I was at work today and this story came to me. Dawn told me about a month ago that if she was going to get rid of me she wishes she can do ... So all day I thought about it and decided that it is a new twist. I hope you enjoy it.

Please leave comment or e-mail me.

Tomatoes are Tomatoes ... Right?

By:

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Like every day I wake up early and go to work and come home late in the evening. Today is no difference except it's Friday and I'm really tired. I walk in to the house and Dawn was cooking dinner.

"Welcome home hon. How was work?" Dawn grins at me still stirring the sauce.

"Same old shit different day. How was your day?" As I grabbed a beer from the fridge.

"It was great! I have been in the garden all day. You should see the tomatoes there pretty good this year. I think it's the fertilizer that helps it. Last year I did not put any in. So I think that's why they were not that good last year." Dawn was all smiles.

"You made your spaghetti sauce again?" I said with a disgusted look as I thought about last year's sauce and how bad it was.

"What was that look for?" Dawn put her hands to her hips with an angry look on her face.

"What? Oh, nothing dear it was the beer. I burped up a little and it tasted nasty. Sorry, It smells really good dear." I walked out of the kitchen to sit down and watch TV. As I was just about ready to doze off I hear Dawn.

"Are you hungry?"

"Why, are you going to use me finally?"

"Funny, honey. No dinner is ready." Dawn came out with a plate full of spaghetti and lots of her sauce on it placed it on the table. "Come on hon. Eat it wihile it's still hot."

"Yeah that way it can burn my taste buds." I whispered to myself.

"What was that hon?"

"I said I'll be right there dear." I walked over to the table and smelled what was on the plate. It did not smell that bad. I took a small taste of the sauce. Not bad, it was not the best. Just as Dawn walked in with her plate I twisted the spaghetti onto my fork using my spoon and took a bite. CRUNCH ... "Oh my god, hon did you even cook the noodles?"

Dawn slams her dinner plate making it spill all over the floor. "You don't like my sauce again! Fine!" She grabs my plate and runs to the kitchen and starts dumping everything she cooked into the trash.

"Hon there was nothing wrong with the sauce just the noodles were not done."

"Yeah right! I know, I know you like your mommies sauce better than mine! Even store bought sauce is better than mine! I spent all day cooking it and this is the thanks I get!" She pushes me to the side to clean up the mess at the table.

"I see you're really pissed right now so I'm going to the bar for a little bit until you cool off."

"Get the fuck out of here! I don't give a shit!" Dawn yelled as I closed the door behind me.

It was very late at night when I stumbled into the house. I went up stairs and Dawn was all ready asleep. Dawn never liked the smell on my breath when I drink and she always told me, "If you're going to kiss me with that smelly breath you can kiss my ass." So like a good man I climb into bed, went down to kiss her ass cheek and I passed out.

By the next morning I woke up with a bad hangover. Dawn was not in the bed. Dame, she must be still mad I thought to myself. I got up took a shower and headed down stairs. Dawn was sitting at the table drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette. There was a cup of coffee and a cigarette waiting for me too.

"You still mad dear?" I asked picking up the cigarette and lit it.

"No, I should have never gotten that mad. It was only noodles. Right?

"Yeah, so what did you do last night after I left? I thought maybe you'll show up at the bar."

"My friend Kim came over. We played some cards and talked." Dawn said taking a sip of her coffee.

"So how is she doing?" I asked, just trying to break the ice.

"She broke up with another boyfriend again, nothing new there."

The rest of the day was good but at night it was our "make up sex" it was great. Sunday morning came and went by evening we were sitting listening to music when Dawn turned to me.

"Hon can I ask you something?"

"Sure Dawn anything." I said taking a sip of beer.

"Will, you know that scat shit your into. I was wondering how much do you want it?" Dawn asked with a half smile.

"Why are you finally going to give me some?" I had a big grin on my face.

"Will, I was thinking. You know when I did it last time you said it was too small and you wish it was bigger with no mercy?

"Yeah I remember. Has it grown since then?

"No, the problem is I would always show mercy to you but ..." She paused.

"But what?"

"But what if I found someone that would do it the way you want it?" she looked dead into my eyes with a sweet smile on her face.

"You mean you'll let someone else use me, who?" I was getting excited.

Dawn takes another drink of her coffee, "Kim."

"You mean to tell me that you'll let Kim place that hot ass on my face and use me as her toilet."

"Yeah, why not. it's not like she is going to fuck you. She just going to use a toilet."

"Wow, really? If you can get her to do it than, sure why not." I was just dumb founded Dawn's friend is one of the girls that every guy in town wants and never gets.

"She already agreed." Dawn said with a smile.

"Really, when she coming over?"

"You still have a three day weekend this week right."

"Yep" I was extremely hard just thinking about it."

 "There is a catch." Dawn paused again.

"Oh shit here it comes. Catch twenty-two." I thought to myself. "Ok let's hear it."

"After she is done. I don't care if your chocking, can't breathe, or extremely sick to your stomach. You will be my garbage for the rest of the weekend until Monday morning." She looked at me without blinking.

Oh my god, this was great two of my fetish for the price of one this weekend it is going to be great! "Really, I have to become your trash for the weekend?" I asked with a disappointed look.

"I am going to make this feel as real as possible for you. You will be tied up and gagged and I will think of you as nothing more than my garbage." She grabs my chin so she can look directly into my eyes. Just so I knew she was going to play this role out all the way.

Now she is going to tie me up and gag me too. I'm going to blow a load right in my pants. Be clam, if she thinks you're getting to excited this may never happen. "I'm not sure about all that." I paused for a few seconds. If it makes you happy I guess I'll give it a try." I give a worry look.

"There is no trying. It's either do or don't. If you agree Kim will use you like you are just a toilet and I will treat you like garbage until Monday. It would be like you're a missing person and nothing more. There will be no backing out. Yes or No?" Dawn said with a stern voice.

After this conversation I'm going to have to go to the bathroom for some "me time". "Yes I guess I'll do it."

"Then it's on. Thursday night Kim will come over and for four nights and three days you will be my garbage." Dawn stood up and went about her day.

For the next days I was extremely horney. Dawn and I had sex every night and couple times in the morning. I could not stop thinking about what is in stored for me this weekend. By Thursday I had the hardest time concentrating on my job. I was tripping over my own feet. I even hit myself hard in the head as a bug landed on it. I had a bloody nose for about an hour. When it was time to punch out, I was the first at the clock and the first out the door. As I walked through the front door, I kicked off my boots and through my lunch box in the corner of the hallway.

"Dawn I'm going to run up stairs to take a shower really quick." I yelled to her.

"Hon wait, come into the kitchen."

I walked in and standing there was Dawn and her friend Kim. Kim had a big grin on her face. "No point in taking a shower right now, Kim needs to use the toilet." Dawn was grinning ear to ear.

"Can't hold it anymore. Come on my little toilet." Kim grabs my hand and led me to the bathroom.

"So you are really going to use me?"

Slap ... "Toilets don't talk. Now lay down and open that toilet bowl so I can shit." I was shocked on how nice and sweet she was and now ... wait did she just referred to my mouth as a toilet bowl? I laid down and opened my mouth. She started to pull her pants down when she looked down at me. She pulls them back up. "Dawn this is not going to work."

"Why what's wrong?" Dawn came walking in.

"Look at his mouth. It's not big enough."

Dawn looked down at me and laughed. "To late to back out now. I think I might have a piece of PVC pipe from when he fixed the plumbing." Dawn walked out of the bathroom.

"If you even think of backing out I'll tell everyone in town that you are a sick freak and asked me to do this. They would believe me." Kim had a look on her face that scared the hell out of me.

Dawn came back in. "Would a three inch hole do?" She bends down and shoves it hard into my mouth. It was only a inch in height so she was able to push it pass my teeth. "How's that Kim?"

"That is much better, thanks."

Dawn left as she said, "Have fun Kim."

"Fun what girl do you know that has fun taking a shit in a toilet. It would be more of a relief."

Kim pulled her pants down and sat squarely on to my face. She spread her legs so she could look into my eyes as she started to push. I could feel something wet and slimy drop to the back of my throat.

"Opps, I guess Dawn forgot to tell you I found a new man." Kim started to laugh as she pushed some more. After the last bit of cum dripped out of her ass her ass expanded. With the PVC piece in my mouth her shit went straight to the back of my throat. I had no choice but to swallow giving the fact I could not chew. Before I even had a chance to think about it her asshole started to push out again. So I swallowed hard. The one she was pushing out just followed the path of the last one. Just as I gulped the end of that piece she began to push again but nothing came out. Kim looked down at me, "I do hope this toilet can handle this one." She pushes hard and her asshole expanded bigger than it was already. "This is what happens when you get fucked up the ass when you have shit inside. It gets all packed up inside." I started to struggle and wiggle around. "Dawn." Kim yelled.

Dawn walked in, "What now?"

"This is going to be a big one and I need your help to hold the toilet down. Just until I get it into the piping."

Dawn grabs my hands and sits right down putting her weight into my waist line. "Oh my, he must be enjoying this."

"Trust me he is not going to enjoy this." Kim pushes with all her might and she let the beast inside slid out without give any concern on how big it was, she had to push harder to get it pass the throat. Just as the throat widen to except this beast Kim pushed with all might. It had to be at least eight inches long and the way it felt the width of the PVC pipe.

"Ok Dawn I won't need you now."

Dawn looked down at me barely moving and smiles as she walked out the bathroom. Kim shit a couple more times. Those pieces just dropped down my wide open throat. Kim wiped her ass and throw the toilet paper into the trash. She stood up and looked down at my weaken body just lying there. "Opps, I forgot. I should not put my toilet paper in the trash it belongs in the toilet." With that she picks the wad of toilet paper out of the trash and pushes it into my throat. "Look here the toilet did not flush the toilet paper maybe I'll help it down." Again she pulls her pants down and squats over my face and starts pissing. Some hits my face but then she was able to aim directly in to my mouth. My throat was so stretched out that her piss went down it like the water in the tub as you release the stopper. It help some with the shit stuck deep in my throat for when she was done I was able to breathe again.

I laid there motionless and very weak. I could not believe what just happen. I always image it but my stomach, throat and mouth were screaming in pain. Why did I agree to this? Oh, would always love for it to happen someday I always say.

"Thank you Dawn that felt great. If you ever need me to teach him a lesson again feel free to call me."

Dawn walks in and smiles down at me. "So was it as good for you as it was for me." She puts some rubber gloves on and pulls the PVC pipe out. "Yuck there's poop on it." She throws it in the trash can. She looks back down at me and laughs. My mouth was still wide open. "Did the toilet get lock jaw. Wow she really opened your throat up. I can see her poop all the way down there." She stands up with both hands on her hips. "Why have you not swallowed it?" She bends down again to look down. "Oh, did she clog the pipes? Well I won't be able to call the plumber until next week so I guess I'll have to throw this toilet away." She reaches into a brown bag and pulls something out. She reads out loud what the box in her hands say. "Heavy-duty full face mask with optional removable ball gag, eye and mouth covers. This is nice but we won't need the eye cover." She bends down next to me. "I want you to see everything." As she straps it she push with both hands to close my mouth around the gag. I can feel my jaw scream in pain but I was way too weak to do anything. She straps everything in place. Then she reaches into the bag again. "Duck tape don't leave home without it." She tapes my legs and hands. Then she bends my knees to my chest and tapes my hands to my legs. "Darn, ran out of duck tape. Oh look I bought another one." she starts rolling me over as she tapes my legs to my body. I felt sicker to my stomach but could do nothing about it with Kim's shit clogging my "pipes". After Dawn was done she looked down at me with a great big grin. "Perfect" She walked out of the room for a few seconds and came back with a big plastic barrel on a hand cart. "Look what I bought at a garage sale. It should fit you just right. Don't you think." she laid it down and started to push me in feet and butt first. It was tight but when she pushed it up right I was wedged right to the bottom good and tight. When she looked in she gave a big evil grin. "Wow there is alot of room in there for more garbage."

She was right there was at least another two feet above my head. This barrel was big. I try to say something but all that came out was a small mumble. My throat was so sore it hurt to just swallow. She left for a few minutes and came back. "I have something for you." She giggled "I know you did not care about my garden that much. Don't say you did because you did not even noticed that I destroyed half of it last Friday after you left. I put all the vegetables in this black bag and left it outside." She turns the black bag upside down and dumps all the rotten vegetables right on top of my head. "Maybe you'll like the way this sauce taste. It stunk to high heaven and I could not even throw up thanks to Kim. "Wow that smells bad but I guess all garbage does." The bag was so full that the barrel was already filled up to my chin. "I can't keep this inside the house." With that Dawn put the lid on and locked it down, She wheeled me out next to the other garbage. "Sweet dreams trash." I could hear the doors lock and then all was quiet.

I did not even know it was morning but I woke up to Dawn opening the lid. "What a perfect morning. Not a care in the world." Without even looking at me she dumped her morning scraps on top of me and then the coffee grounds. She closed the lid and locked it in place. "Hmm ... What am I going to do today. Maybe I'll invite my friends over for a cook out." And again I hear the door slam.

The heat was building up in my prison. I lost all track of time. After what seem for ever Dawn opens the lid she dumps more scraps onto me. She reaches in with a rubber glove and unstrapped my gag. "I know your just garbage but I don't want my garbage to dehydrate." She opens a bottle of water and just starts dumping it over my face. She shock the last drops out. "Can't throw this in here. I have to recycle." She straps my gag back into place and close the lid.

After some time I hear music playing and people talking. Dawn was having a cook out. We never had many people before but today it seem there was alot out there. I heard Kim talking with Dawn.

"So did he learn a lesson about treating you right."

"I don't know after about two hours after you left he took off. He has not come back."

"Really that asshole. If I ever see him I will permanently make him into a you know what." Kim says winking at Dawn.

"Sorry to interrupt but did I hear you say Jack is missing. Maybe you should report him missing." I hear someone other lady say. "You see that cute guy over there that is Officer Johnson he might be able to help you. Hey Kim he is single."

My ears perked up. Yes maybe they can get me out.

"Is he eating my spaghetti?" Dawn asked.

"That is his forth bowl, why you ask?"

"I think maybe I should go talk to him."

Dawn walked off and I did not hear anything more until Dawn came over and took off the lid. She had dreamy eyes as she just dumped a bunch of scraps of food on top of me. Without saying a word she closes the lid and locks it down. I was becoming really ill do to all the scraps of rotting food around me. After a little bit I dozed off to sleep.

Again morning came. Dawn came out and dumped more scraps on me and more coffee grounds. I was thirsty and was hoping she would give me a drink. She looked down at me with an evil grin as she dialed a phone number. "Be very quit garbage I have to call your mommy. Officer Johnson said I should." she just gave me a look of pure evil.

"Hi this is Dawn I was just wondering if you seen Jack." ... "He has been missing since Thursday night. All his important documents like his birth certificate, all the pictures of him and stuff like that are missing." Dawn glances down at me smiling as she dumps a bag of shredded papers on top of me. "I have been talking to the police about it but they were wondering if you would know we're he might be." ... "Really he never told me about that. Do you think he would try something like that?" ... "I'll let Officer Johnson know. I do hope he did not do anything stupid that would harm him in anyway." ... "Yes love you to bye."

"You're mommy is worried about you. I need to call Officer Johnson." Dawn winks down at me. "Hi I just talked with his mom and she is afraid that he is suicidal. She said that he was hospitalized once for it." ... "Ok please let me know. I'm so lonely and afraid here at this house alone." ... "Ok by." Dawn turns to me and blows me a kiss. Then she puts the lid on and walks away.

Dawn opens the lid and dumps more scrapes almost covering my head. She can barely see my eyes. "Guess what it's Sunday evening. You get to go to the curb." She closes the lid. She uses the hand cart to move the other trashcans down to the curb. When she came back to get me I hear her again. "Thank god tomorrow all my garbage in my life will be gone." She gets me down to the curb and went back inside and fell asleep.

I could not believe it. This is how it's going to end? Me just garbage. This was not the fetish I wanted. How could this happen? Was this all because of the sauce or was it the tomatoes? I was really weak but my heart was pounding hard. I think the rotting vegetables is eating into my skin. I felt really hot even though it was a cold night. I must have a bad infection form Kim shit rotting inside me. Before I knew it I passed out.

Morning came and Dawn gets a phone call. "Hello" ... "Oh hi," ... "You what?" ... "Really, How you know then if it was him." ... "It must been a side job he was doing" ... "Well I guess I'll have to move on then. Maybe you'll like to come over for some spaghetti and my spaghetti sauce." ... "Oh ok, that seems a long time but I'll wait for you to come back and I'll make you that dinner, bye"

Dawn walks to the bedroom window and watch the garbage truck pull up to her house. Just as they pick up the second to the last one a light popped in Dawns head. She ran down as fast as she could. She gets to the sidewalk just as the arms of the truck picks up my can.

"Wait hang on!"

"What's wrong miss?"

"You can't take that one. My boyfriend would be very mad if I let you dump it."

 "I understand my wife got mad at me one time and tried to throw some of my stuff away." The trash guy put the barrel back down and drove away.

Dawn garbed the hand cart and wheeled me back to the house. I felt the barrel tip over but the lid was still on tight. Then light came in but it was not from the lid it came from the side of the barrel.

"I have some good news. They found your body chapped up in a tree shredder. They claim the shoe was the same kind in one of your pictures and size. Oh yeah, I found a new boyfriend. He has to go to a special train thing until next year but when he gets back he wants some of my special spaghetti sauce. So I have to get things ready next year for my garden and I want to have some good tomatoes next year. So I'm going to need all this scrap foods and rotten vegetables for my compost next year." She started to shovel dirt into it and every time looking into it, smiling big. Just as the dirt filled the barrel all the way she closed the lid. "Not sure how long you would live for. Maybe not that long but with all that rotten vegetables, scrapes of food and Kim's shit I bet I'll have the best compost in town." Dawn started to crank the barrel around to mix all the dirt and stuff together.

Year later Officer Johnson and Dawn was in her kitchen cooking the spaghetti sauce.

"I'm so glad you came back." Dawn hugs him tight.

"Yep me to. Wow these tomatoes are huge and juicy. What's your secret?"

"Good fertilizer." Dawn grins. Then she laughs out loud.

"What was that all about?"

"I don't know why I was thinking it but Jack had this fetish about wanting to be shrunken down to size. Then swallowed whole just to be shit out. Isn't that sick?"

"That is sick. Let's pretend this slice tomato is him." He holds up the tomato to his mouth and drops it in and swallows. "Now I'll shit him out tomorrow and flush him away. You'll never have to think of him again."