Getting Over My Fetish

By: SiCiAiT

I never thought that I would get over my fetish this way. Dawn and I have always tried to keep each other happy. I would do anything for her and she would do anything for me. I had a fetish of being used as a toilet and every once in awhile she would use me. She was not too excited about it but she did it anyhow. Every once in a while she would tell me bedtime stories of me being used by a lot of people and at the end I would die from all of it. It always got me excited and very horny ever time she told me these stories.

“Oh, god honey I wish that could come true.”

“You do, why you would want that.” She looks at me with a questionable look.

“Just the thought of people knowing I was down there and not care what so ever. Can you imagine how scary that would be for me?”

“I would be rolling around laughing my ass of.” She said with a grin.

“Really you would not even help me?”

“Nope that is what you deserve. To be at the mercy of me.” She said as she was laughing.

“Good thing it’s just a story.”

“Hey you never know. Wishes do come true.” She said as she rolled over to go to sleep.

Months went by when her friend Roberta came over for Thanksgiving. She toke a week off from work and came up from Chicago. Roberta and Dawn have been best friends since middle school. They talk about everything. Roberta always had a problem with me. Every time she was around me she would look down at me and say things just to degrade me.

“You still here?” Roberta says to me.

“Where else would I be?”

“If it was my choice you would be kicked to the curb.” She growled at me. “When are you going to get rid of him?” She says as she turns to Dawn.

“When he is six feet under.” Dawn turns to me and kisses me. “That won’t be for a very long time so you two better get along.”

Thanksgiving was not for another three days and I already wish Roberta would leave. That night Dawn told me a story and of course she put Roberta into it. She was saying how she would let Roberta use me until Roberta leaves back to Chicago. Even though I could not stand Roberta it still got me horny the way Dawn told the story.

“That was a great story honey.”

She looked at me for a bit and then said, “What would you do if that happens?”

“Well it would never happen but if you promise me that you won’t show no mercy and force me to do it I would for you.”

“Really? You would do that for me?” She said with a big smile on her face.

“Sure why not. Sweet dreams honey.”

She was wiggling around in the bed like a little school girl. “I defiantly will have good dreams good night.”

The next morning I got up before everyone else showered and went to work. The day dragged all day, but I kept thinking about the story Dawn told me last night. I thought to myself, how degrading it would be if Roberta used me like her toilet, and how bad it would be since she doesn’t like me.

At the house Dawn and Roberta was sitting down drinking coffee when Dawn broke the silence, “So what is the worst thing you have done to a guy?”

“What do you mean?” Roberta said sitting her coffee down.

“I mean, “She hesitates for a moment, “Sexual or nonsexual.”

“Oh, hum, I would say this guy paid me a hundred dollars to step on his balls once and instead going slow I put my whole weight on them. He ended up in the hospital, but I was laughing about it the whole time.” She said stepping her foot down real hard.

“So what is the sickest thing you have done to a guy?” Dawn asked taking a sip from her coffee.

Roberta started laughing, “There was this guy that wanted me to sit on his face and fart but instead I toke a shit on his face.”

“You didn’t, did you?”

“Yep and he did not have time to move. It was the funniest thing I have ever seen.”

“It’s a good thing he did not open his mouth.” Dawn said with a laugh.

“If he did I would have sat right down on his face.” Roberta stopped and looked at Dawn for a bit and asked, “What’s with the questions.”

“Just something Jack and I have been talking about. It’s nothing.” Dawn takes another sip of her coffee.

“Oh no, you can’t stop right there. Spit it, I want to hear about this.” Roberta grabs Dawn’s arm and leads her to the couch and lights a cigarette. “Ok I want to hear it.”

Dawn takes a deep breath, “well Jack has this fetish where he, how can I say this without you thinking I’m sick.”

“Dawn you can tell me anything I would never judge you.” Roberta holds Dawn’s hand. “He don’t force you to do something dose he because I’ll kill him.”

“Oh no, no It’s me force him. Ok, out with it, I use him as my toilet.” Sue says raising her head up with her eyes bowed.

“Oh” Roberta releases her hand off Dawn. “Dose he, well swallow it?”

Dawn nods her head, “I don’t get up until he does.”

“Wow, Cool, instead of kicking him to the curb your dumping him.” Roberta and Dawn started laughing out loud.

“So I was wondering,” Dawn pauses again. “Since you and him get along so well would you…”

“Don’t say no more.” Roberta interrupted, “I well do it for you Dawn. The next time I have to go, but I don’t see him wanting it.”

“It don’t matter what he wants, it’s what I want. Also there are some rules. Rule one only your asshole can be in his mouth no other hole.”

“What if I have to pee to?” Roberta asked

“You see he don’t mine pee. He would drink that all day but to shit he hates the taste and when he burps he says it taste nasty. Also the toilet he made for me allows me to pee and flush that and toilet paper down to the sewer but my asshole is above his mouth.”

“You have a toilet made? I have to see this. Where is it?” Roberta said jumping off the couch.

Dawn got up and led Roberta down to the basement to this padlocked door. Inside there was this toilet that looked like a real toilet, but the toilet hole was split in two. One half looked like a real toilet where you pee in it and the other half was just a hole where your asshole would be. Below was a box about three feet by three foot enough room for a head to fit in comfortably.

Picking up the backing to the box lying against the wall Dawn explains to Roberta. “You see he lays down back there and lies down. I then place the backing on, which makes it a good seal around his neck and lock it in place. That way after I use him I would leave him there for about an hour just in case he throws up. With the toilet seat down the smell well stay in around his head and he will suffer more.”

“I’ll do it.” Roberta says grinning ear to ear.

“Oh, but there is more to this box. When you sit you have to show him no mercy. What I mean by that is the toilet seat has a lift system to it. With him in there your ass is about two feet from his mouth.” Dawn sits down on the seat and pushes a button. “By pushing this button you lower to his mouth. Rule two, your asshole has to be in his mouth and stay there until you’re done. No lifting up.”

“Ok, no problem” Roberta said rubbing her hands together.

“And rule three. I know you don’t like him but would you at least be nice to him. Save all that hatred for in here please.”

“Fine I’ll be on my best behavior. I promises, but he won’t like me in here I guarantee it.” Robert said shaking Dawn’s hand to seal the deal.

When I got off from work I stopped off at the gas station to pick up a six pack of beer. When I got home I completely forgot Roberta was there. “Hi honey, I’m home.”

“Hi dear how was work today.” Roberta said as she was standing up.

“Oh sorry, where is Dawn?”

“She is upstairs cleaning your guy’s room.” Roberta said smiling that gave me a shiver up my spine. “Can I have one of your beers Jack, please?”

“Oh yeah I guess. Here you go.” Something just was not right I thought to myself.

“Thanks now get on up there and give your lady a kiss.” Roberta said playfully pushing me to the stairs.

You want to talk about confused. What the hell happen when I was a work? I get up the stairs and walked up to the bedroom. Dawn was bent over putting clothes in the drawer. “Oh yeah baby is that ass for me.” I bent over and kissed her ass check.

“Maybe tomorrow but today your all mine.”

“What is wrong with Roberta?

“Why do you ask?”

“She is not herself. She is being nice. She even asked for one of my beers instead of calling me a worse less drunk.”

“I asked her to try and get along with you and since she is you better get along with her or else.” Dawn points a finger at me.

The rest of the night was very awkward for me. Roberta was way too nice and it was not like an act. It was way too weird. She even went and got me another beer that night. When Dawn and I final went to bed that night Dawn told me another story where I was in my box and she invited people to come over and to use it. I turned around a said, “Can you imagine if I was in that box and instead of lowering it they just toke their dumps on my face.”

“That would be funny.” Dawn laughed, “To bad I don’t know that many people that would be into that.”

“Honey if you were able to I would lay and pray you never let me out.”

“Oh you would be begging me to let you out. Trust me, there might be enough room for about twenty people to go but after that you will be begging me.

“I would not say a word. You can have as many people you want to use me. If I start getting buried I’ll just open my mouth and swallow”

“Ha Ha, you’re drunk go to sleep.”

“Honest, I’ll make you a deal. If that ever happened and you start getting worried you can come down only one time to check on me and if I don’t say anything then that means I want to go let it happen all the way and you’ll have to allow it to finish the rest of the way, Deal.” I reached out my hand.

“Fine deal,” Dawn shock my hand, “I don’t ever seeing it happen but if it did you well be begging me to let you out. I promise if it ever happen I will allow fifteen people to use you then I’ll come down and check on you. If you don’t say anything to me I will allow whoever else that is there to use you. I will not even think of you until after the last person leaves. Now go to sleep.”

“Fine then if that is the case then I’ll let you tie my hands and feet down that way the only way I get out is if I ask you to.

“Fine then I won’t tell you how many people well be waiting after fifteenth person. Now go to sleep before you kill yourself thinking about this. Sweet dreams”

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“Jack it’s time to wake up.” Dawn said shaking me.

“One more hour, it’s Saturday.”

“I need you really bad.” I opened my eyes and Dawn was holding her ass.

“Right know?”

“Yes, come on get up and met me in the basement.” She said as she darted down the stairs.

I climb out of bed and made my way to the basement. Dawn was standing there telling me to hurt up and lay down. She placed the backing in its place and locked it like she always dose. She lifted her nightgown showing her beautiful ass and lowered it to the seat as she did she let out a powerful fart right into the box. I was barely able to breathe and it burned my eyes.

“God hon, what crawled up there?”

“Sorry I had that liver and onions last night. Now shut up and open your mouth.”

She started to lower the seat to my face. As she was lowering it her asshole was already opening up. I was never too concerned about the amount because she never really tokes huge shits just enough to feel my mouth. She pushed and filed my mouth in seconds. It tasted so bad I could feel my stomach coming up. Liver and onions is the worst thing she eats that taste this bad coming out. I knew by experience that as bad as it taste its worst coming back up and being trapped in this box. So I swallowed it as fast as I could and fought to keep it down. I could hear her peeing and new that’s all she had for me for right now. She usually uses me two times a week and comes back sometimes to use me one more time in about an hour or two.

“Well, lick my asshole clean toilet or I’ll lower this seat until you can’t breathe again.”

She did that once to me and just about killed me that time. So I licked the nasty shit from her ass. Afterwards she raised the seat, finishes wiping and closed the lid and walked out of the room.

I could hear her walking around up stairs probably making coffee. I could just barely hear talking but could not make out any words it was just mumbles. I heard other footsteps. Roberta most be up.

“Morning, Dawn.”

“Morning Roberta, want a cup of coffee?” Dawn hands her a cup

“Sure thanks, is he still sleeping?”

“Nope he is downstairs waiting for you.” Dawn said with a big grin.

“Soon as I’m done with my cup of coffee.” Roberta says lifting her cup in the air.

“Remember no mercy.”

“What if he can’t handle it and I kill him. Would you hate me?

“He can handle mine just fine. Just remember down there he is not Jack he is a toilet, nothing more. If he dies at least he died happy and full of what he likes. I could never hate you.”

About half an hour latter I hear the door open. When the toilet lid raised, the light blinded me for a bit. The next thing I saw was an ass coming down on to the seat. Hmm, I don’t remember Dawn having a pimple on her butt. The seat started to lower to my face. I opened my mouth like I always do and waited for the asshole to come down. That last shit Dawn did must have been bigger than I thought because her asshole looks bigger than normal. The asshole was in my mouth but the seat was still lowering and her pussy was pressed against my nose almost blocking me from getting air. The seat finally stopped and it felt like her asshole was right at the beginning of my throat. Something just doesn’t seem right. Then she farted and it vibrated my throat. Wow, that was very powerful. I never knew Dawn could blow a fart that strong. Next thing I knew the asshole started to open up. As she pushed I could feel her rosebud expand deep into my mouth. What the heck is going on? This does not feel right. Next thing I knew her asshole started to widen wider than it ever had before. I try to keep my mouth open wide but whatever Dawn was pushing out it forced my mouth to expand wider to the point my Jaw started to hurt. I was panicking. What the hell is going on here? I could feel the shit slide from her ass and into my mouth. Whatever this is there is no way I could handle this. I started to bang on the back of the box to let her know. Dawn kept pushing and I could feel it hitting the back of my mouth. This thing is not going to make it down my throat! I started to bang harder on the box. Dawn push again and I could feel it push to the entrance to my throat. I banged harder this time and as I did I could see above me legs speared apart. Then a smiling face came into view. Oh my god, it’s not Dawn its Roberta! Oh my god this is why she was being so nice to me. Did Dawn allow her to use me? Doesn’t Dawn realize how much Roberta hates me? Roberta pushed a little so the shit was pushed even tighter to the entrance of my throat. I was in shock. There was nothing I could do. I was at the mercy of this bitch that hates me so bad. I tried to plead with her with my eyes. She keeps look in-between her legs without saying a word. She gives a fake pity face back at me and lips, sorry. She pushes a little more and my eyes seem to pop out of my head. This thing was huge. The width of this shit was keeping my mouth wide open and even if she lifted the seat I would not be able to move my mouth. There is no way it could go down my throat. If reading my mine, Roberta nodded down at me and started to push some more. I could feel my throat stretch out. I don’t even know what it tastes like all I know this can’t end well. Is she just teasing with me? Is Dawn just standing there waiting to put a stop to it? Does Roberta hate me this much? As on queue Roberta nods her head really hard smiling down at me. She pushes again as she waves at me between her legs and closes them. The shit was not hard to say it was firm and a little slick. She pushes again and I can feel it pop open my throat. It felt like my skin was tearing apart. She pushed again and I could feel my stomach contents from Dawn come up. It had nowhere to go with this huge turd getting pushed tight down my throat. Roberta pushed hard one more time and I could feel it cutting off my airway. She can’t do this! I can’t die this way! Not under her anyone but her! I can feel her relax above me. Good she done!

I hear her above me for the first time. “Wow that felt good, I would get up and let you out but I did the easy part. It’s all downhill from here and there is no way I can stop my ass from pushing from here on out. I knew one day I would be able to put you in your place. Finally, Dawn can get a real man in her life.” Roberta spreads her legs and looks down at me. “Oh yeah buddy boy this is going to kill you. I always take shits like this. That’s why I never shit in my house. When Dawn told me I could use you I was just thrilled to know you would not have a chance to back out of this. I’m so glad you made this box for Dawn the one you love so much. Just for me the person you hate so much to kill you off.”

As she was saying this the giant turd is still coming out of her and snaking down my throat. I could feel my neck press even tighter against the water tight seal. I wonder what my neck looks like. My lungs are hurting really bad wanting to exhale and inhale. I can feel it stretching my esophagus. Her ass just kept pushing it out.

“I’m so sorry. Dawn said you can handle hers so you would be able to handle mine. I can’t believe it’s still coming out. I wish I could stop it but it might do damage to my insides if I do. Even If I wanted to stop it I don’t think my ass would let me until its finish. You ever had one of those types of shits?

I can feel the giant shit push against my stomach entrance. There was no use fighting it. Even if she stopped right now how would I get it out of my throat? I let my arms drop. She looks down at me still smiling watch my eyes roll back. Then I hear the door open.

“You still going?” Dawn asked

“I was just teasing with him before I start to take a shit. You know fart in his face and stuff.” Roberta said smiling at Dawn.

“I do the same thing. I love torturing him that way.”

“Well I want another cup of coffee with you so let me push this one piece out real quick.”

With that Roberta pushes hard and pushing the rest out of her ass and push the tip all the way into the stomach. This made my stomach expand a little bit. She peed and raised the seat and toke her time at wiping.

“What he did not lick your ass clean?” Dawn asked.

“I think I might have pushed a little too hard and packed his mouth a little too much.” Roberta said with a grin.

“Let me see.” Dawn moves Roberta out of the way and looks down at Jack. “Oh shit I think he stopped breathing.”

“Real I did not think it was that much, hmm” Roberta said like she was concerned.

“I’ll be right back. I have the perfect toy for this.” Dawn ran out of the basement and up the stairs.

Roberta lean down close to Jack, “If you can still hear me Jack, if she is getting what I think she’s getting, I think the full tummy of yours might burst. It’s a good thing she came down I would of sat there longer before I called for her.” Dawn comes running back into the room and Roberta Jumps up, “I think he passed out he is not move quick do something.”

Dawn toke her twelve inch dildo and shoved it hard into to my mouth and into my throat. If the toilet was not in her way Dawn would of saw my stomach rises with all of Roberta’s shit being packed down in it. Dawn yanks the dildo out and looks at it.

“Wow that’s funny. This dildo slid down his throat really easy for being three inches wide. Ha, look at this only the tip of the dildo has a little shit on it. At least all your shit went down. I told you he can handle it.”

Roberta looked down at me and saw me move my head, “Yeah, good job Dawn I think he is breathing again. Roberta said disappointed.

“Just think my shit and your shit is digesting in his stomach as we speak. Unless he throws it up. ” Dawn closes the lid.

Dawn starts walking up stairs and Roberta turns and opens the lid, “So I guess you’re proud off yourself. But look at it this way, your love of your life just packed my shit so tight into your stomach that you’ll have no choice but to digest it. Even though you may have not been able to throw up that giant turd, Dawn mad sure it would stay down. Who knows you might see this ass again before I leave, enjoy.” With that she closed the lid.

Hours went by and I could hear Dawn and Roberta moving around. Normally I would be worry that Dawn has not let me out yet but I was still in pain. I was finally able to close my mouth but my jaw was aching really badly. My throat felt like the walls were ripped apart. My neck feels like it is still expanded and not it still felt like there was still a big lump stuck down by the bottom of the throat. Not to mention my stomach I could not even move it. I want to throw this crap up but there was no way it would after Dawn packed it down. I still can’t believe Roberta wanted me died. When I told Dawn I wanted no mercy I never thought someone could shit that much.

Upstairs Dawn and Roberta was playing cards when Roberta says, “So Dawn is there any other fetish you want to come true?”

“What? Oh well there is this one other thing but it could never happen.”

“Never say never, come on what is it.” Roberta was prying

“Well I have always wanted a bunch of people to just shit on his face. I want him to feel what it would be like to be almost buried in it. We have a deal that I’ll let him out if he starts begging me to after fifteen people. If he does not beg me than I promised him that I would let everyone else use him before I let him out but I don’t know that many people that would be willing to do it.”

“What happens if he does not beg and let’s say fifty people used him?”

“This is a deal I won’t break. I would really suck to be alone but a promise is a promise. I figure after fifteen people he would be scared shitless not knowing how many people are going to use him afterwards he would be begging to be let out.”

“Well you know I might be able to help with that a little. I know some people in Chicago that would drive down here to help out. If you want it to come true that is.” Roberta said like it was no big deal.

“Really it would be great if they would come down right after Thanksgiving. Just think Jack never met these people before and he gets their ass in his face and gets their thanksgiving meal right on his face. That would be so funny.” Dawn busted out laughing.

“So you want me to make the call?” Roberta grabbed her cell phone.

“Sure why not. How many do you have in mine?

“Well do you want just females? Roberta questioned

“It don’t matter to me. It might to him but shit is shit right?”

“You’re so mean Dawn. Well I think Amy would and she might be able to get some of her friends. Then there is Mike he might be able to get a couple more. Mike is a hot looking guy you two should meet.” Roberta said smiling at Dawn.

“This is not a hock up party. Like I said Jack will be begging me and I still love him Roberta.” Dawn jumped up from the table, “Oh my god I almost forgot to let Jack out I’ll be right back.

“Ok I’ll make the phone calls then.” Roberta said with an evil grin.

As Dawn ran down to the basement Roberta texted her friends. “We have another one for thanksgiving, but this time it goes all the way. So get all your friends and come to this address the day after thanksgiving. Can’t wait to see all of you loves and kisses.” Roberta hit send and closed her phone and just smiled her evil smile.

“I’m so sorry Jack. I was paling cards with Roberta and forgot you were down here. How do you feel?”

“She was trying to kill me.” I was able to say with all the pain I was in.

“Oh Jack she was not trying to kill you. You probably was not prepared for her to take a shit and just chocked on it a bit.” Dawn reached behind to unlock the backing when she saw my stomach. She put her hand to her mouth. “Oh my god what is wrong with your stomach.”

“That’s her shit. I’m telling you she was trying to kill me.”

“Come on Jack stand up. Maybe it well go down.” Dawn said in a caring voice.

“I can’t my stomach is to full.” I tried to move.

“Well burp or something. Throw it up.”

“I can’t you packed it all down with your toy.” I tried to hold my stomach but just putting my hands on there was very painful.

Dawn started laughing. “Oh my god I forgot. Is that why it fit down your throat so well? I did not think she shit that much. I was down when she was just pushing it out.” Dawn lent over to look at my stomach closer. “Wow and all that fit in there. I wonder how much is in there. That most of hurt her when she pushed it out. I told her you could handle it but I had no idea she was going to shit that much. She probably did not even know.”

“Oh she knew and she was hoping it would have killed me.”

“Oh hon stop that she was not trying to kill you. I’ll tell you what. I well give you a break from eating anymore shit for a week and by that time Roberta well be back in Chicago. For now get comfy and relax and get some sleep.” With that Dawn went back up stairs.

“Everything alright Dawn?”

“Holy cow girlfriend how much shit did you have up in there. His stomach was packed full.”

“I did not think it was that much was it? Roberta said like she was concerned.

“It was more than I thought. I thought you just packed his mouth but that must have gone down his throat a little. Well maybe a lot. Did it not hurt coming out?”

“I did not even really know I was going. I’m sorry.”

“No, no ,no don’t be sorry he is still alive but the funny thing about it when I pushed my toy down his throat it packed into his stomach so tight he can’t throw it up. So he’ll have to digest all of that shit.” Dawn said laughing.

“Well at least he is still alive.” Roberta said and then thought in her mine His stomach was already packed you just packed it to the limit and laughed to herself.

“So did you make your calls?”

“Yep they well be here after thanksgiving.”

“How many are coming?”

“I don’t know. Not many I don’t think. Amy and Mike know a few people.”

“Ok, for now we well give Jack a break from being used. After your shit he needs to heal a bit.”

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The next morning Dawn comes down to the basement. “Morning dear how was your night.”

“I’m still in lots of pain.”

“I’m sorry hon.” She looked over at my stomach. “It does not seem it went down any.” She placed her hand on my stomach. “Well I’ll be back a little later. I have to cook thanksgiving dinner. It’s only going to be use three at least until tomorrow.” She said as she walked away.

Until tomorrow what did she mean by that? Thanksgiving dinner, just the thought of it made me want to throw up if I could. I still can’t believe another human can shit that much and for Roberta forcing all that her crap down my throat like that. How could anyone just sit there and do that knowing that it was that big. I am so glad Dawn came down when she did but the pain I am feeling kind of makes me wish she never did.

The day continued with lots of movement upstairs. Dawn and Roberta must be cooking. After awhile Dawn and Roberta walked into the room.

“How are you feeling?” Roberta asked sounding concerned. “I am so sorry for all that. If I knew it was going to be that much I would have never done it.”

“Ah, that was yesterday. Don’t worry about it. At least he is still alive. So Jack do you feel like getting up and having thanksgiving dinner with us?” Dawn asked.

I did not want to say a word with Roberta there. I was afraid if I opened my mouth Roberta would sit right down again. I just shook my head.

“Wow you’re giving up thanksgiving dinner. Dang Roberta you most of gave him a meal better than turkey.” Dawn giggled. “You keep resting you’ll need your strength tomorrow. I have a special surprise for you.”

“Are you sure you don’t want some turkey and mash potatoes.” Roberta asked looking down at me smiling.

“Just leave him alone Roberta. Can’t you see you already gave him a huge thanksgiving dinner? Anyways I don’t think he can fit another piece in his stomach the way it looks.”

“I hope he is not having problems digesting my shit.” Roberta said waving down at me as they walked away.

The rest of the night went by with a blur. My stomach still was huge. I don’t think my stomach could handle all of Roberta’s shit. I think it’s just sitting there rotting in the pits of my stomach. Even the piece still stuck in my throat was not moving. The smell from it kept coming up in my mouth and it smelt worst than Dawn and her liver and onions.

“Morning hon are you feeling better?” Dawn asked.

“I think I need to go to the hospital.”

“Hospital, why?”

“I don’t think my stomach is digesting Roberts carp.”

“Oh don’t be silly. Your stomach is looking better.” Dawn says looking at my stomach. “Well kind of. Look you have another fetish that is going to come true today. Remember the story I told you about allow people to use you?”

“No, no more shit please, Dawn.” I pleaded with her

“Oh don’t worry Jack. You don’t have to eat any of it. Remember fifteen people and then I’ll come down and ask if you want out. You’re already lying down and I promised you no more eating for a week.”

Didn’t I already gone though enough already and know this. I just want Dawn happy and she looked so excited when she told me this that I just laid down and allowed her to out the backing on. Afterward I felt her tying my arms and hands down.

“Remember the only way I let you out is if you beg me to. No hand signals or anything else. Also remember Jack after the fifteenth person if you don’t beg me you well not see me until everyone leaves. Remember I promised.” Dawn unplugged the cord to the lift and walked out.

I was scared a bit but fifteen people and I don’t have to swallow any kind of eased my nerves. Mike and his group was the first to show up. Dawn let them in as she counted them out. There were ten women and six guys.

“Wow, I guess one of them might have to use a real toilet.” Dawn said to Roberta. “You are right Roberta mike is kind of cute.”

“Go introduce yourself.” Roberta said pushing Dawn.

“No, after what you did to Jack he well be begging me for sure and this entire thing well be behind use. Where is your friend Amy?”

“Oh, she’ll be coming soon.”

“Ok, everyone listen up.” Dawn stood up on top of the table. “This is the rules I have them posted downstairs. You walk in and pretend he is not even there. Sit and go. Only what comes out of your ass gets dropped on his face in the back hole and pee and toilet paper go in the front part. Please be as quick as possible so everyone has a chance to do this. Only fifteen people may go down right now. If he begs me to let him out after that anyone left has to use the real toilet. If he don’t beg than everyone can line up and use him. Remember pretend he is not even there even if he is begging you to stop. Ok who are my fifteen people?”

When they were already Dawn led them down to the basement. “There he is and have fun.” She turned and walked up stairs.

The first girl sat right down. I could not see her to well but I was so use to opening my mouth wide because of instinct. I hear her grunt and something wet and slimy fell into my open mouth like yogurt but really nasty along with a turd about six inches long. My throat was still stretched wide from Roberta’s shit that I did not have a chance to stop it from sliding down my throat. What was that slimy stuff I wonder to myself? I could see another piece sliding out of her ass. I did not even think about it but my mouth was still opened. This piece was about eight inch long and like the last one it went directly into my mouth and right down my throat. Shit idiot close your mouth. I immediately shut my mouth as I heard her pee and wiped her asshole. When she stood up she turned and looks down at me. She kept looking around like there was something she lost.

“Oh my god! Did you swallow all of that?” she asked as she covered her mouth. “I thought you were supposed to keep your mouth closed. “ Then she started to laugh out loud. “So how did my boyfriend taste?” She closed the lid a left laughing about it.

The next one that came in sat down and started pushing. This time I had my mouth closed and the first turd hit my lips and rolled off the side. There was one more and then it came out very soft and my face was coated in shit. I was in shock Dawn never gave me running ones and I never expected it. I shook my head side to side to try and get it of my face. Just as I did that I saw another ass lowering to the seat.

“Dude no you’re a guy. Please not you.” I screamed he completely ignored me and just started to push a big turd out right on my face. This continued and I lost count I was too busy shaking my head so I could breath.

Upstairs Dawn is sitting with Roberta playing spades when there was a knock at the door. “Who can that be?” Dawn asked.

“Did you forget about Amy and her friends?” Roberta asked smiling.

“Oh shit, well I don’t think they well are needed but I’ll invite them in anyhow.” Dawn walks to the front door as Roberta jumps up and grabs Mikes arm.

“Keep her busy until I get back up here.” Roberta whispered to mike and then darted down stairs.

The fifteenth person used me and I was thankful that this was over. My face felt awful and the sides of my head where all the shit was almost touching my ears. The next thing I saw was the lid opened up and Roberta looking down at me with an evil grin.

“So I see my shit is still in your stomach after three days. Do you realize that it probably is so packed in there that it is stopping your acids form digesting it? So I’ll give you maybe two days before it starts poisoning your system and you’ll die from my shit. I decide to stop your suffering.” She reaches into her pockets and pulled out some rubber gloves then she pulled out two piece of some kind of rubber tubing. She put the gloves on and grabbed my head with one hand. The other hand she reached down and started to insert the tube into my nose. “Now be still this should allow you to breath for some time.” As she finished pushing the last one in she tucked the tubes into the shit with the two ends hidden in the back of the box about two inches above my head. “Dame, don’t have time to clean your face off, fuck it!” She turned and pulled down her pants and sat down. She reached over and plugged the lift in and lowered the seat to my head. “Open your mouth or I’ll kill you by suffocating you to death.” She’s going to shit again? Oh no, she can’t be serious. I closed my mouth and could feel me breathing though the tubes. Well Dawn will be down her soon, so as long as I keep breathing she’ll help me. I opened my mouth wide once again for Roberta just so this can be done with. She looks between her legs and saw that my mouth was opened. “Good boy” she lowered the seat all the way down. She did not even waste any time. She pushed as hard as she could and forcing another giant turd down my throat. I could feel it packing what space was left in my throat, stomach and mouth. When she was done she jumped up and reached in with her rubber gloves and pulled out the piece that was in my mouth. What was left she packed to the back of my throat entrance. She removed her rubber gloves as she smiled down at me. “Now you have enough air until all the shit you’ll be getting covers those tubes. With my shit once again packed to the top of your throat makes it so you can’t talk. So I hope you enjoyed your short miserable life. Mike well takes go care of Dawn for you.” With that she closed the lid pulled the left plug and walked away.

What the hell! She just finished packing my throat once again! This can’t be happen! She is just going to allow me to die like this? What a bitch. Minutes later the lid opened and I saw Dawn looking down at me. Great she can help me. Dawn gave this gross look and turned and sat on the seat with her jeans still on.

“Sorry I can’t look at you with all that shit in there it must be awful. Well hon that was fifteen people are you going to start begging me to let you out? I tried to speak but Roberts packed shit was not allowing me to. I tried to move my legs and arms but Dawn tied them really tight. “Please Jack say something.” Dawn said in a pleading voice. “Just say something you don’t even have to beg say one word.” Dawn started to cry. “Look Jack I promised that if you did not beg I would allow everyone that came to use you and I’m begging you to say something, because” Dawn began to cry more. “Because there is more people here than I thought would show up. I know I promised I would not tell you how many but please say something.” Dawn kept crying. “GOD DAME IT JACK! You suborned bastard just beg me to let you out please.” I tried and tried but Roberta real fixed me good. “Now you’re just pissing me off. I’m giving you one more chance to say something anything or I’m closing this lid. I know what is going to happen once I leave this room and well I guess.” Dawn paused for a moment and stood up and locked down at me. “Roberta has this friend of hers that wants to hook up with me so anything you want to say? I tried to move my head so she could see the tubes coming out of my nose but she was still crying. “Fine I love you and she blew me a kiss and closed the lid.

“So did he beg you?” Roberta asked

“Nope not even a word.” Dawn said sadly

“So are you keeping your promise to him? Roberta said like she was concerned.

Dawn looks up and around the room the whole house was filled with people. There was hardly any room to move. Mike walked over to Dawn and placed his hand on her shoulder for comfort.

“It’s alright.” Make said

Dawn stood up and gave a slight smile to everyone. “Well he did not beg for me to let him out and I made a promise to him and” She paused and looked at Roberta. Roberta nodded back at her. “This is what he wanted so feel free to use the basement toilets.” Just as Dawn said that everyone started pushing to get down into the basement.

When everyone left Dawn, Roberta, Amy, and Mike all went down to the basement to see what was left. When Dawn opened the door a bad smell came from the room. Everyone covered the nose and looked in. There in the room was a pile of shit above the toilet about four feet tall.

Dawn was the first to speak, “What the hell did they climb up on the toilet to just take a shit on Jack?

“Do you think he is dead?” Amy asked

“I don’t think anyone could survive that but to make sure” Mike reached for Jack’s arm to take his pulse. “Yep he is a goner.”

“Shit what about the police?”

“Don’t worry about it Dawn I’ll take care of everything. Don’t worry about a thing.” Mike wraps his arms around Dawn and starts walking upstairs.

“Are you coming Roberta?” Amy asked.

“Just a second I’ll be right there just some last words.” Roberta looks into the room. “So Jack did you actually think I was joking with you when I said my shit was going to kill you. Just think if it was not for my shit you would probably be sleeping in your bed right now. It was nice knowing you, NOT, rest in crap.

The End

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