living room, there was the parents’ bedroom. I got myself in there, hiding much of my body safely in the room and peeped into the living room, for the most beautiful sight.

Priya’s three little cousins, one girl and two boys, were taking turns hugging her. They were so excited to see their charismatic fun akka, and had such joyful expressions on their faces, I broke into tears from the mere sight of them. “I’ll go next. Me next,” the girl said, jumping on the spot.

“You’ll all get your turns, just wait.” Priya said, sharing a tight, warm hug with one of the boys. “An extra special hug just for you,” she said, spreading out her hands and inviting the little girl cousin into her arms. The girl ran forth, with her short, straight hair swerving under the blue hair-band as she did. She jumped up into Priya’s arms and hugged her tight. “Sanju, how have you been?”

“Awesome. How about you?”

“Wonderful, myself.” Priya said. The girl was unwilling to let go, but did anyway. She then hugged the stouter boy cousin.

I felt a warmth within, seeing the gentle, loving side of her for the very first time. I was given to wonder what the cousins were so excited about. What did she give them, that made them so excited to be around her?

“Akka, what game are we going to play this time?” The little girl asked.

“Let’s all go into my room. I’ll show you all the biggest loser in the world!” Priya announced.

I hung my head low and crawled back towards Priya’s room- I knew the beautiful moments had to end someway. There was no chance in hell I deserved to watch the charismatic girl with her little cousins. My heart also feared what would follow, if Priya was bringing the kids into her punishment rituals.

“What do you mean, Priya?” Sanju, the little girl asked.

“Aren’t all of you winners?” Priya asked. The kids screamed, “Yes! We are winners.”

“Well, the world isn’t full of winners like you and me.” Priya explained. “Lots of people are losers.”

“Yeah. Loooooooooserrrrs,” one of the boys said.

“So, today I’m going to let all of you play games with the biggest loser in the world. You are all going to win, and then you will punish the loser in any way you want!” Priya said.
“Yay!” the kids screamed in almost coordinated unison. I could hear their footsteps approaching Priya’s room. I was on my knees, next to Priya’s bed where she had left me before.

“This, my little cousins, is a loser!” Priya announced, pointing a finger at me. She stepped aside for a bit, allowing the kids to take a gander at my frowning face. The kids silently watched me blinking back at them, completely expressionless.

“I know, he’s a very big man.” Priya said, grabbing me by my neck and bringing me before her. She then caught my head in her hands and thrust her knees into my face. “But he’s just a loser. A harmless loser being who deserves tons of punishment from winners like us. See? I can kick his face and he has to thank me for it.”

I recovered and recalled my job only after her explicit mention, so I kissed her toes and said, “Thank you, Priya.”

“What are you thankful for, loser?” Priya asked, blushing towards the kids.

“For kicking my face in front of your cousins.”

“That’s right.” Priya grabbed my neck again. This time, she pulled my into her buttocks, quickly raising up her skirt and bringing down her panties. She began to smother me between her butt cheeks, while she turned to her cousins. “Guess what else I’m going to do to this loser?”
“Fart in his face!”

“Pee in his mouth!”

“Well, you got it right,” Priya pointed at one of the kids. I couldn’t see who she was pointing at, but the very next moment the answer became abundantly clear. An explosion of foul-smelling wind took over my face even as she smothered me in front of the kids. She kept on grinding my face between her beautiful butt-cheeks as the kids clapped and cheered.

“That was incredible,” one of the boys said.

“I know.” Priya tossed me over to the floor.

I bent down and kissed her feet. “Thank you, Priya.”
“So,” Priya stamped the back of my neck, and stood up straight and victorious as she crushed me into the floor. “Who wants to go first?”

The Loser Tryout

“Me, I want to go first!” Priya’s cousins eagerly raised their hands and leapt with excitement. She had asked one of them to take over the job of degrading me in any way they wanted to. The eagerness with which the kids wanted to take up the job scared the life out of me.

“Alright, Suraj.” Priya said. “You can go first.” She pushed away my head with her feet, thrusting me towards her little boy cousin. I slowly got up and looked the boy right in his eye, and he looked back.

“Let’s all sit down here and watch the show.” Priya said, gathering the little boy and girl, guiding them towards her bed. They took the pillows and distributed one among each of them, then sat back to watch me and the little boy.

I felt the cold floor as I sat on my knees and stared at the boy. Dressed in a t-shirt and jeans trouser, he was nearly half my height, but since I wasn’t allowed to stand on my feet, we were approximately face-to-face.

“Priya?” he called out, maintaining a frown towards me.

“I’m right here Suraj.” Priya said. “What’s stopping you?”

“Can I do anything I want with this loser?” Suraj asked.

“Do anything you want. Anything at all. Don’t worry about him one bit.” Priya said.

Suraj’s face crumpled into a bigger, scarier frown, so I looked down at his feet and joined my hands. “Please don’t hurt me.”

Before I could finish the sentence, the boy’s feet were up in the air. They revolved in the air for a flashing moment before landing a nasty blow to my temple. It was a swift, graceful jump kick that brought me down to the floor in an instant. Priya and the cousins clapped at Suraj’s effort.

“Wow. Where did you learn to do that?” Priya asked.

“I’ve been going to karate class for six months.” Suraj blushed and took a bow. “I’m up to blue belt now, and soon I shall get the first degree black belt.”

“Wow. I never knew that...” Priya said.
“Thank you so much for giving me this loser,” Suraj said, stepping his foot on my body and standing with a majestic, victorious pose. “We don’t get to try out our kicks on real people in the Karate class.”

“Oh it’s my pleasure.” Priya said. “And I want you to really beat the crap out of him for me.

Suraj placed his foot on my face and rubbed it left and right, smothering me with their foul smell. “Hey, loser! Get up. Get up!”

I stirred and recovered from the kick, then sat on my knees again. With my blurry vision, I saw the little kid’s feet go up in the air again, to land on my head even harder this time. I was nearly out cold, but I could hear Priya and the two other cousins clapping away and cheering him on.

“You know how the handsome hero beats up the ugly villain, in the movies? That’s exactly how you both look right now.” Priya said.

“Thank you,” Suraj blushed.

“Beat him up some more!” Sanju said.

“Of course I will.” Suraj said, prowling over my body. “But first I’ve got to do some preparation.” He knocked his foot against my nose. “Sit down, loser. You’re not allowed to sleep away like this.”

“I’m sorry.” I said, getting myself up.

The eight year old boy jumped onto the bed next to Priya and his two siblings. “Hey loser! Get over here,” he ordered. I knelt before him and bowed down. Next, his little feet came up to my face and poked into my eyes. “Ha-ha! You got beaten up by a boy half your size! You’re such a big fat loser, just like Priya says.”

“I am, Suraj.” I said, offering no resistance as his little foot poked into my eyes.

“Grab my legs and massage them for me,” he said, with fearsome force in his young voice. I picked up his little legs, placed them on my shoulder and began to squeeze them for him, even as Priya and the other kids giggled. “I want you to flex my leg muscles, so I can kick you much harder next time.”

He shared a little high-five with Priya. I massaged his knees and his thighs, with tears in my eyes stemming from the realization that I was doing all this to facilitate my own punishment. I looked over to Priya and the smiling cousins, ready to beat me up if I disobeyed a single one of Suraj’s orders.
“We are going to have a fight!” Suraj declared. “An actual fight, where you are allowed to resist my trained Karate attacks if you can.”

“Why would you do that?” Priya asked.

“I know what I’m doing.” Suraj told her. He turned back to me. “You’re going to prepare me for this fight by doing what I order you to do. Then I will prepare you in any way I want. We’ll have our fight, and the loser,” he pointed to me, “will have to eat the winner’s shit.” He patted his own bums.

“Wow. Just like our pillow fight that day!” Priya said. “I made this loser eat my shit in front of everyone in the apartment.”

“So he has practice,” Suraj laughed. “Is there nothing else going on in your life, loser? Except for eating the shit of winners like us.”

“No, Sir Suraj.” I said. “It’s all I get to do in life.”

“Serves you right,” he said, pushing his feet into my face. “Now flex my toes so I can deliver much harder kicks.” I assisted with his little stretch, flexing his feet and toes until they popped. He then sat back and relaxed. “Hey, loser! Take off my pants now,” he ordered. I sat up and opened his belt buckle, unhooked his pants and tugged them down. I crawled away a bit as I removed his pants, then went back to placing his legs on my shoulder. “You have prepared me for the fight, so it’s my turn to prepare you,” he said. “Hand me my belt now.” The words froze under my skin even as they came out of his mouth. He held out his hand, waiting for me to hand him his belt.

“Please, my Lord.” I said, squeezing and kissing his legs as hard as I could. “Not with your belt.”

“I said I want my belt and that means I want my belt.” Suraj said. Priya and the cousins were bowled over with laughter, as I picked up the kid’s belt and gave it to him.

He squeezed his legs together, trapping my head between his knees. And then the belt beatings began to rain down on me. I could do nothing but accept them while hugging his knees tighter into my brain. “Are there scars on his skin?” he asked his cousins.

“Not yet.” Priya reported.

“Well, then we need some more belting.” Suraj let his belt all over my body, locking my head tight between his knees. He loosened his grip after sufficient beating and I plopped to the floor, red welts all over my body. “Get up, you lazy loser!” he ordered, jumping off the bed. I tried to raise my head but he delivered a brutal kick between my eyes. I tried again, this time he broke my nose into two.
With a devastating kick into my spine, he instantly turned my body around, so that I was twisting on the floor, facing up to him. “Time to eat the winner’s shit, loser!” he laughed, squatting his legs down on either side of my head. His buttocks completely covered my face, and sounded like a volcano of activity was about to happen. I tried to resist, but my hands wouldn’t move. Nor would my legs. “Open your mouth!” Suraj’s orders came from above. Somehow, my mouth was the only muscle that could move. He skillfully guided some nasty smelling pieces of his shit into my mouth, much to the joy of his cousins.

The loser tryout – part 2

“Bra-vo!” Priya applauded Suraj’s skillful Karate attacks that had brought me down to the ground, with barely enough energy left to breathe air. She was sitting on her bed, along with her two little cousins Sanju and Akshay, who joined in on the applause. “I only regret that you break his skull into a million pieces.”

“Exactly,” little Sanju nodded.

“I could do that for sure,” Suraj replied. “But that would be too good a death for losers like him.”

“That is so true,” Priya said. She turned to her other two cousins. “Anyway, which one of you wants to go next?”

“Me, me!” both the cousins began to bounce up and down on their seats.

“Okay, you go first.” Priya said, pointing to Sanju.

“Thank you,” Sanju said. “Hey, loser! Get up,” she ordered with her little eight-year-old voice, but the lividity in her tone was strong and sure as hell. She stayed put in her place, swinging her little legs back and forth as she waited for me to obey.

I rolled over and managed to kneel before her little body. She was flanked by Priya and Akshay to her left and Suraj to her height, and was clearly the smallest of Priya’s cousins. For some reason, that scared me more than anything else. She was dressed in her white frock, with her school’s emblem embroidered on the upper pockets. A black hair band across her head prevented her straight hair from falling to the front.

“Hey bastard. What are you looking at?” she asked.

“Nothing, nothing. I’m sorry.” I said, looking at her little feet.

“You’re sorry what?”
“I’m sorry,” I gulped, “Sanju?”

“Chee. Yuck!” she said, pointing her index finger into her mouth. “Did you call me Sanju? Who gave you the right to call me Sanju? My name is Sanjana.”

“I’m sorry, Sanjana.”

“That’s right. Only winners can call me by my pet name. When people like you call me by my pet name, I feel sick!” she said. “You know what you are, don’t you?”

“I’m a loser, Sanjana.”

“That’s right. And me, I’m a winner,” she said. “To losers like you, I’m a celebrity. How could you not know my name beforehand, loser? How could you think that ‘Sanju’ was my actual name?”

“I’m really sorry, my Goddess. My supreme Sanjana.” I bowed down, brought my forehead to the floor right before her feet. “I deserve to be punished, but I’m in terrible pain already…”

“Who cares?” Sanjana kicked away my head. “You made me sick just now. You almost made a celebrity vomit,” she pointed to herself. “And I’m going to punish you for that.”

“Please…”

“Shut up and bring me my school bag there,” she said, pointing towards corner of the room, where three school bags were kept. “Mine is the red one.”

I crawled towards the bag on all fours as the cousins giggled with each other behind my back. I picked up her red bag and placed it before her. “Unzip it,” she ordered. I found the zip handles and pulled them apart, opening the main compartment of her bag. She had a bunch of textbooks and notebooks inside, along with a twelve inch wooden ruler. Tears began to form in my eyes, for I knew where she was going with this. “Hand it to me. Come on,” she said, stretching forward her little hands. I fished out the wooden ruler and placed it in her hand.

She grabbed the ruler and showed it to Priya. “Now I will know how my teacher feels when she punishes those boys who don’t do homework.”

“You have a strict teacher?” Priya said. “Oh never mind. Go on and punish the loser.”

Sanjana turned to me and nodded. I went forward and held out my hand, fingers opened out fully, palm facing upwards. She raised the wooden ruler behind her shoulder and brought it down hard upon my hand. I was down, hissing in pain and rubbing the rectangular mark she’d left on my hand. She laughed and shared high-fives with her cousins as I rolled around on the floor.
“Hey loser. You have to take ten hits from this ruler. What are you doing on the floor?”

“I’m sorry, Sanjana. You never said that it would be ten.”

“How do you not know these basic things?” Sanjana said. “I’m going to hit you twenty times just for that.”

“Please…”

“Thirty.” she said, with a stern tone. I swallowed my lips close, to prevent myself from talking more. “Where are your hands?” I stretched out my right hand, the one she hadn’t yet hit. “No. I want to see both hands.” So I obeyed. I brought both my hands and placed them before her, and my eyes struggled to a close to prevent from watching my hand get ripped apart.

“Akka, will you hold this loser in his place?” she asked.

“Certainly.” Priya said. She got up and wrapped her arms around my neck. “Alright, he’s ready,” she said.

The deadly wooden ruler went up in the air and landed in the center of my right hand’s palm. As I closed that hand into a fist, another devastating crack landed in the other hand. Little Sanjana kept on hitting my palms with her wooden ruler and laughing with her sister and brothers. “Oh my God! Look at the tears from this loser’s eyes. Getting beaten up by a little girl less than half his size.” She smiled bigger and wider each time she crushed the ruler into my skin. She kept on switching hands, and delivered more than fifty lashes with the ruler before stopping. Priya’s hands held me firmly in place, to take the punishment with full force without giving me a chance to move.

Soon, she stopped hitting me- she set the ruler aside and stretched her arms. I opened my eyes to see my red palms, numb from the cruelty they had endured. “Please let me go. You hit me more than fifty times,” I begged Priya, who was still holding me up in place.

“No way.” Priya said. “She didn’t hit you properly yet.”

“Yeah, I realized that too.” Sanjana said. She picked up the menacing ruler again. “My teacher would never hit the disobedient pupils on their palms. She always used to hit them on their knuckles.”

“Oh no. Please, no!” I cried, showing her my lifeless hands and fingers, which sagged down from the loss of blood. “You’ve hit me so much already, Sanjana.”

“But it wasn’t right. Everything I do needs to be right,” she said, raising the ruler again. “Make a fist, now!”
I tried to send the signals to my fingers, but they just shivered in pain. I concentrated harder and formed fists with both my hands. “Now show me your knuckles,” she ordered. I obeyed, hesitantly bringing them up for her to hit with the wood. The ruler flew through the air and landed on my knuckle bone. I screamed in terror as the wood made contact with the root of my fingers.

“Shut up.” Priya said, shaking my head in her hands. “Sanjana, why don’t you give him your socks so he can shut up.”

“Wonderful idea, akka,” she said. Sanjana took off her school shoes and her white socks, which were brown-black at the bottom. “Open your mouth, loser. Aaaaa.” Priya lowered my head to her and she stuffed my mouth with the dusty, stinking socks. “Now, where are your knuckles?”

I brought up my hands, and the wooden ruler crashed its way through my bones without any sign of mercy. Over and over and over again.

The loser tryout – part 3

My eyelids served as a dam that held the tears from rolling down my cheeks. As Sanjana kept rapping into my knuckles with her wooden ruler, some of the pressure began to push its way through. She stopped hitting me after a while, perhaps because she was bored or tired, and I opened my eyes to see the blood pouring out from between my knuckles. A flood of tears poured out of my eyelids, irrigating the joyousness of the little girl who had caused so much pain. Priya, Akshay and Suraj applauded and laughed to their heart’s content for each of her attacks.

“Chee!” she said, examining her wooden ruler. “Your ugly blood is all over my school stationery. What sort of dirty fellow are you, anyway?”

“Sanjana, you were the one who…” I tried to speak, but Priya’s hand landed square on my cheek. “Shut up, you loser! You don’t have the right to talk back to my little cousins like that.”

“Sorry, Priya.”

“Ask for her forgiveness too.” Priya said.

“Sanjana, I’m sorry.” I said, placing the back my hand on my lap, to block off some of the bleeding wounds.

“I won’t forgive you so easily,” Sanjana said. “My teacher always makes the deviants do something as punishment. Only once you do that will I forgive you.”
“But Sanjana,” I showed her my bleeding knuckles, “I am bleeding so much. What more do you want me to do?”

“Those are just your hands, right?” Sanjana smiled. “Your legs are still okay, right?”

“No, Sanjana. I’ve taken a beating from everyone…”

“Well I don’t care. I didn’t induce any pain to your legs yet.” Sanjana said. “That just doesn’t feel right.”

“Please my sweet Goddess.”

“Grab your right ear with your left hand.” Sanjana ordered. I raised up my hand towards my ear to obey her order, but found them shivering all the way through from the beating they’d endured. It took an unusually long time to get my hand up to my right ear. “Now your left ear with your right hand.” I obeyed and ended up standing before her with my arms criss-crossed.

“That’s good. Now squat fully on the floor.” She pointed to the ground before her. I sat before the four cousins, and saw the chubby Akshay, eagerly waiting for his turn to punish me. “Now stand up, keeping your hands on your ears.” I did. “Now squat.” She began to put me through a sit-up routine, which I was certainly not in shape for. “Up. Down. Up. Down,” the little girl went on ordering.

I tried hard to keep pace with her orders, but soon ran out of energy and fell slow. Each time I bent my knees, I could feel a fireball of pain burning up my thigh area. The little knew full well how to punish a man. I could feel my thigh muscles giving away, barely able to hold me up. But the girl went on and on like a drill master. “Up. Down. Up. Down.” The other cousins tapped her on the shoulder, perhaps to indicate that they were getting bored. She showed them her hand and gestured for them to wait a bit. I tried to wonder what she might be planning, making me do so many sit-ups for her, but a darkness exploded in my brain each time I squatted down and stood up straight.

Eventually, it began to take more than thirty seconds to switch between the squat and the stand. “Stop,” she finally said, when I was in standing mode. I looked down to her, sitting on the couch at less than half my height. She went back on the bed and stood herself up on it. Despite the combined height of the bed and her body, she came up to about my chest. She frowned at me as I wobbled on my weakened, nearly dysfunctional legs. She then turned to her cousins and made a short announcement to them. “It’s time.”

“Time for what?” Priya asked.

“The super duper wet slap!” Sanjana said, proud as an overfed peacock.

“Huh?” Akshay asked. “You spent so much time just to give him one slap?”
“Not an ordinary slap, Akshay. A super-duper wet slap,” she said. Somehow, the fact that she was giving a full explanation hurt more than my thighs at that point. “See how his legs are disabled?”

“Oh!” Priya said. “I get your point.”

“Thank you!” Sanjana said. She turned to me and frowned again. She raised her right hand below her mouth, into a little cup and spat into it. It was a slow, deliberate kind of spit that transferred much thick fluid from the mouth to the well of her little hand. The little cousins let out small moans of disgust, while Priya smiled.

Sanjana raised her wet right hand up in the air. For one menacing moment, they paused before my eyes taunting me with their size and wetness. She then swung her straightened hand in a circular motion, delivering the hardest, wettest blow to my cheeks. The impact of the slap sent me wobbling backwards, but since my legs couldn’t work, I found myself descending rapidly to the floor. With one hard slap, she had sent me flying out of the room, to a nasty fall on some tumblers placed in the kitchen.

“Now I know how powerful my teacher feels.” Sanjana gloated to her cousins. “Akshay, it’s your turn now.”

Let me know what you thought of this story, by mailing me on findslave31@gmail.com

Keep in touch with my works, at MistressPriya.com