

# The Urinal part 1

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“And with that... I bring you...the new Pluto i11!” the 31-year old CEO of Pluto Inc., Christopher Kane, announced with flourish, gesturing towards the big screen. The packed convention theater erupted in applause and cheers, mostly comprised of Tech fanatics and journalists. The new, young, hot Tech guru nodded, feeling like a god upon the stage, being the center of attention. He knew he was always gifted in some ways, but the journey to wealth and fame was a hard one.

But now, owning a billion-dollar company had put some of his childhood insecurities to rest. Just like any ridiculously successful capitalist, he had done anything, moral or not, to get where he was. But he had made it and that was the only thing that mattered.

As the presentation concluded and Christopher stepped off the stage, dressed in the (almost mandatory for this kind of tycoon persona) plain-colored turtleneck sweater and matching plain pants, he was immediately bombarded with dozens of (mostly teenage) fans that were flailing their arms behind the metal barricade, asking for an autograph or a selfie. He obliged, the worship he received boosting his ego further. These kids, these people idolized him.

“Mr. Kane!” the man turned towards the source of a female voice, to see a pretty journalist, of similar age to his, call out to him with a recording device in hand. She had attractive features, with a delicate french nose and pretty green eyes. Her long, wavy, dark hair was caught in a tight, respectable ponytail. She was dressed in a slick, dark-red, suit-and-skirt combo, with sexy, 3-inch black heels on her feet. Her 5’8” body was immaculate, her succulent DD-cup breasts nesting snugly behind her professional cream-white shirt. Her belly was flat and her waist slim. The curve of her fine ass was outlined perfectly across her hugging business skirt.

Normally Christopher did not pay attention to reporters, but there was something about the particular woman that scratched his interest. Her likeness reminded him of someone, though he couldn’t quite pin it. He approached her.

“Hi Christopher! Remember me?” the woman said with a gorgeous wide smile, with sparkling white teeth and a lipstick that purposely matched the color of her outfit. “Hmm, I don’t know, do i?” the man replied, waiting to see where this would lead. “It’s Krista! Krista Lockhart!” the woman said with overplayed excitement. “We were classmates in junior high!” she reminded the famous man.

Immediately it all hit Christopher. Krista had the same beautiful facial features since she was 15, but a lot had changed since then. Krista used to be a mean-looking Goth girl and one of the coolest chicks in school. She had a tattoo of a butterfly-skull hybrid on her outer thigh and a vastly different style. That tattoo was now the only remnant of her past, rebellious days, though now modestly hidden behind the 31-year-old woman’s knee-high, tight skirt. The woman had, reasonably, put that phase of her life behind, being a mature adult, a professional, a married woman, soon to start a family. These try-hard, silly phases were just part of growing up.

But that’s not where Christopher’s memory stopped. No, he knew Krista much more intimately than he’d like. As part of her tough-girl act, Krista often bullied him at school. And socially awkward Chris was an easy target. Christopher will never forget the day his female classmate had pressed her platform boots against the back of the boy’s head, dunking it in one of the dirty toilets of the school. He still remembered the feeling of the hard rubbery pressure of the woman’s sole against his head, and the taste of urine from the bowl, lingered on his tongue to this day. She and her Goth friends cackled with joy as they flushed the toilet, giving him a swirly.

Chris still remembered that traumatizing day. He wasn’t exactly the sort of person to let go of a grudge. More than once he had verbally abused waitresses and other service workers for benign things that hurt his delicate self-esteem, things that his savvy media team buried with some under-the-table ‘compensations’.

No, he definitely hadn’t forgotten about little Krista Lockhart.

“We should arrange an interview, right?” Krista showed her true intentions, using her dated relation to the famous man for a chance at an exclusive. “Yes, yes we should...” Christopher nodded with a pondering smile. He’d get back at the evil bitch in poetic fashion.



Krista was kind of nervous as she was escorted by Mr. Kane's two bodyguards through his giant estate. An interview with none other than the Tech Tycoon Christopher Kane would surely get her on the map! She was dressed in the same suit-and-skirt attire as that day she'd seen him, her experienced eyes having caught the looks the man was giving her below the neck.

"Good evening, Krista" the man shook her hand with the same photogenic smile he always gave the press. "I'm so happy that you called me by my first name" the woman replied. "Please, old classmates are not strangers" the man lightened the mood, offering the woman a seat on his comfy, spotlessly clean, seemingly untouched couch and taking a seat on an opposite facing sofa.

"You know, before I start, I just wanna say I was a bit scared of arranging this" the woman said, sounding a bit embarrassed. "I don't know if you remember at all, but I wasn't very nice to you in school. Just immature, childish things of that age, I hope there's no hard feelings or anything..." the woman said, fidgeting her fingers nervously.

"Don't be silly, of course not. This was ages ago" the man said with another sociopathic smile. "Oufff, haha, that's a relief" the woman sighed with a releasing laughter.

"You do remember what you did, though, right?" the man added, his tone, while still calm, was hiding an intensity that was lacking before.

"Ehm, not really, but I was a bit of a bully" Krista smiled awkwardly, not feeling good about the subject returning to her teenage misdoings.

"You pushed my head inside a school toilet" Chris said, very factual, still softly smiling, though Krista could see something was wrong. "That's...that's awful Chris, I'm...I'm really sorry" Krista scrambled to save her precious interview meeting from going off the rails.

"Oh, you will be..." Chris said, and a beat later, his two bodyguards pounced on the woman from behind the couch, one putting a black hood over her face, the other sticking the needle of a syringe in the side of the woman's neck.

"AAAAannNnnghhh!" Krista screamed and groaned through the opaque hood as she blindly flailed and kicked her pretty legs, though just a second later the ineffective pulling she gave the men's arms lost all its strength, and her body slumped limp on the back of Mr. Kane's couch. Chris only needed to signal with his eyes to his two beefy brutes to carry the unconscious woman away.

Krista found herself looking at a small, but rather lavish bathroom. Though the room was rather small (3x4 meters) and did not host many things, it still gave off the aura of wealth, solely by the materials used and its spotless cleanliness. The floor was white marble with beautiful black veins forming abstract patterns on its surface. Gold and leaf cream tiles covered the walls. A wide, round expensive ceiling light was at the center of the room, aligned with Krista's position.

On the woman's left was a modernly-designed porcelain sink in the shape of a lily flower, with golden faucets and details. A comfy mirror was over the sink, with an elegant bathroom shelf on one side. It appeared odd, a bathroom which just a sink and not much else. No toilet, no tub. Its utility seemed like a mystery.

The young woman tried to take in her current state. She felt a chill against the surface of her body, a sign of her utter nudity. She instinctively tried to shift her head, but immediately realized that she couldn't move it in any direction. She felt unyielding, white porcelain, snugly encircle her neck, ending just under her chin. The back of Krista's head was finding a stop at a porcelain headrest, outlining the back of her head with a small curve. This porcelain collar, jutting out seamlessly a couple of inches, as part of a big, porcelain floor urinal, held the woman's neck stiff and her head secure, completely unable to turn sideways or tilt in any direction.

Krista tried to speak, realizing the presence of a 2-inch wide, golden spider ring-gag shoved between her teeth, stretching her jaw fully open. A semi-circular golden bar on either side of the gag was bolted on the porcelain either side of the woman's head, keeping the gag (and therefore, Krista's jaw and head) embedded in place.

The beautiful girl's tongue was currently being stretched and pulled through the bottom side of that ring and out of Krista's mouth, through a golden stud that was pierced through the girl's tongue. A matching, thin, golden chain linked the woman's tongue piercing to a tiny ring, bolted onto her porcelain collar, right underneath her chin.

"Gnnnnnnuuuhh!" Krista strained to pull her tongue back inside its cozy, warm home, but she only felt the strict resistance of the golden chain against her stud piercing. Her tongue was trapped outside her mouth indefinitely.

Testing the motion range of the rest of her body also left much to be desired. Krista could feel her arms being pulled rather tensely on either side and behind her, towards the wall she was (assumingly) up against. But very soon, she realized that her naked body had actually been installed INTO the wall! Her top half, from the midriff up, was sticking through a waist-shaped porcelain hole, while the bottom half was walled up behind her!

The woman's arms disappeared at the elbow into the urinal's porcelain wall, through two more, smaller holes, snug enough to forbid any shaking and jerking of the woman's trapped limbs. The walled

off half of the woman's arms was actually wrist-shackled with taut chains on the dark interior that stashed away the woman's 'unused' portion of her body. Krista felt the cold mesh metal against her knees and calves. It was indeed a mesh metal platform onto which her lower body was kneeling on. Krista tried dragging her feet through that flooring, but they found a stop after a few inches, since her ankles were equally cuffed in metal, with little freedom to 'roam'.

The woman was effectively trapped in a kneeling position, with her upper body forwards in a 45 degree angle. Her big round titties swayed freely under the lone effect of gravity. They projected "proudly" by the weird angle her body was encased in.

"HHUUUUUUUL'!" (*HEEEEEELP!*) The woman tried to call out to anyone that might be able to help her, but the wide, golden ring-gag between her teeth kept her jaw gaping open, turning her words into little more than gibberish. No one replied to her perilous call. She tried shifting her nude body and flailing her arms, but they were all trapped in this porcelain encasing.

"Finally...I've been holding it in since breakfast" Christopher entered the room with a smug, victorious look on his face, excited to use his newly-installed "facilities". "You look great, Miss Lockhart" the man poked fun at his victim's predicament. Krista could not see, but her face had not been left bereft of any beautification. A classy makeup had been applied on her face, with some eyeliner, mascara and a nice, deep red shade of lipstick put on her lips. The sexy reporter appeared pampered up, like she had made herself expertly ready for a hot date. The added catch was that all of these beauty products were especially designed to be irremovable, a permanent makeup, unaffected by any "external conditions".

"I think we're gonna have to put that interview off" Chris commented, marveling at the sight of a naked, bound Krista, installed in the man's urinal. "But if you wanted to get close and personal with me, well you're in luck!" he added.

Krista couldn't believe what was happening. "What does this psycho want from me?" she thought. "Luh muhhh uu'uu hhuuh!!!" (*Let me out of here!*) she moaned angrily, though her attempts at human speech sounded laughable, with her jaw spread and her tongue pulled out.

"I assume you're telling me to release you. But I don't intend to do that not now, nor ever" Chris said smugly, feeling the rush of power that came with holding all the cards in his hand. His professional goons had already staged a rather believable accident involving Miss Lockhart's vehicle. Its flame-consumed remains, along with a similarly aged female corpse placed on the driver's seat and burned beyond recognition, would give a convincing recount of the reporter's tragic, fiery death.

Christopher unzipped his trousers and pulled out his flaccid dick. It was at the exact level to Krista's unwillingly "welcoming", round mouth-hole. The woman's kneeling body was actually elevated on that mesh platform by a few inches, just so that her outer body (and more importantly, her tethered mouth) was at the precise height for the man's convenience.

"Nnnnuuuuh! NNNNNhhhhgg!" the hot journalist struggled to turn her face away from the man's approaching organ with an angry, defiant look of hatred toward her captor, but her bondage was inescapable, from the large ring-gag that kept her mouth constantly 'inviting', to her porcelain surrounding the back of her head and her neck and jaw, to her arms and waist, built inside the wall. The white, glistening-clean hard material didn't budge a millimeter.

Without any warning, Christopher's piss shot from his pee-hole inside the little round target that was the girl's golden ring-gag. Krista coughed and gagged immediately, feeling most of the hot, wretched liquid reach straight into the back of her throat, while some hit her fully-presented, welcoming tongue. She tightly squinted her eyes, trying to mentally transport herself away from this nightmare. The smell was even more unavoidable and awful. She instinctively tried to flail her bound arms, which were doubly secured by the wall-holes and the metal wrist bands. The soft rattling of her wrists' chains on the other side of the wall was heavily soundproofed by the wall's padding, inaudible to her captor, as well as her.

Christopher maneuvered his piss-splurging penis to use the second half of his bladder's tank to coat the woman's beautiful face and her pretty, black hair, which were now freely flowing down her shoulders. Soon, hot yellow piss was dripping from the girl's face and from her ring-gag down to her neck, some of it soaking in her beautiful hair. The yellow fluid then flowed freely down the girl's upper body; dripping across the woman's meaty, round breasts and finally dripping down on the urinal's porcelain bottom, located underneath Krista's torso on the floor, only to slowly disappear through its drain.

Throughout this, Krista could not handle the indignity, squealing in frenzy into her hag and jerking her whole body, which did not budge one bit, since the woman was tethered both from her waist and her neck, as well as her arms. Only jerking she could on her lower half, which was not visible to the urinal's owner.

It was fair to say that Krista had received a thorough 'golden shower'.

As soon as the man's natural need was satisfied, the girl uttered a ring-gagged yelp of sheer desperation and frustration. "U 'u yuuu ih o hiii!!!" (*Fuck you, you piece of shit!!!*) The piss-bathed woman tried cursing him out with only vowels in her vocabulary, failing miserably to exert any dominance with urine still dripping from the tip of her outstretched tongue. She wanted nothing more

than to tear at her bonds and attack him as soon as he walked in the room, but after what just transpired, she looked pretty helpless.

“You shouldn’t be closing your eyes when accepting my deposit...” Mr. Kane scolded his living urinal, whilst pulling a couple of soft napkin papers from a stylish, automatic metallic dispenser, attached to the wall on his eyelevel, on Krista’s left side, and wiping his cockhead with them. “...Even if I’m aiming right at your eyeballs” he finished his sentence, tossing the used, velvet-smooth toilet paper into a golden bin, tidily located right underneath the dispenser. This, along with the sink-unit and his new urinal, where the only features of this bizarre restroom.

“Anyway, I wasn’t expecting much from your first time...” he said disapprovingly, before pressing a matching golden pedal, coming through the wall and about 2 inches off the floor, located right next to the urinal’s semi-circular floor.

Immediately, Krista felt her clitoris being fried by a strong wave of electrical current! With all this new horrifying information to take in, the girl hadn’t noticed that her clitoris had also been pierced. In all fairness, she could not see the electrodes attached on both round tips, located either side of the little bar piercing. The jaw-slacked woman’s eyes almost rolled behind her head, as her whole body convulsed, or rather tried to, held in place by unbending porcelain. The woman suffered rather soundless. The electrocution was so fierce she couldn’t even inhale in order to scream. The man held his foot on the pedal for 3-4 seconds, before releasing, putting an end to the girl’s excruciating torture. Krista’s green eyes were now looking up at him with much more fear and worry than at first, as the girl audibly, heavily panted through her ring-gag, recovering from the intense shock.

Next to that shock-triggering foot-pedal, besides the vertical slit in which it could be pressed down, were also a couple of parallel slits, where the pedal could be hooked through, just like a piano’s soft pedal.

With a downward then sideways step, Christopher placed the pedal in the lower of the two settings.

Immediately, a sharp, quick shock riddled Krista’s body again, its source her electrified clit. “Aaaaaaaa!” the woman yelped, and a few seconds later, another shock ‘graced’ her. Then another one, equally as painful, each eliciting a helplessly frustrated moan. Christopher watched pleased, now not having to do anything to punish his lousy appliance.

What the man had set to motion was the stronger of the two ‘disciplining’ settings. Both programs send out electric shocks at random intervals, though never exciding 30 seconds between zaps. So Krista

could be shocked right after her previous shock, or anxiously wait 29 seconds for the next one. The difference in the two settings was only in the voltage, with the 'gentler' setting being lighter on the clit's electrocution.

"I hope this offers some food for thought" Chris said, side-eyeing Krista while washing his hands on the sink. "GGaaaahhgg!" Krista could only get zapped again and again, with a tempo or way to anticipate the next one.

The handsome man then promptly turned away, ignoring Krista's furious gagged 'demands' to come back and free her, as he closed the door behind her, then closed the ceiling light, plunging his former classmate in almost complete darkness, with only faint light-source the small, rectangular, shutter window at the top of the door.

His piss-reeking, human urinal was left alone, lightless, and with a lot of 'spare' time to contemplate the mistakes of her past.

"AAaggh!" another shocked squeal left her gaping jaw.





Krista spent the next three hours in the debilitated, disgraced state her captor had left her in. Her only company was the horrible, unending electric shocks her poor clit received indefinitely. During that time, no one walked through that door. The woman fought countless times against her unyielding bondage, only succeeding in lightly bruising her waist, neck, wrists, elbows and ankles with her insistent pulling and struggling.

“GGggggg!” another gagged cry left her.

In the shadowy space of the bathroom, she alternated between silent moments of pondering terror and loud outbursts of desperate, incoherent moaning, getting her voice gradually coarse until it mostly ‘closed’ after about the two-hour mark. Her abductor’s urine had become caked into her flesh and face, with the woman powerless to wipe it off in any manner. The fancy toilet-paper dispenser on her upper left corner, only seemed to mock her. It wasn’t for her, but for Mister Kane. Krista periodically dry-heaved from the unavoidable smell of piss, lingering on and around her. She felt completely humiliated.

“AAaaaaawww!” another clitoral zap rattled her body.

Her jaw hurt from being spread wide by her gag, her knees hurt from kneeling for so long onto the metal mesh, her arms and waist hurt from their enforced immobility. Moreso than anything though, hurt her ego. A feisty and confident person like her, Krista could not fathom the depths of humiliation this man had caused her. Turning her into his personal toilet!? That was too far for any sane person. Krista could only hope the man was just scaring the shit out of her, in order to drive home his vindictive point. He oughta release her sooner or later. Surely!

Krista had no external window and natural light source in order to discern time, but it was around 4 P.M. when the ceiling lights opened and the door swung. To the woman’s dismay, it was not a police officer, coming to her rescue, but Mister Kane. “LUUHH ‘UUuh..... GHUUUH!” (*LET ME.... GO!*) the woman returned to her battling persona with a hoarse voice, not wanting to appear weak through the shock in-between her defiant statement that jolted her framed body. The man had not been there to witness the countless times she whimpered like a schoolgirl in the dark and she wouldn’t give him that satisfaction.

“Tsk, tsk, it’s like you’ve wasted all this time I gave you to come to terms with your new life” Chris shook his head, approaching her bound form and unzipping his pants once again. This time though, his cock was rather erect, reaching 6 proud inches. As soon as Krista’s eyes fell on the man’s erection, she started nervously shifting her curvaceous upper body. The part from her neck to her waist was the only part she had the slightest control over, not that it did her any good. She would not be belly dancing her way to freedom any time soon.

Chris watched satisfied as the woman's boner-inducing jugs jiggled in her distress. The tip of Krista's tongue nervously flailed in an arc no more than a couple of millimeters wide, the tongue not avoiding the stretching effect of its golden chain-leash. Even as another administered shock electrocuted Krista's clit, her pulled tongue remained perfectly splayed out, the tip pointing downwards towards the ground.

He savored the moment, arrogantly taking his time to place the front of his girthy erection to lay on Krista's tongue, like it was the red carpet leading up to the entrance of her wet fuck-hole. Chris smiled sardonically, looking down at Krista's hateful 'meanie' eyes which met his. He felt the woman's worrying hot breath onto his cockhead, its quick pace betraying the girl's fear; her tough-girl act was all a façade, an attempt to hold on to some dignity.

With time, that would also fade away.

With that delightful thought in his mind, the man slowly pushed his hips and with them his engorged phallus into the 'inviting' opening on Krista's lips. His shaft slid across her jutting tongue as it did so. "NNUUUUUUuuugghhhhh!..." Krista's yelp softened in volume once her mouth was plugged by Chris's cock, then fully came to a halt when the fleshy plug reached the woman's throat, choking off any protests and causing strained, throaty hissing.

"Nice, really nice" the man said, Krista now looking up at him with fearful, shame-filled eyes, as she felt his rod tickling the back of her throat. He fully removed it, just to see the thick drool webbed from the girl's throat onto his cock. "Huuuuuuuuuu...UUgh.....!" Krista gasped as fresh air reached her lungs, only for the man's cock to penetrate her mouth again and silence her yet again. "GGgmm!" the woman let a cock-plugged moan as another electroshock met her sensitive clit. He wasn't planning on removing the pedal just yet.

Christopher started softly thrusting in and out of his living, breathing ornament/sex-toy/urinal, enjoying the sight of utter misery in Krista's face, along with the warmth and moisture of her facial sex-hole. He soon picked up the pace, giving it to Krista's face like it was the ass of a lowly whore, being pounded on his satin bed-sheets. He had complete control over this bitch that bullied him so many years back. Her metal-spread facehole was just so...available to him, the woman unable to pull back not a centimeter away or turn to the side by not a single degree, to avoid this rigorous facefucking.

Krista could only take this mouth-pounding, with no input or agency whatsoever. Her pained shock-induced moans only added to the man's enjoyment. Christopher had easy leverage to penetrate his newest toy, by grabbing onto the two golden handles, situated at a comfortable height on his urinal, above Krista's head. They came quite handy, as he didn't need to get his hands dirty by touching his filthy ball-draining device while using it.

Wet, involuntary, sludgy sounds escaped Krista's rounded, red lips, sounds that were the result of her helpless cries (both from pain as well as indecency) being rhythmically shut and released, quickly alternating from 'off' to 'on' at the tempo of the man's thrusting, like a kid playing with a flip-switch. Her eyes were tearing up from the facial abuse and the relative lack of oxygen.

At one point she scrunched them shut, attempting once again to mentally escape this shameful ordeal. "Uh-uh-uuh" the man muttered and still with his cock nesting in Krista's mouth, slipped the pedal to the side and straight down. "GGGNNNNnnnHHHH!" Krista's eyes were snapped wide, as this time a steady, manually-controlled stream of electricity tortured her pierced clit.

As strong as they were, the random shocks she spend the day with only lasted a fraction of a second. Now, her clit was being bombarded with an unending surge of electric current.

"Eyes up here" Mr. Kane reminded her after 3-4 suffering seconds, continuing his leisurely dick-sliding.

"Ghuunnngghlllghgg!" Krista rebelliously disobeyed, closing her eyes once more. She wouldn't sink to what this bastard wanted from her. "Very well..." Chris did not seem fazed by the defiant reaction, pressing the pedal once more, this time keeping it down for a good 6-7 seconds. He liked face-fucking the proud cunt while she was being pussy-fried at the same time. In the woman's agony, her bound tongue danced ever so delightfully against his shaft, something he appreciated.

The pain was unbearable. Miss Lockhart felt like her privates were being boiled. She had no choice but to accept defeat, her blood-shot eyes moving up reluctantly to meet her captor's. Krista's eyes emanated that defeat, that helplessness. She had tried to offer resistance and had seen how little it got her. "Glugh..glugh..glugh..glugh.." Krista's voice box sang the violent sloshing of a hard erection pumping into her throat.

The sight of the woman's miserable eyes, with their defiance stomped down and their now defeated look had caused Christopher to fuck her face faster and faster with arousal, until finally, he fully shoved his cock balls deep, his jizz shooting straight down the woman's throat. Krista did not even have the choice to swallow or not, the man's semen was shot past her gag reflex, down her gullet.

"GHhhhhhhhhhh!!!..." a stifled, heavily muted, choking gurgle was all the poor journalist could utter, as she was 'fed' the man's protein-heavy discharge. No 'gulp' sound was heard, since the bitch had not manually downed the semen, only forcefully.

Satisfied, the man retrieved his member from its 'milking station'. It was relatively clean of semen, though it was drenched with Krista's saliva. Only the head of his cock was stained with the milky ejaculate. Like it was a hanging hand-towel, the man rubbed his cockhead on the woman's exposed tongue until all semen had been cleaned off his penis and left coating Krista's tongue. The woman was now sobbing with vowel-only cries, having been so objectifyingly raped by this man, unable to avoid the taste (and sensation) of his semen resting on her exposed tongue.

Blissfully 'drained' the man cleaned himself off and departed just as suddenly as he had arrived, his bodily fluid receptacle having served her purpose.

Though not without returning the pedal back to the same 'harsh' setting of perpetual, unpredictable electrocution. After all, the piss-pot bitch had mouthed back. She needed some more discipline.

Krista was visited three more times from her new owner throughout the day. Two of those visits were for the man to empty his bladder, once on the woman's crying, screaming face and another one 'watering' her fun, perky tits. The way she jerked them from side-to-side as they were being splashed with piss was an added bonus. The third occurrence was another ball-draining, the man actually leaving in the middle of a company conference call, just to fulfill this exquisite power-fantasy.

In all those cases, Krista was disciplined with added, continuous electrifying cruelty, for being anything less than a submissive, docile and servicing home appliance. All it took was a simple step on the pedal, after all.

Any attempts at speech, mean eyes, closed eyes or any facial expression that could be interpreted as antagonizing, resulted in the poor woman's pussy being repeatedly 'fried' to obedience. The abducted woman fought with all her might in each case, but the odds looked heavily stacked against her.

During the long hours of imprisoned solitude, she fought hard against her bondage, only realizing the more she tried, that it was an unsolvable puzzle. The porcelain that held her stiff could potentially break, but with no room to even wiggle, there was never any leverage for her to free herself. Her head was tethered perfectly parallel to the walls on either side of her, as stiff as a trophy up on a hunter's wall. The bolted ring-gag made any head movement or turn impossible.

The woman wished she had no clitoris, since it was the source of her hellish misery. Mr. Kane's 'shock therapy' was driving her insane from day one. She would happily cut it off if she could reach back there.

With no clue as to the day's passage, the demoralized, abused woman fell into a pitiful sleep that was interrupted every few seconds by another strong, dreadful shock, with the single hope that this would all be a dream when she'd wake up.

The bright ceiling light of the bathroom, along with the clicking footsteps of heels, bring something new to the dark bathroom. It's not exactly correct to say that this sound and light woke the naked Krista up. The poor lady had spent all night in a dreadful state of constantly interrupted sleep. Never did the woman made it past a couple of minutes of peace, before another jolt of electricity would rattle her awake again. True sleep was impossible.

It was the next day, around 6.30 in the morning. Krista's sleepless, tired eyes adjusted to the light to make up the figure of a young woman, around her twenties, dressed in a cute, if not revealing, french maid's outfit.

The young blonde did not address Krista, nor did she put an end to her shock-therapy. She simply started splashing the unprepared woman with cold water, coming out of a golden shower head that was attached on one side-wall. "AAaa..aaaaa...!" the woman yelped from the sudden freezing sensation, her round chest heaving rapidly up and down with her tense breathing, but the maid did her job, cleaning the living urinal off yesterday's filth.

After all, master would detest using an esthetically repulsive urinal.

The young maid did not ever meet Krista's gaze, as much as the 31-year-old woman tried to capture it. Maybe this young woman would understand her ordeal and release her. But her enquiring, pleading moans went unanswered. Her pained groans of shock were ignored.

The maid simply rubbed the woman's torso and face with a soapy sponge, getting her ready for another day of 'usage'. The sponge did not remove any of Krista's alluring make-up. She then wiped the woman's slim torso, ample chest and pretty face dry with a towel and blow-dried her pretty hair and brushing them too into a simple feminine style, draping down her shoulders. The maid stuck a toothbrush through Krista's golden ring-gag and gave a quick brush with dry toothpaste on the woman's teeth.

Finally she took out a small tablet, like those urinal cakes used to disinfect. This of course, didn't have chloride in it, but it did contain a strong odor-killing chemical. The maid casually inserted the tablet inside the older woman's gaping mouth, placing it on the back of her stretched tongue where it started fizzling and slowly dissolve in Krista's mouth.

The porcelain-restrained woman let out another aggrieved moan, powerless to spit out or even shake the melting tablet off her tongue. She couldn't tip her head forward either, forced to endure whatever treatment this was.

Busy with many more house chores, the maid did not stick around for the tablet to melt by Krista's saliva. It would take about 4-5 minutes for the tablet to be fully disintegrated, giving the toilet's previously dirty, smelly 'insert hole' a renewed freshness.

And so, the young blonde maid left the disciplined urinal to continue her work. The soft sizzling of the bubbling tablet on the woman's tongue was drowned over the disheartened woman's moans.

