

The Urinal part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Krista became the first person Christopher would see every day. Though the man didn't really acknowledge or treated her as a person, so the above statement might not have been completely true.

He always started his day with a morning piss, his small, unusual restroom, located right next to his master bedroom. Already cleaned from a day's worth of filth by his early bird of a french maid, Mister Kane's stinking morning dick was the worst 'good morning' imaginable for Miss Lockhart.

Usually in the mornings the man was in no mood for 'fun messes', electing instead to fully shove his unwashed floppy cock past the woman's cherry-red lips and glistening gold ring-gag and just 'let it rip' down the girl's throat. The 'issue' with that was his living urinal was still incapable of opening up her throat and swallowing with an open mouth and protruding tongue, often resulting in 'last night drinks' spilling over from the urinal's round receptacle.

With the mean bastard often 'forgetting' to turn off the alternating zaps upon his visits, Krista found herself being torturously clit-zapped while simultaneously being drowned in urine or cum. The choked squeals of both scorching pain and facefucking asphyxiation ringed like Beethoven to Christopher's ears.

Watching Krista's prideful, hateful eyes morph into a pitiful puppy's as soon as the zaps got too much and his cock bruised the back of her throat, was a joy to behold for Christopher! It always helped the tech guru start his day with an upbeat smile.

Though he reassured her that if she behaved as expected the clit-shocks would go away, Krista was unwilling to comply, receiving the most electrocuting end of the stick.

Due to her stubborn attitude and lackluster performance, the woman's pierced clit was rarely left without some 'electrifying' company, a constant reminder of her failure to comply. Not only did they hurt like hell, but the random surges of electricity passing through Krista's clit never left the woman with a moment of reprieve. The dread of the next painful shock always lingered in the back of her mind, fogging it and making any long thought difficult.

Having the clit-frying program on for basically 24 hours a day also meant that a proper night's sleep was not feasible. The sleep and rest deprivation did not take long to weigh down on the tormented woman.

Each time she was used was an opportunity for her to redeem herself and for Chris to remove the pedal from its 'punishing' position. But whether a single glance of contempt or any type of 'spillage', Krista failed her owner's high standards, which meant that either the max voltage (usually) or the medium one (sometimes she appeared to try) was left on.

As for his new toilet's 'maintenance', Krista was being injected with a nutritional serum, through a butterfly needle stuck in her right, walled off arm. Though Krista had no access to her walled-off body, the house maid did the tiny space via a side-door located in a storage room near the bathroom. The captive woman's liquid-only waste simply came to join her master's down the mesh drain she was standing on.

With the cute maid only cleaning her every 24 hours, the better part of the day found Krista drenched with various ages worth of her Master's bodily excretions. The poor, bound reporter was constantly feeling the effects of the man's liquid wastes on her shapely naked body, feeling itchy and disgusting. She just had to live with them.

Christopher used his private urinal about 4-5 times a day to urinate, with the amusing dilemma of where to aim his 'hose' always a treat, and about once a day to 'relieve' the stress that comes with being a multi-billion dollar tech tycoon. This meant that the overwhelming majority of the day, Krista was left alone in the bathroom's shadow, 'unused' and trapped in this bizarre prison.

Despite her piss-poor (pun intended) state, Krista's fighting, courageous spirit was not left at high-school. She was still determined to find a way out of this mess and give this rich bastard his fair share of 'knuckle sandwiches', along with a lifetime behind bars.

But the more days of captivity passed, the more this plan didn't look like it would pan out. After a few weeks, freedom wasn't anywhere closer than that first day the sexy journalist had arrived at Mr. Kane's home for an interview.

The physical and psychological torment brought forth by her clitoral punishment was soon taking its toll on the 31-year-old journalist. It felt like Chinese water torture, but instead of a simple water drop there was a high current of electricity straight through the woman's most sensitive body part. It was utter hell, not knowing when the next shock would come. Not having any real chance to relax or sleep was torture in it of itself.

Krista could feel herself getting not only physically, but also mentally weaker. She could hear herself voicelessly praying for the shocks to stop. She craved some peace from this unending pain.

The sadistic man relished the opportunity to punish the piss-gurgling bitch with the slightest 'mishap' in the woman's service. Especially when it came down to his special urinal promptly and effectively 'disposing' of his incoming waste, no matter the rate and volume at which they filled her oral 'drain-hole'. Krista needed to learn how to swallow her Master's yellow 'deposits'. She was still struggling.

On top of that, Christopher required absolute submission and elegance from his new waste-disposal appliance. She should not only swallow every droplet without spillage (when she wasn't being turned into a writhing piss-fountain), but swallow obediently. Any angry, 'confronting' eyes earned the girl more zaps at her poor sex-button.

Mr. Kane made it very evident that only docile, submissive eye-contact would do. Silly gagged noises from his personal human urinal also gradually became a punishable offense, so any attempts to negotiate a release, or to simply curse him out, resulted in the same electrifying fate for Krista.

With the still feisty woman antagonizing him, these incidents were frequent. Mr. Kane's toilet-slave was still unruly and unaccepting of her new life.

Krista resisted with all her might, her helplessness often making her lash out at her captor. This only meant furious struggling and moaning with her spread-open lips.

It only made Chris chuckle and shove his hard cock rougher in her facehole.



ZAP

ZAP

ZAP

Krista's pretty eyelids flicker open with each electric shock, ever as her exhausted eyes are half-rolled up her head, devoid of any energy. In her tensing flinch, her head would normally bump against the porcelain headrest behind her, but always being in contact with it, it does not appear to move.

At the same time with her asymmetric shocks, the spent woman lets faint yelps through her beautiful gaping red lips, her protruding tongue making any moan make an 'eh' or 'ah' sound. The reflexive twitching of her electrocuted body causes her big, free-swaying jugs to jiggle, and a couple of more drops of urine to fall from them down to the second drain, the one below the woman's torso.

ZAP

ZAP

Two more shocks in relatively quick succession rattled her stiff body. "Please make it stop" was the thought that permeated her cloudy mind, her kneeling legs shivering from the compounding torture. Each day she thought she couldn't bare it anymore, and each day she found herself reliving that nightmare.

"Where is that fucking bastard?" Krista's broken mind wondered. If only he was here, she could suck him off or swallow his piss like a good girl and then he might turn off her electrocuting clit-piercing.

Anything to put an end to this ordeal.

Without even realizing it, the captive reporter had spent over 6 months in this crazy billionaire's captivity. As much as someone can, the people in her life had moved on from her apparently tragic passing.

Throughout most of this time, Christopher rarely addressed his objectified slave. Talking to a toilet would be absurd, right? In his eyes, she was just as 'interactive' as his toothbrush or his fancy dinner plates.

Objects meant to fulfil a pretty singular purpose.

This degrading treatment, this utter dismissal of her humanity, only infuriated the imprisoned woman more. Naturally a stubborn person, Krista only strived to 'get back' at Mr. Kane the only way she could, meaning not doing him the 'favor' of obeying his wishes. This did nothing to stop him or lessen his enjoyment however and only caused further agony for Krista.

Pain is a very well tutor. Not only does it change your attitude towards certain tasks (and people), it also forces you to adapt and improve. And as much as she hated doing that, Krista improved, for the sake of her pained little cunt-nub.

Never mind tutor, pain was a full-on life coach for the poor reporter-turned-bathroom fitting.

During her more...immature days, the helpless damsel wasn't even actively trying to keep the man's urine down, as 'kindly requested'; only writhing in pain with futile struggling, paying the price of her insolence.

But after it became painfully apparent that her agony would remain hand in hand with her disobedience, she started putting some water in her - rather pissy- wine, relenting to being a more effective liquid waste dumpster and started making some actual effort.

There was only one way out of her miserable existence, and that path was through submitting to Mr. Kane's sick demands.

It was a pleasant sight for Christopher, seeing the brunette toy's first reluctant, but real attempts at properly 'receiving' his salty drink. Unskillful at this stage, Krista would involuntarily gurgle the yellow spurts inside the round cavity of her red-painted lips.

Despite genuinely trying to be a good urinal and swallow Master's piss, most of the droplets would dribble down her outstretched tongue and the corners of her O-shaped mouth, down her chin and gorgeous chest. It seemed impossible to the woman to swallow with her mouth pried open and her tongue pulled out. Who could blame her?

Chris did not care about logistics like these. Every item in his house should work as expected. If his oven cooks food and his lamps produce light, his urinal oughta dispose of his urine. Hence, the urinal ended up paying for its 'malfunctions' every time.

Even though they offered a chance for her to be 'good' and end her electric suffering, Krista still loathed Christopher's 'visits'. Whenever she saw the bathroom door open, Krista's heavy chest heaved up with a fight or flight instinct. Besides the physical, external struggle of fighting her porcelain and metal bonds, seeing Master always caused an internal struggle within Krista.

Should she do her best and earn some freedom away from pain for a few hours, or should she throw caution to the wind and not give him the satisfaction of breaking her? Her hurt pride and (more so) hurt clit were always debating that.

It was fun for him to watch these terrified eyes look up at him every time his zipper was being lowered. In her ambivalence about servicing him, the dumb bitch had shut up considerably ever since her first ignorant displays of pride, now only letting out the slightest, open-mouthed whimpers each time his cockhead was approaching her face-hole, either reeking with the piss that was already making its way through his urethra or showing off a tiny droplet of precum peeking through his peehole. Her tongue would twitch ever so slightly, so adorably in its nervousness, firmly tethered to Krista's porcelain collar. Her presented jugs would heave with her anxious breathing.

Chris made a habit out of using the golden ring-gag's round hole for some target practice. Even when he 'missed' the opening, watching his piss splash on her outstretched, taut tongue, then drip down its length and the little chain below was always fun. Whether to recycle the multiple cans of beer he was hammering with his buddies, relieve his middle-of-the-night tingle or just a regular ol' 'drainage' the poor damsel took it all without a say, hating every second of it.

Eventually, the longing for some shock-free hours won over her prideful stubbornness. With her womanly clit unable to take any more 'pounding' of electricity, it was a sheer necessity that Krista develops her throat-stretching skills.

Even with her tongue stretched out, which made things even more difficult, the porcelain-encased slut gradually trained her pharynx to spread itself like a 5\$ whore's legs and take anything, whether solid (Master's hard cock) or liquid (piss and cum) was deposited into it.

Her gag reflex, a big obstacle to her 'goal', was starting to vanish.

Krista had ingested so much of Mr. Kane's urine she had learned to identify the subtle differences in its taste. Sometimes they were on the bitter side, others they were 'over-seasoned'. Whatever the taste or color, she slowly developed the talent to contract her throat muscles and let the far-from-sweet nectar run down her gullet.

After a few months installed in Master's bathroom, Krista 'kept down' the larger chunk of his piss now, being a better urinal than before. She was now good enough that the rate at which her mouth filled with urine was about the same as the rate she swallowed it, rarely letting her oral cavity 'overflow'.

What spilled over it would make its way down the length of her slim, naked body. She didn't even register it coating her flesh, nor did she dry-heaved at the stinky odor surrounding her anymore, as present as it was for most of her day.

Urine and cum was becoming her element. With her nutrition taken care of intravenously, Krista hadn't tasted anything else for the past half a year. What kind of whore only firsts on piss and semen? But she was the one taking it all down the hatch and worst of all, feeling a sense of accomplishment and happiness out of it, all brought by the positive reinforcement of a shock-free clitoris. Without really registering it, the black-haired hottie was being trained to be a very good urinal.

As a result, a sense of unwanted shamelessness had begun settling on Krista's psyche. At the same moment, she could be feeling proud of her piss-swallowing or ball-draining skills whilst also hated herself for sinking as low as serve her abductor in such a debasing way.



Being a good, sub-servient piss pot had an upside. Krista's day-long clit-punishments lessened. This was very gratefully received by the tortured damsel, whose sore pussy was pulsing with lingering pain from half a year of high voltage.

Without her focus on the inevitable, horrible pain that awaited her ever few seconds, a different, existential torture slowly crept in.

Miss Lockhart's nudity, her permanent bondage and the frequent, degrading consumption of bodily fluids soon became a perverse mundanity. A horrible one, still, but its repetitive nature made everything slip into a background.

With bondage and idleness becoming the norm, what came into the spotlight was how empty and meaningless Krista's days had become.

Even as a mindless servant, there was nowhere to go, nothing to do. The girl's humiliating, utilitarian servitude was so offensive in its simplicity. Her bodily and facial bondage rendered most of her duties taken care of by default. Her gaping mouth was not much different than the drain hole at the bottom of an actual urinal.

Krista's mind-numbingly dull life was devoid of aspirations, dreams, hobbies, love interests, friends, family. Everything was gone. In this limbo of immobility, pain and loneliness all that felt different were the few short moments of the day when a man, the same man, would arrive to piss on or fuck her face, then leave as abruptly as he had arrived.

Then, it was of the same absolute isolation, until the next time Chris' bladder or balls were full.

The maid, who Krista was looking for any semblance of human interaction more and more often, treated the brunette slave equally as objectifyingly. There was no gratification derived from cleaning and maintain the living appliance, no need for socialization with an unfortunate 'nobody'.

The urinal bitch only 'ate' into the busy maid's house-keeping schedule.

The nude, porcelain woman found herself staring at the bathroom's door handle in front of her for hours on end, in an almost catatonic state. Everywhere her eyes fell they'd meet the same tiled walls, the same floors, the same golden tap, the same porcelain sink, the same fucking mirror and door and door knob! She had gotten sick of them, deprived of any visual stimulus. She'd often just close her eyes, trying to travel to a different imaginary place where life made sense again.

Where there was one.

The auditory experience also left a lot to be desired. There was good soundproofing in the bathroom and the meant that any sounds coming from the surrounding rooms or the corridor outside came out very muffled and low-end. Krista often tried to peek anything that would make her lethargic brain-cells clap together. A recognizable word, a human voice, a weird sound. There was rarely anything.

The half-walled-off woman would shuffle her pretty feet against the rough steel of the drainage, just to experience this sensation of not-even-that-nice touch. She'd twirl her fingers or ball them up in fists, her hands suspended in the air.

She tried anything to occupy her starved mind. She hummed songs in her mind and out of it, though the latter often reminded her of her vulnerable, ring-gagged state and so she preferred to 'sing' virtually.

In her increasingly desperate state, Krista wished she could masturbate, though the way her midriff was locked inside the wall away there was nothing to dry-hump, nowhere to rub against. Even clenching her own thighs was impossible due to the slightly spread nature of her ankle restraints.

Bereft of stimulation (besides the constant reminder that her clit felt hooked to a car battery), Krista's witty, sharp mind got emptier with each day. Like a muscle without any exercise, it atrophied more and more.

It's the dead of night. The urinal is asleep, though nothing in its positions changes. Her head is wedged in place by the bolted ring-gag, her neck trapped in its porcelain stocks. A fly is circling around the sleeping woman's stretched-wide mouth, probably because of its piss smell. She was very good during Master's 'last call' of a bathroom visit, so no shocks are ruining her night.

She kept her pretty eyes timidly locked with his and downed all of his piss in her open gullet, like the most obscene party trick. She had gotten very good and loosening her throat and letting the yellow stuff flow down her esophagus.

The door slides open the lights turned on immediately after. Krista's eyes take a bit to adjust to the sudden light, staying mostly close. A groggy, restless Christopher simply pulls down the bottom of his satin pyjamas and inserts a throbbing hard-on in her perpetually welcoming face-hole.

"Gug....." the woman softly chokes as the man starts thrusting into her face at a moderate pace, her tired eyes rising to meet her Maker. In a very real sense, this man has created her into what she is today.

Krista is not much for religion, but she cannot deny that this 'version' of hers is much different to the 'original' one.

Christopher grunts softly as he keeps fucking her mouth, enjoying the warm sensation. He has a stakeholder's meeting tomorrow morning, and with the stock-price dropping a bit, he is nervous. A good ball-draining oughta help him sleep more easily.

No words are exchanged in this very one-sided interaction. Bouncing off the tiled walls are only the occasional wet sounds of the man's erection, sliding onto Krista's tongue and popping in and out of her pleasant throat.

The woman can only endure this face-fucking, like all previous ones. She has little agency, apart from her demeanor, which while sleepy, is all but combative. What her expression puts out is the single notion that Master can fuck her face all he wants, whenever he wants.

Grabbing both gold handles above her, the man shoves his pelvis (and cock) harder and faster through the girl's cunt-emulating lips. Krista can't breathe, but that's a given, especially at the 'final turn' of her facial rape. She's made peace with that, that air is a luxury when 'used'. She just tries to keep her sleepy green eyes up at Master, making them timid and servile, while in the moment provide a small jingle of her big tits for him. He should climax any time now.

Like clockwork, the man ejaculates deep within the slut's esophagus. "Kh...kh...*gulp*" the soft choked sounds are followed by swallowing ones, even as Krista remains throat-stabbed with the man's slobbery cock. She has mastered 'accepting' cum while Master's cockhead is still bruising her palette. Without a word, or even a look of acknowledgement or praise, the much sleepier guy pulls up his pants and heads to bed, plunging the urinal in the same darkness he found it in.



Krista had reached two years inside this weird purgatory of a bathroom; where her one and awful sin was being repented for, in perpetuity.

The constant drought of feelings and sensations led to Christopher's visits becoming increasingly less despised. In a twisted way, they were becoming welcomed by the mind-broken girl!

Just like that psychological test where participants shocked themselves just to avoid boredom, Krista just wanted to feel something, anything. Even if that was as awful as being ruthlessly facefucked or being peed on like the first snow that kids 'write on'. Krista could not make peace with that sentiment, chalking it up to Stockholm syndrome or something.

Even though any rational thought brought her hatred for the sadistic creep to the surface, in reality Krista now only had eyes for her kidnapper/owner, her rational mind gone straight down the gutter with the rest of Master's waste. Her pretty, green eyes lacked the fire they possessed during her early, feistier days, now loyal and eager to please, drenched in complete submission.

In order for her destroyed mind to cope, Krista was overcome with a depraved sexualization of her ordeal. Stuck in unfulfilled horniness, the broken slut could not help but gyrate her wide hips behind that wall, grinding against only air as Christopher helped himself to her oral cavity.

She now willfully jiggled her boobies at him, her eyes dripping with seductive lust as much as her tongue was dripping with Master's semen or piss. He'd chuckle, knowing the bitch would never get fucked like she so desperately wanted.

Christopher was very happy with his toilet's conditioning, to the point where he opted to remove her jaw-splitting ring-gag and tongue-stretching chain. Sort of a trial to see just how far his toy's training had led her.

His empty-headed toy was initially unnerved by the sudden freedom she now had no use for. But even though she could technically turn her face away from the man's cock and even bite down on it, Krista did none of those things. She was too far down the rabbit-hole of submission to climb back up. Instead, the urinal toy simply wrapped her juicy, red lips around Master's erect 'gift', suckling on it lovingly and skillfully.

She only had a warm smile to greet Christopher with. No 'rude' words or any semblance of refusal. The brunette slut was now wholeheartedly devoted to her duties as a piss and cum disposal unit.

Krista's fucked-up, broken mind came to associate the man's treatment with sexual desire. Christopher could not witness it, but every time he pissed on the girl's welcoming mouth, Krista was air-humping with her naked, pierced and soaking wet cunt, horny out of her mind.

But he could see the way she looked at him with lustful eyes. Krista had become a pro at downing his golden rain and cherished her golden showers like an oasis in the Sahara desert. She could fill her whole mouth with a load of urine without spilling a drop, then gulp the whole thing down in an instant, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out and down to show her good work to her master.

Her masochistic tendencies had developed hand in hand with her sexual depravity. The once dreaded sensation of having her cunt zapped with high voltage had now morphed into an exhilarating feeling, something that Krista craved! Especially since her whole day was left undisciplined (being an excellent bathroom device), these shocks were like a twisted treat for her touch-craving body!

"Please, Master! Please shock me as you use me!" she'd blurt out in defiance of her own obedient silence. Chris obliged her only for his own amusement. Her cock-gagged, urine-gulping squeals were nothing like the past dreadful moans of agony. They now were a mixture of intense ecstasy, welcomed pain and excitement. These manually-delivered clitoral shocks became Krista's way of the man pleasing her sick pussy, albeit using his foot to press down that golden pedal, instead of his fingers to rub her clit. They got her 'going' so good!

Krista was a broken vessel of a person.

But a very functioning urinal.

The bathroom door opens, bringing some light into the dark room. The light switch is flicked, illuminating much brighter. "Good afternoon, Master!" an excited female voice is heard from the seemingly disembodied torso and head on the urinal opposite the door. Krista greets the man with a big smile, ready to service him.

The man, dressed in only a white tank top and some boxers, clearly just up from his afternoon nap, doesn't return the niceties nor the girl's demeanor, rather, unzipping his pants and stuffing his flaccid penis into the woman's red lips. Krista takes the soft member gracefully and willingly, looking up at Master with those big, pretty greens as the bored man simply empties his bladder past her red pout.

glug* ... *glug* *glug* ... *glug

His rancid urine flows quickly down the woman's throat, as she rapidly swallows the incoming portions of piss. From the woman's expression, you'd assume she's really enjoying some apple juice or something equally refreshing. Not stinky, filthy pee. It might as well be some kind of aphrodisiac nectar, because

Krista is getting hornier with each piss-chug. She loves drinking Master's filth and the act alone is getting her walled-off pussy all 'tingly' and hot.

Upon sensing that the man's peehole is not bringing out any more liquid, Krista moves on to cleaning any leftover piss from the man's foreskin with her tongue and lips, slurping everything up. She silently wishes he'd give her a zap or two for her 'troubles' but does not want to overstep, doing her job meticulously and perfectly, never breaking eye contact even if Christopher doesn't really bother meeting her gaze.

"Would Master like his balls drained, too?" the object speaks as soon as Christopher's penis leaves her mouth. Chris looks at the toy, pondering the question for a second. He wasn't planning on it, but his penis has gotten fluffed a bit by the woman's warm, soft 'receptacle', almost sporting a 'semi'. Without a verbal acknowledgement, the man simply re-inserts his cock into Krista's lips and she quickly gets to work sucking.

She now has the freedom to slightly bob her head up and down the erection and use her sucking lips and dexterous tongue to her 'advantage'. Well, to Chris' advantage. The potty-trained woman would disagree though, since she loves tasting Master, loves having his cock in her mouth. She feels a sense of fulfillment every time he uses her, a sense of value. What is she worth in this world, if not to be facefucked and pissed on?

Getting into it, the man also uses the golden handles to ram his cock deeper and harder inside her skull, something that Krista has absolutely no issues with. On the contrary, this gets her juices dripping more. Deepthroating him, Krista does not have a visual on his foot approaching the pedal beneath her.

"MMMMMM!" an enjoyable, welcoming, cock-gagged moan leaves the once-reporter, once-mother, once-woman, as a nice, hard 'spank' of electricity smashes across her clit. She sucks Master off more passionately, more eagerly, silently asking for more.

"MMMM!" another shock makes her juicy thighs shake with lust. "Yes, Master, give it to me!" the girl thinks with her eyes both fucking and pleading the horny man, who's facefucking her with the romance of a garbage-filled alleyway.

As he feels his orgasm approaching, the man simply rests his bare foot onto the pedal, driving a train of electricity through the toy's clit as he mouthfucks her with rapid thrusts. "M!...." the sensation is so strong and overwhelming that Krista simply closes her eyes, taking Master's ruthless throat-pounding like a cocksucking champ AND being fried so wonderfully (!) on her sopping wet clit.

The culmination of Master's chunky semen finding the back of her throat, along with the powerful electric shocking of her needy cunt, drives the woman into a senseless, otherworldly orgasm.

"MMmmmmmm.....mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm....mmmmmm...." the urinal bimbo groans into the drained cock, as she still slurps the remaining semen off of it. Her eyes look up at Master full of gratitude.

If only he would fuck her face again!

Not bothering with any goodbyes, the satisfied man pulls up his boxers and leaves the room to make some coffee. "Thank you for using me, Master" the woman utters with a servile-sounding, but genuine sincerity, right as the door is slammed behind her, plunging her back into darkness and loneliness.

She is counting down the minutes until he'll need to piss again.

