

The next day...

When Steven finally left the apartment for work, slamming the door behind him, Charlotte opened her eyes.

There wasn't any particular reason she had to hide that she was awake from Steven... Besides the fact that her guts were roiling with a mixture of anxiety and arousal and she was worried her boyfriend would be able to sense it.

Grace sent Charlotte a text last night a few hours after she had left the bar. It was straightforward and commanding, with no room for argument.

[I helped a little setting up your profile. All it needs now is a profile pic, and you will be ready to make dreams cum true for men all across the country! Love the name by the way, Cherry. It suits you. Wouldn't want to interrupt your work, bestie, but have the profile pic taken and uploaded by noon tomorrow.]

Charlotte had to wait until Steven left the bar around midnight to read the new profile Grace had created for her. She had to be certain that he didn't see whatever Grace had written or her reaction when she read it. She was glad she had taken that precaution, because she was certain her face must have been a picture of dismay when she finally saw "Cherry Sweet's" bio.

Hiiii Boys! Welcum to my page! I joined 2 tease boys and have sum filthy fun w/o my boyfriend knowing (Shhhh, don't tell him). I luv to get hot and heavy in dms, so hit me up!

Body type: Short, sweet, and built 4 sin!

Hair: Natural Blonde

Tits: Happy little handfuls

Nipples: Pierced, always stiff, and begging to be sucked

Pussy: Wet and ready 4 u

Special Skills: Professional tease, champion cocksucker, good little girl, and submissive slut for big strong men.

Join up and send me a message!

Shit. So much for Charlotte's plan to create a boring, tame Simpspace page that no one would be interested in subscribing to. Any guy that read this would believe "Cherry Sweets" was an eager slut desperate to sext with them.

Charlotte desperately wanted to delete the whole thing, but she knew that that wasn't currently an option. In fact, she was expected to take a picture to make the profile complete. That, at least, gave her a little leeway. Thinking quickly, Charlotte made herself a steaming cup of coffee, got back into bed, nestled the comforter carefully around her, and snapped a demure pic, cropping out most of her face beside her smile. The picture looked great: the kind of thing she wouldn't hesitate to post to her social media. The pose holding coffee while wrapped up in a blanket was classy and cozy, with just the faintest hint of sexiness (because who knew her level of dress beneath the shrouding blanket).

It was perfect for her purposes. Any guy looking at this photo would spend their money elsewhere. Feeling as if she had found the perfect loophole in the system, Charlotte posted the photo.

Her smugness and relief at solving her problem lasted right up until Grace texted her again.

[Nice try, skank. I think you know that that Martha Stewart shit isn't what I fucking meant. You still have an hour until noon. I need you to take a picture that matches your bio. Or else.]

Charlotte licked her lips nervously.

A picture that truly matched the slutty things that Grace put in the "Cherry Sweets" bio would be... a lot further than she had planned to go. Charlotte felt a squirming bloom of lust low in her belly as she imagined posting an obscene nude profile picture to the website. A picture like that in combination with her brazen profile writeup... she tried not to think about the sort of male attention that would attract, but dirty images filled her mind anyway.

She needed to stop fantasizing about such horrible things, especially since it was making that strange arousal glow brighter and hotter inside her. What was wrong with her? Charlotte had always enjoyed public attention, it was true. The positive male interest she received as a cute female bar tender had always lit a spark inside her that, while not strictly sexual, wasn't strictly non-sexual either. She also tended to enjoy it when her partners took charge in bed. Not in a chains and whips sort of way, but in a dominant, commanding, take-charge sort of attitude. Charlotte could only conclude that the humiliating blackmail and forced public humiliation was pushing those buttons for her, as much as she wished they didn't. This level of control from a dominant, hated enemy of a woman, combined with the humiliating exposure that Grace was demanding, was blending into a new, concerning, self-destructive kink. Charlotte knew she needed to keep a firm leash on her libido. If she started getting too turned on by her horrible circumstances, it would keep her from fighting back effectively.

Ans she needed to fight back. Right now Grace had her by the short and curlies, and Charlotte wasn't naive enough to believe that everything would be alright as long as she did as Grace commanded. Grace was an stone-cold, evil bitch. Charlotte knew that this profile picture wouldn't end things. She needed an exit strategy... But right now she needed time even more. And the only way to get that time was to play along for now.

Thinking quickly, Charlotte texted Grace back.

[Maybe a shot in underwear?]

Grace's reply wasn't encouraging: [Hmmm. I don't know about that. Cherry doesn't feel like the shy type, you know?]

Shit. Charlotte chewed a thumbnail, feeling a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. If she didn't think something up soon, her tits were going straight onto the internet. Maybe her pussy too. She fought down the wet, hot lust building inside her and tried to clear her head. How could she make Grace back down? Simply refusing wasn't an option currently: Grace still held her video from the other night. Charlotte needed to take a different approach.

Inspiration struck. [I don't think it makes sense to reveal too much in the profile pic. After all, why would guys subscribe if they get that for free?]

She waited, her heart pounding and her nipples frustratingly stiff against her loose pajama shirt, almost as if they were eager for their closeup. Finally, Grace responded.

[Well... I suppose you have a point. Look at that, already thinking like an entrepreneur! You're really into the role of "Cherry" already, aren't you, slut? Fine. Underwear is acceptable. But I mean lingerie, not whatever boring shit you were planning to wear today. And the pose needs to be fucking sexy.]

Charlotte let out a sigh of relief. It wasn't a total victory. She would still be forced to post a risqué picture in skimpy lingerie, but it was certainly better than nudity. And now she would have more time to figure out how she could turn the tables on Grace. She got up and went over to the dresser, opening it with a doubtful look.

As it happened, she had exactly one set of nice lingerie. Steven had bought it for her (or, more accurately, for himself) last Valentine's Day. Charlotte had worn it exactly once that evening, then tossed the gauzy bits of black lace in her underwear drawer, where they had drifted over several months, out of sight and out of mind, to the bottom.

Charlotte just wasn't a lingerie kind of gal. She had always thought that her man should be happy to see her naked body raw and unvarnished, without needing to wrap it up in a pretty package.

It felt wrong to take off her pajamas and slip into the lingerie. Steven had bought this for her after all, and now anonymous internet strangers would see her wearing it for them. Just as many times as Steven had seen it in fact. Poor Steven... he was already so uncomfortable and insecure about the mild flirting she did as a bartender. And now her sexily presented body would be ogled by strange men.

*Stop it. Fucking stop it Charlotte. This isn't fucking hot. Get a hold of yourself.*

The lacy undies felt strange and unfamiliar on her skin. It was a tiny black lace thong, perfectly sheer, along with a bra that left even less to the imagination. As Charlotte moved back to the bed, her nipples and piercings pressed hard against the thin black fabric, making a sluttier display than even nudity would.

Charlotte twisted and repositioned herself on the bed, trying to find a position that wouldn't completely expose her intimate areas to the internet, growing hornier and hornier as she discovered the task was impossible.

There was simply no way to perform a pose Grace would consider "sexy" in the skimpy underwear while still managing to hide her pussy and nipples.

Charlotte settled for a pose leaning forward with one hand planted between her legs. It did humiliatingly showcase her stiff pierced nipples behind the gauzy film of the sheer bra, but at least it managed to hide her pussy, and, more importantly, her face. The pose also neatly cropped out her head from the mouth up, which preserved her anonymity at least.

Charlotte could only hope that the clear view of her barely-covered tits would satisfy Grace's hunger for degradation. She glanced at the clock, biting her lip. It had taken her a while to find the right pose. 11:55. She had to post this humiliating photo immediately.

Charlotte couldn't help but think about Steven. This felt like such a huge betrayal. Her breasts should be for his eyes alone. But she had already failed at that, hadn't she? That was why she was in this whole mess in the first place. It was karma: she had shown her bare tits to his friends in a moment of weakness, and now internet strangers would get to see them as well.

Charlotte steeled herself. It might make her a horrible girlfriend to post her tits online, but she had no choice. No matter how much of a betrayal it was in the moment, she was doing this for him. For them.

With just a minute to spare, Charlotte uploaded the photo, feeling her shame throb, hot and bright inside her, mixed with the sneaky, irrepressible lust she had been feeling all day.

Then she tossed her phone away like it was something disgusting. The lingerie came off as well, stuffed back into the deepest part of her underwear drawer a little damper than it had emerged.

There. It was done. She had to think of ways to get out of this soon, but for now she could put it out of her mind. Steven was going to take her out tonight to a baseball game, and, for one night at least, she could forget about Grace, and anonymous men, and especially Cherry Sweets.

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It wasn't until the third inning, lounging snuggled up with Steven in the nosebleed seats, chowing down on an over-priced stadium hotdog, that Charlotte noticed the first notification chiming in her purse.

It wasn't unusual for Charlotte to miss a few messages here or there. She just wasn't the type of person to stay completely plugged into her phone. In fact, Charlotte had done so well at putting the unpleasantness of earlier that day out of her head that she didn't even hesitate to pull out her phone and see what the notification was.

Her face went pale as she stared down at her phone.

Over twenty notifications from the Simpspace app. Charlotte was so dumbstruck that her thumb moved without conscious thought, tapping the notification alert.

A photo of a strange cock filled her screen, huge and hairy and hard, with a bead of precum oozing from its tip.

Charlotte let out a gasp of shock. Luckily, her fingers were fast enough to lock her phone before Steven turned to her with a concerned look on his face. "What's up babe?" he asked around a mouth full of hotdog.

"Nothing," said Charlotte through numb lips, her heart hammering a thousand miles an hour. She had come within a half-second of Steven seeing the image on her phone. Why did she even have that image on her phone? Maybe she should have been paying closer attention since noon, but she had just thrown herself into enjoying the evening with her boyfriend.

Her phone chimed again in her hand. Fuck. Well, now that she had noticed the notifications coming in, she had to at least silence the app. Otherwise Steven might notice too and ask her why she was getting so many notifications.

"I need to use the ladies' room," she said, wriggling out from under her boyfriend's arm and standing, her belly twisted with nervous energy. "I'll be right back."

"You sure you're ok, babe?" asked Steven, peering up at her with furrowed brows. "You look flushed."

"I'm fine," said Charlotte firmly, already turning away. As she got up, the middle-aged woman who had been sitting behind them caught her eye, smiled... and winked, sending a fresh shiver of shame down her spine.

The line for the ladies' restroom, was, as usual, eye-rollingly long. Charlotte bounced on her feet impatiently as she waited, her nerves rising to a crescendo. She struggled with a powerful desire to open the app and see how bad the damage really was, but didn't want any of the other

women in line to catch an eyeful of cock if she happened to press the wrong button again. Even as she waited, her phone chimed in her hand twice more, raising her tension even further.

By the time she finally made it into a stall and slammed the door behind her, Charlotte was practically shaking with adrenaline. She unlocked her phone, only to see the full-screen image of a stranger's cock leap out at her once again, causing another wave of shock, disgust, and even perverse arousal to roll through her.

Charlotte knew that, as a taken woman, she should instantly close the picture in disgust. But she couldn't help but feel a certain perverse fascination. Now that she had more time to look at the photo, she could see that it was slightly blurry. Clearly not a professional shot. This wasn't just some picture of a cock or a still frame from porn. This was a cock that was hard for her. The picture she had taken earlier today had caused this erection. The idea was oddly thrilling.

Now that raw panic wasn't flooding through her veins, Charlotte could tell that the image had been sent to her through the messaging function of the Simpspace app. A message was included from the man who sent the dick pic.

[Champion cocksucker, huh? I'll be the judge of that, Cherry. Why don't you come and wrap your sweet lips around this cock and show me how submissive you can be, slut?]

Charlotte shivered at the raw, disrespectful sexuality of the message and was doubly glad she hadn't included her face in the profile photo. There was something darkly erotic about being spoken to that way by a stranger, even through the anonymity of the account. It was only intensified by the angry, bulging cock in the attached photo.

But that hadn't been the only notification, had it? Charlotte went to the notification center in the Simpspace app... and her eyes widened.

It was around seven now, and, in that time, she already had a dozen subscribers. It felt unreal. Obviously, a dozen subscribers wasn't a huge amount, but she hadn't even posted any content, just a profile picture and Grace's obscene bio. That didn't account for all of her notifications, however. Half of the men who had signed up had sent her private DMs, no doubt because of the direct encouragement from Grace in "Cherry's" bio.

With a squirming feeling of apprehension and reluctant desire in her belly, Charlotte opened the DM inbox.

Every message was misogynistic, aggressive, and crude.

[Naughty little girls like you need to be punished, Cherry...]

[I love a girl who knows her place. I'm going to put a collar around that pretty little neck and make you mine.]

[Send a pussy pic, slut.]

[Boyfriend must have a shrimp-dick if you're horny enough to do this, lol. Drop the loser and sit on my fat cock, bitch.]

The first one she opened wasn't the only dick pic either. She had four cocks in her inbox, of various sizes and colors. Without thinking about it, Charlotte's hand strayed down between her thighs, touching lightly then gently rubbing as she flipped through the messages and pictures again and again.

Strange men who wanted to fuck her. To stick their filthy cocks in her mouth. To steal her from her boyfriend. To punish her. To make her submit. The dark fire inside Charlotte was leaping higher and higher now, so hot she felt like she was burning up. Her fingers felt better and better as they rubbed and pressed between her thighs.

It was like the little zip of excitement she got in the bar when a handsome man smiled at her, or traded some flirty conversation. But a hundred times stronger. A thousand. She was on display for these strangers, and their response was powerful, aggressive, masculine lust. Charlotte's eyes dilated as she stared at the picture of a large black cock on the screen. But not just any erection. One that her body had inspired. One from a man who didn't know her, but wanted to hold her down and fuck the shit out of her until she screamed his name. Her breathing was getting hot and ragged. Her thighs began to tremble.

\*Thump\*\*Thump\*\*Thump\*

"Hello?" said a snotty voice from outside the stall. "What are you doing in there? You know there's a line, right?"

Charlotte looked at the upper corner of her phone and realized with a feeling of panicked shame that almost ten minutes had passed. She swiftly silenced her notifications and exited the stall with a flaming blush, washing her hands and scurrying out of the bathroom under the disapproving eyes of the women she had kept waiting.

"Hey baby," said Steven as she got back, "I was starting to get worried! You looked all weird and then you were gone a long time."

"Hot dogs," said Charlotte simply, dropping back into the seat beside her boyfriend, "you can't trust them." Behind her, the middle aged woman hid her laugh with a fake coughing fit.

She tried her best not to think about the messages on her phone, but for the rest of the evening, when her mind wandered, the images anonymous internet strangers' dicks would float into Charlotte's brain. She probably wasn't that fun of a date that evening, unfortunately, with her mind wandering and random jolts of inappropriate lust distracting her. But she was also more

responsive than usual in bed, which maybe made up for hit. She couldn't stop thinking about the filthy, disrespectful lust of internet strangers as she clawed Steven's back. Imagining anonymous cock as her legs wrapped around him. Thinking about Grace's icy, wicked eyes in the moment of climax.

She checked her phone stealthily again when Steven finally fell asleep.

Over fifty notifications.

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A few weeks later:

Charlotte felt the dozzenth buzz of her phone in her pocket and took a furtive glance around the bar.

All of the customers on this slow evening seemed to be in the middle of drinks and weren't currently paying attention. Which was a mercy. Over the past few weeks, Grace had been demanding new things, some having nothing to do with her Simpspace account. One of Grace's new rules was that she would get to pick what Charlotte wore to work on a daily basis. And Grace had very particular tastes. Short. Tight. Slutty. Charlotte had gone for being popular with the male patrons to being their obsession. She could hardly get a moment's peace. Grace claimed that it was to "get Charlotte used to showing her body", by Charlotte knew it was just because Graace liked to see her squirm.

Right now she wore hip-hugging denim shorts and a tight, pink tee. Grace didn't mention a bra selection with her outfit today, and Charlotte had naively assumed that meant she could choose whatever bra she wanted initially. But she had underestimated Grace; of course the cruel goth hadn't intended Charlotte to wear a bra at all. The piercings of her nipples were painfully obvious against the tight fabric of the shirt, and it hadn't been long until her nipples were stiff enough to be visible as well.

But currently, no one seemed to be focused on their sluttily-dressed bartender. Now was as good a time as any. As an extra precaution, Charlotte ducked into the storeroom before pulling out her phone, her face lighting up from the screen and her plump lower lip lodging firmly between her teeth.

Over the past few weeks, Charlotte had grown more and more used to posting on her new account. By this point, it was almost second nature to wait until Steven left for work, change into lingerie, and snap a few photos using the tripod that Grace had bought her. It wasn't the only thing that Grace had gifted her. Multiple new sets of slutty lingerie had made their way to the doorstep of Charlotte and Steven's apartment in discreet packages. Charlotte was worried that if she got many more, the new camera mount and the lingerie might get difficult to hide from Steven.

Steven... This whole thing was making Charlotte feel increasingly guilty. Dozens of strange men were getting to see her barely-clothed body now. It was a clear, obvious betrayal of their bond. Charlotte felt so awful about it that she finally caved and started sending Steven the nudes that he requested. Hey, if other men got to see her in lingerie, at least her boyfriend got more than them.

Eliza let out a little groan of erotic despair as she saw the flood of notifications from her latest post. She had known that this post would drive her perverted subscribers crazy. It was the furthest that Grace had pushed her so far. Actually, this post was sort of a punishment. After posting lingerie shots regularly for a few weeks, Charlotte had attempted to peter out her content, hoping that Grace had gotten bored. Apparently that had been a bad move. Grace had coldly insisted that Charlotte must post a topless photo, and Grace herself would write the caption.

Even clicking into the post made Charlotte's heart beat faster and the now-familiar tingle of shameful exhibitionist arousal spread through her body.

In the picture, she knelt on the bed, the lower half of her face giving the camera a sultry smirk as she posed. But, more importantly than anything else, although Charlotte was wearing tight little boy-short panties in the photo, the only thing covering her upper body was one strategically draped arm.

She could still remember how her nipples throbbed with almost painful stiffness against the soft skin of her arm as she took the picture. Her nipples began to perk back up again just from the memory alone. But the picture wasn't what she had opened the app to see. She scrolled down beneath it to read the comments with a mixture of dread and wicked anticipation.

[Move the arm, you stupid slut.]

[Enough teasing, Cherry. We all know you're a whore, showing us the goods can't make us think any less of you]

[You want to know what I would do if I recognized you on the street? Check your DMs.]

Speaking of DMs... The caption beneath the picture read: **Feeling so hot and squishy from all the cocks I'm getting in my DMs! I can't stop touching myself when I open my inbox! But I need more spank material for this afternoon, guys. Can U help a girl out?**

With her heart pulsing in her throat, and the slithery feeling of lust building inside her, Charlotte moved her thumb over to the inbox, which had an angry red glowing icon indicating she had over twenty unread messages.

With a nasty feeling of anticipation, she prepared to stab her thumb down on the inbox icon, opening Pandora's box to a world of taboo sexuality... Then paused, took a deep breath, and

checked the payments tab in the app instead. She raised her eyebrows and softly whistled, forgetting her spiralling self-destructive lust for a moment. Over a hundred bucks! No wonder some girls did this willingly: Charlotte wasn't even a big creator, and she had still made a decent little pile of cash.

A smile spread across Charlotte's face.

Come to think of it, thanks to Grace's slutty clothing "reccomendations", Charlotte was making even better tips now as well. In the process of tearing Charlotte down and ruining her reputation, Grace was accidentally putting money in her pocket as well. And money talks...

Charlotte felt a sweeping wave of relief. She had found her exit strategy. She took a second to input her bank details and withdraw the money from the Simpspace account. She would have to take it out at the atm later, unfortunately. Steven didn't monitor transactions very closely, but he would definitely notice if the balance got a lot bigger in their shared account and stayed that way. But, if she saved up her Simpspace money plus the extra tips she was getting, that would add up to a nice little warchest.

And with enough money, she could hire a lawyer to nail Grace to the fucking wall. But she didn't have enough money yet, and until she could get her ducks in a row, the threat of blackmail was very real. She would have to play along with Grace's twisted game a little longer.

Which meant reading her DM inbox, full to bursting with a fresh round of crude sexual messages. The red number twenty-three glared up at her. It was almost her entire current subscriber base. What was the harm in checking them out as long as she was going to be free of Grace soon anyway? After the provocative message Grace had written, how many of the new messages would be images of cocks? Some of them? All of them?

Shit, what if one of her subscribers was someone she knew? The idea caused an obscene shiver of wicked delight to course down Charlotte's spine. God, wouldn't that be so wrong, looking at a strange cock and not even knowing it belonged to a man she knew? And that would mean that he had seen her in various states of undress as well... even jerked off to her.

The idea was red-hot, taboo, and filthy in the worst possible way. Luckily it was just a kinky fantasy. What were the fucking odds that from her twenty-odd subscribers one of them would be someone she knew? As hot as it was, there was something Charlotte was even more interested in seeing now, so she set aside the thought and tapped the inbox icon, diving once again into her twisted submissive fantasy.

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Over the following week...

Steven's three coworkers were each on their third or fourth beer when Grace approached them. They all knew the gorgeous, evil bitch of course. She was a fixture of the bar after all, and Tim had even hooked up with her once or twice.

In fact, the only reason they seemed to huddle together in a defensive position as she approached was that they knew her too well.

"Evening boys," said Grace, leaning languidly over the table, putting the flowing, feminine lines of her body on display. "I'll cut right to the chase. A little bird told me that you guys use Simpspace."

The three men looked at each other in alarm. They weren't comfortable with Grace thinking about them at all, considering how evil and manipulative she could be, let alone investigating their personal perversions.

Tim, taking the lead as usual, spoke for the group, raising his eyebrows and saying neutrally, "I'm not sure who told you that, Grace, but..."

Grace waved her hand irritably with an annoyed expression. "Let's skip the part where you three pretend you're innocent choir boys, ok? I'm not interested in what you three jerk off to in your private time... I just wanted to let you three know about a... special opportunity." Grace's eyes slid meaningfully over to the bar, where Charlotte stood, smiling and laughing with a customer as she handed over a drink, looking lively and beautiful as usual. Her carefree grin was spoiled a little by the little croptop Grace had forced her to wear tonight, with her piercings softly tenting up the spheres of her tits.

This time, the look the three men exchanged was less worried and more intrigued. Something in Grace's wicked tone promised special rewards if they were willing to play along.

"Go on..." said Tim, his eyes beginning to sparkle in a way that matched Grace's. "We're listening..."

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Connor tended to monopolize the dartboard when he was at the bar. It was in an out-of-the-way corner, which made it the perfect place to handle... business transactions. Tonight he wasn't selling anything, but he still posted up by the dartboard. After all, he was actually pretty fucking good at playing darts.

He was pleased to see Grace when she swayed up to him with sin in her eyes. He had always felt it was a little unfair that the slim, pale beauty hadn't been interested in fooling around further after their one red-hot make-out session.

Sadly, Grace wasn't interested in his dick tonight either, but the news she brought more than made up for it.

It turned out that the dark corner with the dart board wasn't just a great place to make illicit deals, it was also a perfect place to spill juicy, dirty secrets. Connor's grin grew wider and wider as Grace continued her story, and by the time she was finished, he had forgotten all about trying to hook up with her.

He had something much more entertaining to do.

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Rob was idly polishing the bar when Grace came in. He was grateful for the distraction. In order to make ends meet, he sometimes had to cover the dead parts of the schedule himself, and this early in the evening, there were rarely many customers.

"Hey sweetie," said Rob with a cloying grin, leaning over the bar. "Long time no see. I was about to give up on ever talking to you again!" He tried to keep his tone light, but it actually had been sort of aggravating. For a period of a few weeks, it seemed like this hot little bitch had been preparing to fuck him, and then, one day... nothing. She stopped talking to him at all. Rob would never understand what went on in little girls' heads for as long as he lived.

"Good to see you too Rob," said Grace with the same old flirty smile that she used to flash him all the time. She slid onto a barstool and leaned in close, whispering in a strange, intense tone: "Can I ask you a bit of a... naughty question, big guy?"

Rob felt the tingle of arousal spread through his body, raising goosebumps. He liked where this was going. "You can ask me anything, sweetheart," he rumbled back, feeling something else besides goodbumps rising beneath the bar.

"What do you like to jerk off to?" whispered Grace, low and hot and conspiratorial.

Rob could barely believe his luck! All his patience had borne fruit. Now he just had to play it cool and reel in this dumb little slut. He should have kept the faith: all women wanted deep down was a big strong man with a cock hard enough to put them in their place. He knew Grace would come around eventually. "Why don't I take you back to my place," he said in a low, rough voice. "Daddy can teach you all about how the girls in his porn act."

Grace's eyes darkened slightly, and Rob realized he had made an embarrassing error as the slim, dark-haired bitch leaned back from him, her lip curling in disgust. "Ah," she said dryly, "I suppose that answers my question. Porn. Makes sense. I just wanted to know if you ever jerked off to girls on Simpspace."

Rob turned and began wiping the bar, a ruddy blush staining his cheeks. Fuck! How did this little bitch always manage to make a fool of him? Damn these young sluts. Always thought they were better than him because they were half his age and had a pair of tits!

“Why would I pay someone when I can see all the naked chicks I want for free,” said Rob with gruff defensiveness, refusing to look Grace in the eye. “Makes no fucking sense.”

“There’s one thing that Simspace can give you that porn can’t,” said Grace slyly, her annoyance at Rob suddenly forgotten. Her voice grew soft and heated once again. “Pictures of people you know.”

Rob glanced at her sharply. Grace’s curvy lips were quirked up into a nasty little smirk as she leaned forward on her elbow, staring into his eyes. Wait... was this a sort of advertising pitch? Was Grace on Simspace? No... No way. Based on her reaction earlier to his come-on, it couldn’t be that. But then...

“Who?” grunted Rob.

Grace laughed, throwing her head back to expose her lily-white, delicate throat. “Well... let’s just say that everyone’s favorite spunky, liberated woman is actually a kinky exhibitionist slut in secret.”

Rob stared blankly at Grace for a moment, then his wide, lascivious grin came back in full force.

“No fucking way!”

...

Nelson left the bar at two in the morning, like usual, disappointed by yet another night where Charlotte had barely looked his way.

If only she would give him a chance, she would see that a nice guy like him would be twice as good for her as the bozo she was dating.

Nelson was so focused on his own self-pity and obsession that he didn’t even notice the shadow leaning against the wall by the door until it was already too late.

Two slim arms grabbed the short little man and spun him around, pushing him up against the wall. A strangled, unmanly sound of alarm burst from his mouth before a feminine hand clapped over it, silencing him.

Nelson looked up, breathing heavily with panic, into the eyes of Grace. If anything, the sight of her made Nelson even more panicked. She was the type of girl that tended to look down their nose at him in contempt, just like she was doing right now. Nelson recognized that Grace was

attractive, but she was nowhere near as warm and approachable as Charlotte. He had seen the tall, dark-haired beauty from afar, but he knew better than to approach.

So what did she want with him?

“I’ll keep this short,” said Grace with a sneer. “I don’t want to waste my time with little incel creeps like you. I just want a yes or no. Do you jerk off to Charlotte’s social media posts?”

The hand came away. Nelson considered lying, but the piercing blue eyes staring into his soul made certain that Grace would see through his deception instantly.

“Y-yes,” said Nelson with a wave of shame. It was humiliating to admit it, but he just loved Charlotte so much! She was so fucking hot and kind and perfect, that Nelson couldn’t help himself. He didn’t want to get off to any woman but her.

“He’s honest!” said Grace with a condescending smirk. “Honest boys get rewards. I have something I think will work a lot better for your... purposes than Charlotte’s old Flicpix photos.”

Nelson looked away with an awkward grimace. “Uhh, no thanks, G-grace,” he mumbled. “I’m not interested.” As if he didn’t know where to find porn. His shameful habit wasn’t about just getting off. It was about feeling a connection with Charlotte.

But for some reason, Grace apparently thought what he just said was hilarious. She laughed long and hard as Nelson glared at her, unsure of whether or not to be offended. Finally, when she got her breath back, she said, “You have no idea how wrong you are, little guy. Get out your phone. I’m about to blow your fucking mind.”

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Grace checked the metrics on Cherry Sweets’ new account, beaming with pride. Up to over one hundred. The subscriber count had more than doubled in the past week. Some of those were randos from the internet, but a healthy portion were the male patrons of The Hangnail.

Over the course of the past week, Grace had been tracking down all the regulars she could find and cluing them in to Charlotte’s slutty little secret. Little did the ditzy cow know that the patrons she loved to tease were now seeing a lot more of her than flirty winks and smiles.

And Charlotte was unknowingly getting to know them all a lot more intimately as well. Grace could tell that Charlotte was thoroughly examining her inbox on a daily basis. Even with the huge number of enthusiastic pictures she received, every one was marked as read by the end of the day.

Of course, Charlotte wasn’t replying to the horny perverts clogging her inbox with pictures of their hard, sweaty cock. Not yet at least. One step at a time.

There was one other bar patron that Grace thought ought to be informed....

He wasn't a regular, of course, but Grace thought he would be even more interested than most to find out about Charlotte's new side gig.

...

Steven kissed Charlotte goodbye, switched on some basketball, and settled back for a relaxing evening in front of the TV.

Things had been good lately. Charlotte had been extra affectionate. Better than that, she had started sending him nudes! It felt like a huge win; like Steven was finally the equal of Charlotte's ex-boyfriends in her eyes. For once Steven didn't feel insecure or nervous about their relationship. Life was good.

Steven was shaken out of his haze of good feelings by the ringing of his doorbell. He frowned, muting the game. That was strange... He hadn't ordered anything, and he didn't really know anyone who just dropped by. Cautiously, Steven moved to his apartment door and looked through the peephole.

In the distorted fisheye lens of the glass, Grace looked almost monstrous. It made her wide grin look like it belonged to a wicked wolf from a fairy tale. Steven had a strong feeling of foreboding. Why was Grace here? Especially when Charlotte was at work... something felt off about it. For a moment, Steven considered leaving the door shut. He could always pretend he was napping if he was asked about it later.

But that was silly. Grace was one of Charlotte's best friends. It would be rude to not at least see what she wanted. Maybe she was in trouble somehow or didn't realize Charlotte was working tonight.

Steven unlocked the door and pulled it open. When she wasn't distorted by the peephole, Grace looked stunning. She was wearing a chic jacket over a tight-fitting tube top, a low-riding mini-skirt that accented the curves of her slim hips, and ripped-up dark leggings beneath. It was an aggressive, sexy look that made Steven equally intrigued and intimidated.

"Uhh, Hi Grace," said Steven, realizing that he had just been staring for a few seconds while Grace smirked at him knowingly. "Sorry, but Charlotte isn't home right now. Is there something you needed?"

"I know she's not, dummy," said Grace with a light teasing tone. Shockingly, she moved forward, breezing right past Steven into the apartment before he could think to stop her. "I'm here to talk to you."

Steven stared after her with his mouth open, his eyes unconsciously flicking down to check how her legs looked beneath the skirt she was wearing. He was in a committed relationship, and he should know better, but he wasn't made of stone. It's hard to resist taking a peek at girls as hot as Grace when you have the opportunity.

"You want to talk to me?" asked Steven in confusion. "What about?"

Grace sat down on the couch as if she owned the place, and for some reason immediately kicked off the boots she was wearing, revealing her slim, stocking-clad feet, her pale skin shining through the dark, thin material. She patted the seat right next to her, staring up at him with a twist of heat deep in her icy blue eyes. "Come sit and I'll tell you, big boy," she purred in a low, persuasive voice.

Steven gulped. This felt like it might go in an inappropriate direction. Best to put a stop to it.

"I think maybe you should come to talk with me when Charlotte isn't gone," he said, attempting to be firm.

A flash of annoyance crossed Grace's face, but she immediately schooled it back into a laid-back smirk. "But that's the thing, Steven," she said firmly, "I need to talk to you about your girlfriend... About what I think she might be doing."

That old feeling of insecurity wormed its way back into Steven's heart. The way Grace said it... A sudden picture of Charlotte flirting with Connor flashed fully formed into his head... morphed into an image of them sloppily making out across the bar... morphed into...

"Come here, big boy," said Grace sharply, calling Steven's attention back to her. "Don't spiral on me now. I'm still not sure if it's anything to worry about. Let's look at what I found."

Steven's disquiet over the situation dragged his feet, but his insecurity and curiosity pulled him forward until he reluctantly sank to sit on the couch next to Grace. She immediately scooted even closer, her slim thigh pressing into his softly. The contact sent a not-totally-unpleasant shudder through him.

Grace swiped to something on her phone, then placed it into Steven's unresisting hands.

"Here. Take a look, tell me if you see what I see," she commanded.

Eyebrows knit with confusion, Steven tried to determine what exactly he was looking at. It was a Simpspace account. Steven had no personal experience with the site, but he had heard about it through cultural osmosis. It seemed a little tame compared to what he heard some accounts were like. There were no sex or masturbation videos, and "Cherry Sweets" didn't seem to even do any fully nude photos.

Steven was just about to ask what Grace found so interesting about the account, when he stopped dead, his eyes widening and a shock of ice water flooding his veins.

That was the lingerie set he had bought for Charlotte last Valentine's Day. Now the photo on the screen was recontextualized in a disorienting and horrible way. "Cherry" had the right body type... but was the body identical? Steven frantically tried to remember exactly what his girlfriend looked like naked, but couldn't be certain. Could that be their bed she was posed on? It could be, but a lot of people had white sheets. He was sure that a lot of people owned that same set of lingerie as well.

But it didn't look good.

"It's her?" he asked, glancing up into Grace's face. She wore a serious expression, but for some reason, Steven could almost sense a subtle mockery in her eyes entirely inappropriate to the situation.

But her voice was totally sympathetic when she said, "Sorry, honey, I'm not sure. It certainly could be. Take a closer look. See if you can find any more clues in the photos and captions."

Steven, his heart pounding harder and harder in his chest, began swiping through the photos again. With the new suspicion growing in his heart, they no longer looked tame at all. The captions were even worse. She was practically begging for the perverted male attention of her followers. The similarity to her flirting at the bar for better tips wasn't lost on Steven.

"Why don't we talk a little bit about Charlotte," said Grace firmly as Steven continued to scroll. "If I know more about her, maybe I can help you think about whether it's her in these pictures."

"Uhhm, sure," said Steven distractedly. He had just read a caption that implied "Cherry" was masturbating to her subscriber's dick pics! For some strange reason, Steven felt a physical response, his cock slowly swelling to half-erect. He knew that this potential betrayal should be totally off-putting to him, but the pictures were so sexy... the captions were so slutty... somehow arousal had wormed in and threaded itself through his feelings of jealousy and inadequacy.

"So what turns little Charlotte on in bed?" asked Grace in a light, airy tone.

Even in the middle of his obsessive reading, the odd question made Steven look up sharply. "What?" He asked. "Why do you need to know that? Will that really help to...?"

"Of course it will," said Grace, raising an eyebrow at him. "If this is some secret sexual outlet Charlotte has set up for herself, knowing her preferences will help us discover if it's her. So answer the question. What gets your girlfriend all hot and bothered in bed?"

"Well uhhh," said Steven, clearing his throat uncomfortably, "she like cum. I mean, she won't let me cum on, like, her face and breasts and stuff, but the way she talks about facials and cum

when she gets drunk... I can tell it turns her on." It was just one other sore point in their sexual relationship. Why wouldn't Charlotte let him cum on her face if the idea of facials turned her on so much?

"Reeeally," said Grace, unable to contain her wide smile. "That's super helpful. What about other women? Has she ever experimented?"

Grace's delighted response to Charlotte's cumplay fetish made Steven a little wary. "This is all to help find out if this account belongs to Charlotte, right?" He asked doubtfully.

"Of course," said Grace flippantly, leaning back onto the arm of the couch and plopping her feet casually into Steven's lap. The touch made the arousal Steven was feeling flare higher, even if it was fairly innocent. He just had a hair trigger right now. He hoped Grace didn't notice the growing bulge in his pants beneath her stockinged feet. "Sorry if I sound excited. I was just a little surprised! Charlotte never told me that. Now keep looking at those pictures, mister. And answer the question."

Steven returned reluctantly to his phone, and soon lost himself to the slutty boudoir photos once again. In every picture, "Cherry" had hidden her face, cropping it above the mouth. Almost like she had something to hide.

"Well..." said Steven dully, "She did tell me she dated women in college. She didn't go into it much deeper than that, but I assume that means she at least finds some girls attractive. Suddenly, Steven felt Grace's feet moving subtly in his lap, pushing up and down with light pressure, directly on his raging boner. "Grace," he protested with a gulp, "What are you...?"

"Shhhh," said Grace soothingly, her feet pushing down a little harder and rubbing lightly back and forth over his bulge, "Don't think about it, big boy. Just relax and focus. We need to figure this out right? I'm just moving my feet and getting comfortable. Don't make it weird. Now tell me... does Charlotte like to take charge in bed, or does she want you to call the shots?"

Steven's eyes darted rapidly over the photos on his screen, his breaths becoming harsh and ragged. Was it her? He didn't know. He didn't want to know. Grace's foot was not pressing firmly against his cock, rubbing with deep, teasing pressure. His lust and insecurity and jealousy were all a blazing bonfire in his chest. The comments from the men were almost worse, filthy propositions and degrading descriptions of the whore who might be his beloved girlfriend.

"I... she wanted me to try being dominant the first few times we had sex," confessed Steven in a shaky voice, his eyes focused on a picture of Cherry Sweets, her hand draped across her naked chest. Grace's feet didn't stop. Her toes seemed as dextrous as fingers as her feet slid smoothly up and over the raging bulge in his pants, gripping softly. "But she said I don't have the personality for it..." finished Steven in a gasp.

Grace chuckled, her gently massaging feet sending lightning bolts of pleasure radiating from Steven's cock even through his sweatpants. "Imagine that," she said in a low sarcastic voice. "You, submissive? Nooooo."

Ok, things had gone off the rails here. Grace had taken things way too far. There was no acceptable reason for his girlfriend's friend to be rubbing his cock with her feet. This was a betrayal of Charlotte, full stop. "Grace, stop," said Steven, his voice quivering from the intensity of the pleasure. He could have reached over and pushed her feet away at any time, but somehow he felt powerless. Grace's cold blue eyes held him like a bug pinned to a board.

"Shut up, pindick," said Grace, her voice suddenly cracking out like a whip, as cold and hard as iron. "I think we're close to a breakthrough here. Eyes back on the slut. ... Is it her?"

Steven whimpered. He knew that he should resist. That he could resist, if he could just summon up the will. But Grace's slim feet felt so fucking good on his cock, and her strong gaze and stronger voice seemed impossible to deny. Steven turned back to the images on his phone, letting his odd blend of negative feelings and arousal consume him again, this time fueled even more by the stimulation of his cock.

"It's... I don't know!" groaned Steven, huffing and puffing as he stared at the slutty Simpspace pictures and the filthy comments beneath them. "It... it could be..."

"Really look, loser," commanded Grace. Her feet rubbed mercilessly over Steven's boner, skillfully bringing him closer and closer to orgasm even through multiple layers of cloth. "Don't just tell me what your brain says. What does your heart say? What does your dick say?"

Steven's hips began to subtly shift upward into Grace's relentless soles. His eyes focused. The body. The lingerie. The bedroom. The little smirk on the lips. It couldn't be. It shouldn't be. But it was.

"It's her," whispered Steven, feeling a strange flood of twisted lust from the admission.

"Woowww," said Grace, low and mocking. "Your girl is showing off her body to other guys? Soliciting dick pics? And here you are..."

Suddenly she leaned forward, pressing her little feet hard down into his crotch. Her words hissed hot and wet in his ear, "... With your dick hard as a fucking rock at the thought of her entertaining strangers on the internet with her slutty little body."

Steven squeezed his eyes shut, desperately shaking his head in denial. 'No! That's not... I...'

But the only thing he could feel was the twisted horny jealousy inside him and the powerful pleasure radiating from his tormented cock.

"Embrace it. Cum to her betrayal. Cum for her..."

“...Cuck.”

And with that last, sharp, clicking syllable, Steven did as he was told, his hips jerking and his cock twitching as he shamefully filled his boxers with hot, sticky goo. Grace chuckled darkly, rubbing Steven’s sensitive cock a few more times for good measure and making him whimper in discomfort.

Then she swung her feet out of his lap, plucked her phone from his hands, and said cheerfully, “I think you’re wrong. I don’t think it’s her.”

Steven stared at her, dumbfounded. Wasn’t the entire point of this that she thought it WAS Charlotte? Grace laughed again at his stunned expression. “Oh come on, big boy. I was only teasing you! I mean, yeah, it might be Charlotte, but do you really think your girlfriend would do something like that?”

“I...” Steven said stupidly, blinking. A solid suspicion that Charlotte had betrayed him now seemed uncertain. Was it just a misunderstanding caused by his jealousy and Grace’s teasing words? It was hard to tell without the pictures right in front of him. “I don’t know,” he admitted, “but what was all that with... you know...” He gestured awkwardly to his crotch, where his jizz was slowly cooling against his skin.

“It was just a little harmless fun, tiger,” said Grace with a wink. “That is, unless you prefer that I tell Charlotte about it.”

“No!” said Steven, now furious with himself for not stopping Grace earlier. Him and his fucking libido. He had to be careful not to let it lead him around by the nose anymore. It seemed important to change the subject. His little mistake with Grace would never be repeated, so there was no reason to bother his girlfriend with it. “So you really don’t think that it’s her on the account?”

“I don’t know,” said Grace blithely, already turning toward the door, “but I’ll tell you what: I’ll keep an eye on it and report back if the Simspace slut lets any more info slip.”

Grace reached the apartment door and gave Steven a crooked grin over her shoulder. “In the meantime, try not to think about it too much. Trust your girlfriend. Ciao, big boy!”

With that, Grace slipped out of the door, leaving a confused and spent Steven on the couch behind her.

He tried to think about other things while he changed and ran a load of laundry to hide his shameful release, but by the time he finished, he was a nervous mess, obsessing over the memories of the Simspace account.

He couldn't wait for news from Grace. Feeling a little guilty, Steven navigated to Simpspace, looked up Cherry Sweets, and paid for a subscription.