

Reality Check

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I'm tired of all this, Michael. I want to move on." At the 21st floor of the skyscraper, headquarters of "Hot Entertainment Media", Hayley Kapoor is discussing with the company's CEO. The 26 year old girl, a former model of English and Indian origins, had become a star over the last two years in the States, thanks to the success of her "everyday-life" reality show. Michael Hudson was the one that had discovered her in an L.A coffee shop and offered her the show, making her into a huge star, with millions of viewers and social media followers. But now she had other aspirations.

"I can't keep doing this Mike, i want to pursue acting. This will only hold me back". He was not at all pleased to hear that. He tried to smooth talk her into sticking it out, that it was best for her, after all, the show was at its peak in popularity, that she would increase her popularity even more to give acting a try later on. When her determination proved much stronger, his tone shifted to a colder manner, with talks about the 5-year contract she still had with the company, and her unprofessional attitude.

"I'm sorry, i can't do this anymore..." were her last words as she closed the door behind her.

"FUCK!" He slammed his fist on the perfectly varnished desk, made out of the finest, ebony wood. She just had cost him many, many millions of dollars. "That spoiled cunt..." he said taking a sip from his whiskey. "It's about time someone teaches you some humility..." he mumbled, picking up a secret cellphone, stashed in the bottom drawer of his desk.

The fashion gala was about to start and the red carpet would be full of celebrities. Hayley was ready, with the help of her dressers, hair-stylists and make-up artists, as always. Her long and straight, dark brown hair shined almost as much as her golden earrings. A hot-red lipstick drew more attention to her full lips, complimenting her Indian complexion. And of course, the young lass couldn't be there without a jaw-dropping designer dress. It was white and sleeveless with some gold details, with a bust that showed off her voluptuous, natural E-cup breasts without giving everything away, and a tightness that traced her cute slim waist all the way to her perky butt, showing off her curves. It ended tastefully, slightly above her knees. A pair of black, 5-inch heels completed her stunning look. Hayley always wanted to look sexy, but also classy in these red carpet events. She embodied a true red-carpet diva.

A dark Bentley was waiting for her on a secluded, private area behind her house. It was handy to avoid paparazzi. The driver opened the door for her and escorted her inside. As the door closed, Hayley turned to see Michael, sitting in the back next to her. "What are you doing here Mike and why are you wearing these doctor gloves?" she asked, confused seeing the latex gloves on the man's hands and annoyed at his presence. As soon as the last word left her lips, the unified click of all four of the car's doors locking was heard.

Before the fabulously dressed celebrity could react, the man quickly grabbed her neck with his left arm and tightly pressed an ether soaked rag over her face with his right hand. Haley let out a panicked, surprised squeal, but the rag muffled most of her screams. With her arms free, she flailed pointlessly at him. When that didn't work, she tried pulling his smothering hand away from her face, but the man's strength was no match.

The driver on the front kept completely calm and still, his eyes forward. Only thing heard in the empty parking lot were the kicks of Hayley's heeled feet, pounding against the back of his seat.

Hayley kept struggling in Mike's grip, unable to avoid the fumes making their way through her nostrils. She had no more strength left. Her eyes started to tilt to the back of her head and moments later, she fell limp in Mike's arms. He pushed his channel's no.1 star away like a ragdoll. He took his sweet time to remove the latex gloves. Then, without saying a word, he stepped out of the car, which immediately took off, its destination vastly different than a fashion show.

Hayley Kapoor slowly regained her senses. She was freezing, her body covered with less fabric than she would ever want for a televised social event. Her dress had been half-torn, exposing most of her, apart from her mid-section. On her right and left were urinals, the damaged wall behind her indicated that there also used to be a urinal where she stood now. She was inside a public restroom, a pretty filthy one at that, with a putrid smell well soaked into the room.

Not much movement was readily available. The young, brown girl's neck was collared in steel and attached via a 3-inch chain to the plumbing pipe on the wall behind her back. She couldn't see it, but the front of Hayley's collar had the word "urinario" engraved on it.

The pipe she was tethered on was old and rusty, which was probably why a thick, steel bar had been installed on the floor, right next to it, the chain passing around it as well. This would be more than sturdy.

The girl instinctively tried closing her legs, but discovered it was impossible. Her bare knees made contact with the hard, cold floor, separated uncomfortably far from each other. She could maintain her kneeling position, but it certainly gave access of her privates to anyone. No underwear was in sight.

On either side of Haley were metal floor rings. Just like the steel floor-bar behind her, they looked out of place, betrayed from the broken tiles around them. Each was used to hold a thick chain which passed through it, then around each girl's knee. She would have been able to free herself from them, if her ankles weren't chained together, behind the pole.

This would be a pretty bad spot to find yourself in, but the young diva's humiliating bondage wasn't over. Two more metal rings, the diameter of a large orange, had been placed over her exposed, plump breasts, and locked shut. Small, 3-inch chains like the ones on the girl's collar, attached each breast-hoop to metal cuffs on the corresponding wrist, securing Hayley's hands in close proximity to her bulging bosoms.

The two God-given gifts on her chest were always something she was very proud of and grateful for. But Hayley was now cursing them for adding to her bondage. An A or a B cup would slip right through this evil booby-traps. As much as tried pulling them off with one hand, her breasts could not pass through their tight vice-like grip. Its pull only hurt her tender breast-tissue, which was already sensitive from the slight pressure the encasing steel-rings put on her tits. There was no way these things could be removed without somebody unlocking them.

Finally, a steel whitehead spreader gag had been placed between her teeth, stretching her jaw wide open. Even its straps were indestructible, made of metal rather than leather. The C-shaped device wrapped around her head, a closed lock dangling above the nape of the girl's neck.

The way she was forced to kneel, her head was at crotch-level of anyone standing in front of her...

Her face looked nothing like how she envisioned it being photographed on the red carpet. Mascara was dripping down her cheeks from the tears. Her red lipstick was half-gone. Saliva was staining her chin and naked tits as it dripped from her gaping lips.

The girl had spent a couple of hours hurting her throat with pitiful, unintelligible cries for help. Now, tired and defeated, the aspiring Hollywood star resigned in occasional moans of desperation. What the famous girl didn't know was that she was currently far from her favorite LA. This public restroom was in the middle of a road in Honduras, surrounded by desert and connecting two villages. The road was mainly used by trackers, farmers and drug smugglers.

Hayley spent two more hours by herself. In her reality show, she was never alone, always surrounded by her bestie-girlfriends, annoying family or possible love interests. There was always the hustle of busy, Los Angeles life. An interview here, a photoshoot, there, then the show, with some fleeting breaks of personal life squeezed in-between. This echoing silence was too...empty for her. Unsettling.

This silence was disturbed with the sound of the barely-standing wooden door of the room, creaking open. A bonny, middle-aged Honduran woman stepped in, holding an old, hole-filled backpack. The sun-tan on her skin, the wrinkles on her face and the calluses on her hands indicated a hard-working, scraping by type of person. Cleaning lady, field worker, factory worker. These were just the legal ways to earn a living.

As soon as she saw her, a rush of energy filled Hayley, who started moaning to indicate her obvious peril. "Finally!" she thought. "Someone will rescue me!"

But, to her shocking realization, the woman did nothing to release her. It was apparent by the total absence of shock or surprise to her face. Normally a sight of a pretty, chained girl would illicit some reaction. But the woman was there for a specific reason. She had been given a job, a job by a nameless employer, but it paid well it and she was going to do it. Morals were only saved for Sunday church.

The Honduran Lady stood in front of the girl, placing her backpack next to her on the floor. "Huuuuuh?" The young girl let out a worried, inquiring moan, as the older woman grabbed two big tufts of the girl's beautiful, long, brown hair and fashioned them into two wavy pigtails, using some hemp rope. The girl tried to flail her short-reaching hands towards the lady, but she easily swatted them out of her way.

The middle-aged lady then took out a large butt-plug from her bag and started lubing it up. Hayley's legs began trembling - she had never had anything or anyone visit the back-door. But with enough persistence, pushing and twisting and pushing and twisting, the bulbous thing slipped past her sphincter and its inner curve nested there. The English-Indian girl had worked quite the sweat from the experience, but the woman had one last gadget in her bag. It was a dual vibrator, a U-shaped device with one insertable half resting on the woman's g-spot, the other half capping her clitoral mount. Like all her new "accessories", it was also made out of metal. The lady smeared it with a different jell-like liquid, before inserting it into the girl's helpless pussy. She kept the pressure upwards, making sure all parts of the device were in contact with the captive's skin, inside and out. She manually kept the thing firmly up there, ignoring Hayley's frustrating protests. After about 30 seconds, she withdrew her hand.

The dual vibrator was sealed inside her for good now. The medical glue applied to it, making it now part of Hayley's body. She would not be able to remove it without damaging herself, never mind without the use of her hands.

The woman took out a squirt-bottle from her backpack, which was almost emptied now. She squeezed its liquid contents into the girl's agape mouth. "No drop", she warned in broken English, but the captive choked and gagged, spilling most of the fluid on herself and on the floor. The Honduran lady then took out a small controller with a single button on it. She clicked it, sending a powerful wave of electricity through the metal vibrator wedged snugly inside the chained woman. The shock was so powerful, Hayley's scream was stifled and delayed. It hurt so much! Like her two most tender spots were making momentary contact with a hot frying pan. "No drop", the woman said again and fed the bottle again.

This time, the bound girl was more prepared, though she still had trouble swallowing with her mouth open. A few shocks later, she had drunk some amount of what would be her daily meal. Her feeder hung the remote's key-chain to a nail, above a sign, that Hayley hadn't noticed until, then hanging from wall above her. Without as much as a wave, the strange woman left as abruptly as she had appeared.

Hayley strained her neck to look at the sign that had carved in the words:

PARA MEJOR CALIDAD DEL SERVICIO,
USE EL CONTROL REMOTO

It was about 7 in the morning when the first unsuspecting visitors entered. A couple of trackers had made a piss stop. Their confusion quickly turned into pleasant intrigue, walking in the restroom to spot a helpless damsel ready to help them empty their bladders. They were not the knights-in-shining-armor-type. As much as Hayley pleaded and begged for help through her spreader gag, only thing she got for her troubles were two “bladderfulls” of urine. Not much went down the “drain”, most of it splashing on her face or dripping down her almost naked body.

Hayley gave it her all, pleading her case to anyone who entered, but even the ones who wanted to help the poor girl were too afraid to free her and put their own lives in immediate danger. Honduras had one of the highest crime rates in the world. Its outskirts had become a playfield for unlawful dealings. People saw some crazy shit in these, with the drug cartels running amok, it was almost numbing. Anyone that tried to defy them often found a deadly fate, or sometimes worse. So anyone that visited this remote dump of a restroom, immediately assumed that this girl had reaaaaaally pissed-off some of these less-than-considerate people.

They’d resort to flee and keep a life-saving omerta. Especially with the added presence of a small, security-type camera on the upper corner of the restroom, recording at all times. No one wanted to tangle with who they assumed were ruthless mobsters. As for police, they were all bought, non-existent in these places.

Throughout the upcoming days, the former model’s, helpless tantalizing form earned her many, usually flaccid, cocks to rest on her tongue and let the piss stream in her mouth. The taste of rancid urine made her retch every time. But with her neck collared on the bar and the spreader gag keeping her from closing her mouth, she couldn’t avoid anything they cared to put in there.

With the overwhelming majority of Hayley’s “visitors” being male and with her terribly easy to the eye looks, there was a fair share of occupants who grasped the opportunity to relieve more than just their bladder. The girl’s jaw was spread wide for her lips to do any “useful work”, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t take a load. And so, semen also became a part of her daily diet, with people either jerking their cock millimeters away from her gaping mouth, or just “unloading” on her metal-bound tits.

Word got around. From the 4 people that had stumbled upon this public restroom the first day, the number tripled the next day. By the end of the week, Hayley was being "occupied" oddly regularly for living in the middle of nowhere. The other urinals around her basically went unused.

It went without question. Hayley was a miserable, filthy mess. It wasn’t more than a week when she was enjoying margaritas while “brunching” with her girlfriends.

At the start, the girl was pretty "mouthy", groaning and cursing in her new, laughably incoherent language and needlessly trying to fight them off with her cuffed hands, now attached to her chained, erection inducing jugs.

But her charming defiance was rewarded with electric shocks to her pussy. Those quickly put a break in her pride, making the girl's whole body squirm from head to toe. There were no clear instructions besides the sign above her and the remote hanging from a nail on the wall, but it wasn't hard to guess. "Customer satisfaction" is relevant, after all.

Every time she was shocked the young starlet would vow never to cause that, again, until the next time she'd break her own promise. As the days went by, she pleaded more with her eyes, than with her words, but each time, her inviting, red lips were too much of a distraction for them to ignore.

Satisfying their tormentors' wishes seemed impossible to the India-English girl. Hayley would involuntarily swallow a couple of gulps, but soon the little pool of her mouth would fill and overflow with piss, dripping from her lips down her naked body. As much as she tried, she couldn't down her yellow treat, faster than it was given to her. For a urinal, she was performing very lousy. As a result, the remote's zaps burned her poor clit and the inner walls of her pussy.

On one occasion, she even puked from disgust on a man's shoes. She never forgot the ten continuous seconds she was shocked. As much as she dry heaved from the gross taste and smell - hygiene wasn't at the top of her "clients" priorities - she never puked again.

Some didn't even give her a "challenge", rather than aiming for her face-hole, they piss-sprayed her face, hair, tits, wherever they fancied. The girl could only kneel there and take the "hosing".

At the end of each day, the woman was a piss-and-semen covered, stinking mess. But every night, around midnight, Miss Kapoor would be visited by the same lady, she'd seen the first time. The woman would patiently remove her butt-plug and place a bucket underneath the girl to defecate in. Shamefully avoiding eye-contact, the girl had no choice but to humiliatingly relieve herself into the bucket.

The middle-aged woman would then clean her with a sponge and a bucket of soapy water. It appeared as if she was assigned with not only preserving her livelihood, but also her presentation. This was also proven by the fact that the lady applied a deep red lipstick on the woman's gaping lips, revitalizing their appeal.

Finally, she'd feed the girl the same formula from the same squirt-bottle. It was a consolation that it tasted better than any of her previous "meals". "No drop", the woman's strict voice would echo in the empty room. The gag would never come off. It was becoming evident that Hayley's ability to open her throat to incoming liquids would be heavily linked to how bad her day went.

Miss Kapoor's life had taken a dramatic swift. No longer would she be a pampered celebrity, with everything and everyone at her disposal. She was merely an unlucky girl at best, a human toilet at worst. People in the outskirts of Honduras had no idea who she was. Her reality show didn't play there, and if it did, the people here had bigger concerns than these silly TV shows. If her fame was her only saving grace, it was pretty useless here.

The few women that stumbled upon her didn't prove feminist sisters, either, instead taking whatever valuables were on her. Her expensive earrings and high-end stiletto heels she wore when abducted had vanished in the first few days. Even her torn dress was eventually taken, the fabric too expensive to not steal.

As the first couple of weeks passed, the restroom's visitors became accustomed to their newfound luxury, if not a bit jaded. Visitors required some better visual stimulation, in order to dump their seed on the helpless girl without delay.

This meant that Hayley had to present a more seductive front, in order to get each visitor off quickly, so he'd be on his merry way, drained and relaxed. It also meant she had to "receive" every drop of urine, without any spills, as the overflowing piss could stain the user's pants or shoes. In any case, it was generally annoying.

With time, Hayley obeyed more, training her gag reflex and throat muscles to swallow a good portion of her yellow drink. She was starving for some regular food, but that only came at night with her only "friend's" visit. Sometimes, if she was docile, the older lady would reward her with a pet between her two rope-tied pigtails and a "Good Chica". She wasn't chattier than that.

In addition, with the help of the dreaded remote control, Hayley learned to arouse the men that used her. She'd fondle her chained breasts with her hands, raising and squeezing them together. She'd look up at them with submissive eyes, keeping eye-contact as long as possible. She knew they liked that. She sometimes gyrate her hips back and forth when they fucked her welcoming throat. Anything went, as long as they left her be.

As the electric shocks on her poor cunt molded her mouth into a better cock-sleeve, her gag-reflex wore off more and more, and she learned to relax and open her throat. The stream of urine now flowed almost uninterrupted, from the urethra through her red lips and down her throat, with little to no reaction from the girl herself, only docile concentration at her task. The taste was always horrendous, but she after hundreds of portions, it had proven quite the acquired taste for Hayley. It definitely wasn't a "Sauvignon Blanc" though.

It's about 2 p.m. She knows it, not by the Rolex she once had. That's about when the construction workers are taking their break. The morning is full with farmers, while afternoons are quiet when the local football team isn't playing. Nights are busy with truckers. They come at groups of 3, 4 or 5. Their chat doesn't die down even as the first one empties his bladder inside her mouth. She gulps down every drop, her pharynx muscle skillfully stretching to welcome the deposit. Her jaw used to ache long time ago. Now, it probably wouldn't work even if her gag was removed.

Some folks grab her by her pigtailed and get really close to empty their yellow load. Others prefer to watch the arrow their stream makes before it lands on the girl's tongue. "Urinario chica" is given a few small, warning shocks when she loses her concentration and lets droplets escape her gullet or when she dozes off and instinctively closes her eyes.

In all cases, the result is the same. A nice, yellow man-made vinegar down the hatch or dripping down her tits.



It's been 6 months since her abduction. Her disappearance is running non-stop on social media and all gossip news at the start, now, a mystery that would never be solved. Parts of her body and face are drawn in with all sorts of things, from degrading, racial and sexist slurs, to random brain farts like a "Miguel was here" right on her cheek, a "cum on these" under her nipples, or a collection of cum-counters, crossed lines all over her body from different frequent visitors. The ink from the markers usually fades after some weeks, only to be replaced with new "artwork".

Midnight arrives. "Conchita" visits Hayley for the daily maintenance of the restroom. That's not her name. She doesn't know the real one. It's just something that Hayley has decided to call her, in her mind.

A wordless "Conchita" approaches her. The protocol is standard. Bucket... rinsing... food. All done mechanically. Hayley likes to imagine that there isn't malice in this woman's actions. Sure, she never freed her, nor will she, but at the end of the day, she's the only person who takes care of her, who DOESN'T abuse her. The Hondurian middle-aged lady takes out a red lipstick, and delicately traces it over the girl's parted lips. Their flaming-red color, previously completely worn off, now becomes lively again.

The girl keeps still, her scraped, aching knees always apart, her arms permanently bound in what would be considered a "begging" position for a trained puppy. "Good chica", she pets her for keeping still. The girl closes her eyes, a tear silently running down her cheek, without even the girl realizing it. "Ssh" the woman more than twice her age keeps petting her to comfort the girl, then thinks of a better way to do that.

The old woman takes a hold of the young girl's nipples, between her thumb and pointer finger, and starts gently rubbing them back and forth. The girl lets out a long sigh, at the unexpected, pleasurable feeling. The Honduran lady keeps arousing them, they can cut through glass they're so hard!

Hayley feels wonderful, she starts gyrating her hips towards... hopefully the woman's hands. She cannot reach them in her bound state, but even if she could, the dual vibrator does not permit the kind of contact she craves, but maybe if she keeps doing this...maybe she could... come. "Yes, more, pleaseeeee!" she begs with her eyes.

But the feeling of warm touch on her nipples goes away.

"Huuuuuh?" she lets out a disappointed muffled whine. "Maybe other time" replies "Conchita" and leaves the public restroom.

Inside a luxurious office, a man watches his laptop screen, propped on his desk of fine ebony. The feed from the hidden camera has been running since day one. The man takes a sip from a glass of fine, red wine. A satisfied smile is stuck on his face. He has already found the next big reality star. One that will play by the rules. The last one did not, and she paid the price. He lowers the screen shut. "I gotta take a leak" he thinks to himself. As he gets up to go use the bathroom, his smile turns into a small, sarcastic chuckle.