

The Wriminal

Written by Denkira7



SCOUNDREL SKULL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

A STORY BY DENKIRA7

The Urinal



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DISCLAIMER: The following work contains adult themes. All characters participating in sexual acts are over the age of 18.

The Urinal

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.

"AAAAnnNnngghh!" 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.

"HHUUUUUUL!" (*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.

"Nnnuuuuuh! 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 jawslacked 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. More so 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. "NNUUUUUUuuuggghhhh!..." 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...UUggh.....!" 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.

“Ghuunnngghllllghgg!” 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.

Utterly 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.



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 mindbroken 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.

