Bad Dream Becomes Worst 2

By: SiCiAiT

Here I am still alive on the plane back home. Dawn has not said much to me. Every once in awhile she would look at me and smile and start laughing to herself. There was a couple of times the plane would bounce and I would feel the contents in my stomach roll around. A couple of times I would burp and Dawn would hold her nose and start laughing out loud. The other people will look at me as my face turned red and I would try to hold my mouth shut so the smell will not get out. When we landed I noticed that she had a wallet filled with cash while she was getting money out for the cab.

" Where did you get all that?" I inquired.

" Well the waitress made a good point. I would not make money with a free sign up. So I put up a sign for fifty dollars. I did not think I would get so many people in those days. What was it about 20?"

" I lost count after eight." I responded. She just laughed at me as I loaded the cab. " So you tricked me in the box and then you pimped me out for money?"

" If I wanted you dead I would of used the free sign. If I want to pimp you out I could, watch." She said as she jumped in the cab. As I got in I heard her talk to the cab driver. " For a cab ride home I'll let you use my man as a toilet."

" What a toilet! What the hell are you talking about?"

" Well my boyfriend thinks you are cute and I would love to see you put him in his place."

" You know lady you're sick and your boyfriend is sicker. I'm not gay I'm a cab driver. I'll drop you off right here if you don't stop that sick shit."

" OK, you're lost." Dawn look over at me and saw the complete humiliation she just caused to me. " It would of been great if he took the offer." She whispered to me.

" What, he is a guy?" I whispered back.

" I know that's why it would have been great." She flashed that evil grin back at me.

The first week we were back, things went back to the way they were before our vacation. She used my head as a sit cushion and her toilet. She had me doing different things that I was not used to. One night she ate something that gave her some stinking gas. You know the ones that make your eyes water and want to run.

" God hon, what crawled up your ass and died?" I asked with my nose plugged.

"I know I can't handle the smell myself." She said with her nose plugged also. " I would hate to go to bed with this smell."

After our movie we went to the bedroom and I could tell she was deep in thought. " Love you hon." I said this to see if she knew I was there.

" Hum, oh yeah love you too. I came up with a thought. You are right my farts are really bad tonight. So I was thinking I should..."

" No hon," I cut her off " you don't have to sleep downstairs the smell is not that bad." While I was holding my nose.

" Sleep downstairs! What, who are you to tell me where I can sleep?" I can see her face getting red. " I was going to be nice and let you sleep downstairs but sense you think you're controlling me buddy boy, let me show you what I have planned instead. Lay down on the bed." She picked up my belt and look at me with those evil eyes.

" Are you going to spank me?" I said with a whine.

" Oh no, but you are going to wish I did by morning" with that said, she laid down in bed, where I was face to face with her lovely pussy. " Open your mouth so I could put this thing in their to hold it open. I don't want you closing it during the night."

" What? What are you doing?" I was getting a little worried.

" Whatever I want it now do it!" She yelled.

" Where did you get this from?" I ask as I was looking at the contraction.

" From our vacation. It was a gift from the waitress that used you. You see this goes into your mouth and I use this little tool to force your mouth open and you will not be able to close it until I release the pressure. Now open your mouth."

" Why, what are you going to make me do?"

" Listen, either you open that now or wait until your snoring. Just so you know this device can open your mouth four inches in diameter and I will take it to the max and leave it like that for a very long time. So it's your choice.

I sunk my head and said meekly, "fine" as I opened my mouth.

" That's a good boy" she said as she patted me on the head. She inserted the device and clamped it so my mouth was opened about an inch. Now who is controlling who here?" She asked with a grin.

The device kept me from opening or closing my mouth but kept my tongue free to move around. I just laid there without saying a word and was wondering what she had in stored for me.

" So you're not so talkative now. That's good because it will help me go to sleep faster. Now put your head between my legs and place your lips around my pretty little rosebud.

She wants me to do what? Before I could say anything I see her playing with the adjustment tool and saying, " I wondered if his mouth can stretch four inches wide?" Grinning the whole time. I Laid my neck across her right thigh and placed my lips around her butthole. She wrapped the belt behind my head and around her. " Those lips feel good against my hole. I can't even feel that device in your mouth. Can you breathe through your nose all right?" As she tightened up the belt so my lips were tight against her ass. I gave her the thumbs up. " Good now the test as she let a fart rip into my mouth. My god, the taste was worse than the smell. It was like dead rotten fish mixed with manure. Went to move my head to get away but the belt kept me tight against her hole.

As she sniffed around, "Hmm, don't smell anything, perfect. Now you have three problems. One is keeping your mouth open. opps, you have no choice. Second, keep breathing through your nose and third..." As she blew out other fart that was so forceful it stung the back of my throat. " You have to hope I don't have a dream and squeeze my legs together. If that happens you won't have to worry about the second rule. With that she let another fart rip as she closed her legs around my neck. She lets some more farts out before she reached over and patted me on the head. " Good boy sweet dreams." And with that she drifted off to sleep. I knew she was asleep because her farts were more like a whispering puff but still smelled, better yet tasted really bad. Every once in a while I had to lift her leg of my neck for it was getting very heavy. Every time I did she let out a massive fart right into my mouth.

I had a hard time sleeping last night, but Mary had no problem even though her asshole was working all night. When she woke she raised her leg a little, "Are you still alive?" I lifted my arm up even though I had no strength in me. "Good because I slept very good and had awesome dreams." She released my head but I was too sore to move away, "You must really love it down there but I need coffee." She moved my head out of the way and she could smell the stink that came from my mouth. "Oh my god, that stinks bad Jack how can you stand the smell? It's going to make me..." Before she could finish she turned to my face and throw up all over me. "Now look at the miss you made. Clean it up and then clean yourself up and met me downstairs." With that she lift me lying there with a mouth that smelled extremely bad and puke all over my face. She did not even say sorry or anything. She just left. Since the trip she has been abusive and degrading more and more each day.

I cleaned up the miss and went to take a shower. I scrubbed and scrubbed but I could still smell the puke and gas in my mouth. When I went downstairs I took a drink of the coffee that Mary had for me on the table and sat down. Mary was just sitting there burning a hole into my head with her eyes.

Then she broke the silence, "You're not a man. A man would not let a women do the things that you do for me. I have love you but I think we need to call it quits."

"What you're breaking up with me?"

"I need a real man. Not some garbage." She said in a clam voice as she combed her cat on her lap.

I sat there finishing my coffee in shock, "Please, I'll do anything you want. Just please give me another chance. She just sat there still combing her cat when I started to get dizzy and fell to the floor. "Look at that kitty some trash hit the floor." Mary said smiling.

When I came to it was all black and smelled like plastic. I tried to move but I was in something to tight and my legs and hands where all tied up. Something was in my mouth like a gag of some kind. Where the hell am I? What just happen? I was in this thing for hours until I heard the front door open. There was two voices one was Mary and the other was some guy.

"I'm so glad you picked me up from the airport Mary. I missed you the whole time and could not stop thinking about that weekend we had."

"I'm so glad you decided to come."

The guy picks up my jacket, "I thought you said you dumped your pathetic of a man?"

"I won't be able to dump him for five more days but I did the next best thing." Mary lifts a lid to a big garbage can in the kitchen. Where I look up to two faces looking down at me. Mary smiles, "Albert met my trash. Trash met my new lover Albert." Mary leans into me, "I told you your garbage to me." Then she closed the lid. I could hear them kissing and music playing. Every once and awhile I could hear Mary moan in pleasure.

Is this really happening? Is she really just considering me trash? What the heck can she be thinking? I sat there not able to move listening to everything that was going on. I heard them cooking dinner. I heard them talking to each other at the very table her and I sat at. Then the lid opened. Empty food cans where thrown in hitting me on top of the head. Then Mary looked in and grin an evil grin and scrapped of their plates off over the top of me.

Albert walks into the kitchen, "Where you want the empty beer bottles?"

"Throw them in the trash. That's why we have a trash can."

Albert throws them in like he was playing basketball. Hitting me in the head each time. After that the lid was placed back on.

"I have to take a shit. I'll be back." Albert said walking out of the kitchen.

"There is something wrong with the septic tank. My trash was suppose to fix it but never did. I have some guys coming over in about a week to fix it. So just throw the used toilet paper in the bathroom trash can."

It seemed like hours before I heard anything until I heard Mary. "I have to clean the kitty litter I'll be back to bed soon." I could hear her moving around in the bathroom, "Wow Albert you must of had one dirty asshole to use all that toilet paper." she said as she grabbed the bathroom trash bag. She scooped up the kitty liter in to the bag and tied it up. She walked into the kitchen and lifted the lid I was in. Mary just looked down at me and all the trash around me. She holds the bathroom trash bag over my head. I started to cry shaking my head. I was begging in my mine for her to let me out. "Do you think I feel sorry for trash? You're wrong." and with that she opened the bathroom bag and dumped the contents all over the top of my head. "Just to show you how much I care for you, here is the trash from the bedroom also." She throws three used condoms in with me and closed the lid. She walks back upstairs and that is the last I heard the rest of the night. I sat there crying my eyes out. Where did I go wrong with Mary? The stink in the can was really bad and I throw up in my mouth but with the gag in place I had to chock it back down. This continued for three days. I was buried in the trash way over my head.

"Hey Mary the trash is full."

"No it's not. Here give me a hand." Mary gets one foot in the trash and Albert helps her get the other one up. Then Mary started to jump up and down compacting the trash all around me. A can pushed hard against my nose breaking the bones in it. Then a beer bottle broke and cut into my leg. I moaned in pain as Mary jumped one last time and caused my shoulder to pop out of place. Albert just looked at Mary in shook. "What's wrong Albert?" Mary gets out of the trash can. "I'm just wondering what happen to that poor guy in there." "What poor guy..." Mary stopped and covered her mouth looking at the trash in the can. "Opps, I forgot he was there. Oh well he is just garbage anyhow." She throws the rest of their trash in and closed the lid.

The next morning I feel myself moving. I woke up startled. What's happing? Then it dawned on me. Shit someone is wheeling me to the crib. Outside Albert puts all the trash to the crib. Mary is sitting on the porch drinking her coffee and having a cigarette as Albert sits next to her. "This is the day I get to finally dump him for good." She turns and smiles at Albert.

I was scared shitless but could not move a muscle especially after Mary packed everything down. Then I heard it. The trash truck stopped in front of me. Mary sits on the edge of her sit to watch her garbage get dumped. The guys jumped out and started to throw everything in the truck. One guy grabs the can I was in and did not realize how heavy it was and tipped it over. The bag broke open and I was able to see some light come in as trash feel to the ground. Mary jumped up and yelled, "Shit". Albert runs over to the can as the garbage man was trying to pick up the miss. "Sorry about that the trash can was heavier than I thought. We'll just dump the stuff into the truck." Albert spoke up really quick, "Mary are you tiring to throw my tools away again? God dame it." As he leans the can back up and place the lid back on. "No we are sorry about this. I'll take care of this can. Thanks have a good day." Albert wheels me to the garage and walks back to Mary.

"Dame what the hell I almost was able to dump him. What the hell."

Days went by and nobody came to the garage. I was becoming really sick form the smell and rotting food. The cut in my leg was getting infected and the air was less and less each day. What are they going to do leave me here to rot? I woke up from the sound of heavy equipment outside.

"Finally we get a new septic tank." Mary said to Albert.

"We'll be back after lunch to fill it in." One of the works said.

"So it's all hooked up and ready to go. Asked Albert.

"Yep, just need to fill it in. We'll be back." The works drive away as Mary cracks and evil grin once again.

"What are you thinking Mary?"

Mary does not say a word and opens the garage door. She grabs the can I was in and wheels it outside. She tips the can over and pulls me out by the hair. She drags me to the entrance of the septic tank. I was completely weak and could not move to well. Even if I was not weak I was so stiff I could not move.

"Please don't. I'll leave and you'll never see me again." I was pleading as she dragged me.

"You got that right garbage. You ruined my plans on dumping you and now you are really going to get dumped."

Albert realizing what Mary is up to runs over and piers up the cover and moves it out of the way.

"Since you like shit so much you can have it all!" Mary kicks me into the hole and helps Albert put the cover back over the entrance.

Mary and Albert sat there watching the workers fill in the dirt and lay the grass seeds around it. One of the works came up, "Would you mind if I use your bathroom I have to shit bad." Mary let him go and turns to Albert.

"What a way to start a new life. Building on top of the garbage I was with."

The End

By: SiCiAiT

SiCiAiT@hotmail.com