

The Livestream – A Star Virgin Story – FINISHED

Note: Star Virgin is not a character of mine, rather one conceived by Princeofpain. All credit goes to him for designing this character.

To corrupt that which is pure is the greatest pleasure of all.

At first, all Star Virgin saw was black, and in the darkness, she felt the world spin around her. From this dizziness, she could feel the sickly sourness of her stomach acids build up at the bottom of her throat. Through this nauseous dizziness, she could hear the sounds of someone typing away on a laptop, and then pacing back and forth every few seconds in what she supposed were high-heeled boots. Olfactorily, the only scent she could pick up was the artificial smell of vanilla and cherries. In an attempt to get out of this odd and uncomfortable situation, she moves her hands and legs, only to realize that they are tied and spread, with her arms held high and her legs spread wide, all tied to what she guesses is a St. Andrew's cross (i.e., the x-shaped post found in BDSM-themed rooms). She then tries her best to speak, despite her mouth feeling as dry as the deserts of Egypt.

“W-Where am I? Who are you? Please, just let me go, or at least tell me what’s happening.”

No response. She then takes on a much more aggressive, threatening tone.

“Hey, listen to me. Tell me what the hell’s happening to me, and where I am. If you don’t, you can be sure as hell that I will get out of these ropes eventually. Do you have any idea who I am, and what I’m capable of?”

Once again, no response. Instead, Star Virgin receives a whipping to her breasts, which sends a sharp pain that courses throughout her body.

“Argh!” she cries. And then she hears the sultry voice of a woman whom she guesses is only a few years older than her.

“You won’t be needing your powers for today, miss.”

“What do you mean?! Who are you?!” asks Star Virgin.

“You’ll see. Just allow me to strike a few more keys, and...voila.” Once the sultry-voiced woman strikes the final key on her laptop, she walks over to Star Virgin to take off her blindfold.

Upon removal of the blindfold, the first thing she sees is herself on the screen of the laptop, in her red lipstick, her silky, long black hair, her athletically muscular figure in its flawlessly pale-skinned splendor, and her costume, which comprises of a white slingshot bikini

that covers merely her nether region and her nipples on her large, roundly firm breasts, her white gloves that reach just below her elbow, her long white cape, her white boots that stretch up to just below her knees, and her purple eye mask that is colorfully complemented by her vibrantly green eyes. Again, all tied to a St. Andrew's cross.

She then glances at her surroundings and sees that she is in a windowless dark bedroom lit only by scented candles that are hung on the walls throughout. As for the walls themselves, they are of a blood-red color with black trimmings on the top and bottom edges, while the floor is of a dark wood, possibly walnut. To the left of her is the door that likely led to either a hallway or the living room. Behind her is a bed that has a dark-red mattress and pillow set, while the blanket is black, as is the bed's headboard. And to the right of it is a mahogany nightstand with a lamp on top of it.

Finally, she looks to the source of the voice she heard. The woman before her has a voluptuous figure with supple breasts that were slightly larger than hers, as well as a black snake tattoo that slithers down the entire length of her left arm. She is dressed in a black corset that is mostly leather, and her leggings are of a black latex, as are the gloves that reached just below her shoulders. Additionally, she wears a maroon thong, and black stiletto boots that stretch slightly above her ankles. Her hair is of a silvery shade of blonde tied in a bun, and her skin is smoothly pale, yet has a somewhat tanned tinge to it. In her left hand, she holds a long whip, while in the other, she holds two clamps that are connected to an electrical generator under the desk behind her where her laptop is.

"Today, Star Virgin, is my lucky day, as is the world's," she venomously says.

"W-What are you saying? Get me out of these ropes and off this cro —"

"I'm afraid not, *Bethany Booker*."

Immediately, Star Virgin gasps and feels herself become completely paralyzed with shock at this revelation coming right out of the mysterious woman's mouth. Beads of sweat run down her temples as her muscles became tense with fear. Despite this, she tries her best to keep up a brave façade.

"H-How do you know my name? How the hell did you find that out?!"

"Oh, come on, Bethany. You really think you're that good at hiding your identity? Really? Just look at your pathetic excuse of a costume. Not even your superpowers could help you at disguising yourself, if they can even do that to begin with. And you call yourself a

superhero? Pathetic.” Once again, the blonde-haired woman strikes Star Virgin across her breasts, this time with much more vigor, and with an overtone of anger.

“Ah!” Star Virgin cries.

“I see your nipples are particularly sensitive; they’re really sticking out. Are you enjoying this, or is there something more that I’m not aware of?”

“Fuck! You!”

The blonde-haired woman strikes Star Virgin again with her whip. And again, and again, and again. After another strike, her breasts begin to change from their original paleness to a slight shade of red.

“I’m getting tired of this area. How about here?”

The blonde-haired woman proceeds to lightly massage Star Virgin’s pristine pussy with her left foot, which she notices makes Star Virgin squirm and become slightly moist. Even more so, Star Virgin feels herself become increasingly weak. As hard as she tries to break free from the bonds and take down the blonde-haired woman, she simply couldn’t as her arms slowly become more and more limp by the second.

“I see a spot growing on your bikini. Are you getting wet from this, Bethany?” the woman says.

“N-No! What the hell are you even saying? Stop it, or I’ll make you, bitch,” Star Virgin growled.

Insulted, the blonde-haired woman whips Star Virgin across her face, causing a slight cut on her left cheek that begins to bleed.

“I do have a name, you know? It most certainly isn’t ‘bitch’. It’s *Dominica!*”

She whips Star Virgin across her breasts again, and then right on her moist slit between her legs. Meanwhile, in addition to the searing pain on her face, breasts, and pussy, Star Virgin also feels an initial sense of bewildered familiarity at this malicious voice, and then a pang of guilt. *That voice...I know I’ve heard it before, but where...unless...* Star Virgin gasps again, realizing that the very woman before her – is her former best friend.

She was the one person she trusted the most in the world, and the one she fought alongside when they were partners in their heroism. And yet, here she is now; a mere shadow of her former self, both literally and metaphorically, what with her black dominatrix outfit.

“Evelyn, is that you?” Star Virgin asked. A single tear fell out of the corner of her eye.

“I ordered for you to call me Dominica, did I not?!” Dominica asked in a clearly exasperated tone. She then strikes Star Virgin again between her legs, directly on her pussy. Star Virgin winces from the sharp pain, begging in her mind for it all to stop. By this point, she is barely able to feel her limbs anymore. Strength is no longer an option for her. All she can do now is either endure the pain, or keep Evelyn talking.

“Evelyn, what happened?” Star Virgin asked as her eyes began to stream, both from bitter guilt and the agonizing pain.

In response, Dominica laughs loudly and mirthlessly, and then says, “Evelyn? I haven’t heard that name in forever. Ever since *you...abandoned* me to those sick fucks back in that alleyway two years ago, it left a permanent mental scar on me. This is what you get, you backstabbing bitch!”

Dominica strikes Star Virgin two more times on the inner part of her thighs and her breasts. *Oh, Evelyn. I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to. I never meant to. I just...my reflexes kicked in, and I couldn’t help but keep chasing that one guy.* She sobs and keeps her eyes closed as the tears continue to stream down her face, and she begins reliving the painful memory. Flashes of the man she was chasing down the alleyway, along with the agonized screams of the former version of Evelyn, flash in her mind before immediately being brought back to the present by another flogging to her crevice.

“Argh!” she cries again.

“Like I said, this is what you get, you backstabbing bitch!” Evelyn responds.

“Look, Evelyn. I’m so sorry. I never meant to abandon you like that. Everything was happening so fast, and –”

“Too fucking late, Bethany! Now, given the obvious hunger your fans have for you, and your current circumstances, you have three choices – either I host a special meet-up and have you go through exactly what I went through with those horndogs you call your fans, I livestream your entire torture and reduce you to nothing more than a hungry fucktoy, or I choose for you. What’ll it be, Bethany?”

Shit! Either way, I’m fucked. Oh, what do I do? What do I do? Oh God, what do I do?!

“You’ve got five seconds left to make your choice, Star Slut,” Dominica says.

“No, wait. I –”

“Five!”

“Please, Evelyn. Gimme more time –”

“Four!”

“Three!”

“Two!”

Damnit. What do I do?!

“One more second, Star Slut!”

“Alright! I choo –”

“You’re out of time, Star Slut. I’m choosing for you. The whole world is about to know the truth behind who the real Star Virgin is.” Dominica takes a camera that is on a tripod away from where it was on top of the desk, and places it directly in front of Star Virgin. She then strikes the final key on her laptop, and the camera begins recording, as indicated by the blinking light on top of the screen. She proceeds to stand in front of the camera and face it to obscure Star Virgin and create an atmosphere of suspense before presenting her.

“Good evening to all those watching our show tonight!” Dominica exclaims as she stands, facing the camera. “You’re about to see the greatest show of your lives; one in which you will never see your precious heroine the same way ever again. I present to you... *Star Virgin!*” Dominica steps aside, and the comments section of her livestream begins to explode with opinions ranging from disgust to desire.

“Star Virgin never stops short of amazing. She’s saved so many lives. Has donated so much of her money to various charities, and has just been an all-around amazing woman. She is possibly the greatest heroine of our generation...and yet, tonight, I am about to show you a side of her you have never quite seen before. Watch with utter surprise the complete enjoyment she is about to experience from her utter humiliation here on this stream tonight.”

Dominica proceeds to attach the two clamps she held on her other hand onto Star Virgin’s nipples. On the other hand, this whole affair is nightmarishly surreal for Star Virgin. She could feel within herself a mixture of guilt and absolute loathing for her former best friend in addition to the cold metal clamps on her nipples. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Dominica walk to the generator under her desk to turn it on.

“N-No. Please. Don’t do it,” she says weakly. But it’s no use. Once the generator is turned on, painful shocks course through her body in a wave, as though a tsunami were indiscriminately annihilating an entire town in its path, never stopping. She screams, she cries,

and she wails, while everyone watching her on the stream merely sit there, savoring every pleasurable second they could have. For them, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see Star Virgin bare it all, both physically and emotionally.

“Holy shit, this is fucking hot!” said one comment.

Another said, “Is this for real???” All in all, there was a general sense of ecstasy, confusion, and outright disbelief at the utter horror Star Virgin was experiencing.

After several shocks to Star Virgin’s nipples, Dominica makes the decision to change the torture. As the St. Andrew’s cross is attached to a post standing in the center of the room, Dominica is able to bend the post such that Star Virgin faces the floor now, with her back facing the ceiling.

“Perfect,” Dominica mutters under her breath. She then walks over the nightstand next to the bed and opens the cabinet to reveal a bowl of hot wax. She picks up this bowl, and begins to drip the hot wax on Star Virgin’s back.

“Ahh! Please! Someone, call for hel –” Star Virgin is interrupted by Dominica stuffing her right hand into Star Virgin’s mouth to gag her. She bends down to whisper in her ear.

“Shh. This is what you deserve, Star Slut,” she says. At this point, Star Virgin’s limbs are completely numb. No longer can she move them at all. The only sensations she experienced now were the burns from both the whippings and the hot wax, and her skin crawling from Dominica’s whispering. She grits her teeth from the pain while she closes her eyes shut. *Appear weak when you are strong, and strong when you are weak. Appear weak when you are strong, and strong when you are weak*, she repeats to herself in her head. *Thank God I read the Art of War before signing up for this shit.*

Meanwhile, after dripping several drops of the wax on Star Virgin’s back, Dominica proceeds to take out a large waxing strip from her desk where the laptop is, and lays it on her back. She pats this strip a couple of times, making sure it fully sticks. And then, she forcefully rips it off of Star Virgin’s back, revealing a couple of small hairs.

“Ahhhhhhh!” She cries. Her back now completely covered in a pale shade of red with some small tears here and there leaking a little blood. On the other hand, the comments on the stream simply continue. Not a soul in the slightest even considers calling for help.

Sadistically amused at both the comments and Star Virgin's agony, Dominica laughs a genuine laugh, as though driven mad and drunk from the power she got to exercise over her former mentor.

"So, how do you like that, huh, boys? Ha-ha! And there's more coming too."

After ripping the waxing strip so violently off of Star Virgin's back, Dominica returns the post back to its original upright position, with Star Virgin directly facing the camera. She then leans herself against Star Virgin and kisses her deeply. She forces her tongue into her mouth, savoring its taste and texture, exploring every inch available, from her teeth to the insides of her cheeks. Initially, she faces resistance from Star Virgin, dueling her tongue in a sloppy fight for dominance as Star Virgin attempts to push out Dominica, but to no avail, as Star Virgin then decides to concede and bide her time for the chance break free from her bonds. As the kiss continues, Star Virgin feels Dominica's hand snake to the back of her head to remove her purple eye mask. Feeling this, she moves her head to the side in an attempt to obscure her face, breaking the kiss.

"Mmph. Dominica, just stop...ahh!" she breathily says. After removing Star Virgin's purple mask, Dominica moves aside Star Virgin's thong, and then inserts her index finger into her moist crevice. She moans in confusion and pleasure at Dominica's actions, while at the same time protesting with all her might, if at all, given her circumstances.

"Come on, Star Slut," Dominica hungrily says. "Are you gonna use your super-strength on me and do something about this, or are you just gonna stand there, and take it like the whore you are?"

"-ngh! F-Fuck you!" Star Virgin whispers. *Appear weak when you are strong, and strong when you are weak. Appear weak when you are strong, and strong when you are weak*, Star Virgin mentally repeated. Meanwhile, despite the admittedly slight pleasure she felt from Dominica's index finger deep in her slit, she mostly felt a throbbing, stinging pain deep inside herself, as well as outside from the electrical shocks and the floggings.

On the other hand, Dominica was loving every second she had while controlling Star Virgin. She then proceeded to insert her middle finger into Star Virgin's moist crevice, further adding to the pain-pleasure combination. And then a third, then a fourth, up until all of her fingers thrust themselves into Star Virgin's pussy. Star Virgin continued to moan in protest, but to no avail. After thrusting her fingers in and out several more times, Dominica pulled them

out and showed them to both the camera and to Star Virgin herself. They were visibly soaked in her juices, what with several strings between her fingers. Dominica then thrust her fingers back into Star Virgin's mouth, forcing her to taste herself.

"Hehe! Go on, Booker. I know how much you love the taste of your own cunt," Dominica whispers. After this, she removes her fingers and gives them a lick, conspicuously enjoying the flavor as though she'd just discovered some new exotic fruit.

"Mmm," she says, her eyes closed for a moment. "Now, I've gotta give that another taste." She then bends down and dives right into Star Virgin's cunt, lapping away at it and savoring its sweet, slightly salty flavor. Eventually, she inserts her tongue all the way inside Star Virgin's now-saturated crevice. Star Virgin squirms and writhes from the rather slippery, sloppy sensation she receives from Dominica's skillful oral performance, what with the kisses and the back-and-forth licks, as well as the equally careful attention to her clitoris. At the same time, Dominica finds herself completely lost in her pleasure from the amount of control she had over Star Virgin. She snakes her left hand down from her breasts, and then onto her own pussy to finger it. Within a minute, both Star Virgin and Dominica reach their climaxes simultaneously. Moaning right in front of the camera. As for the audience watching the whole affair, they were having the time of their lives, filling the website with comment after comment demanding more and more.

"Heh! You boys sure loved that, huh?" said Dominica to the camera, still clearly dazed from her orgasm. She stands back up, though weak at the legs, and retrieves another item of hers from the desk, this time presenting itself in the form of a strap-on dildo. *Oh, God. Why can't you just stop already, Evelyn?* Star Virgin says think to herself, now filled with utter dread, and still weak from her orgasm. Dominica puts it on and first rubs the dildo against Star Virgin's pussy, making sure to make it moist and well-lubricated, before thrusting it all the way in. Once more, Star Virgin cries in pain in response, not enjoying anything at all. It is a slow, painful process, with Dominica moving in and out. Several seconds later, the pace begins to pick up, with Dominica thrusting faster and faster, continuing to deeply tongue-kiss her with as much aggression and vigor as she could muster. Star Virgin grunts in response, but to no avail, feeling the full force of Dominica render her completely at her mercy. And yet, in spite of all this, she could also feel her pussy twitch closer and closer to orgasm. About a minute and a half, she finally comes undone, unwillingly unleashing her orgasmic juices all over not only Dominica's

dildo, but over the entirety of her crotch. Afterwards, Star Virgin pants heavily from her release, while Dominica smirks.

“Feels good, doesn’t it,” Dominica whispers to Star Virgin. She then turns to the camera, then says, “There’s more where that came from, boys. I’ve got all day. Hell, I’m only just getting started.”

Oh, when is this going to end? Why not just kill me already?

Alas, the poor heroine’s death wish never came. Only her nether regions, which came again, and again, and again. The livestream continued on and on, never stopping, ever rendering her more and more weak until she finally passes out.

“Evelyn...I’m sorry,” she weakly manages to say, before succumbing to weakness. And yet, the livestream continued. The show went on, uninterrupted.