A Bad Dream Became Worst 1

By: SiCiAiT

This is a dream I had that involved my ex-girlfriend and me. I added more stuff to it than I really had to. I wanted to make this more into a story. Everything from her questioning the waiter up to… well lets just leave it at her looking down and waving at me is mostly true. I do not consider this all fiction some of the things are real and some of the things, I could only wish would happen. Of coarse the names are made up. Mainly for my protection, my ex would be the type of person to do this and if this story fell in her hands I’ll be dead.

 My name is Jack. I am the type of person that loves to please the lady that I am with. I really love it when they find ways to torture me. My main fetish is for the lady to sit on my face and take a shit. It is not like I like shit it is the thought that she is forcing me to do something degrading. The idea behind it is if she would be nice enough to stop for a few to let me swallow or if she would just sit there until she is completely done. Don’t get me wrong I don’t just come out and say it to them. Usually I wait for about a month and say something like:

Oh, by the way I had this sick dream last night that I was sleeping and you had to go to the bathroom. You did not want to get out of the bed. You looked over to me and saw that I was snoring. So you put your asshole over my mouth and toke a shit.

 Sometimes from there I could tell what they are thinking. When it’s a sick look and turn away… where breaking up in less than a week. Now, if they say, “Hmm, that’s something I would do” then I have something to work on. You would be surprised how many women say that but when you start working with them they call you sick, perverted… Then it is the, “Oh, I don’t think this relationship is going to work out. It’s not you; I just don’t think I’m ready for a commitment.

 I found this one lady name Mary back in 1997. She was more of a beginner at the sex scene. So I felt I would have a chance. We got off to a real good start. So this is where I decided to take a chance.

 She woke up early to make some coffee and breakfast for me. When she was done she came into the room to wake me up:

Honey, it’s time to wake up.

I played this off good. I was sleeping on my side facing away from her. I turned to look at her like I was still sleeping and open my eyes. I jumped back, like when you have a bad dream and someone wakes you from it. She looked at me with a puzzle look on her.

Are you all right honey?

Oh, I’m sorry, I just had a weird dream.

What was it about?

I reached up and kissed her on the check and told her that I need coffee first. As she stood up I pinch her on her ass and told her that it belongs to me.

You know it is. All of it is yours.

You should not say all of it is mine. You have not heard this dream yet.

Well hurry up and get dress so you can have some coffee and you can tell me all about it.

This was working out better than I thought. I decided to take it slow. Did not want to rush into this. So I was planning the best way I could coach her into it. I finished getting dress and walked down to the kitchen. I came up behind her and warped my arms around her and kissed her on the ear.

Now you know what that dose to me honey. Stop, your going to regret it. Now sit down and have some breakfast.

I sat down and toke a bite of the eggs and a sip of coffee. “So what’s your plans today?”

Think about going to mom’s house. So what was that dream all about?

Oh wow, I almost forgot about it. Lets put it this way you tortured me.

She had this smile on her face like she enjoyed the word torture. “Go on.”

Will you were really mad at me because I ignored you at a party.

Yes?

And on the way home you did not say a single word to me.

Yeah that would be normal.

So when we got home you went up stairs and got a blanket and pillow and threw it on the couch and told me that I am to sleep on the couch tonight.

Yep, that would be me.

When I fell asleep, you came down and woke me up. I started to raise up and you stopped me by pushing my head back down and told me since you want to ignore me I’m going to ignore that your even here.

Yeah what did I do then?

You sat on my face and turned on the TV. Then you, well…

What?

You started to fart on me and would not stop.

 She was laughing like she never had before. This was not what I was expecting. She laughed for what seamed like five minutes. She finally stood up and came over to me and kissed me on the head.

Thank you, for the idea. Don’t be surprised if your dream comes true.

 She picked my plate up and asked if I wanted more coffee. Then patted me on my head like a little puppy dog. The rest of the day was fine. We did our every day thing. Visited her mom’s house and drove around town. When night came my plan began to on fold. I did not expect it to work so fast thou. We were both sitting there watching The Titanic and eating a bowl of popcorn. During the first halve-an-hour of the movie I noticed in the corner of my eye that she kept looking at me. Like she was questioning something. Then she spoke.

Honey?

Yes?

That dream you had. What would you do if I did that?

Nothing, but if you did you would have to be very forceful about it.

 She had a big smile on her face. Then with out warning she stood up. Grabbed the popcorn from my hands and slapped me right across my head and told me to lie down. For a few minutes I was stunned and next thing I knew she had her hands around my throat. She was nose to nose with me and said, “I told you to lie down and I mean lie down now!” She still was chocking me as she guided me down to the place she sits on the couch.

Hmm, this feels good. Maybe I should keep chocking you and see how long it takes you to die.

I tried to say something but there was no way I could speak.

Now I am going to let go of your throat to sit on you. If you move even an inch I well not let go next time. Put your hands to your side if you understand.

I had no choice, I put my hands to my side and lay as still as I could. She let go and stood up so I saw nothing but the back end of her. She just stood there for a bit before she turned her head over her shoulders.

I just thought I’d let you admire what would be smothering you. I’m going to sit here until this movie is over.

 With that she plopped down on my head. I never thought being sat on by a nice soft ass could hurt so much. Even thou I said, “That really hurt” she did not even move just sat there like nothing was wrong. After about ten minutes I heard her say, “Here it comes” and with that she farted right on me. I smelled her fart before but the stench is nothing compared to being trapped under her ass. There was no place to run. I tried to squirm out but as soon as I tried to move my head she push her ass down harder than before. There was nothing for me to do but lie there and smell that stench.

If I wanted a vibrating pillow I would of hocked batteries to you. Now lie still!

After a halve-an-hour I was dozing of to sleep. Not sure if it was because of lack of blood or if I was comfortable under her. She just sat there until her movie was done. When it was all over she went to get a blanket for me and covered me up. She kissed me on the forehead and said:

Thank you, slave.

 She went to bed and left me there to sleep on the couch. I woke up the next morning to the smell of fresh made coffee. I crawled out of bed and sat down to the kitchen table. She came over with a cup of coffee and a bowl of cereal. She gave me a kiss and sat down to eat her breakfast. I was waiting for her to say something about last night but it never happened.

So honey what would you like to do today?

Kind of lost for words I said, “Hmm, anything you would like to do.”

Well I would like to stop by mom’s house. Maybe we could go to the mall. How’s dose that sound?

It sounds good.

 When we stopped at her mom’s house I knew Mary was thinking of the night before. After we helped her mom with some house cleaning. Mary’s mom said something that made me little scared.

Mary I made some chill last night. Why don’t you take some home for Jack and you?

Mary looked over at me with a grin and said, “Jack would love the chill.”

I have some of those gas pills in my medicine cabinet. Why don’t you take some home with you?

No that’s all right mom I have the perfect thing at home for gas.

 With that she looked at me with this evil look that sent a shiver down my spine. As we were getting into the car she made one last comment. “Wait until you see what my mom’s chill dose to me,” as she was giggling. The entire way to the mall she would look at me and smile.

What?

Nothing.

 Whenever we went to the mall she usually went to the clothing stores. This time she wanted to go to this adult store. Never before did she want to do this but for some reason this time was different. She told me to look at the magazines and that she well be back. She head to the back of the store. When she came back she only said one thing.

So that is how to do it.

Do what?

“Nothing” and that grin came back over her face, “lets go.”

 All the way back home she was sitting in the seat of the car like she was a little child going to Disneyland. She had a big smile on hear face and wiggle around.

Is everything all right with you Mary?

“I’m fine, you’re the one in trouble,” still grinning away.

In trouble why?

You’ll see. \*\*\*Big Grin\*\*\*

 The rest of the way home there was not another word spoken. When we where home she went into the kitchen to warm up the chill and severed it out. She sat there though the whole dinner just smiling. After one bowl I was full but I sat there watching her eat bowl after bowl. By the time she was done she had five bowl fills. When she finished the last spoonful she looked at me and laughed this evil laugh.

I want you to lie on the couch and find something good to watch as I do the dishes.

 After she was done with the dishes she went up stairs for a few minutes. When she came down she was wearing a red nightgown. She walks over to me, and smiles.

You ready for this?

For, what?

She smiled and let out a loud fart and said, “Do you smell that?”

I could not help but to smell it. It was the worst smell that I ever smelled. I node my head and plugged my nose.

You see I do not like smelling my on farts epically after eating chill. So this time I’m not going to sit on the side of your head. I want your nose right in my asshole.

 With that she lifted her nightgown up to show her bare ass. She sat long ways on the couch so when she sat down, my nose was right in the middle of her crack. Next thing I knew she let out another fart. The fart went straight up my nose. It felt like it burn everything in my nose all the way to the back of my throat. I had to get out the smell was unbearable. It felt as if it toke the wind right out of me. I struggled but she would not let me out. She just sat there laughing this evil laugh. After about twenty minutes of her farting she lifted up a little and said, “Dame, it still smells!” The smell was thick on me. I did not want her to ever eat chill again. She looked down at me in-between her legs and said, “This is not working. Open your mouth.” So I did as she commanded and opened my mouth. “This way there is no place for the gas to go but in,” with that she placed her asshole right over my mouth and sat down. She turned on the TV and began to watch a movie. She continues to fart, not sure for how long because once again I dozed of to sleep.

 That night I had a dream that she toke a shit in my mouth and it was so much that I died in my dream. I mean I always had my fantasy about this but I never died in them. When I woke up she was sitting next to my side looking at me.

Good morning, hon.

Umm-good morning?

Did you have a good night sleep?

Well no, not really.

“Why, did you have another dream?” with a smile.

“Umm, well” She knows that I could not lie to here.

Well, I’m listening.

Yes I did, it was kind of sick.

Cool, keep going.

Well you told me to open my mouth and…

And?

Well umm…

Spit it out.

Well you toke a shit in my mouth. After you where done I died.

She had this sick look on her face. I thought for sure that this was the end of our relationship. All of a sudden that evil grin came back. She patted me on the head and said, “You better watch those dreams. They seem to have their way of becoming true. I’m going to make breakfast and coffee. Get yourself up.” I got up and sat down at the kitchen table. She came over with two cups of coffee and one bowl of cereal. She sat there smiling and eating the cereal.

Where is mine?

With an evil grin, “it is coming.”

I got up to fix my self some breakfast, when she said:

Sit down! I’ll feed you when it is ready.

Sitting back down, “when what is ready.”

Your breakfast.

What breakfast?

 All I got was an evil grin. I sat there drinking my coffee and watched her eat. The whole time I was puzzled on what she was making me for breakfast. When she was finished with her bowl and coffee she got up and asked me to clean the table off. Then she said, “Oh, I think your breakfast is about ready. I’ll be right back” I cleaned up the table and as soon as I was done I heard her call for me.

Hon, would you come here for a second.

Where are you?

The bathroom. Need to show you something.

I walked into the bathroom and said, “What? What is wrong”?

Nothing is wrong. It is time for your breakfast.

What? What do you mean?

Your dream is going to come true. Now get down on the floor!

The flash of my dream that night came to mine. I felt very scared. “No please don’t make me do this.”

If you don’t I’ll tell every one in town you sucked a man’s dick.

But I never have!

Trust me they would believe me.

Knowing that she knew a lot of people in this town I had no choice but to lie down. I figured I always wanted this to happen, so it could not go that bad.

“For now on,” pointing to the toilet, “I will not use that. I have my own privet toilet. Now open that mouth.”

With her command I opened my mouth.

Just so you know, I have never done this before. I have always used a toilet. So your mouth is a toilet to me. That means I sit and go and when I’m done I’ll get up. Also I’m not going to use toilet paper no more. So before I get up off from you, you well lick my asshole clean that way I know you’re done flushing. If my ass is not clean you well be my pillow for two hours. You can have a regular lunch but breakfast and dinner you well have what I had. If you think your going to break up with me to get out of this, think again; remember I know a lot of people. You understand hon?

I never felt more scared in my life. I nodded to let her know I understood. She squatted down over my face and said, “I have to pee first.” I put my mouth around her pussy and she sat right down so her skin sealed around my mouth. I never image that it would happen this way. I thought, ok taste it. Swallow it a little. The way she had it there was nowhere else for it to go but down. I was scared I thought maybe she would let it out little by little. I was wrong she just let it out it was filling my mouth fast. My first instinct was to hold it in my mouth. Then she added more presser to my mouth. I knew that if I did not swallow she was going to drown me. So I started to swallow fast. Her piss started to slow down and stopped coming out. I heard her tell me to lick it clean, so I did. She lifted up a little and said:

Now it is time for your breakfast.

“Mary” I gasped, “pleases your going to fast. You’re going to kill me”

I told you, you’re a toilet. A toilet dose not care how fast it comes out or how long it takes. If you die there is plenty of places to hide you. Now for your breakfast or do you want me to go talk to some people.

 I placed my mouth around her asshole a waited for my fate. She sat all the way down again and started to strain. After a couple of pushes and farts her asshole began to open. The shit kept coming out. It was all solid but was not hard. It slid out slowly and finally hit the back of my throat. I started to gag but I remembered what she said. She did not care what happen. She would keep going until she is done. So I tried to force myself to try and swallow it down. I could not close my mouth like I would to swallow real food, so I relaxed myself and open my throat to push it down with my tongue muscles. Found out that was a mistake and at same time helped out. As soon as I relaxed myself and opened my throat it seemed like she knew my throat was open. She began to push harder which made it come out faster than it was coming already. With my throat open the shit just pushed down my throat. It felt like it was packing itself in the middle of my throat. My neck felt as if it grew three times its size. She sat there like it was a normal thing to do and nothing was wrong. I could not believe how much this little girl was going. I most of passed out because the next thing I knew she was bouncing on my head with her ass checks yelling, “Flush, Flush toilet!” I could not even breathe. My girlfriend’s waste packed my throat and mouth. The amount there was could have clogged a toilet. She lifted up a little so I could close my mouth. I almost threw it up but as soon as I closed my mouth she sat back down. I forced it down the best I could. It was the hardest thing in the world for me to swallow. It felt worse than a big spoonful of peanut butter and the taste was nothing like I thought it would be. When it was all down she told me to lick it clean. I tried the best I could. After I was done she patted her asshole with a piece of my shirt. When she looked at it there was a little bit of shit stain on it. She looked down at me:

I thought I said it was to be cleaned.

Gasping for air and being tried out like I ran a mile, “Mary you packed my mouth so my tongue is very dirty. I’m sorry.”

Toilets don’t make excuses. You have two hours under me and I’m not going to clean my ass now get out there on the couch.

Can I at least brush my teeth and mouth?

No! Not until after your punishment. Now move it!

I started to get up, when she said, “No! Crawl to the couch like a dog that you are.” They say you cannot smell your own breath but they’re wrong. My breath smelt like a septic tank that backed up. When I got to the couch I lay down and waited for her to sit. She placed her dirty asshole right on my nose and gave it a little wiggle which made my nose go up inside. I heard her say to her self, “I cannot believe I just did that. It was so much fun.” Then she lifted up her left check and said, “For now on when we are in this house you are my slave. What ever I tell you or do to you, you well accept it as your duty. Since I had so much fun using you as a toilet you are now my full service toilet for the rest of your life. I only shit two times a day and I pee all the time. So your job well keep you busy.

After two hours and two times pissing in my mouth she told me that I would have to clean her in the bath tub. So we both went back to the bathroom and I washed her better than I would wash myself. I was afraid what would happen if I did it wrong. After I was done with her she gave me permission to clean myself up.

We have to go to my mom’s house. So clean up really good. Ok hon.

 It made me kind of smile that even though she is making me into a slave that she still calls me hon. I continue to clean myself in the tub when she walked in.

“So hon how did you like your breakfast?” Flashing a sweet smile to me.

I decided to joke about it and said, “That’s all I get for breakfast?”

She laughed a little and bent over to kiss me on my forehead, “I love you hon.”

Love you to.

 We stayed together for a year and though out that year I was learning how to keep her happy. Being her toilet got easier. The only times I had a hard time with swallowing her waste was when her shit was rock hard and very runny. She studied on how to become a dominate female in the relation, Not that she needed it, but she became very good at it. She found out that she could make me pass out faster with a little presser instead of pressing down hard. With a little presser it made me very relaxed and so I was out like a light. Whenever she pressed down hard I struggled. I notice thou that she was upset when ever her shit went down easy and I did not have a hard time with it. She also got upset whenever I said, “That’s all I get?” I was joking but I think she toke me seriously. Our year anniversary was just around the corner.

Hon since you gave me a great year I decided to take us on a trip overseas.

Oh, where is this place.

I cannot pronounce it but here are the plan tickets.

How did you hear about it?

I went to the travel agent and she suggested it for us. She said it was a great place to visit.

When do we leave?

This Monday at four-thirty and just so you know I’m going to allow you to take a break of being my slave. We’re going to be just boyfriend and girlfriend on a love trip for two. Love you hon. Happy anniversary.

I love you too, but I feel bad I only got you a necklace.

“That’s alright hon, you can pay me back when we get home,” and she patted me on the head.

 That Monday we were packed and on the plane to a town of rest and relaxation. You would not believe the room we had. This room was a palace.

Wow, Mary this is great. How long are we here for?

Our plane leaves next Monday at eleven in the morning. Lets go site seeing.

Sounds good, grab the camera.

For the next two days we went site seeing and made love like I never had it before. It was great Heaven was not the word for it. I wished we could live here forever. Friday morning came around and we decide to go down to this little café downtown. They had the best coffee I ever had. We sat outside on the benches and enjoyed our coffee. Across the street was this small old building, more like a shack.

Hon have you noticed in this town how the men are so nice to the women.

“Yeah must be a city of love,” I said blowing her a kiss.

 A waitress came out to fill our cups up.

So how are you guys doing today?

Mary spoke up, “We’re fine. I was just wondering thou, what is that shack across the street for.

“Oh, you don’t want to know” the waitress glanced at me with a smile. I don’t know what it was but that smile sent shivers down my spine.

I’m sorry, you don’t have to till me I was just wondering why this city is so beautiful and you have an eye sore like that in the middle of town.

It might make you guys sick so I rather not.

“Oh, that’s ok,” said Mary, “I would like to hear about it.”

The waitress pulled up a chair and sat down, “You see it all started over a hundred years ago. This couple use to live in that building over there.” Pointing to an antique store next to the shack. “She was into what people called scat. You know what that is?” We both looked at each other and smiled as we node our heads. “Well the story goes that her husband refused to do it for her. So one day she built that shack and knocked him out and put him inside it. He lived there for the rest of his life. Over seventy years ago they found his bones still trapped in there. He grew old a wither away.”

So why do you guys keep it up?

Well it has been remodeled a little though out the years. Now it is more of a punishment outhouse.

Punishment?

Yeah, you see when a man in this town is found guilty of cheating on his wife; he is locked inside for a minimal time. It’s truly a deserving punishment but it is a little harsh.

“What his wife uses him in there,” Mary spoke up.

Oh no ever women in town uses it. The men would not because they feel that it could be them in there. The ladies enjoy it thou. You see that sign on the outhouse that says, “No one home” well the wife can flip that sign around to where it says, “Home” and puts a sign up that says twenty dollars per use. Or she can just make him sweet by leaving the sign saying, “No one home”.

How long do they keep him in there?

Depends, most of the time it is about four hours to about a day. Depends how much pity she has for him. Most of the time they let one person use him and then turn the sign.

Wow, has anyone died from being in there.

Well one person did. He was cheating with seven other people. This was about a year ago. No man dares to cheat on his wife since than.

So what happen?

His wife was pissed so she turned the sign for the whole week. She was getting twenty dollars a person. The man survived for five days. When they opened it up on the seventh day his stomach blew up. They found out that he was dead for two days. I still say he would of survived if we did not have a parade that weekend.

“Was she arrested for killing her husband?” I asked.

No, no, no you see it was his punishment so therefore she was not in trouble for it. The men in this town will not even look at another female.

“Well if he was dead in five days how did people continue to use him?” asked Mary

You have to see how it is made to appreciate it. Why don’t I take my break and show it to you guys.

“Umm that is alright,” I said

Don’t worry hon I might be mean but not that mean. Come on lets check it out.

 When we showed up to the outhouse it was not what I expected. It was very clean. The waitress showed use how it all worked.

“You see” opening a door in back of the outhouse, “There is this hole that goes all the way down to the swear system where the mans asshole would be. This way no matter what the waste goes to the right place. There is enough room in here to strap the man down. His forehead is strapped there, and his feet and hands are strapped there. Then,” leading use to the front and opening the front door, “This toilet seat is put into place. You see this hole is three and a halve inches wide and sticks into the man’s mouth a quarter of an inch in. This way the shit goes right in. Then it is locked in place. Now, to answer your question madam we had a problem with the men spitting it back up. So, when the lady sits up, a motor pushes down this rubber piece until it hits the end of the hole. So if the man doses not swallow it, it is forced down anyway. When the next lady sits down it raise back up and slides out of the way. So that man died because he was probably to full to swallow any more but the motor forced it down anyways.

“That is amazing,” Mary said,

Well us ladies in this town think it is.

Hon I would like to take a picture of this. Do you mine if you do something for me.

Puzzled I asked, “What is that?”

Would you let me put you in this so I can take a picture of you from the back and the top?

No!

“Don’t worry hon I just want pictures. I wont hurt you I promise. Just some quick pictures.” Then she whispered in my ear and said, “This way I can build one for me at our house.”

Thinking about it. I decided to agree, “make it fast thou.”

“Ok hon,” with that she gave me a kiss.

I laid down in the spot I was suppose to, when she began to put the straps on me. “What are you doing Mary?”

Hon I need a good shot to see how it’s built. Don’t worry I’ll let you out. Stop worrying so much.

After taking pictures of the way my body was she said, “be right back time for front view.” A few seconds later I heard the front door open. Mary was looking down at me though the hole where the seat is placed. “You look so cute down there looking up at me. Smile” as she raised the camera to tack my picture. “Ok one more thing, open your mouth.”

Come on Mary not that to.

The longer you argue the longer you’re in here. So hurry up and open.

So I opened up and she slid the seat over me. The seat was see though and I saw her take another picture. The next thing I heard was the lock on the seat close. I was unable to speak well because of not being able to close my mouth but I was able to say, “Mary?” She looked down at me and said; “Now hon I promised that I would not hurt you and I’ll let you out. First thing first, I did not tell you ‘when’ I was going to let you out. Also you have been handling my shit just fine. You even say that I did not give you enough. So you should have plenty now. As far as me letting you get hurt, every halve-an-hour I’ll check in on you. If you seem to be chocking I’ll stop it for a bit. So if you were wondering when you’d get out, it would be Sunday night. So have fun hon, I love you. Oh, and by the way this is the best anniversary present you could give to me. Love you.”

With that the door closed and she was gone. I lay there as nervous and scared as I ever been.

May I have a refill on my coffee please?

“Sure,” said the waitress, “Did you know that you couldn’t get paid if you sit over here? You have to sit at the front door of the outhouse.”

That’s all right it is free for the weekend.

“Oh no, you cannot do that to him!” said the waitress.

Why am I going to get arrested?

Oh no, not in this town. Normally it would be all right because maybe about ten a day would use him by paying, but free every lady in town would.

And what is wrong about that?

Your curl, he might survive normally but there is a very big problem.

What is that?

Women’s Right Convention is coming to town this weekend for a festival. They will flock over to that outhouse just for a chance to degrade a man.

“That’s is not my problem then. Can I have another refill?” Mary smiled this evil smile.

Sure, I’ll let you have coffee for free until you leave back to America if you’ll let me have the pleasure of using him first.

Ok, you got your self a deal. Oh, I almost forgot, while your over there would you turn the sign around to say, “Home” and put this free sign up over there.

Sure

Thank you, have fun.

My first user opened the door and sat down to use me, I heard hear say the scariest thing I ever heard:

“I wish you lots of luck, the Women Rights Convention will be here in an hour.”

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