

Going Viral

Chessica sighed softly as she applied the last of her makeup, leaning back to look at her expression in the mirror. She looked perfect - smooth dark skin, deep purple lipstick and eyeshadow, hair shining black and pulled back into a long braid and a single small mole on her left cheek. She was ready for the Chair.

Chessica wasn't a big fan of her Chair days, but she didn't have much of a choice if she wanted to keep this job, and she wasn't about to crawl back to HGL-SD. The day that she'd been able to inform Dennis that she was leaving her position to become a professional streamer, and to sweetly tell him that his encouragement and ideas had made it all possible, had been the best day of her life.

It had started as harassment. Chessica knew that she was good-looking - a couple inches shorter than most of the men around her, round and curvy with large breasts and an ass you could bounce a quarter off. But when you were a wage slave, that attractiveness came with the wrong sort of attention. Dennis had been just powerful enough to try and pressure her into private services, and just petty enough that when she'd turned him down he'd added an HR livestream to her weekly duties, in which she got herself into simulated danger by ignoring safety warnings. The dangers were always highly sexualized and embarrassing - but to Chessica's surprise, she'd started getting private requests for more, offering decent credits, and an idea had blossomed. She'd started an after-hours stream, and had built up enough of a following to quit her office job and work full-time. If she could keep pivoting, she might even be able to earn enough to retire!

Which led her to the Chair. Most days, Chessica's livestreams were playful, flirting with and teasing her followers and sharing stories about embarrassing things that had happened to her or to people who wrote in to be part of the show. But the real money came from her monthly "Chessica's Chair Challenge" streams, where she sat down in a high-tech device full of potential sexual aids, torments, and restraints, set a theme for the evening, and spent six hours letting her clients take out their frustrations by watching her squirm. The Chair Challenge earned as much money as the rest of the month combined, and even if she didn't like it, it was a lot better than putting up with Dennis and the people like him.

Tonight, she'd picked a "Leather and Lace" challenge, with leather-based restraints, crops, and flogs half-priced. She'd carefully picked makeup that would start to smear partway through the evening, so that she wouldn't have to play up the pain with the settings safely set low, and she was wearing a strapless leather bustier that could be tightened or pulled off by the Chair's mechanical arms along with a pair of black lace panties. It was showtime.

She stepped into her streaming room, and took a deep breath as she settled into the Chair. When it wasn't active, it looked like a huge, bulky black recliner facing a large screen that tracked her cameras, chat, and current timers on whatever her fans paid to activate. Chessica wasn't a fool; there was a 5% inflation built into each trigger, so that each increment cost more than the one before, and she had a strict six-hour limit after which no more money could be spent to keep her restrained. She ran through the options, making sure that everything was set up for the evening, and then sat back in the chair and launched her stream.

"Good evening, my little pawns," she teased, eyes twinkling. "You've all been so patient, but tonight you get to be the ones in charge of your queen. It's time for Chessica's Chair Challenge! What terrible troubles am I going to get into tonight?" She faked a worried pose, and added in her more cajoling voice, "I'm sure you sweethearts would never do anything to hurt me, would you? Not after a long week of work at the company. You probably just want me to lean back and have a nice, relaxing, nap... ooh!"

The first payments started to come in, and the Chair whirred to life. Straps shot out of the arms of the chair, pinning down Chessica's wrists and elbows against them, and she felt the small hooks in the back of the chair reach out and link themselves into her corset ties, ready to tighten or loosen it as needed. Comments began to roll in, cheering for the restraints and suggesting where things might go next - as usual, some people wanted to start small, with a few always suggesting that they jump straight to ribbed dildos or electrical shocks (which weren't even *on offer* today, but that was fans for you.)

Chessica put on an exaggeratedly surprised face, staring at the screen and the comments. "Spanking? Oh, no! You wouldn't. You couldn't! Please, you can let me go, and I'll put on a little show for you. You don't have to - ughmf!"

A long mechanical arm extended from the back of the chair, holding a leather panel gag with a bulb. Chessica saw it coming out of the corner of her eye, and opened her mouth wide just as the bulb pressed against her lips, muffling her

cries. That was a bit of a surprise; usually, her fans preferred to let her get through some increasingly worried pleading and light smacks before they gagged her. But money was money. She bit down on the bulb in her mouth, eyes going wide with simulated worry. “Mm-mmff! Plss! Yyy clddn!”

Which was when the small popup appeared on the screen in front of her.

Guardian Anti-Virus has detected a remote connection. Cancel/Allow?

“Cmcl!” Chessica shouted into her gag. There were a few confused comments, but most people didn’t even notice. She stared as a small pointer dragged over to the buttons, and clicked ‘Allow’.

“Mmph! Nn!” As she tried to shout, another payment came in, and the bulb in Chessica’s mouth inflated two steps. She coughed, feeling it press her tongue down and muffle her words even further. “mmm-nn-!” Her voice was almost silent.

A text box appeared on the screen in front of her, in glowing purple letters. *Hi, Chessica. Big fan. I thought I’d offer my services to help take your show to the next level.*

“nnn! nnnn!”

No need to thank me. Your performance will be thanks enough. Here, let me get things started.

There was a small click, and Chessica stared in horror as the maximum timer for the livestream changed from six hours to twelve. She shook her head desperately, trying to get the attention of the chat, but no one seemed to notice.

There was a whisper of motion, and a leather crop shot out of the side of the chair, smacking Chessica across the stomach. With the bustier cushioning the blow, it wasn’t too bad, and she took a deep breath. Maybe no one would notice, and the timer wouldn’t fill up. But then she saw something that made her blood run cold.

Instead of going *up* by 5%, the cost for another cropping had gone *down*.

And then someone in the chat said, *Hey! The electro-shocks just unlocked. I thought Chessica wasn’t doing those today?*

And a reply. Look at the banner! Special deals - trigger the right punishments and new ones will unlock!

It's a puzzle game!

“Nnn, nnn nn nn nnnn-uhhhhhh!!” Chessica’s garbled protests were interrupted as someone tested the new system, and a small taser pressed into the small of her back and triggered. She jerked against her restraints, feeling electricity course through her. On the screen, she saw her eyes go wide, body quivering, and sank back against the chair as the electrical feed cut off.

*Oh, it's off again. No double-ups.
Maybe we need to restrain her more.
Someone pay for a new pose.*

“Nnnnn!” Chessica’s mind raced. She kicked at the streaming rig with her left leg, hoping to knock it over. The stream would have to end if the cameras weren’t on her any more, right? But of course, she’d deliberately set it just out of range after she’d kicked the table during a tickling incident and knocked a camera off-kilter. All that she did was get the attention of the chat.

Of course. Her legs still aren't tied down!

“Mm. W... nnn!” *Wait, no!* But the chat was all-in on solving this puzzle, and before Chessica could get their attention, more payments were streaming in. Leather loops shot out from the inside legs of the Chair, wrapping around her ankles and knees and pulling them back in. Chessica strained against the bands pulling her legs closer, but the Chair was a lot stronger than she was. All that she managed to do was wear herself out, and within seconds she was panting, sweat beading on her forehead and chest as her legs were pressed tightly against the Chair’s legs.

There was a long, quiet moment, and then the restraints began to twist upwards, pulling her legs with them. Chessica shrieked as her muscles responded unhappily. She’d set the arm and leg restraints to not be able to twist more than 45 degrees, but obviously that limiter had been removed too. Her legs kept rising, muscles straining against the restraints until her ankles were above her head, calves taut and feet wiggling in protest. “NNNN!”

Yeah, that's done it!

Look, a whole bunch of new options just unlocked.

Chessica whimpered as she wondered what she was in for now. Her hacker hadn't left the menu options open, so the veiled comments in the chat were her only hint at what was coming.

Keep her feet still!

Tiny loops shot out from the base of the Chair. Each one wrapped around a toe, pulling her feet back until her arches were strained and stretched, completely immobile. Chessica shook her head back and forth, eyes wide as she tried to blink out a cry for help. Instead, she saw a pair of long, thin metal plates extend over her feet, Cameras zoomed in on the sensitive, wriggling flesh as the metal began to heat up, bathing her feet in warmth.

“Nnnnn...” At first, the sensation wasn't that bad. But the heat was relentless, and her feet were only inches away. Within a minute, Chessica was trying to pull away, but her toes were completely trapped and the system wasn't interested in showing her mercy.

Oh, look, a 'distraction'. That could be fun.

Chessica gasped as the ties around her corset tightened, cutting back her hair. Combined with the gag, her breaths were shallow and strained, and she immediately started to feel lightheaded. The corset was pulled down as it tightened, and she groaned as she felt her breasts pop free of their restricting covers, showing them off to the crowd. There was a chorus of appreciation from the chat, and Chessica blushed as she squirmed. She'd done this before, of course, but never in this position. It felt somehow lewder to have her breasts out while her panties were jutting out.

She's getting wet!

Chessica groaned again. The heat of the paddles over her feet was radiating through her body, and she was sweating everywhere, but to the chat, it just looked like arousal.

Then the first leather strap swatted across her with a meaty 'thwap'. Chessica threw her head back, screaming in surprise and pain, as the chair began to slap her across her bare breasts, rising and falling, with unpredictable speed and force.

She howled, shaking her head, seeing her mascara running as the heat and tears left dark purple lines down her cheeks. “NNN! NNNNN!” Chessica had sensitive breasts, and had never let the crops hit her when she wasn’t clothed. The difference was night and day, and she thrashed against the bonds holding her tight as her loyal followers tested how many times they could whip her.

Take that, queen!

It’s a commoner revolution!

Shake those tits for us and maybe we’ll stop!

Oh, wait. We can do that! Look!

The lashings stopped for a moment, and large letters appeared on the screen: PUNISHMENT GAME: SHAKE THOSE TITS.

Chessica stared at the text, eyes wide. Then another lash slapped across her nipples, and she screamed. Quickly, she started shaking her body back and forth, watching her breast jiggle for the camera as more cheers filled the chat. The lashes paused - until she stopped to catch her breath, at which point another leather lash slapped her. The text flashed: SHAKE TITS UNTIL TIMER RUNS OUT.

But people were still putting money in, and the timer kept creeping up. Chessica let out a garbled sob, shaking her tits for the screen, while her feet were cooking and her body was aching.

The number of people in the chat was surging, but Chessica barely noticed, shaking and straining until the timer finally hit whatever cap had been programmed in.

New unlocks! Wow, this timer has a cap of two hours!

Two hours?! Chessica strained to see what the timer that had been unlocked was, but it was invisible. She moaned into her gag, shaking her head again.

Then, on the screen, she saw a camera zoom in on her straining, sweat-stained panties. A panel opened, and a small laser stick emerged. Chessica recognized it immediately, and went still with fright. She’d faked struggling against it once, and had gotten a nasty cut before the safeties had kicked in.

The laser flashed, and Chessica's panties fell down, exposing her to the chat. She had shaved today, leaving her gleaming and clean, and the sweat beading around the edges of her pussy definitely looked like arousal.

Looking good, queen!

But she could look a lot better! Anyone have any money?

Let's fill the bar and see what breaks there are!

"Mm-mm! Mmm-mmm!"

Chessica didn't have time to wonder what they meant by 'breaks'. As the laser withdrew, a large wand vibrator rose up out of the Chair, pressing itself deep into Chessica's pussy. Chessica pulled on her bonds, but in her vulnerable position there was nothing she could do except wait, feeling the weight of the toy against her vulnerable crotch.

And then it rumbled to life. Chessica's eyes shot open, and she began to thrash in her bonds again. The vibrator was set much higher than the usual limits she put on it, and it was sending waves of forced pleasure through her body. She was already exhausted and overwhelmed, and the addition of pleasure to all of the torment was triggering all of her most submissive urges. She groaned, pushing back against the Chair as she tried to resist the sensations thrumming through her. An hour of this would be unbearable! She'd be cumming like a firehose, over and over...

She barely noticed the heat of the panels cooking her feet pulling away as they quietly retracted. But as pleasure began to crest within her, it turned out that her hacker had other ideas.

THWACK!

"HNNG!!"

The vibrator shut off moments before Chessica's pleasure could overwhelm her, and a thick leather strap smacked across her exposed left sole. A moment later, another strap her her on the right foot. Already tenderized from heat and pinned in place, Chessica's sensitive feet were easy targets, and the pleasure fled in a rush as her eyes bugged out. "NNN! NNNN! NNN!!"

The chat exploded with laughter as blows rained down on her feet. Tears streamed down her cheeks as Chessica tried to pull her feet down, curl her toes, anything to protect them from their bombardment. Her breasts shook, swaying back and forth to approving comments from the chat.

And then, just as quickly as it had started, the lashings stopped, and the vibrator turned back on.

The next hour was the worst hell that Chessica could imagine. Every time the vibrator roared, her mind was flooded with pleasure, driving out every thought. At first she tried to hold back, but soon she was pressing herself against the device, begging through her gag for the chat to let her cum. Her words were muffled to uselessness by the gag, but her viewers could tell exactly what she wanted, and they delighted in denying it to her. Each time that she was on the verge of cumming, some new torment would unlock, as the chat tried to figure out what they had discovered and how they could use it. Clamps grabbed her nipples, twisting them agonizingly before suddenly releasing them. Electric prods pressed between her toes. Electric brushes pressed into her armpits, subjecting her to five minutes of overwhelming tickling. With every torment different, there was no way for her to prepare, and her orgasm was washed away by a new, terrible sensation.

But finally, the time ticked down to zero, and the vibrator turned off. Chessica sagged against her restraints, too tired to do more than whimper softly into the gag. She looked blearily at the screen.

REWARD UNLOCKED. FIVE MINUTES FREE. 5... 4... 3...

Chessica shook her head. She needed a break. Please.

2... 1... GO!

Three things happened at once. A tiny arm reached out at the base of the Chair, with a metal loop on the end. It pressed into Chessica's pussy, passing over her clit before tightening, pulling it out from its fleshy folds and leaving it pressed directly against the wand. At the same time, small suction cups emerged from the sides of the Chair, latching over her nipples, and a long dildo rose up from underneath her, pushing into the folds of her soaking crotch. All three immediately rumbled to life, and Chessica instantly orgasmed as three overwhelming sources of pleasure slammed into her already-aching flesh. Every thought was blasted out of her mind, as she threw her head back against the Chair and screamed with pleasure,

cumming like a fountain. There were more cheers and walls of congratulatory text across the chat, but Chessica was long past being able to read them. Her orgasm was followed by another, and then a third, aftershocks rippling through her as the onslaught continued.

But finally, the five minute timer ticked down to zero. All three sexual aids retracted, leaving Chessica a quivering in her restraints. Her legs were pulled back down into a resting pose, and she sighed with relief as her muscles were given a chance to rest.

And then she looked at the screen.

ROUND ONE COMPLETE. PLACE ORDERS FOR ROUND TWO. BEGINNING IN 60...
59...

“NNNNNNNNNN!”

The ‘puzzles’ continued late into the night. Chessica’s fans came and went, logging out as she was subjected to a barrage of orgasms that left her a wreck, followed by lashings across her chest and cunt that left her screaming and bucking helplessly to the jeers of the crowd. She was pulled into different unpleasant poses, each of them unlocking new possible ways for her fans to tease or torture her. She passed out twice, and was shocked back to alertness by the prods built into the back of the chair. Time turned into a blur, the words in the chat flowing together and swimming out of focus.

But finally, long past the point that she had forgotten what she was experiencing, there was a series of chimes and the Chair settled back into a neutral position. “The Pawn’s rebellion is over!” A reasonable simulation of Chessica’s voice rang out over the livestream. “I thought that you lovelies might have worn me out by now, so I prerecorded this. Thank you all for such a truly wonderful time. I’m taking tonight off to recover, and then I’ll be back to talk about the future of Chessica’s Challenges! Love you all, and get to work, it’s already morning!”

The livestream clicked off, and the restraints around Chessica loosened, letting her slump to the ground as the Chair carefully removed her gag and slid it into a compartment for cleaning. She moaned, slowly coming back to herself as she sagged against the gentle massage running over her back.

Great work, Chessica. The lines of text floated onto the screen, and Chessica blinked blearily at them. People love the puzzles. If you just give them whatever torments they want, they go big and get bored, but hunting for them, that's a game. Gets everyone involved. And if you don't know what the puzzle holds, it adds a whole new level of fun. People really respond to it, and you're perfect. I'm taking a 10% producer's fee. The rest is yours. See you next month, I hope. I'll have a whole new set of challenges ready for you.

Like hell. She was throwing this chair in a dumpster and going back to whatever demeaning job Dennis would offer her.

But then Chessica saw the final total on the bottom-right of the screen tick down, as her mysterious hacker took his cut. And she saw what was being deposited into her account right now. It was as much as she usually made in six months of streams, Chair and general combined. If that was what she could pull in *every* month... never mind retiring. She could buy her way into Shares. She could become one of the 1%.

Chessica stood, legs shaking from the effort. It would be a hell of a risk. The hacker could override the Chair and kill her. He could take all her money. He could put her through something she couldn't handle.

Or she could end up rich.

She sighed, rubbing her forehead, and walked towards the shower. She had weeks to make a final decision. But she had a feeling that she knew exactly where she was going to be.