Trip to Amsterdam

By: SiCiAiT

"Dawn, are you ready to go?"

"Almost" Dawn finishes up packing her bags and headed down stairs. "I don't understand why you can't stay with me for one day in Chicago? The Plane stops there anyhow so you can transfer."

"Because Roberta and I do not get along."

"Well maybe if you did not call her a cunt and me a bitch in front of her family she would like you."

"Well I was pissed off and I say things when I'm pissed off."

"No you were drunk. Why is it I always feel like I have to choose between you or my friend?

"Well maybe you should choose. Yeah when I get back you need to choose her or me." I said snapping back. "End of discussion. Let's go."

On the plane Dawn looks over at me, "why Amsterdam?"

"I told you before because I and the guys wanted a change. Why does it bother you so much?"

"It's just so far away. There are many places in America that you guys can get drunk, is all I'm saying"

"Well we are getting drunk in Amsterdam."

"Did you get a round trip ticket?"

"No, I'll save some money and get a ticket there."

The plane landed in Chicago and of course Dawn started in again, "I will feel better if you get a round trip ticket."

They went over the loud speak to report that my plane was boarding, "I don't have time, see you in a week."

"Yeah see you to. You have fun with your drunken friends."

"Well you have fun with your cunt of a friend Roberta and remember I want an answer when I get back."

The plane ride took eleven hours. We had fun every day we were there. We met women and a lot of the local people. I don't think we were once sober. On the last night we show up at a club and met a guy there name Larry. This guy must had money because he ran a tab for all five of us and when I went to give him money he just told me it's on the house.

"This is a kicking party." I yelled over to Larry. "You want another beer? I'll go get it" As I walked over to the bar a lady bumped into me and tipped my drink on to me.

"Shit, Fuck cunt watch where you’re going!"

She turned to me and stared right into my eyes, "What did you say to me?"

"You heard me!" I grabbed the beer and went back to my table.

The rest of the night went by fast and I woke up to the guys rushing around the motel room. "Hurry up man we're late for the plane. Does anyone have any money for the cab?" Everyone said no but me, "I have money right here holding up my wallet." We rushed down stairs and hailed a cab. As I was putting my bag in the truck of the cab a little boy ran his bike into me.

"Sorry mister, I could not stop"

"That's alright" as I helped him up.

Come on Jack we got to go. I jumped in the cab and we were off. When we got to the airport I told the guys to go ahead and I would meet them on the plane. I grabbed my bag and walked up to the cab driver. I reached for my wallet and it was not there. "Shit where is my wallet Shit!" Next thing I knew the cab driver waved down a police officer and told him that I refused to pay him. Without asking my side he slammed me to the car, cuffed me and hulled me downtown where I just came from. I sat at the police station explaining what happen."

"Where is your wallet?"

"I don't know."

The phone rings and the officer picked it up, "Ok, ... Ok ... Ok" he turns to me, "I'm going to give you a chance a plane leaves here back to America in forty eight hours. You better be on that plane if not I'll hunt you down and throw you in jail."

"But I have no money."

"Not my problem. Now get out of here before I change my mine."

I was walking for hours wondering what I was going to do or where I was going to sleep when a car drove up beside me, "Hey, Jack what are you doing here I thought you were going back to America today?" It was Larry from the club. I told him everything that has happen. He told me that he had a place that I could stay. That night I had a hard time sleeping wondering how I'm going to get a plane ticket back. The next morning Larry knocked at the bedroom door. "Hey Jack wake up I have coffee on." I stubble out of bed and went down to the kitchen."

"How you sleep Jack"

"Shitty"

"Have no fear I have a way you can make some real fast money."

"Wait, I will not sell drugs."

"Do I look like a drug dealer? Maybe I do but that is not what it is. It's a ten minute job tomorrow and then you could sleep all day and by that night you will be on the plane back to America."

"Ok what is it?"

"I would rather show you so you're not surprise by it."

We drove to this place that looked like a very high class hotel. As soon as I walked in I was in heaven. There were females everywhere. Some had only tops on and some just had bottoms on. "Wow dude, where are we, heaven?"

"This is my place. We have everything you can think of."

"So what do you need me to do?"

"Over here," we walked into a room. "This is Frank he is going to show you everything that needs to be done and what to expect. If you like it let me know and will set it up first thing tomorrow morning. Also keep an open mind about it."

With that Frank led me out of the room and down some stairs."We have special clients that like to see movies that normally you can't get in open market."

"Oh like black market stuff."

"Yeah kind of like that. I'm going to show you step by step of what will and what you would go though. First, it is a live steaming internet movie to our special clients. Don't worry your face will be covered." He points to a picture on the wall, "This is Mistress Destiny a one of a kind women. She always wears a mask she claims it sets the mood to the movie but she has a hot body.

Now here is a picture I want to show you but I want you to know the reason they pick me to show people because I'm the one underneath. Also this is probably going to make you want to run."

He shows me a picture of him tied to this chair thing with something sticking out of his mouth that looked like shit but could not be because it was way too big. "What the hell is in your mouth?"

"Exactly what you think it is. It's Destiny's specialty"

"No way, how big is it?

"That one was three inches thick and sixteen inches long. You are going to run."

"Nope not yet I have to see the rest of this place."

He led me into this room with a bunch of computer stuff, "And this is where the magic happens and over in this room," as he opens a heavy metal door, "Is where the movie takes place. What will happen is you will be tied to this chair, if that's what you want it call it. The clients like it to look as real as possible so with you laying here you're body will be tied down and your head will be tilted back so your neck is straight. Destiny is going to walk through that door and latch it shut"

"Ok now you’re scaring me. I'm going to be tied to this and she is going to lock that door. It is just her and I in this room?"

"I know what it sounds like but let me finish first. She does the exactly the same thing in every movie. She says she don't like diverting from the script. So she walks in and latches the door. She'll walk around and test the straps. Then, now yes this does hurt but keep in mind it's all an act of dominance for the movie; she whacks you in the nuts, not to hard though. She say things like, you think your good enough for my shit, Things like that, cruel things. Then she'll walk over to your head and pull her pants down and sit on your face with all her weight."

"Ok all her weight how the hell am I going to breath?"

"That is where our doctors come in. They are the best money can buy. I know this sounds weird but first the doctors put this," He picks up a metal device, "in your mouth. What it does is opens your mouth to three inches and holds back your tongue so you don't swallow it. It also is spring load and allows it to open another inch, because well with Destiny you never know how big it could be. I never saw it bigger than three inches though. Nice thing about it when it opens wider for every click you hear it's a quarter each bigger."

"Holy shit dude what am I getting myself into?"

"I know it's a lot to take in. Anyways the doctors insert an IV for safety reasons and heart monitor things; I will explain that in a second. Then they do a small laser incision in your lungs and insert breathing tubes, I'll explain that soon. They make sure it doesn’t hurt. Now here is the reason for all the safety. First you have seen the size shit Destiny does?

"Yeah huge."

"Now I need you to understand this very closely. Destiny tries to make this look as real as possible. When she pushes it into your mouth you well panic. There is no doubt, I did, and your heart will beat million times a second. That is the reason for the heart monitors; we don't want you to have a heart attack. You will feel the pressure of her pushing and she will push it tight against your throat. It will feel like she is going to push it down. Now, because of the width of her shit there will be no way you could breath or even throw up, I did that and nothing came out not even a drop that is how tight it is, and that is why there are breathing tubes in your lungs. If anything happens Destiny will push this button and that door will unlock and the doctors will run in, but Destiny has done this many times and never had a problem. When Destiny feels her shit tight against your throat she will lift up as she finishes it off. She will walk to the door and turn and look into this camera and say, when I get back that better be in your stomach, and walk out. Now the cameras, we have six total, they are high quality. One will face the front. Then you have the back one. The over head and the one Destiny look in to at the end of the movie. Then you have the one that will circle your body. All of it is controlled in the other room. From zooming to focusing. They even queue Destiny by ear piece of all the steps. The sixth camera is my favorite, one of a kind, it works like and x-ray or CT scan. It’s for the deep throat movies we do for clients so they can see how far a dick goes down a throat. In this case they could see how tight the shit is against your throat. Everything that is said and done is streamed live right to the clients. The microphones in this room pick up everything even a whisper. Then after the camera circles you connection stop and the doctors will run in and pull the shit out of your mouth. After that whatever they have to do for you they do. They even treat you like a king for the rest of the day. Anything you want they will get for you, anything."

"Wow that is a little too much for me."

"Well your choice I'll take you back to Larry."

Frank led me back to Larry's office, "Frank room 213 needs some ice. Can you get it for them? So what do you think Jack?"

"Little too much for me, I think I'll pass."

"Seriously, dang I have very important clients that really wanted to see this movie tomorrow. I guess I'm going to have to cancel it."

"Sorry man just a lot to do and a little scary."

"I understand I just thought you could use ten thousand dollars."

"What?"

"I pay my employees very well here and this movie was going to bring in dame good money, but don't worry about it.”

"Hold on let me think here. Those cuts in the lungs how long do they take to heal?"

"Small cuts, the doctors will close them up very well. You won't even see a scar. Want me to sign this money order?" Larry signs it and hands it to me.

"You know I have not even done the job yet I could take off with this and never come back."

"I trust you, be here tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. My driver will take you anywhere you want to go. Even the airport if you like." Larry just smiles.

I looked at the money order as I was riding in the limo. I bet it's a fake. I told the limo to stop at a bank. I transfer seven thousand dollars to my account in America and three thousand in cash. Holy shit Larry is very trusting. That night I feel asleep dreaming about everything Frank showed me. Some of the dreams were fantastic and others were straight up nightmares but I was happy to be able to get back to America.

I woke up at seven and Larry was there drinking his coffee. "Did you sleep better last night?"

"Oh yeah perfect, have to thank you for helping me out."

"Think nothing of it. Let me give you some advice, stay calm. I can't say that enough. Everyone that has done this movie has panicked as soon as Destiny sits. Yeah it’s good for the clients but we like to be safe about everything. So slow your breathing and just pretend you're somewhere nice for ten minutes. She is a very nice lady even if she seems mean in that room it's only for the movie."

"Well all I know is my heart is already pounding."

"Slow it down. You need to be relaxed. The movie will be great. I'll even give you a copy afterwards."

With that said we were off to do a movie. When I went into the control room there were four doctors in their white scrubs standing in the other room. In the control room there was Larry and three other guys and Destiny in her outfit that was made of leather with cuts all up and down her whole body. She turned away from me to put out a cigarette and the leather was cut completely out around her ass. When I went up to her to say hi Larry stopped me.

"She likes to stay in character. If she talks to you she gets feelings and don't want to go through with the movie. You know what I mean?"

"Sure"

"Let me introduce you to the doctors."

Larry leads me to the other room. After he introduces me to the doctors one of them pulls me to the side.

“You have nothing to worry about but before we start I need to hear from you that you are willing to go through with this. If not this is the time to say so.”

“Well, I’m scared stiff but I think I’m ready.” I said in a shaky voice. “Do I need to sign papers or something?”

“No this is not a hospital and don’t worry about a thing, I’ll keep you alive.” The doctor said patting my back.

The Doctors had me get seated in position of the chair. They strapped my waist and hands down and then leaned my head back to align my throat. Once they had one arm strapped another doctor inserted the IV and another one connected the heart monitor. When that was done they inserted a needle into both of my chest and explain that it well help with what little pain I’ll feel from the laser. It was a weired feeling when they made the small cut and inserted the tubes. One doctor connected the tubes to oxygen.

“Time for some fresh air. Are you feeling alright?”

“Yeah not bad can’t move my body just my legs.”

“Clients like to see the person kicking like their in pain so try to do some kicking. It helps if you think you’re going to panic. Can you feel the oxygen in your lungs?”

“Yep”

“Ok one more thing. Now open your mouth. You’re going to feel some pressure. This device is my special design. It opens the mouth really wide. Up to three inches but could expand to four if need be. Hopeful that won’t happen, because it would hurt. It also holds your tongue back which helps with not tasting it. Also it will be a little uncomfortable.” With that he inserted it and clamped it in place. He said four inches would hurt? Three inches is killing my jaw. I went to say something but without moving my tongue just mumbles came out. “I’ll be watching everything from the control room. Have fun.” All the doctors left and Larry walk up to me. “Thanks for doing this for me man you helped me out. Remember just slow down your breathing and just relax.” Wow what am I doing? No, can’t think that way get this over with and America here I come. I started to relax and feel my heart beating and concentrated on the oxygen entering my lungs. Then my concentration left me as soon as I heard a door slam and a heavy latch closed.

Destiny walks around the table and pulls on the straps. “Nice and tight, good and what do we have here? “As she whacks my balls. “A little pencil dick?” I think she hit it just right because it felt like they went into my throat and all I was able to do is moan and squeeze my legs together.

“Destiny, you did not need to hit him that hard. Remember you told me that you’ll play nice.” Larry said into her ear piece.

“Hey boss everyone online wants her to hit him harder.” One guy in the control room said to Larry.

“Larry jumps on the computer and types back, “If you guys wanted ball torture than order for the next movie lol.”

Destiny walks over to my head and tries to move it around with no such luck. She pats me on the head and leans down to whisper in my ear, “It really is not that big.” What the clients see was her butt with a close up shot of her ass hole with a view of what was inside.

“Hey boss, they want her to snuff him out with her giant log.”

Larry types back, “We have all seen what comes out of Destiny’s ass. So let’s get real. This is not a snuff film that is one thing you would never see in my movies.”

Destiny looks down at me, “I hope you’re hungry slave?” With that she turns and lowers her ass to my face.

What I saw made my heart stop in its tracks. It’s one thing to see pictures but when you see it up close and personal it’s another matter. I did not want to go through with it. I started to try and escape. I was kicking my feet and my heart was beating really fast.

“Slow down Destiny his heart is beating too fast.” Larry said into her ear piece. “Tell him to think of a happy place.” Because the clients can hear everything they all message in, “Heart attack, Heart attack”

Destiny looks down at me, “You better think of a happy place before you blow your heart out and you don’t get my gift to you.”

I remembered what Larry told me and picture myself back in my bed in America. Meanwhile the heart monitor was showing that the beats were slowing down.

“Ok Destiny he is calming down you can continue.”

Destiny lowered on to my face and her giant hole was right in the middle of my mouth. I could feel hear full weight on my face. If it was not for the tubes in my lungs I would not have any air to breath. She sat there for a moment to feel my body tremble under her. The clients can see that she was climaxing to the feeling of me under her. “That makes me so hot feeling you tremble in fear.” She pushes some and I can feel pressure against my lips. She pushes again and I hear a click. “That is three and a quarter inches, ladies and gentlemen. Let’s see if we can go three and a half.” She pushes again and click and click, “Wow three and three quarters a new record.”

“Shit Destiny don’t rip his jaw apart.” Larry said in to her ear piece.

My jaw felt like it ripped apart. She pushed again and I could feel it hit my uvula. The control room showed the sixth camera so everyone could see that her shit was indeed going in to the mouth. She pushes again and it hit the back of my throat.

“Ok Destiny you’re at the throat.”

She looks between her legs and smiles as she pushes again and I could feel it press right tight to the throat. My mouth was on fire and packed tight. I could feel my stomach contents come up just so they could go back down. I was so glad that I still was able to breathe.

“Ok Destiny start rising up slowly.” Destiny just looked in to my eyes still smiling. “Destiny, start rising, remember you promised me.”

“What is she doing boss?” One of the control people asked.

Destiny reached up to her mask still smiling down at me and removed it. If my jaw was not all ready spread wide open it would have dropped to the floor. My heart stopped and the monitor picked it up. The Doctor ran to the door.

“What the hell is she doing? Tell her to open this door.”

My heart started to beat again as Larry started to scream into her ear piece. “You promised me! Someone find a way to get that door open! Destiny don’t do it you’ll kill him!”

“Why is she doing this boss? Is she really going to do what I think she is going to do?”

Destiny looks into the camera and nods and looks back down at me smiling an evil grin and pushes again, which spreads my throat open.

“She was at the Club the other night and he called her a cunt! Destiny don’t you dare do it! You said you won’t! Push the button NOW!”

“Shit she is going to do it.” One control guy said to the other.

“Stop the connection! Destiny don’t, stop now! ”

Destiny push again never taking her eyes of me as my eyes bulged out from the pressure. My throat started to expand at the top of my neck. I wanted to scream out in pain and beg her to stop and that I was sorry but all I got was a smile and another push.

“Sorry boss we can’t Destiny wanted to have full control of the connection so we hocked up a computer in there with her.”

“You did what? You idiots! Destiny, stop pushing NOW! You’re on live feed, STOP…”

Before he can say anything else she pushed harder than she has and it pushed to the bottom of my neck. All the clients could plainly see her shit pass down my neck. I passed out and she was able to tell. She looks into the camera, “Don’t ever call me a cunt because this could happen to you next.” She pushes again, “Oh, much easier with him passed out and his muscles limp.” She pushes harder and the clients see the large thick shit stretching the skin of my chest. The shit was so tightly packing in, that the clients could see every ridge and bump her shit had.

The doctors looked at Larry with a frighten look, “there is no way he’ll survive. I won’t be able to pull that out without cutting him open.”

Destiny pushes again as the clients can see it bend as it went into the stomach still showing the large lump expanding the skin.

“I would say that is about twenty inches long. Sucks she beat her record this way.” Control guy said as Larry just shook his head in disbelief.

“I can’t believe she did this.” The doctor said

Destiny pushes one more time with a sigh of relief. She rises from my face and looks down at me. Her shit is packed tight in my mouth. She removes some rubber gloves from her pocket and finishes pushing her shit to the entrance of my throat. She lowers the camera from over head so everyone can see that the shit was indeed packed in. Then she slowly went down my neck to my stomach so everyone could see the skin stretched out by her shit. She poked at it while she has doing it so they could see how hard it was leavening her finger shape in the shit behind the skin. It was like pushing in clay. She smiles down at me one more time, “Let’s see you call me a cunt again or speak at that matter.” She walks to the door and turns and looks into the camera, “You wanted a snuff film how was that, I dare someone call me a cunt.” With that she pushed a remote button and disconnected the live feed. She walks over to the computer in the room and adjusts the web cam. She hits another button on the remote and unlocks the door. The doctors rushed in to the side of me shaking their heads pointing at the mountain that Destiny left in me.

“You there?” Destiny said into the web cam.

“Yep, that was great. I can’t believe that went all the way in.”

“Well we do what we can for special clients. I still can’t believe that it went in, myself. I would have never shit in someone’s mouth knowing how I shit. ”

“So the plan worked out good?”

“Yep everything you said. My son had no problem steeling his wallet. My friend at the police station that let him go. Frank my brother for Photoshoping all the pictures on the wall. Of course the doctors and crew down here. I can’t forget the one that hooked him line and sinker,” she reaches behind her and grabs a hand. “My loving husband Larry. We made a lot of money today over eight million and you get thirty five percent of it.”

“Thank you, so he is dead? Did he suffer?”

“You saw the video he definitely suffered.”Destiny looks over to the doctors and the doctor just shocked their heads in amazement. “What!” Destiny jumps from the chair and over to my body. “Explain how!”

“Well with the tubes in him he is getting oxygen. His heart is still beating. “Just as the doctor was explaining I came to, blinking my eyes. “His throat and stomach is ripped to shreds but with your shit in there packed so tight it is stopping any bleeding. Also he lost movement in his legs. We think your shit is putting so much pressure on his spinal cord but we can’t ask him any question because he can’t talk.”

“Hook up the IV.” Destiny said to the doctors as she turned to the webcam. “Did you hear all that?”

“Yeah dame it! Why are you hooking up an IV?”

“Don’t worry. Just imagine this. The suffering he well goes though. We could keep him alive for may be 30 days without food. He can’t run away even if he did he won’t be able to get my shit out of him. I don’t really think he’ll last that long. What excites me is how long it would take,” Destiny turns to me and leans over to my ear, “to become the first human septic tank. Do you know what will happen to your insides when my shit starts to rot?” She turns back to the webcam, “There is no way my shit is going to move so, I want to see what will happen how about you?”

“Sounds great!”

“I’ll video tape him every day until he dies and I’ll send them to you. Do me a favor and say hi to my sister for me. Goodbye.” Destiny starts reaching to turn off the cam.

“Wait! Can he still hear?”

Destiny turns to the doctors and the doctors snap their fingers by my ears and nod back.

“Bring the speaker next to him I want him to hear something nice and clear.” Destiny moves the speaker and presses it into my ear.

“I CHOOSE MY FRIEND ROBERTA OVER YOU SHITFACE!”

The End

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