

A few weeks later...

[How about it, sweet thing? How much would it cost for a private video of you choking on a dildo?]

Of course, the crude request was punctuated with a dick pic. Charlotte sighed, glancing furtively across the kitchen to where Steven stood at the stove, making fried rice for dinner. He was focused on the cooking, so Charlotte took the opportunity to answer.

[Haha, woowww, that would be super hot! Let me think about it, k?]

There. One more message replied to. It was a new thing this week. Grace now demanded that Charlotte “engage with her audience”. In other words, responding politely and encouragingly to even the most demeaning message. It added yet another humiliating layer to this fucked up situation, but it wasn’t that bad. Charlotte felt like she had sort of gotten into a groove with her forced Simpspace account. Now that she was used to creating the content, the taboo edge had faded with time.

And she was starting to rake in cash hand over fist. Her Simpspace account combined with her improved tips from the slutty clothes Grace was forcing her to wear at the bar meant that Charlotte had already managed to set aside a sizable chunk of cash in her undie drawer for her lawyer fund.

But she didn’t think she was quite there yet. She wanted to be sure she had everything she needed before she pulled the trigger and shook Grace’s influence off for good. Besides, the secret content production, crude messages, and dick pics had become almost normal. Even fun. They provided a little zing of sexual excitement in the same way that flirting with customers at the bar had.

And sexual excitement had been a little lacking in her life lately...

Steven sat down beside her, sliding her a plate of crispy fried rice loaded with kimchi and drizzled with Sriracha; her favorite. Charlotte put her hand over her boyfriend’s. “Thanks, babe,” He flashed her a weary grin, dark circles under his eyes. He had been especially tired and stressed lately, for reasons Charlotte didn’t quite understand. Sadly, Steven’s mysterious stress was having a negative impact on their sex life. Charlotte had a lot of sympathy for whatever Steven was going through and loved him to pieces, but he simply wasn’t satisfying her sexual needs right now.

Just as Steven was about to respond, Charlotte heard a soft *ding* in her pocket, and her heart skipped a beat. It was the special alert noise she had set for Grace. If she took too long to reply, she would be in trouble. If there was one thing that Charlotte had learned over the past few weeks, it was that she should never cross Grace... Not until she was sure she could deliver a crushing blow at least.

“One second babe,” said Charlotte, rising smoothly and kissing her boyfriend on the cheek. “Nature calls.” Hiding things from Steven was almost second nature to her at this point. She barely felt even a twinge of guilt anymore as she slipped away to the bathroom.

Once the door was safely closed behind her, Charlotte pulled out her phone, praying that Grace was just checking in about Charlotte’s next post and it wasn’t anything serious.

No such luck.

[What the fuck is this, Cherry? I thought I told you to start engaging with your subscribers.]

At this point, Grace had ceased to call her Charlotte, instead using her porn name exclusively, even in public. Charlotte knew that it was unlikely that anyone would ever make the connection, but hearing Grace call her “Cherry” still sent a shiver of erotic dread down her spine.

[I’ve been interacting! I’ve replied to every single fucking DM!] Charlotte texted back swiftly. Being under Grace’s thumb could be terrifying. Even if running a Simpspace account could be fun at times, this was the massive, looming downside to the situation. Charlotte’s dark, dominant tormentor could be impossible to please sometimes, turning angry at the drop of a hat. Charlotte couldn’t even begin to guess what had set the bitch off this time.

[You are a slow fucking learner, Cherry. Address me properly. I won’t warn you again.]

Charlotte sighed irritably. Oh yeah. That was another thing that Grace had recently started insisting on. With a sour look on her face, Charlotte texted [Sorry, Mistress]. It felt unnatural and humiliating to call another woman that, like somehow Charlotte was putting herself beneath Grace. But she supposed that was actually a reflection of reality at this point. For now at least. God, she couldn’t wait until she hired the best lawyer in the city and showed the smug goth bitch who was boss.

[That’s better. But no, Cherry, you aren’t obeying your mistress at all. All of this ‘tee hee, stop it you bad boys’ bullshit isn’t the way a fucking porn goddess like Cherry Sweets interacts with her fans. Those poor horny boys are thirsty, and I think it’s about time you gave the people what they want.]

Charlotte felt a prickle of apprehension as she stared down at her phone. “Giving the boys what they want” was a terrifying, erotic proposition when you read the filthy requests that poured into Charlotte’s DMs on a daily basis. She tried to think of some reply she could send that would change Grace’s mind, but she was too slow. Another text followed almost immediately.

[What was the amount you agreed to shake those tiny tits for? Fifty bucks? Let’s call that your standard rate. From now on, any guy who offers you fifty dollars or more gets exactly what he asks for. I’ll be watching to make sure.]

Charlotte stared down at the phone with her pulse hammering loudly in her ears. Ok, now Grace had gone too far. Charlotte needed to stand up for herself. [No Grace. That's too much. Have you seen what some of these guys have been requesting? I would rather just have you send that video to Steven and take my chances.]

Weirdly, the next thing to come through from Grace wasn't a text. It was an image. For a second, Charlotte didn't know what she was looking at. Then she zoomed in on the picture and her face went pale. It was a massive collage of her Simpspace posts, referenced with photos of her from social media accounts in a convincing effort to prove that she and "Cherry Sweets" were the same person. It also included a selection of Charlotte's juiciest responses to the men flooding her inbox.

Another message from Grace chimed.

[I wonder how interested your future employers and/or love interests would be in this little art project I put together. Maybe you'll be fine. People are sex-positive these days, right?]

Charlotte stared at her screen in dumb horror for a few moments until another text popped in. This couldn't be happening. Grace had just opened up a whole new front of blackmail. Charlotte bit her lip and thought about the bundle of cash she had hidden away in her underwear drawer. Not enough. Not yet. Shit. She might actually need to go along with Grace's sadistic command for the time being and hope things didn't get too extreme.

For some reason, as much as being caught this way scared her, it also filled her with squirming, uncomfortable arousal.

One last message chimed from Grace.

[And I fucking told you to address me properly, Cherry]

...

Tim was hustling back from the kitchen after taking an order when he noticed Grace watching him from the restaurant bar. She sat with a cocktail in front of her, leaning on her elbows with a faint smirk. When she noticed him looking, she beckoned with a slim finger. Tim suppressed a grin and changed course. The customer could wait a few minutes.

The last time Grace had pulled him and his friends aside for a private conversation, it had been excellent news. For them at least. It had been pretty awful news for Charlotte. Seeing Charlotte's sexy little body displayed so shamelessly was well worth the cheap cost of the subscription... and getting her shy deflecting comments in the DMs that proved she was viewing his cock pics was even better.

“Ma’am,” said Tim with his best customer service smile as he approached, “is there anything that I can help you with?”

“It’s the opposite actually,” purred Grace, taking a slow sip of her Cosmo. “As the manager of... our mutual friend, I wanted to let you know about a special promotion we’re running for her biggest fans.”

Tim’s eyes lit up with hunger. “Well... you know how I love to patronize the arts, Grace. I’m all ears.”

The tall, dark temptress set down her drink with a click and reached into her purse. “I need something from you first. You’ve been very generous to my little superstar so far, but I need a donation of a different kind.”

She pulled out a small glass vial and held it out to the bemused waiter. “Fill it up.”

“With what?” asked Tim blankly. Grace chuckled and reached up, grabbing his collar and whispering into his ear, making his eyes widen in shock. Tim looked over his shoulder, making sure no one else was watching. “What,” he asked, a nervous edge creeping into his voice, “right now?”

“You have until I finish my drink,” said Grace coolly, releasing his collar with a shrug. “If you aren’t interested, I know plenty of guys who will be. Take a bathroom break or something.”

Tim still looked unconvinced, so Grace leaned forward and said in a heated whisper, “Trust me... I’ll make it well worth your while. This is a special promotion you won’t want to miss.”

With one last furtive glance around the restaurant, he reached out and took the test tube from her hand.

...

Charlotte told herself it was fine. Grace’s demand wouldn’t really be the issue she had initially feared.

After all, she only had to fulfill subscriber requests if they specifically offered over fifty dollars. But most conversations didn’t start with an offer of money. Charlotte had been able to deflect all requests before money was even discussed.

She leaned forward across the bar holding two beers out to the bar patron. Her brain fizzed and whirred, trying not to think about Grace’s latest humiliating directive. It gave the leering patron in front of her a chance to peek down the low cleavage of one of her new shirts. Simultaneously, she could feel Rob’s slimy eyes drawn to her backside like a magnet, presented lusciously by the tiny cutoff shorts Grace had bought for her.

The clothes Grace had chosen for her tonight were especially slutty. A deep v-neck shirt pressed tight against her tits and bared her soft, feminine belly, and her shorts were painted onto her wide hips and the juicy curve of her ass.

The appreciative stares of the bar patrons and her pig of a boss were just one more source of the frustrating, endless lust that had taken over her life.

Her phone gave a soft click that meant she had another DM she needed to respond to. She sighed as she collected the money from the customer, anticipating another careful act of misdirection to keep whoever had DM'd her from offering money. It was about time for a break anyway. If she was going to respond to thirsty messages from subscribers, she needed to get out from under the eyes of the horny crowd.

As he turned away, the patron slurred something that Charlotte only half-heard. She suddenly felt a surge of adrenaline. Had the man said, "Thanks, Sweetie?"

Or had it been "Thanks, Cherry?"

The man had already disappeared into the crowd by the time she registered the words. She shook her head and tried to let the strange moment go. She was just hearing things. Had to be. This endless haze of lust was playing tricks on her mind. "I'm on break," she told Rob tersely, not waiting for a reply, and headed back into the storeroom.

When she leaned against a dusty shelf and opened her DMs, she found this one was refreshingly direct and to the point.

[I want you to start posting nude photos.]

Well, say what you would about them, at least Charlotte's subscribers were honest.

[Sorry sweetie, that isn't really the type of content I'm focused on right now! Maybe someday ;P]

It was really too easy. Just a little flirting and a gentle refusal was all that was needed. Charlotte was about to slip her phone back into her pocket when it clicked again. A follow-up DM from the same user.

[I'll donate fifty bucks if you do.]

A shiver of fear and arousal shot through Charlotte. She groaned softly under her breath. Shit! Not this one! Not right now! The request was as unambiguous as it could get. Charlotte stared down at her phone, her heart and mind racing and her body throbbing with a growing filthy heat. She tried to think of something, anything that would get her out of this situation.

But it was no good. The offer had been made, and trying to get her subscriber to retract it would just look like a refusal in her mistress's eyes. Texting Grace herself was no good either. Charlotte had no expectation that Grace would be merciful after she sent that threatening collage the other day.

Charlotte briefly considered springing her escape plan. Maybe she could make an excuse and head home right now. Grab the bundle of cash from her underwear drawer. Call a lawyer.

But she knew in her heart that she didn't have enough yet. And if she went off half-cocked, Grace would find a way to ruin her life. Charlotte was trapped. Powerless. Soon, her subscribers would be surprised and delighted by a brand new style of content. Charlotte's naked body would be ogled by dozens of strange men. The dirty, taboo thought forced a whimper from Charlotte's throat as she wallowed in her pathetic, weak position, feeling the shameful burn of submissive arousal spread through her like a wildfire.

Her break time was over. She needed to get back out there and spend the rest of her evening with the men in the bar appreciating her body beneath her slutty clothes... knowing that a much more intimate examination would happen soon.

Just as she was about to leave the storeroom, Charlotte received a text from Grace.

[Just saw you received your first official task. Congratulations. I'll come over tomorrow and help you with the photoshoot.]

Charlotte took a deep shaky breath, trying to compose herself and cloak her pitiful submissive arousal before going back out in front of the crowd. But first, she needed to respond to Grace.

[Yes, Mistress]

...

Grace arrived so soon after Steven left for work the next day that Charlotte was mildly worried that she could have run into him in the hall. But she didn't have time to worry about that... not when she couldn't stop thinking about why Grace was there.

Grace herself was a vision of cold, dominant beauty today. A tiny black bikini top lay under her mesh shirt, which showed off a sinuous black snake tattoo winding up the side of her pale, toned torso. Below, the outfit was completed by a short flared skirt and tall boots, both black, naturally. Charlotte would have snarkily commented a few weeks ago that Grace ought to be ashamed of herself for dressing so slutty... but she wasn't in a position to judge anymore. The powerful, erotic outfit just made Charlotte's nervous arousal worse. It reminded her strongly of the dominant girls she used to hook up with in college.

“Ready for your close-up, Cherry?” asked Grace with a mocking smirk, examining the tripod Charlotte had already set up by the bed. She slipped Charlotte’s phone out of the mount, tossing it to her blackmailed slave casually and replacing it with her own. Charlotte watched her mistress with a worried frown. She knew better than to talk back at this point, but it was a little foreboding that Grace insisted on using her own phone rather than Grace’s. It meant that she would have complete access and control over all the raw photos taken today, instead of Charlotte herself.

Grace seemed to have everything ready to her satisfaction. She glanced up at Charlotte and frowned in annoyance, clicking her fingers impatiently. “Why aren’t you naked, you dumb slut? Chop fucking chop. I want to explore a couple of poses, and we both know you’re smart enough to get them right on the first try.”

In that moment, Charlotte felt powerfully conscious of Grace’s beauty... of Grace’s cold, weighing eyes focused on her body... of her powerful, commanding aura. Grace smirked and rolled her hand in an impatient “get on with it” gesture, and Charlotte realized with a swoop of dark arousal that she was expected to strip right here and now.

Under Grace’s glittering, judgemental eyes.

Charlotte tugged her pajama shirt up over her head, bashfully turning away from her watching mistress. The flavor of humiliation was different from her recent exposure to anonymous men. By this point, Charlotte was practically a connoisseur. For one thing, Grace was a live audience, not just a hypothetical faceless crowd behind a screen. But more importantly, Grace was a woman. A powerful, confident woman who Charlotte considered much more attractive than herself. It added a fresh, unfamiliar layer of shame to the act of stripping her pajama shorts down her thick thighs. But strangely, despite Charlotte’s usual preference for men, Grace’s gender didn’t reduce her humiliated arousal at all.

Finally, Charlotte stood naked above a sad little pile of clothes, her hands clasped over her small breasts and rapidly heating pussy. A ridiculous gesture: showing modesty right now was a bad joke when Grace would be photographing every inch of her in mere minutes.

Charlotte held back a gasp as Grace lunged forward without warning, her eyes and smile sharp enough to cut. Charlotte’s heart was in her throat and she felt her nipples stiffen hard against her arm as Grace loomed above her, drinking in her captive’s body with an expression of cruel hunger.

“Well well,” murmured Grace, reaching out a finger to trail down the wide curve of Charlotte’s hip, raising goosebumps on her flesh, “You’re a chubby little piggy, aren’t you? At least you’re slutty enough to capture men’s interest despite that, huh, Cherry?”

It was a cruel exaggeration. Charlotte was by no means fat, although she carried a few pounds on her soft belly, hips, and ass that she would rather be rid of. But coming from the slim,

beautiful goddess looking down at her, the nasty insult struck home, piercing Charlotte through the core... and somehow making her even wetter and hotter under the hand clasped between her thighs.

“On the bed,” demanded Grace sharply, finally ending her close examination of Charlotte’s body and taking her place behind the camera mount. “It’s time to make you a star. Let’s start with a showcase of that fat ass. Stick it up in the air. Facing me, please. Then look over your shoulder with your best fuck-me eyes.”

“B-but my face will be in the picture!” whined Charlotte as she got onto the bed, at first trying to maintain her shielding grip on her private parts, then finally giving up the pretense. Covering her pussy hadn’t made sense to begin with.

Grace sighed in exasperation. “We’re going to edit the pictures, dumbass. I’ll hide your identity. Don’t worry about it. Now show Mistress that butt.”

Charlotte, her face blazing with hot shame, bent low, arching her ass upward into a position she knew well from sexual encounters, lewdly presenting herself to the cameras. She turned sharply when Grace snorted with laughter, feeling a stab of shame before she even knew what was so funny.

At first, Charlotte had no idea what Grace was laughing at. Then she realized that Grace’s mocking gaze was fixed between her thighs... on her hot, flushed pussy dripping feminine lubrication down her thighs. “Wowww, Cherry,” said Grace with a smirk, “Looks like the boys are getting a better show than I thought! I had no idea I turn you on that much!”

Just as Charlotte felt the sting of a fresh wave of shame, Grace snapped a few pictures. Charlotte opened her mouth to protest that she hadn’t been ready, but Grace held up a finger to silence her. “Shut up, Cherry. I’m impressed! You managed to luck into a perfect pose. The shock and embarrassment, the beet red face, the dripping pussy... Way better than just a boring old come-hither stare. Really tells a whole story.”

“But we’re going to blur out the face anyway right?” asked Charlotte desperately, feeling her shamefully exposed pussy pulse with horny heat.

“I already said I’ll hide your identity,” said Charlotte airily, “Stop fucking worrying about it. New pose now. Sit on the edge of the bed and open those thunder thighs. I want to see you reeeally spread open.”

Charlotte scrambled to obey. She knew that she should be resisting... Grace was her hated enemy. But she was beginning to fall into a haze of submission beneath Grace’s sharp, demanding voice. She scooted right to the edge of the bed, and took a deep breath, pausing. She was painfully aware of the stiffness of her pierced nipples, standing eagerly up from her small, firm tits, ready to be photographed and presented to her audience.

But her nipples weren't the focus of this particular shot... Hesitantly, Charlotte parted her thighs, revealing her slick, swollen pussy to the merciless black eye of the camera... as well as Grace's equally merciless eyes of blue.

The moment hung in the air, Charlotte naked and exposed, Grace's eyes leering at every inch of her ripe, naked body. Then Charlotte's breath hitched as Grace moved, once again circling around the camera and stalking forward with the elegance and poise of a cat.

Before Charlotte could prepare herself, Grace leaned down, until she was just inches from Charlotte's face. "I said fucking spread your whore legs, you stupid cow," she hissed menacingly. Her slim, beautiful hands dived with the speed of a striking snake, seizing both of Charlotte's legs and pushing them even wider.

Grace was right in Charlotte's face, starting challengingly into her eyes. Her hot hands were pressed against Charlotte's inner thighs, just inches from her blackmailed slave's throbbing pussy. The antagonistic erotic energy between them crackled and buzzed. This subordinate position beneath Grace, her body pushed around and manipulated by her worst enemy, sent a flood of submissive arousal rising in Charlotte's core. She had never felt so vulnerable... so conquered. The tension between them swelled. Charlotte's eyes darted down to Grace's plump lips, and she subconsciously licked her own.

Were they going to fucking kiss?

Then Grace raised an eyebrow and let out an unimpressed huff through her nose, shattering the tense moment in an instant. Charlotte shook her head, trying to clear it as Grace returned to the camera. What the fuck was that? Charlotte really couldn't afford to get distracted. Grace was her worst enemy. Getting horny from her control was the worst fucking thing Charlotte could do.

"Keep those legs spread, Cherry," commanded Grace, absorbed now in the screen of her phone as she set up the shot. "I would have thought that would be second nature to you by now."

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Grace wasn't just being mean when she said she thought the photoshoot would take a while. She was a strict taskmaster, forcing Charlotte to redo poses again and again until she thought they were perfect. By the time Grace was finally satisfied that they had the shots they needed, Charlotte was worried that Steven might get back while Grace was still there.

"Well, we finally managed to put together a half-decent photo collection," said Grace loftily. Her face split into a wicked grin. "Fifty dollars well earned! I think your cheeky little subscriber is just going to love the post. But the requester should get one photo as an exclusive, don't you think? Which one would be best...?"

Blushing, exhausted, and bursting with pent-up unsatisfied lust, Charlotte sheepishly murmured, "Ummm... Maybe the one with the... the spread legs?"

Grace cackled and nodded eagerly. "I like that one too! No problem, Cherry. I'll get these edited and uploaded. Anyway, I guess I had better leave before your dumb cuck gets back."

"Don't call him that," said Charlotte sharply, her dazed look falling away. She might be caught in Grace's web for now, but she wasn't about to let the bitch bad-mouth her man. Grace looked taken aback at the outburst, then angry... then thoughtful. Strangely, she simply shrugged, letting Charlotte's little tantrum pass as if it was of no consequence. Without further discussion, she stowed her phone away and unceremoniously headed for the door.

"Wait..." said Charlotte, the spark of defiance instantly draining away, "When are you going to post them?"

Grace winked at Charlotte as she closed the apartment door behind her, disappearing into the hallway. "Who knows? When I get around to it. Guess you'll have to just deal with the anticipation!"

...

With a furtive, guilty glance around the bar, Nelson exited the bathroom and returned to Grace, passing a warm, freshly filled vial into her hand.

She took it between thumb and forefinger like the filth that it was, and held it up to the light for a second, admiring the disgusting, off-white goo. Nelson panicked and looked around the bar in case anyone was watching, wincing and wringing his hands. "What the fuck? Put it away! What's wrong with you!"

Grace gave him a withering glare, dropping the filled vial into a ziplock bag then tucking it into her purse.

"What do you even n-need it for?" grumbled the skinny little nerd, blushing behind his thick glasses.

Grace chuckled evilly. "That's for me to know, and for you to find out, incel. But trust me when I say you WILL find out. And when you do, you'll thank your lucky stars that I asked for your little donation."

Nelson just made an uncomfortable sound and slouched down onto a bar stool, looking across the bar to where Cherry was laughing with some attractive male customers as usual. He had stopped thinking of her as Charlotte after masturbating himself raw for weeks to her new Simpspace account. "Cherry" was a lot closer to who he thought Charlotte really was on the

inside anyway. "So what is this 'special promotion' you were talking about?" He asked distractedly.

"Simple," said Grace, her eyes sharp and her smile cruel. "Cherry will do anything you ask. As long as you donate 50 dollars. Be sure to mention that upfront."

Nelson's eyes grew wide, and despite his recent "donation", his cock instantly awoke in his pants.

"Anything?" he asked wonderingly, half to Grace and half to himself.

Grace was talking again, but Nelson wasn't fully listening. His eyes were once again locked on Cherry. Her tits and ass, yes, but also her eyes... her smile.

Nelson thought he knew exactly what he was going to ask Cherry for.

...

Charlotte checked her Simpspace account again stealthily as Steven got up to refill the bowl of popcorn. Nothing. Not yet at least.

It had been a few days since her humiliating photo shoot with Grace, and her 'mistress' still hadn't uploaded the nude photos. At this point, Charlotte was convinced that Grace was holding them back on purpose just to torture her with the anticipation.

She was about to put her phone away as Steven returned to the couch with a steaming bowl of hot popcorn, but, just then, a DM notification popped up from the Simpspace app. She read it swiftly, a fresh bloom of aroused anxiety spreading through her body.

[I have a special request for you. I'm willing to pay fifty bucks if you can make it happen.]

Charlotte dots appear, which meant the subscriber was typing, but she had run out of time. Steven was settling in beside her, and she had to lock her phone and stuff it into her pocket.

It was hard to concentrate on the romantic comedy she had chosen for movie night, or on Steven's loving arm thrown over her shoulder. She felt the buzz of her phone against her leg once... then again a few minutes later. Instead of the warm comfort she had intended for the evening, she felt nervous and sweaty. The next perverted request she would be forced to fulfill was waiting in her phone right now like a coiled snake.

She couldn't stop thinking about how bad it might be... what would her subscriber dare to request this time? She felt more and more uncomfortable and horny as the movie went on, fidgeting from the moist heat building between her thighs. She couldn't take the tension anymore. Steven seemed absorbed in the movie... she had to look.

Angling the phone carefully away from Steven, Charlotte opened her Simpspace DMs. An odd sense of confusion and relief washed over her as she read her subscriber's request.

[I want you to pretend to be my girlfriend. Over DMs. Chat with me like we're dating.]

Charlotte locked the phone, shaking her head in disbelief. Compared to the sorts of requests she got on a daily basis (thankfully without an attached offer of fifty dollars), this one wasn't perverted at all. Just sort of... sad. That didn't mean she liked it though. She should probably be happy and grateful that this had turned out to be a sort of false alarm, but she couldn't work up any enthusiasm for pretending to be the girlfriend of a mouth-breathing Simpspace pervert.

In some ways, it was even more of a violation of her relationship with Steven than the other explicit stuff she had done so far...

But she didn't have wiggle room. Grace watched "Cherry's" DMs like a hawk. If Charlotte didn't play ball with this weird request, Grace wouldn't hesitate to punish her. So the next time Steven paused the movie and got up, this time to use the bathroom, Charlotte opened up her DMs, and typed:

[Of course! How was your day, baby? <3]

The subscriber answered immediately, as if he had just been waiting, staring at the screen.

Creepy.

[It was shitty. Like every day. My boss doesn't respect me. You're the only one who can make me feel better, beautiful.]

[Aww, that really sux, babe. :(But it doesn't matter what everyone else thinks, because I know how great a man you really are! I love you so much, baby!] Charlotte made a face as she texted it. It was a ridiculously, sugary sweet response, and definitely not the way she texted Steven. But this guy, even from their short interaction, gave off big virgin energy, and guys like that ate this sort of thing up. Charlotte had seen it dozens of times at the bar: for the loser virgin types all you had to do was act super sweet and they melted in your hand.

Besides, Charlotte had a certain way of typing as "Cherry" that was important to maintain, if only to disguise her identity.

Another response followed immediately, but Charlotte only got a short glance at it before Steven was on his way back to the couch. This one was a little more concerning.

[If I was there with you right now... How would you make your boyfriend feel better after his long, shitty day?]

Charlotte hastily locked her phone and set it down, snuggling up against Steven. Her heart began to beat faster and a spark of lust ignited in her belly. This question gave off big virgin energy as well... but not in the same innocent way the first few had. Charlotte probably should have known that a random internet perv would want more than a few kind words when he paid fifty dollars to a sex worker.

Steven turned to her with a smile and gave her a kiss, making some inane comment about the movie that Charlotte barely heard. She felt a stab of guilt. This evening was supposed to be about her and Steven, yet here she was, letting Grace's twisted sexual games come between their relationship.

But she was doing this to save their relationship. That was the only reason. She had to remember that, and not get lost in the twisted arousal that she had been feeling more and more often lately.

Her phone buzzed again as the movie went on, and Charlotte began to sweat. Maybe she should have waited to answer the offer until she wasn't hanging out with Steven... Once again she opened her phone tilted away from her real boyfriend to read the new message from the pervert who wanted to pretend to date her.

[What the fuck? Are you ignoring me? I paid you to act like my girlfriend, so ANSWER. MY. TEXTS! Tell me how you would make your beloved boyfriend feel better. NOW.]

Charlotte's eyes went wide. Shit! If this customer got too unhappy with her "customer service", Grace would definitely consider this request unfulfilled. By this point, Charlotte had a healthy fear of Grace. She didn't plan to be under her "mistress"'s thumb forever, but she had to pick her battles. Making Grace furious because a creepy virgin pitched a hissy fit wasn't worth it. She looked slyly over at Steven to make sure he was absorbed in the movie, then quickly typed:

[Oh, honey, if you were here, I would pull you down into the bed and give you all the cuddles and kisses I know u crave! <3]

She waited, hoping that that would be enough to satisfy him. But it turned out that it wasn't.

[Don't act all innocent with me. I know how much of a dirty little slut my girlfriend is. Use your big girl words. Really tell me how you would make me feel better. Don't hold back.]

Charlotte bit her lip, the spark of lust inside her slowly spreading into a dark, burning flame. This virgin didn't want a girlfriend. Not really. He wanted a personal slut, just for himself. It was the sort of immature adolescent fantasy she would expect from a teenager. And thanks to Grace, she was now forced into becoming exactly the horny slut that this virgin dreamed about. With her boyfriend's hand slung over her shoulder, Charlotte prepared to dirty talk a stranger. She was suddenly painfully aware of the stiffness of her nipples pressing hard against her bra... the

moist heat growing stronger and stronger between her thighs. Before she could think too hard about it, she typed out,

[I would get down on my knees and let you fuck my sweet mouth like a flashlight, Daddy. Then I would turn around, grab my ankles, and tell you to take out every last ounce of frustration from your hard day on my slutty little pussy until you drain your balls deep inside me.]

“Are you ok?” asked Steven suddenly, giving her a concerned look.

“What?” said Charlotte, almost fumbling her phone in her haste to lock it, her face feeling hot and sweaty. “Of course I’m ok. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“You’re like, fidgeting around and making weird noises,” said Steven, raising an eyebrow. “Do you feel sick or something?”

“No, babe, I was just...” began Charlotte. Then her phone buzzed. Again. Again. It was buzzing so often it almost felt like it was on a continuous loop. Charlotte thought for a second it was her subscriber going crazy with messages, but when she looked down at her notifications in horror, she saw it was new subscriptions. DMs pouring in. Comments and likes. All on a new post that had just gone up.

Grace had picked now to release the photo shoot. During Charlotte’s quiet night in with her boyfriend. Charlotte scrambled to mute her notifications. “Ummm, actually,” she said suddenly, tripping over her words with panic and a sudden swell of arousal, “I think you’re right babe. I am feeling a little sick. I... I’ll be right back.”

She scurried to the bathroom, leaving Steven concerned and confused behind her. With her heart pounding and her arousal spiraling inside her, she shut and locked the door behind her and sat on the toilet, pulling up her Simpspace account and reading her notifications with a mixture of horror and secret delight.

Charlotte hadn’t gotten a chance to see the photos on the day when Grace took them. They were even worse than she feared. They showed a juicy, horny slut that Charlotte could barely recognize as herself. In picture after picture, Cherry showed off her dripping, horny pussy to the camera along with her slutty, stiff pierced nipples.

And the worst part was the “face censorship” that Grace had sworn she would do. A tiny delicate black bar covered her eyes in the photos. That was it. The rest of her humiliated, blushing features were plain to see. Somehow, her exposure only made Charlotte hornier, even as it terrified her. What were the chances that someone she knew might recognize her? Her subscriber count still wasn’t super high, even with her recent burst in popularity... but Charlotte couldn’t imagine that someone would look at these photos and not be able to tell it was her if they knew her already.

Eggplant emojis seemed popular in the comments beneath the photoset. Water droplets as well. But those were tame and respectful compared to the written-out comments. Charlotte's eyes glazed over with lust as she read through filthy comment after filthy comment.

[Look at that slutty little pussy. Just begging for a fat cock.]

[If bitches like you keep teasing people like this... they end up as pregnant bitches. I volunteer to do the honors.]

[Looks like you are desperate for some cock, Cherry. Maybe a couple of cocks? At once? Don't pretend you aren't tempted.]

Her phone buzzed as she received another DM. This time from her incel "boyfriend".

[I was going to say "good girl", Cherry, but then I saw your new post. You aren't a good girl at all, are you? Showing off your wet pussy to strangers on the internet. That makes your boyfriend really jealous...]

Charlotte was breathing heavily. She had instinctively pulled her pants down as she sat on the toilet, and now her hand crept down to her exposed, throbbing pussy. Despite her earlier disdain for the loser she was messaging, she was sort of getting into the roleplay now.

[I'm sorry honey... I guess your girl is kind of a slut. Are you mad?]

What would it be like for her real boyfriend to find out how slutty Grace had forced her to become? What would it be like to tell Steven the same things she was telling this fake boyfriend over text? Charlotte's fingers delicately parted her labia, rubbing softly at the burning center of her arousal.

[I am mad Cherry. You showed all those strange perverts the body that should be mine alone. Send me a pic of it now. A private one. Just for your boyfriend.]

Seeing the embarrassing picture made public had put Charlotte into a state of hazy, lustful submission. She barely thought twice before spreading her legs and snapping a picture of her hot, dripping pussy, sending it to the pushy incel in her DMs.

He replied immediately.

[WTF, are you on the toilet? Gross. Take some sexy pictures for me in bed, like you did for the other guys.]

Shit. That simply wasn't possible. In fact, if she stayed in the bathroom for too long after telling Steven she felt sick, he might come to check on her, so staying here wasn't exactly safe either. She had to somehow get this guy to agree to wait.

[Sorry honey, I can't right now. But I will send you lots of hot pictures tomorrow, k?]

[Oh. You can't send me pictures right now, huh? I get it. You're with him. Your real boyfriend.]

Charlotte frowned. How did this guy know about her having a boyfriend? She certainly hadn't brought it up in any of her posts or DMs as Cherry.

But she didn't have time to think about it too closely, because her subscriber had already sent another text.

[What I say goes right now, Cherry. You're going to show me who you really belong to. Take another pic of your pussy. This time with the OTHER pussy that you call your boyfriend in the shot.]

Charlotte stared at the message in disbelief as her screen lit up with other notifications from her new post. This little worm couldn't be serious! There was just no way that was possible! ... Although the idea did turn her on, in a sneaky, taboo kind of way. She thought for a second about how it might be possible to take a picture of her wet throbbing pussy with Steven in the photo as well... and then shook her head, dismissing the thought. No. This was too far. She had to draw a line.

[I can't do that, honey. I'm sorry! I'll send you lots of hot pics tomorrow tho!]

The response was short.

[I sent you fifty dollars.]

Ok, now this felt sort of freaky. Didn't this response only make sense if this subscriber somehow knew about Grace's rules? But how could he? Had the other subscriber somehow spread the word that she would do anything for that amount?

But, frustratingly, he was right. If this annoying virgin perv didn't withdraw his demand, then Charlotte had no choice but to do what he wanted. Her whole body throbbed with filthy heat as she considered what to do. It annoyed her to no end that this little asshole held so much power over her in this moment. But once again, she was between a rock and a hard place, helpless and trapped in an obscene no-win predicament. And once again, all she could do was submit while growing hornier and hornier at her own powerlessness.

Well... it wouldn't make for a great picture, but there was one way...

Moving carefully, Charlotte got up and left the bathroom, slowly and gently turning the knob so that she didn't make a sound. She stealthily moved toward the living room, barely daring to breathe. There was a little lip around the open doorway leading from the hallway to the living

room. If she stood just there and angled the photo correctly, she might be able to get her bare pussy and her boyfriend in the same photo.

Her heart pounding and her pussy leaking down her thighs, Charlotte tugged her leggings and panties down to her knees, feeling the cool air of the apartment on her hot exposed flesh. With her heart pounding in her throat, she opened the camera on her phone and tried to find the right angle.

It was no good. She could easily get a picture of her pussy, and could get Steven in the shot with the right angle, but when she stood safely behind the lip of the doorway, getting both was impossible.

[I'm waiting...] texted the virgin impatiently.

Charlotte used her phone camera to look around the corner. Steven was absorbed in his phone, not paying attention. She just had to go for it.

Charlotte took a deep breath, her blood singing with adrenaline and lust, then stepped to the side. Her naked ass would be fully exposed if her boyfriend happened to glance up, not to mention the fact she was taking a nude photo. Charlotte almost fumbled the phone as she lined up the shot and snapped it: a photo of her wet leaking pussy with her loving boyfriend oblivious in the background.

Then she ducked back behind the lip of the doorway and sent the photo, the sweet burn of kinky submissive exhibitionism filling her body and soul.

[Lol. Look at that dopey loser. Doesn't even realize you're mine now.]

It wasn't until she got that message that Charlotte realized that, while she had kept her own face out of frame, she had just sent a clear shot of her boyfriend's face to a horny stranger on the internet.

Shit.

But it was too late to worry about it. "Baaabe," called Steven from the living room, "are you doing ok in there?"

Charlotte swiftly pulled up her pants with a flaming blush and hurried back to sit with her boyfriend. Because she had silenced the notifications, she was able to calm down and focus on being with Steven for a few hours. But the notifications and DMs kept pouring in.

And she would have to deal with them eventually.

...

“I almost couldn’t believe it,” said Rob, leaning across the bar and lowering his voice so the other customers wouldn’t overhear. “That snooty little brat. The one who’s always on my case about misogyny this, and chauvinism that. Flashing her slutty pussy all over the internet like a bitch in heat.”

“Kind of makes you wonder how much further she would be willing to go, huh?” asked Grace with a wicked smile.

Rob let out a nasty chuckle. “I must say that seeing the proud little feminist awakening to her true submissive instincts is pretty amusing... But just flashing her privates isn’t enough. I want to see her really learn her place.”

“I told you,” said Grace, her eyes flicking downward to the glass vial she had slid across the bar top, “there’s a way. If you just pay the admission fee.”

Rob looked down at the vial, then back up at Grace, pursing his lips. Then he scooped it up with one broad, hairy hand. “Fine. It’s a weird fucking request, but I can take care of that for you. Especially now that I’m thinking about how far “Cherry” can still fall.”

He turned to move toward his back office and gave Grace a crooked smile over his shoulder. “Sure you don’t want to come watch me “produce the sample”?”

“I’m sure,” said Grace, barely managing to keep a sneer of distaste off her face.

...

Charlotte looked down at her phone. Then scrolled up through the images Grace had just sent her. Screenshots of drafted emails. To Steven. To her boss. To her parents. All short and to the point: that there was something they ought to see. Each had a zip file attached simply titled “evidence”. There were also multiple screenshots of submission screens for porn websites, with the raw, uncensored photos from her nude shoot ready to upload.

Charlotte had screenshotted it all of course. Any lawyer would have a field day with this. What Grace was doing was wildly illegal. Charlotte looked past her phone, down to the bed where she had counted out her money. Every extra dollar she had earned through tips and her Simpspace. It was a lot. Maybe even enough now.

But Grace had made her orders crystal clear: the horrible, offensive, demeaning request that had just come in through DMs had to be taken care of tonight. And Grace planned to pull the trigger on ruining Charlotte’s life and relationship if she didn’t comply.

No lawyer in the world could work that fast. Charlotte might have the pleasure of taking Grace down with her, but she would be going out in a blaze of glory.

The only other option was to go along with the request for now, despite how humiliating it would be.

Biting her lip and already feeling thick, moist heat growing between her thighs, Charlotte gathered up her money and stuffed it back into her drawer. She could go see a lawyer tomorrow.

Tonight... she would be busy.

Charlotte made her way to the mirror, fought down the butterflies rioting in her belly, and picked up the marker. The commissioner had said to use a permanent marker, but Charlotte didn't think he would be able to tell the difference. So, in a tiny act of defiance, she had chosen something a bit more washable.

That might be the only tiny scrap of dignity that she managed to salvage all day.

Charlotte looked down at her naked chest, her breasts heaving, her pink pierced nipples stiff and prominent. Slowly and carefully, feeling her guts roil and her pussy throb, Charlotte carefully wrote a large capital S just above her tits, leaving just enough space for three more letters.

She managed to finish the L, U, and T, but afterward, she was forced to stop for a short break. Her hand worked swiftly and sloppily between her legs as she looked at herself in the mirror, marked with an insulting, misogynistic word on the orders of a perverted stranger from the internet. She had always been told to embrace empowerment and be sex-positive. She shouldn't be feeling this consuming, twisted lust from being controlled and degraded. But she couldn't resist the feeling, no matter how hard she tried.

With effort, Charlotte removed her hand from her juicy pussy. She had more to write... not to mention the fact that she should save some energy for the camera. Because this particular subscriber wasn't content with still images. He wanted a custom video. With some very specific requirements.

She had to get to work.

Taking up the marker, Charlotte wrote COCKSOCKET above her pussy, with a thick arrow pointing downward. Then she brought the marker to her forehead. This would be the hardest one to write. It should have disgusted Charlotte, but to her shame, her pussy clenched and fluttered with desperate submissive lust as she scrawled the awful words across her forehead.

DUMB CUNT

Ok... so far so good. Charlotte lost herself for another minute, whimpering in horrified pleasure as she looked at the insulting body writing in the mirror and rubbed her dripping pussy. Fuck! She had to stop wallowing in her humiliation and actually do the damn video! If she was masturbating anyway she might as well do it on camera and just get this over with.

She hurried to the bed, where she had already set up her camera mount. She slotted her phone into place, grabbed the surgical mask she had prepared, and put it on. It would be difficult to censor her features in a video without also covering the insulting words the subscriber had insisted she write on her forehead, so a mask seemed like the best option.

Charlotte fiddled with the app, setting up the video recording. Grace had shown her how to record videos directly in the Simpspace app the other day to help her better fulfill requests. Grace claimed that it was safer to use Simpspace directly: that way it would never end up on her phone storage or in the cloud, where Steven might find it.

Charlotte pressed the buttons that Grace had shown her to start the video recording, then hustled back in front of the camera. She got into position on the bed: on her knees, legs spread apart and pussy thrust forward. The subscriber who requested the video had specified that she be “all juicy and horny like in the pictures”, but it turned out that wasn’t an issue. She was already about as horny as she could get.

She placed her fingers on her hot, eager pussy, getting ready to begin, cleared her throat, and looked at the piece of paper she had taped to the wall behind the camera. She had written out the very specific lines that the requester had wanted so that she wouldn’t forget in the heat of the moment.

She would have to burn that sheet or flush it down the toilet when she was done. If Steven even saw a few ripped-up segments of this particular script, he would rightfully have some questions. Charlotte read the first line to herself, and her fingers began moving on their own between her legs. God, this was so humiliating. She had to just take the plunge and get on with it.

“I want...” she began, her voice breaking a little. She cleared her throat and began again, her hand beginning to move deeper and faster between her spread thighs. “I want to apologize.”

“...F-for being such a prissy stuck-up b-bitch. I walked around with my nose in the air, pretending that I was so much better than all of the men who happened to look at my body.”

Her hand was now making loud, wet sounds between her thighs as her fingers plunged and rubbed faster and faster.

Charlotte gulped as she looked at the next line down in the script. Just reading it in her head made the horrible, pleasurable feeling of degradation swell up inside her. She heard a notification buzz on her phone, but she was in the middle of this now and too busy to check it. The only way out was through.

“But I was wrong, It... it turns out that I’m not better than them. I’m beneath them in every way. A big, strong, smart man finally showed me my place in the world: as stupid, slutty eye candy for the men I used to look down on. My slutty little body is all that I’m good for. My fat ass...” her

hand reached back and gave herself a loud spank, just as requested, "...My firm, studded tits..." She reached up to pull one of her nipples out painfully far, drawing a pitiful whimper from her throat. "...a-and my most redeeming feature... Oh...ohhhhh... My tight, juicy little c-cunt!" Charlotte's fingers plunged and swirled deep in her slick, swollen pussy, thrusting it outward to show it off better when she edited and sent this video to her subscriber. She heard her phone buzz again with some sort of notification. They seemed to be coming in hot and fast again. Had Grace found something else to post?

She needed to finish the script before she came. Why did it feel so fucking good to say all of this horrible, degrading shit about herself? Why was it setting her cunt... her pussy on fire? Maybe all of this forced submission and exhibitionism was warping her sexuality somehow. That thought was horrifying by itself... but also sort of hot.

"So, p-please. Watch me cum my dumb bimbo brains out on camera. Stroke your cock and finally give me a sense of purpose. Help me prove that I am good for something, even if it is being spank material for random men on the internet. Watch me! Watch me cum!"

Then Charlotte redoubled her efforts, humping her fingers and letting out little slutty moans, her tits jiggling with the force of her swirling hips. Some dirty old man... some misogynist was watching this... had requested that she say all sorts of degrading things about herself... and she was validating him. Proving him right by drawing on herself and masturbating for his amusement. The terrible, kinky position of helpless humiliation was getting to her... and she began to buy into the fantasy of being a useless slutty joke. A bimbo whose only use was being jerk-off material.

As she approached climax, words began pouring out of her mouth, unscripted.

"Yes... yes, watch me. I'm a useless little slut. My only purpose is performing for men. And f-fucking them. Mmmmm, my body was built for fucking. Please... please use me." She didn't even know what she was saying anymore, let alone agree with it, but it all fed into the dark flames of arousal scorching her body. Her breath was hot and ragged and humid against her face in the mask, her muscles straining and trembling as her finger rubbed faster and harder and her hips thrust forward and back with needy desperation.

Finally, the tension inside her burst, releasing a hot, shameful orgasm. She moaned, pushing her pulsing pussy forward as her back arched and her fingers pressed and held. Her phone was going nuts, buzzing almost non-stop on its stand, but in the throes of her orgasm, Charlotte ignored it. She held and strained through her climax. Her pussy clenched around her fingers as the waves of pleasure crashed over her, whimpering again and again with her eyes squeezed shut tight.

Finally, she let out a weary breath and collapsed like a puppet with her strings cut. The mask suddenly seemed intolerably hot and wet on her face, so she plucked it off irritably as she rolled over and got out of bed on shaky legs. She needed to get this video edited and sent, clean up

from the shoot, and destroy her script before Steven got back. Then maybe she could make a plan to see a lawyer tomorrow and finally break out of this death spiral of submission and arousal. As she headed to her phone, she heard the bright, loud chime that meant that Grace had texted her, and she hurried forward with a worried frown.

As she picked up the phone from the camera setup, she noticed two things in quick succession.

The first was a text from Grace, reading:

[Wow. That's one way to attract new subscribers. I admire the hustle, slut!]

The other was the large, red-rimmed interface with bright words on the bottom reading: LIVESTREAM IN PROGRESS. Charlotte stared at her screen in incomprehension. Livestream? What did that mean? Then she saw the chat on the side, going nuts with comments about how fucking hot and slutty her "first stream" had been.

She received a DM from the user who had requested the video.

[Wow, Cherry! I was expecting a private video, but that was fucking perfect! Best fifty bucks I ever spent.]

The horrible reality finally got through to Charlotte's brain, and she hurriedly pressed the button to stop streaming. Her breathing was shaky and she felt faint. Now that she recalled, Grace did have one of her sly, cruel grins when she taught Charlotte "how to use Simpspace's video function" the other day. Shit. It had been a trap. A setup. And it had probably paid off better than Grace had ever expected. Charlotte had utterly degraded herself, not just in a private video, but for hundreds of men to see.

Not only that, realized Charlotte with horror... she had taken her mask off for a few seconds while still on camera. She hadn't thought it was a big deal at the time: she assumed she would have a chance to edit the video. How well had the audience been able to see her face? She would never know... unless someone had recognized her during that brief time.

Charlotte collapsed on the bed, head held in her hands. This felt like it was spiraling out of control... and she wasn't the one in the driver's seat. How much further would this go?

And why was it making her so fucking horny?