

# How Sara, Eva and Joely got Internet Famous

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Joely slowly recovers from her forced slumber. Last thing she remembered was she had just sat in the driver's seat of her Audi, after another hard but rewarding day of work. She was rocking her stylish, but professional black business jacket-suit and knee-length skirt that complemented by her rectangular glasses, gave her a smart look. The matching heels and her flowing, brown, wavy hair however, let out a feminine aura that the fun-sized girl never did without.

She was ready to start the car engine, but before she had the chance, two hands poked from either side of her seat and were clamped over her face, pinning her against her own head-rest. In her panic, Joely remembered inhaling some foul fumes, probably something that was pressed against her face, and she had soon after lost consciousness. In the secluded underground parking lot of the company, nobody saw a thing.

She was now taped up, her arms behind her back, her ankles, her knees, and her mouth, were all tightly wrapped with rounds of duct tape. She soon realized she was not by herself, as two identically bound women were laying on each side of her. After a while, they also came around, but in complete darkness, and with their mouths taped shut, no one knew what to do, a symphony of worried moans and nervous shifting and struggling, all that was heard in the dark room, the girls vainly trying to free themselves.

Then, all of sudden, a garage door opened and a man stepped inside the room, flicking on a light switch. Blinded for a second by the abrupt change, Joely then looked around her. Her eyes widened, when she realized that, standing next to her, where her two best friends, Sara and Eva! The three women looked at each other puzzled. Why would this man kidnap all three of them?

Sara was dressed casually in a cute t-shirt with some short, jean-shorts. Her dark hair was cut shorter, matching her playful nature. Next to her laid Eva wearing a pink sports bra and some grey yoga pants, abducted on her way back from the gym.

The three girls had the chance to inspect the room for the first time. It seemed like they were in some sort of storage unit. Every wall was completely covered with a base, foamy material, used for soundproofing, including the garage door. There was a small workbench, against one wall of the room, with all sorts of tools, screws and pipes scattered on a long table. There were lights and cameras-on tripods, on all corners of the room, including a bunch of smaller ones, which at the moment were stashed on the workbench. It looked like an amateur movie set, although these things looked like they cost some considerable amount.

But the most troubling sight was the next one. Their eyes were drawn to the center of the room, on three 1.5-inch diameter, wooden poles, which were attached on a metal base, vertically to the floor, forming a triangle between them. On the top of each hollow stick, was screwed a thick, 6-inch dildo, which had a couple of wires going through the hollow stick, that exited via a small hole on floor level. The dildo's height was adjustable, via a rotating handle at the bolted base. In the center of that formed triangle, was yet another adjustable pole. That one didn't have a rubber dick at the top of it.

But, there was more. Behind those three poles, were another three wooden sticks, equipped with the same vertical slider as the previous, so they could move up and down. Between each pair of sticks was a thin rail, so that the pole could slide across the rail, closer or further from the initial pole. On top of each of these new poles, was a motor, with a link and a slider, connected to a horizontal 6-inch dildo. Above the penis replica protruded an optimistically large butt-plug, which unlike the dildo, was stationary.

Finally, right above this setup, hanging from hooks from the ceiling, were three sets of double pulleys, again at a triangle formation, strands of hemp-ropes hanging menacingly from each one.

The man that had abducted them removed his hood, revealing a face that all three girls were familiar with...

It was Roy Easton, a guy they went to college with. He was a shy, antisocial kid, that never had much luck with girls. His chubby shape didn't help either. The girls often made fun of his clumsy and awkward nature, but never to his face. At least until the video. They were just messing around one day with their smartphones, taking snaps and silly videos, when they saw Roy running towards their direction. He was clearly in a hurry, late for one of his engineering classes. He always had a kind of funny walk, giving the appearance that he could lose his balance at any given second.

"Eva...flash him!" Sara and Joely whispered in Eva's ear, already holding back laughs. It was a running joke amongst the girls, young and immature, sure, but never failing to make them giggle. Eva had little inhibition to cover her perky tits in college, showing them off at every opportunity. She was very at Spring-break parties. They're favorite gag was surprising men with them. Any reaction, from a smile and a thumbs up to an red face satisfied Eva.

With Joely's phone camera "rolling" Eva lifted her t-shirt to reveal her breasts into the guy that was just running past her. His surprised gaze caused him to hilariously trip over and fall hard on the campus' lawn. The three girls burst into a laughing fit, never even attempting to help Roy up.

The girls' video went viral and was shared thousands of times on the internet, as well as featured in tons of "fail compilations". Roy had now become the "BOOBS guy" and that fact crashed whatever little self-confidence he had. From that point on, he had vowed to take his revenge on the three mean bitches that ruined his life.

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"Hello, ladies...long time no see" Roy remarked with a satisfied smile. The three friends kept their eyes at him, puzzled and confused at the turn of events. "It's been how much?...5 years? since that video you sluts posted? Well, it's my turn to make a video of you. I promise you that one will be a viral sensation, too". The girls begun moaning in protest, clearly now sensing the depth of their troubles. Holding a pair of scissors in his hands, Roy approached them and starting tearing holes on their clothes, in places that exposed very delicate and private parts. "Don't move a muscle, unless you want me to cut something else..." the man warned them. The girls then remained petrified, as the man exposed more and more of their skin, without even stripping them.

Their breasts exposed, their bras and underwear cut off. Sara's shorts had now been turned into essentially a graphically tiny jean skirt by the scissors, concealing nothing of her beautiful pussylips and asshole. Her cute t-shirt cut only were her perky breasts popped out, while Eva's yoga pants had a huge tear, exposing her whole, perfectly peach-like ass, while still outlining her toned legs. Her sports bra was simply cut from the shoulders, and lowered down her waist, freeing her cute tits. Joely got the same treatment on her expensive office clothes, her classy skirt cut into a pornstar's idea of a skirt,

revealing her underwear and immediately after, her pussy. Her jacket was thrown away, her white blouse's buttons ripped to reveal her juicy bosoms.

When his outfit "modifications" were finished, Roy retrieved a piercing gun from his workbench and approached them with an evil grin on his face...

### **THREE HOURS LATER**

It took some time, but finally, Roy had set up his three captives as he imagined all this time. Exposed, bound, and at his complete mercy. Each part of his contraption was adjustable just so that every girl was restrained securely and snugly, without any wiggle room. It was genius, at least Roy thought so.

Each girl had been tied in a harsh strappado, their wrists tied behind their backs and raised painfully upwards. As Sara pulled at her rope to ease the pressure on her aching arms, she heard a couple of choked grunts coming from her friends. She quickly realized that the rope that was connected to her wrists went through the pulleys above them, and split into two nooses, snug around each of her friends' neck.

The predicament was the same for Eva and Joely. Each girl could not relieve themselves from the torturous tie, without pulling on the other two's noose and asphyxiating them. Roy had calculated the right amount of rope length and pressure for each girl's anatomy, in order to find each girl's critical point.

Sara was the tallest of the group, even in her all-stars. Eva was medium height, still wearing her gym sneakers and Joely was the shortest, despite her seductive black heels, so the height of their fuck-sticks was adjusted accordingly. Each girl moaned in pain as they ass-cheeks were spread and pushed into the immovable butt-plug. Thankfully with the help of some lubrication (otherwise Roy would spend all day pushing), the plugs tip slowly penetrated their balloon knot. When the thick part had been swallowed by their assholes, it was almost impossible to remove without a great deal of painful pulling. Sadly for Eva, Sara, and Joely, he didn't use any lube for when he inserted the dildos into their teasing pussies. The women could not believe the indecency this man was forcing upon them. All they had done was post a funny video on YouTube!

Roy continued his degrading plan. Bend over as a result of the strappado, the girls' faces were right above the other rubber phallus-on-a-stick that was devilishly poking towards them. Three wide, metal ring-gags, made sure that no pesky teeth or lips became obstacles to the dildo's entrance. All that stood between their drooling, gaping mouth-holes and them were about 2 inches. That distance was covered with the help of their newly pierced nipple rings. A small chain, clipped on one ring was passed through a metal O-ring at the middle height of the vertical stick, then clipped to the other nipple, forcing the girls' tits (and therefore, face), to lower about three inches. Roy just had to guide their face-holes over the inviting dildo, and then \*clip\*, the sluts were unable to keep the fake dicks out of their mouths, their pierced nipples keeping them well in place. The extra couple of inches of bending over, had caused their arms to also be pulled higher, just when the girls were starting to faintly get set to their bondage.

In addition, their legs were spread by a long wooden bar tied between their ankles, which, combined with the bend of the waist that the strappado had caused, meant that Sara, Joely and Eva had their cunts and breasts perked out and flaunted against their will. The other poles were then railed until each occupant had been shoved firmly deep into the women's free holes, before Roy locked them into place. Sara, Eva and Joely were not going anywhere.

All of them moaned and pleaded with their eyes (and with a lot of half-coherent gag-talk), for Roy to forgive them, that it was just a harmless, funny video and that they never meant to hurt him. That only made him feel more righteous. The filthy sluts didn't even own up to their shameless act. It only gave him more reason for what he was gonna do next.

The girls watched in despair, as all the filming equipment that Roy had stashed in this room came to use. One by one, he turned every big and small camera was pointed on the helpless girlfriends. The center pole's use, now became apparent, as six mini cameras were affixed on it, with two mini cameras pointing at a bound woman, one at her whole front, one focused just on her face. There were also three cameras on tripods, filming the girls from the sides, as well as two bigger ones, filming all three of them from the corners of the room.

Whatever was about to happen in this room would be broadcasted to the World Wide Web. The footage would be streamed online, on Roy's secret website. The three girls would entertain thousands of visitors, with a debauched, daily live-show!

Once all the cameras were set up, along with professional quality lighting, Roy picked up a controller, which linked the wires from Eva's vertical dildo to the ones coming from out the two sets of horizontal sex toys invading her friend's sex-holes. It was on the ground, next to Eva's spread feet.

Each girl had her own remote, wiring her sucking pole to the others' sex-toys. Like the noose contraption, it would be a test of their cooperation and friendship. The controller was smaller than a cellphone, and simply had three knobs on it, the girls scared to think of what for. Roy was very excited to show the girls his invention. He had spent two years of his life, building all these devices and mechanisms and setting up his full plan. From the looks of the half-dressed, bound and terrified women he had gained complete control over, his work had paid off.

"These remotes will show if you're doing a good job at being good whores" he moved closer to Eva's face, Her eyes raising to look him, with some difficulty from the noose, the strappado, and the dildo stuck in her mouth. He turned her controller on. "Show me what a good cocksucker you are" he said to Eva.

"Aak ooooo pihh!!!" she tried to say "Fuck off pig" with a mouthful. A couple of seconds later though, Sara and Joely were visibly distressed, feeling a stream of low intensity electricity course through their butt plug and cunt-dildo. As the seconds flew by and Eva remained idle, the voltage kept steadily rising. Now both girls were shaking in the minimum space their bonds granted them, their ass and pussies starting to burn. Eva watched in shock, was she the one responsible for their misery? "I'd get on that dick, if you don't want your friends' cunts and shit-holes to fry".

Roy wasn't fucking around, Eva concluded. She'd best obey, since the discomfort on her best friends' faces seemed alarmingly real. She slowly slid her head up and down the phallus, but she couldn't get much movement without choking herself with the noose in the process. Her friends' rope, connected to their uncomfortably bound arms, was proving an obstacle to her fellating the rubber dick.

As the current zapping their crotches did not dissipate, Sara and Joely figured they had to sacrifice some more arm-comfort to help Eva satisfy Roy's twisted demand. They essentially let Eva move their arms higher up with the movement of her neck, as it bobbed up and down the shaft.

With the girl performing quality oral sex on the fake cock, the electricity miraculously started declining, relieving Sara and Joely's holes. The engineering behind their predicament was noteworthy. The dildo they were forced to fellate was equipped with humidity and pressure sensors. While operating, a certain quotas of humidity and pressure across the dildo's entire length needed to be filled, otherwise a stream of electricity would gradually pass through their friends' butt and pussy plugs.

Roy turned all three of the remotes on, and happily watched the three women give him an unwilling show, slurping on their corresponding, well-endowed, penis sticks. "This knob controls how wet you have to make your cock with your mouth, and this one how hard you need to suck" he showed Sara, who was too busy stuffing her throat with cock to pay proper attention. "Now the settings are very low, at about the 1/4 mark. Soon, you'll be sucking dick like perfect whores..." he added.

Roy had the icing of the cake, and he saved the cherry for last, turning the last knob on the girls' remotes at about the middle. The motors behind each woman sprang to life, moving the dildo in and (almost) out of their lubed up, vulnerable cunts. That was the last thing the girls needed.

"Break a leg, whores! I'm off to direct this masterpiece" Roy bid farewell, before lowering the garage door and pad-locking it shut twice.

Roy's website was up within an hour, everything wireless controlled from his laptop at home, a tiny, abandoned cabin, half a mile away from the storage facility where his captives were held. It housed about 20 storage units, but most of them were abandoned as well, making the girls' chances of any encounter slim at best. Still, the fact that they were seemingly so close to freedom, was almost as much agonizing as the torment inflicted on them. Occasionally, someone would walk right past Roy's storage space, completely unaware of what was going on inside, in part thanks to the soundproofing job.

The website itself streamed every single camera. Roy had set it up so that each viewer could click and watch whichever camera he or she wanted, at any given time. Roy sent an anonymous copy of the first day's footage to the police, just to get the ball rolling. Due to Roy's multiple servers, the police were unable to cut off the website's feed, and, despite their efforts to ban the clips' circulation, the girls became an unfortunate viral sensation. Even the sensationalist news on T.V, picked up and recycled pixelated footage, all in the name of reporting on the kidnapped girls' story.

Sara, Eva and Joely's forced, deprecating acts soon were quickly becoming infamous across the whole web, the 14-hours-a-day stream accumulating millions of views within the first week. Roy would visit them once a day, after their streaming time was over, to feed and water them, before putting them in a 4x4x3 feet metal cage. Of course, he rarely skipped having some personal fun, too, often giving them the bowl of water and the pieces of bread, as a reward for a good sucking or fucking. At the beginning, they didn't perform exceptional well, but the persistence of Roy's cattle prod, along with the every-day training of the sucking mechanism, soon molded into top-grade cocksuckers. Their young pussies, also hot from the constant fucking and zapping, offered a great pocket for Roy's - virgin until that point - dick.

After having his fun, Roy stored his living sex-toys in their cages to sleep for about 6-7 hours, until the next day's stream begun. With an extra hour each time to be rigged on and off their hated devices, the girls' routine was a nightmare. Their apologies and tear-filled pleas for forgiveness and release where only met with shocks from the cattle prod, so after the first week they were much more docile and timid.

The girls' daily routine consisted of mostly making sure to perform satisfying oral sex on the rubber phallus, with all the saliva and sucking power it demanded, to avoid getting their friends' holes zapped, all while getting rimmed by the machine. After all, if a girl caused her friends' to be shocked, why shouldn't they do the same to her? They soon figured that by synchronizing their face-fucking motion, they put less pressure on their stretched arms. No girl wanted to cause her friends any misery.

But fatigue kicked in, sooner or later, meaning that every couple of minutes or so, they'd involuntarily strangle their friends by lowering their tired arms. A certain amount of willpower would have to exist, since shoving the whole of the rubber dick inside their ring-gagged already forced the girls to partially strangle themselves with their noose. After all that, satisfying Roy's sexual needs felt much less challenging, although not less degrading. Their torn clothes, appeared increasingly more scarce in the videos, as they days went by, until they were practically stark naked.

Every day, the stream's chat-room would flood with all sorts of vile, abusive comments, aimed at the girls. After the first ten days, Roy was already planning making the stream more interactive. An idea that would also earn him a pretty penny came to mind. A donation box with an encrypted, untraceable account was soon setup on the website, luring its visitors with prizes that ranged from automated comment reads, for a mere 5 dollars, to sending a 3-second full voltage shock to your desired girl's pussy-dildo, for 20 bucks, to specially recorded messages from the girls themselves for 50, etc. These last ones were shot during the girls' breaks, often consisting of dirty tributes:

"I'd love to suck your dick, Titan32" Eva had to read while sitting on Roy's la, with mascara running down her teary eyes.

"Please, cum on my tits, JoelyFan7" was read by a glass-wearing, naked Joely, unwillingly propping her tits up to the camera.

"I want your cum, Demonguy" Sara uttered with fake lust, the 4 previous takes not convincing to Roy.

Premium, high-paying viewers earned a 5 minute private show from his/her requested cam-girl. The girls were usually forced to touch themselves, shoving fingers in their pussies, asses and mouths, at the most unwanted order, as seductively as they could. The cattle prod helped uncover the filthy pornstar



each girl had well hidden inside her. Each girl had to do all her "shout-outs" and all her private shows, while the others were waiting caged, before they could finally get some rest. There were also joined donation targets, which when achieved, granted different prizes at the next stream. These included, increasing the size or the speed of the dildos, or having the girls in sexy outfits -usually obscenely slutty, like a latex nurse, a leather nun or a schoolgirl.

## **ONE MONTH LATER**

It was a wonderful, sunny day. "I'm feeling Sara today" he thought to himself, as he walked joyfully towards the storage facility. He hadn't fucked her in three days, and he had kind of missed that sweet asshole of hers, squeezing his dick. Roy was having the time of his life, having turned his three college tormentors into his faithful sex-pets, never mind the cash he was making from them! After a hellish month in his captivity, Sara, Eva and Joely were now known as "the poor girls that were being tortured on the internet".

Roy wondered if they could return to a normal life, if they ever managed to escape. It pleased him to think that it would probably prove very difficult.