

Grace's pussy was topped with a dense, groomed patch of dark pubic hair. She always kept it that way. Certainly not a bush, but a symbol of her powerful, uncompromising femininity. Her refusal to bend to the preferences of men.

Currently, her flushed and swollen pussy lips beneath the dark thatch of hair were leaking a thick load of cum into a glass vial she held beneath it.

Beside her, Connor lay back against the pillow, arms crossed behind his head, his prominent skull tattoo dark against the pale skin of his chest. Grace had high and exacting standards when it came to sex partners, but Connor cleared the bar for a one-night stand at least... as long as he remembered his place.

"I always knew she was a slut," said Connor musingly, watching with fascination as Grace used her fingers to scoop out more of his thick cum into the vial. "I mean, she was for me at least. It's pretty hilarious she thought she could turn her back on her instincts and settle down with a nobody loser like what's-his-name."

"Mmmm," said Grace in soft agreement. "She's always been a juicy little slut at her core. I'm just giving her an excuse to show it off."

"And she thought she could get away from me," said Connor with a smirk. "I think we both know this whole thing will blow up in her face, and when it does, her pussy of a boyfriend will kick her to the curb. But I don't mind taking her back. Not as a girlfriend of course. I wouldn't date an e-girl skank. But she can be my slutty little secret."

Grace just smiled silently as she corked the sample and slid her thong back up her thighs. It wasn't going to go that way, of course. Connor could fuck Cherry as much as he wanted, but when it came to who would own her, Grace had no plans to give up her control.

"With this special promotion you mentioned," said Connor with an evil smirk, "I have a chance to prep Charlotte for returning to her real man. I think I have the perfect idea to pry her away from that boring nobody and get her lusting after me again."

"Do tell," said Grace, her eyes alight with aroused interest.

Connor let out a low, sinister chuckle. "Ever heard of those places that make a dildo shaped like your cock?"

...

The other day, one of the subscribers asked for Charlotte's address. The terrifying request had almost been enough for Charlotte to pull the trigger on her escape plan, even if she suspected she was a few bucks short. Luckily, even Grace had agreed that that was over the line, fifty

dollars or no. Giving out your home address to perverts online might get her killed, and Grace had bigger plans for her pet slut.

But Grace wasn't willing to shut the weirdo out completely. She had insisted that Charlotte set up a PO Box as an alternative if one of her loyal fans wanted to send her something, and this was the result: a package about the size of a loaf of bread sat on her bed, unmarked except for a non-descript shipping label.

Charlotte wearily opened her DMs, scrolling through the zoo of crude objectification and dick pics to find the requester who had sent this. Responding to each and every message had become impossible as well. Her number of subscribers had ballooned after her accidental degrading livestream, and Grace had grudgingly admitted that it wasn't reasonable for Charlotte to respond to almost a hundred dick pics a day.

But what she had demanded instead was worse. Charlotte had to record herself masturbating to unsolicited dick pics for at least ten minutes every night and send the video to her mistress. The worst part was that often... she climaxed. Sometimes, after she orgasmed, Charlotte wondered if maybe she was dragging this out on purpose. Was it possible that the reason she hadn't called a lawyer yet wasn't because she was actually short on cash... but because she had secretly started to enjoy Grace's control?

There was no point in dwelling on that troubling question right now. She had another task to complete. She finally found the original requester in her crowded inbox and sent him a message.

[I got the package!]

It took about ten minutes for the anonymous subscriber to respond, during which Charlotte felt her tension rising. What exactly was inside the package? Her fingers itched to open it, but the requester had specifically told her to wait until he gave her permission.

Finally, he responded.

[Finally. Open it up, slut. Take a look at your new obsession.]

Charlotte didn't need to be asked twice. She used a pair of scissors to slit the tape and ripped open the box, reaching inside to pull out...

Huh. Well, she supposed that this was the most obvious answer. It was a dildo made of soft silicone with a solid core, fully modeled balls, and a suction cup on the base. Big, but not incredibly so. Bigger than Steven's cock, certainly, but about the same size as some of her previous boyfriends. Considering how cartoonishly monstrous some fake dongs could get, this seemed tame by comparison.

The only thing that was unique about it was its realism. Instead of having just the suggestion of male anatomy like most of the dildos Charlotte had seen in the past, this one had realistic coloring and molded veins that made it appear almost lifelike.

[Thank you so much! It looks really fun! <3] she typed, hoping that accepting the gift was the beginning and end of this request. But she knew that she was being foolishly optimistic.

[This is going to be your new affair partner. Take a photo of you giving him a little kiss hello.]

Charlotte felt a tingle between her legs as she read the phrase “affair partner”. How did so many of her subscribers seem to know that she was dating someone? And this one seemed to have a kink for referencing that. It felt like a taboo subject to her. Thinking too hard about all the slutty things she was doing behind Steven’s back made a complicated knot of guilt and arousal form in her chest.

But this was a fifty-dollar requester. She had no choice but to do as he commanded. Charlotte didn’t even try to fight the feeling of erotic helplessness as she crossed the room to her dresser. Getting turned on by being ordered around and disrespected was becoming second nature to her.

She plucked a lace masquerade mask from its hiding place deep in her panty drawer, her hand brushing the thick wad of cash hidden beside it as she went. Ever since the requesters forced her hand on the subject of nude photos and videos, Charlotte had begun posting nude photos for her regular updates. Why not? The seal had been broken on that kind of content, and she might as well chase more popularity and lawyer money if nudes of her were available anyway.

The lace mask was her new solution for anonymity. It saved her the trouble of carefully lining up shots or blacking out her face later.

With her identity hidden, Charlotte took a selfie of her giving the realistic dildo a juicy, performative kiss and sent the snapped photo to the requester. It looked pretty good. Charlotte was getting a better and better sense of how best to perform for the camera.

[Good girl. Now a short video. Rub your new bull all over your face. Tell him how horny he’s making you. Oh... and by the way, this dildo has a name. Call it “Connor”.]

Charlotte felt her heart skip a beat as she read the name. Connor... In a lot of ways, her ex-boyfriend would always be a part of her. She spent most of the past five years in a passionate, tumultuous relationship with him. In retrospect, she could see that the relationship had been toxic. Now that she was with a caring, loving man like Steven, she realized that Connor had probably never really respected her.

But it hadn’t been all bad... The sex had been explosive. Volcanic. Connor was a Dom in bed, and had taught Charlotte the pleasure of submitting. It was a part of her sexuality that she would

always carry with her (even if Steven wasn't really up to the task of that kind of play), and she would always have a twisted gratitude to Connor for that. The submissive sexual tendencies Connor had first uncovered in her were being exploited and inflamed in a major way by Grace now, and she was reluctant to make that mental connection by naming the dildo "Connor". It was no doubt a coincidence. Maybe the requester didn't even really care what the dildo was named.

[Hmmm, can we name it something a bit more studly? Like maybe "Chad" or "Brock" ;)]

It was worth a shot. But her subscribers weren't normally in a compromising mood by the time they got Cherry under their command.

[No. Your new bull is "Connor". Get used to it. Now send me that video.]

Charlotte sighed. Just her luck. This subscriber must also be named Connor. Well, she would have to just get through it and try not to think too hard about her toxic ex-boyfriend.... And his big dominant cock.

That was easier said than done when she was forced to take a video nuzzling her face against the rigid length of the fake cock and moaning things like "Connor... Oh Connor... I'm so happy to meet you. You're so big and strong... I'm so glad to have you as my Bull". The word "Bull" tingled on her lips. She was sexually experienced and kinky enough to know the word's implication, at least in vague terms. This requester wanted to frame her play with the dildo specifically as her cheating on Steven.

It made her feel guilty... but there was a sneaky arousal growing inside her at the thought as well. It was a little kinky to be sneaking around behind Steven's back with another man... even if that man was a dildo.

And the name... the name was having an effect on her as well, even though she was trying her best to separate it from her ex-boyfriend in her head. "Connor... oh Connor..." she moaned, dragging the rubber cock across her soft lips. It brought her mind back vividly to how the real Connor loved to do the same thing... making her kneel in front of him and rubbing his cock all over her face, marking her as his. She could practically smell his cock now... feel his throbbing heat.

Charlotte stopped the recording, shaking her head to clear it. That should be enough. She had already done what the requester asked for; no reason to go crazy here. Even if it did feel kind of good.

She sent the video and lay back on her bed, awaiting a response. Her whole body was flushed and she could feel moist heat growing between her legs. Her humiliating new Simpspace career didn't seem to be satisfying her sexual needs at all. Oddly, since she had been forced into

sexual servitude to Grace, her libido had spiked, even though she was getting off much more often than usual.

And Steven was taking care of her needs worse than ever. How long had it been since he fucked her? A week? Two? No wait... they had given it a try the Friday before last. Right after the movie night where Grace posted her photos. Normally these days he had trouble getting it up, but that night he had the opposite problem, cumming only after a few short strokes in her pussy.

Charlotte loved Steven a lot, but he needed to step up. His failure to perform and her rising libido made it feel like Charlotte was building up to some sort of terrible climax. She needed some way to release the sexual tension inside her.

The requester finally replied. First, just an eggplant emoji, followed by another message.

[Perfect. So fucking hot. Just one more video before you've earned every penny of your fee. Ride your new Bull. Moan his name and tell him how much better he is than your cuck boyfriend.]

Charlotte's pulse thumped in her ears as she read the filthy words. There it was, the worst word of all, right out in the open.

Cuck.

Charlotte had never considered anything she had done so far to be cheating on her boyfriend. Was it all disrespectful to him? Yes. Would he be upset if he found out? Hell yes. But it was all just images and dirty talk. She wasn't doing anything with the anonymous subscribers besides giving them jerk-off material. Besides, it was all coerced, so it wasn't even her fault.

But this... this command was asking her to cross a very important mental line. It was asking her to play with the idea of betraying Steven. The fact that it was with a dildo that had the name of the man who made Steven so incredibly insecure only made it spicier.

Charlotte gripped the thick, rigid shaft of the dildo in her hand, feeling the coiling of dark hot lust in her core. She had no choice after all. So what if she felt a kinky little thrill from the task she was being forced to complete? No one would ever have to know that.

She got up and pulled her little camera tripod out of its hiding place in the closet, setting it up pointed at the open stretch of floor between the bedroom door and the bed. She shimmied out of her panties and shorts, a little embarrassed by the wet spot she noticed when stepping out of them. After a moment's thought, she pulled off her shirt and tossed aside her sports bra as well. The subscriber hadn't requested that she be fully naked, but she thought it would look better.

She pushed the suction cup of the dildo down firmly onto the hardwood floor and it stuck fast, pointing upward with an obscene wobble. Then she started the recording and stepped in front of the camera, bare except for a black lace mask.

Taking a deep breath, she squatted down, spreading her thick thighs to reveal her glistening pussy, swollen with arousal. With one hand, she reached down and gripped the shaft of the fake cock, rubbing it back and forth across her slit and lubing its surface with her juices. She shivered with pleasure, then began speaking her taboo lines.

“Mmmm, Connor,” she purred, closing her eyes in ecstasy, “you feel so good.” In her mind, she flashed back to squatting above her ex-boyfriend the same way, feeling his hot, hard dick teasing at the entrance of her eager hole.

“So much better than...” Charlotte let out a little whimper as the soft, realistic tip of the dildo rubbed across her engorged clit. This next part would be the hardest... and maybe the most arousing. “...Than my c-cuck boyfriend,” she said in a low raspy voice. Her insides twisted as the foul word crossed her lips. She had done it... insulting her loving boyfriend on camera. And it felt fucking good. Upsetting and guilt-inducing, but good.

She couldn't resist chasing that feeling. “Fuck me, Connor,” she gasped, sinking slowly down the realistic length of the silicone shaft. God, it filled her up just right. She hadn't realized how much she missed being stuffed like this until just now. Even before he had become such a dud in bed, Steven wasn't as big or forceful as some of her exes.

Charlotte sat for a moment, breathing heavily, squatting low with her pussy snugly gripping the full length of the dildo. Then she began moving. Slowly at first, with powerful, rolling hip motions. “MMMMM, yeah baby,” she groaned in delight as her pussy clenched and squirmed around the invading dildo. “You feel so fucking good inside me. So hard. So thick. Not like...”

She didn't have to. She had already badmouthed Steven once. She could probably leave it at that and still claim that she followed the subscriber's orders. But now she was already in the fantasy... of fucking someone else other than her boyfriend... of enjoying them more.

“Not like my limp little boyfriend!” she moaned, savoring the twisted mix of guilt and desire building inside her. “You're better. Oh Connor, you're more of a man than he could ever be. Fuck me!” And now, despite herself, she was picturing the real Connor. Her hips began to pick up speed, sweat dripping from her forehead as she made sweet little unselfconscious grunts of pleasure, riding up and down the thick dildo beneath her, her pierced tits bouncing and jiggling as she bucked. She imagined Connor's dark, wicked eyes. His lean muscle. His deep, forceful voice ordering her to ride him faster, to make him cum.

She especially remembered the feeling of his cock. In fact, as her hips began to hump and grind with needy, eager speed, she began to feel very very nostalgic. Was it just the name? Or did this dildo remind her even more deeply of Connor for some reason? She tried to think, but she

was approaching orgasm rapidly, little whines bursting from her throat, her hips slamming down with wet rhythmic sounds, taking the dildo all the way down to its rubber balls with every stroke.

She was about to cum... she was almost there... Connor's face floated in her vision, hard and cruel and commanding and impossibly fucking hot.

Charlotte had almost no time to react when she heard Steven's keys in the lock. The bedroom was near the front door, and once Steven saw she wasn't on the couch, he would come to the bedroom right away to find her.

She had maybe fifteen seconds.

Working on pure adrenaline and instinct, Charlotte launched up off the ground, kicked her clothes under the bed, snatched the dildo off the ground with a wet pop of a releasing suction cup and dived into bed, pulling the sheets up to her chin and holding the dildo beneath them.

She didn't take down the tripod setup. If she had tried, she would have been caught. Immediately after she had gotten into position and snatched off the lace mask, Steven opened the door to the bedroom. "Hey babe," he said casually, "still in bed?"

"Yeah," said Charlotte with a convincing attempt at casualness, her hand gripping the slick shaft of her new dildo tightly beneath the sheets. "Just been lounging around today. They let you go early?"

Steven shrugged. "Yeah, the boss was there and it was slow, so..." he noticed the tripod and went silent. A strange look crossed his face, sort of haunted, but also... turned on? For a second, Charlotte thought he might have caught on that something was up. She looked down and saw to her horror that there were noticeable droplets of feminine juices on the floor from where they had dripped down the dildo.

But Steven just mildly said, "Huh, so what's this?" gesturing awkwardly to Charlotte's phone mounted in the tripod.

"I... I've been thinking about trying out some of those dances that girls do online," lied Charlotte frantically. "Too tiring. I decided to take a nap."

If he checked the phone, Steven would see that the video was still recording. He might even see how the video had begun. Charlotte felt wet all over... sweat dripped down her face, the remains of her arousal seeped slowly down her thighs.

Steven looked at her closely, his eyebrows lowered and an unreadable emotion in his eyes. Finally, he cleared his throat and said, "That's great babe. I'm proud of you for trying something new. See you in a sec, I'm going to take a quick shower." As he headed toward the bathroom,

his foot barely missed slipping in the warm droplets of feminine arousal that Charlotte had left on the floor.

When she heard the shower turn on, Charlotte finally had enough time to get up, put on some clothes, wipe up her mess, and put away her tripod. She still couldn't believe she had been that lucky. Steven had barely questioned the fact she owned recording equipment. Maybe he was a little TOO trusting...

Finally, she flopped back on the bed, feeling relieved... but she still had to send that video to the subscriber who had requested it. It needed heavy editing. After all, Steven had walked in at the end in full view of the camera! But she had no time to edit right now. Steven would be out of the shower in a minute or two, then they would be together for a few hours before it would be time for her to go to work.

There was only one option. What else did she have a "manager" for anyway if not for a situation like this? Charlotte swiftly sent the unedited video to Grace with a short message.

[Mistress, I'm sorry, but Steven came home early. Could you edit this video and send it to the subscriber so I don't keep him waiting?]

She waited, almost holding her breath in tension. Maybe this hadn't been a good idea. Grace could be a little... touchy if she thought Charlotte was being disrespectful. But it seemed like Grace was willing to be reasonable this time.

[Yeah, I can take care of it.]

Charlotte sighed in relief. Just one other thing to take care of. She looked at the realistic dildo, still sticky with her juices. The request had been just to use it once. She would be well within her rights to throw it away. In fact, that would probably be the smart choice. One less thing around the apartment that might make Steven suspicious. But the cock had felt good... Charlotte got up and tucked the dirty dildo into her panty drawer right next to her thick wad of ill-gotten cash, along with the lace mask.

Why throw away a perfectly good sex toy?

...

Grace wasn't the type to cackle evilly. A bit too... tacky for her tastes. But it was hard to hold back right now.

The dumb little slut still thought for some reason that Grace's goal was to run a successful Simpspace business. That had never been the plan. The plan was and had always been to humiliate and degrade Charlotte completely and utterly.

And the video Charlotte had just foolishly sent her would help accomplish that.

First, she sent the unedited video to Connor. She knew he would get a kick out of Steven's dopey, horny face as he walked in on his girlfriend's slutty recording.

Next, she did apply some edits... although not the ones Charlotte was hoping for. She blurred and distorted Steven's voice, but kept his portion of the video in. Then, she created a new post for Charlotte's subscribers titled "My Cucky Boyfriend Almost Caught Me!!!! <3 <3 <3." Her thumb hovered over the "post" button... Then she reconsidered.

Not because she thought it was going too far of course. It was just a question of timing. For the past month, she had been tormenting Steven. Stopping by his apartment every once in a while and "showing him the new evidence" from the Simpspace account. Manipulating him into a state of horny uncertainty over whether "Cherry Sweets" was his girlfriend. The fucking idiot. The nude photos should have been enough proof to settle the question. At this point he was just desperately lying to himself.

But this one would be the final straw. It was finally time to break the awful, obvious news to poor, oblivious Steven.

She didn't want him to find out alone. Grace wanted to be there when Steven was forced to connect the dots.

...And there was also the matter of Charlotte's little nest egg. It was obvious just looking at the little bitch that Charlotte believed she had some sort of ace in the hole. There was just a certain defiance that glittered in the back of her eyes even when she obeyed. It had to be the money. Charlotte was withdrawing it from the Simpspace account regularly, and when Grace had tricked Steven into showing her his bank account a few days ago, it certainly wasn't there. Charlotte hadn't made any big purchases lately either that Grace could see, so that left only one possibility.

She was hoarding it somewhere. And Grace was pretty sure it wouldn't be that hard to find. Charlotte didn't know that Grace had been regularly visiting her house when she wasn't home, so Grace doubted that she had hidden the money too carefully. Charlotte wouldn't know what hit her.

Grace slipped her phone into her purse and got up.

Time to make another housecall.

...

Steven sat on the edge of his bed, stunned and confused and frustratingly horny.

Charlotte had left for work a few minutes ago, which at least meant he didn't have to pretend that everything was fine in front of her.

He didn't want to believe the evidence, but it was piling up deeper and deeper. That naked photo shoot the day before had almost broken him. The thin line of black covering "Cherry Sweet's" eyes had left very little up to the imagination. Cherry looked like Charlotte. Almost exactly like Charlotte. And the photos had been taken on a bed that looked almost exactly like their bed. The other subscribers even whispered about a legendary Livestream where Cherry had allegedly accidentally done a brief face reveal, although Steven had been at work when it happened.

Steven still clung desperately to the small, unlikely chance that it might all be some sort of misunderstanding. Grace had been helpful with that. Over the last month, Charlotte's tall, dark best friend had been coming over frequently to go over the "new evidence" with him... and to "help soothe his anxiety" with the help of her feet.

They had eventually graduated from over-the-pants rubbing, and now Grace's pale, delicate feet rubbed up and down his naked cock every time she came over, all while Steven watched Cherry's newest releases.

In other words, he was getting regular footjobs from his girlfriend's best friend. It was a fucked up situation. And getting his balls frequently drained in such a perverted way certainly wasn't helping his bedroom difficulties with Charlotte. But Steven couldn't help it. Grace was insistent that he accept this kind of "help", and he wasn't strong enough to refuse.

Grace had been the one to convince Steven to hold out hope. She told him that it wasn't unusual for two unrelated people to look similar, and that the similarities between the filming location and their bedroom meant nothing. And so Steven had maintained his increasingly foolish hope.

But today was... troubling. Charlotte had filming equipment set up when he came in. Why would she bother to buy that kind of stuff if she wasn't using it? And that wasn't even mentioning her sweaty, blushing panic when he came into the room. Those sheets pulled tightly up to her chin could have been hiding anything.

Steven didn't want to believe it. But he had still been obsessively checking Cherry's Simpspace page since Charlotte left for work. Would something pop up? A new post filmed this morning?

An alert buzzed on his phone and Steven's mouth went dry. A new post by Cherry Sweets. Just as he was about to click into it, his cock throbbing painfully in his pants, the doorbell rang.

Steven looked up, torn between answering the door and just quickly checking what Cherry had posted. But, in the end, he didn't have it in him to be rude. He rose and went to the front door of

the apartment, opening it swiftly with the hope of getting whoever it was to leave as quickly as possible.

Grace favored him with a knowing smirk, her eyes flicking downward to Steven's poorly concealed boner as she breezed past him into the apartment. "What's the matter, loser? Been thinking about my feet too much?" She asked smugly. That was the other thing about Grace's visits... although in the end she always encouraged Steven to be optimistic and hold out hope, her attitude toward him had grown a little... sharp.

She turned and looked back at him with mocking eyes from deeper inside the apartment. Today, she wore a tartan skirt, ripped fishnets, and a skin-tight sleeve-length black sweater. "Are you going to just stare at me, or are you going to close the door?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

Steven shook himself and closed the door behind them, locking it tight. His brain felt slow right now, trapped in a prison of anxiety and lust. He watched stupidly as Grace breezed into his bedroom like she owned the place. With a confused blink, he followed after her.

"Ummm, Grace, why are you here?" He asked, his eyebrows wrinkling as he saw Grace standing in front of Charlotte's dresser, rifling through it. "Did you... did you see Cherry's latest post?"

"Oh, she just posted?" asked Grace lightly, holding up one of Charlotte's midriff-baring tops speculatively. "No, I didn't see it, loser. I was just checking up on you." Without warning, Grace grabbed the bottom hem of her sweater and tugged it swiftly over her head, revealing her lithe, creamy-skinned back, uncovered by any bra.

Grace half turned to give him a teasing glance over her naked shoulder. "But now that there's a new post, we can go over it together, right?"

"G-grace... what... what are you...?" stuttered Steven, dry-mouthed and stunned by her unexpected nudity, even if he could only view it from behind.

Grace rolled her eyes and slipped Charlotte's shirt on, giving Steven the slightest glimpse of a pale nipple. "Don't make it weird, loser. Besties try on each other's clothes all the time. Besides, I thought this would be good for you. Really make you feel like your girlfriend was here supporting you through this tough time."

Steven wanted to protest that most girls tried on clothes while their friend was in the room with them, not their friend's boyfriend, but Grace had already picked out a tiny pair of Charlotte's jeans shorts and was unzipping her skirt.

With his cheeks flaming, Steven abruptly turned around. Grace hadn't been wearing a bra... maybe she didn't have panties either. Staring at her pussy was definitely crossing a line with Charlotte's friend.

There were more sounds of drawers opening and clothes being rustled, but he didn't dare turn around now. Suddenly, Grace let out a low evil chuckle and said quietly, as if to herself, "There it is... you sneaky little bitch..." Steven frowned in confusion. What did she mean by that, exactly? He was about to turn when he heard two quick spritzes of perfume and smelled Charlotte's usual fresh, fruity scent roll across the room. One slim finger traced along his back as Grace circled around him, wearing his girlfriend's too-big clothes with a smirk on her face.

"So sweet of you to control those wandering eyes, little guy. Let's just hope your naughty girlfriend is just as loyal..."

Grace reached out with a stiff, forceful push, knocking Steven down to sit on the bed with an *oof*. Before he even had time to process, she had plopped down beside him and snuggled up, pulling out her phone and navigating to Simpspace. It was surreal to see the pale, slim Grace in Charlotte's clothes... and oddly erotic too. The strange combination sent mixed signals and arousal spiraling through Steven's mind.

"So Cherry just posted, huh?" said Grace, her voice roiling with an undercurrent of anticipation just barely papered over with false concern. "Let's watch it together, just you and me. How bad could it be, right?"

As she tapped the new post, Grace's eyes widened and she let out a small gasp. Steven stared at her nervously, his eyes wide with anxious horror. "Sorry, loser," said Grace with a smirk, "looks preeetty bad to me."

She turned to show him the phone, and Steven felt a swell of complex emotions surge up inside him.

The post title read "My Cucky Boyfriend Almost Caught Me!!! <3 <3 <3". Steven felt his heart sink with corrosive jealousy and his cock throb to life with impotent lust at the same time. Cucky... That hateful word and all its forms had become a major trigger for Steven, especially since Grace seemed to take great pleasure in saying it just as he came all over her feet. Reading it written by someone who might be his girlfriend was stunningly erotic and distressing at the same time.

"Hmmm, this is going to be tough for you, isn't it?" said Grace, her voice dripping with sympathy. "I think, as a special treat... I'm going to let you use my hand today, loser."

She reached immediately to unzip Steven's jeans, ignoring his feeble protests: "Grace n-no... I... I can't. Charlotte..."

Grace raised an eyebrow, wrapping a fist tight around the base of Steven's stiff cock. "Don't fight it, loser. Just think of me as Charlotte right now. I get the feeling you're going to need the support while you watch this one."

With that, she tapped the play button on the Simpspace video, her other hand beginning to give him a slow, teasing handjob. On the screen, a realistic dildo sat stuck to a wooden floor. A wooden floor that looked suspiciously like the floor of their bedroom, but it could have been everywhere.

Charlotte walked into frame, completely naked and wearing a lace mask. No... Cherry. It was Cherry who was now squatting and spreading her thick thighs above the obscenely jutting fake cock, not Charlotte. Not necessarily.

Steven almost felt like he was going to pass out as Cherry reached beneath her and teased her dripping pussy with the dildo... moaning Connor's name. His heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest. His cock felt like it was on fire in Grace's pumping hand. Connor, the ex-boyfriend he so hated and feared. The one who Charlotte always went back to. Her sweet, breathy voice said his name with such... reverence.

Then she said it... that foul, erotic word passed Cherry Sweet's lips, which looked identical to Charlotte's.

Cuck.

Grace's hand seized, vice-like at the base of Steven's cock as his hips bucked involuntarily upward, preventing him from cumming prematurely to his own humiliation. "Hold on there, loverboy," she chuckled, "it's not time to spurt yet. You still haven't seen the best part!"

Dimly, Steven registered that Grace had said something that didn't make sense. How could Grace know that a "best part" was coming up if this was the first time she was seeing it? But he was too focused on the screen to protest. Cherry was now humping smoothly up and down the fake cock, impaling her pussy on its rigid length, moaning for Connor again and again.

Steven's breathing was hard and ragged, his mind a flurry of conflicting emotions. Grace's hand pumped mercilessly on his drooling cock, the smell of his girlfriend's perfume heavy in his nose.

"Wait for it loser," whispered Grace, "wait for the twist..."

On the screen, Cherry suddenly looked up toward a noise that didn't register on the camera. Moving quickly, she got up, and snatched the dildo off the ground, moving out of frame. The door swung open...

And there he was. Steven himself. His face was blurred, and his voice had been modified somehow, but he recognized the words he said, and his clothes.

And everything snapped into place. Every obvious piece of evidence he had been desperate to ignore. Cherry was obviously Charlotte. She had been all along.

And that meant she had been riding a thick dildo and moaning her ex-boyfriend's name... calling Steven a cuck.

This time Grace didn't stop him. Instead, for some strange reason, she pulled out a glass vial and held it to the tip of Steven's cock as he spurted, squirting a shameful load of cum into the clear glass tube, filling it with creamy white sperm.

Steven sat slumped forward on the edge of the bed as his orgasm faded and the hard cold truth hit him. Humming to herself, Grace capped the vial and dropped it into a plastic baggie.

Steven fell back onto the bed with a heartbroken groan. Now that he had cum, the truth behind the Simpspace account didn't feel taboo and sexy anymore. It felt depressing. Charlotte was Cherry Sweets, internet slut. She had been showing off her naked body behind his back. Mocking him as a cuckold for her internet fans. And why had she been moaning Connor's name?

"Hey," said Grace, nudging him with one slim foot. "Why the long face, loser? Isn't this exactly what you wanted?"

Despite his crushing despair, what Grace had said was so bizarre that he raised his head to give her a confused glare. "What?" He shook his head and let it fall back to the mattress. "Of course not. Why would I want my girlfriend to send naked pictures to other guys?"

Grace let out a low evil chuckle and rose from the bed beside him, crossing back over to the dresser and opening Grace's panty drawer. "Oh, sweetie, you're looking at this all wrong!" she said in a sweet, poisonous tone. She dug around in the drawer for a moment, her hand emerging with the same black lacey pair that Steven had bought for her last Valentine's day... the pair she had worn for her first ever Simpspace shoot. Her other hand clutched something else, maybe softball-sized, but swiftly hid it behind her back. Steven was too distracted by what Grace planned to do with the panties to pay much attention to what was in her other hand.

Steven looked up as Grace walked back across the room toward him with a teasing, hip-swaying walk, his girlfriend's panties dangling from her finger. "Just listen loser," she purred, popping open the button of Charlotte's jean shorts and dropping them to the ground, "I think once you think about this a little more, you'll see things my way."

Steven had tried to resist earlier when Grace was changing, but he couldn't look away this time. As the shorts slid down her thighs, Grace revealed that she hadn't worn any panties today. Her pussy was perfect, plump, and flushed with desire, whether from the handjob or watching his suffering, Steven couldn't tell. It was topped by a precisely shaped, but thick and dense triangular patch of dark pubic hair. Although he had thought he was utterly spent, Steven felt his still-sticky, oozing cock twitch and begin to swell. Grace tossed whatever else she was holding down to land on her discarded skirt. Then, with agonizing slowness, her mocking eyes fixed on

Steven, Grace bent at the waist, stepping into Charlotte's panties and pulling them up, snug and tight against her horny pussy.

Then she moved forward again, approaching Steven with a confident step. He made a weak sound of alarm as Grace straddled him, but didn't have the strength to resist. His heart pounded hard in his chest as the dominant goth pressed her soft, hot pussy firmly against his rapidly swelling cock, separated only by a thin layer of lace.

"Grace, what... what are you doing?" He gasped, trying ineffectively to scramble back.

"Getting you in the right headspace," she said simply. "Helping you accept your place." With a muscular roll of her hips, she slid forward along her unfortunate victim's cock, sending sizzling bolts of pleasure through his brain as her pussy ground downward, beginning to soak through the panties.

"Grace, no... wait..."

"Shut up. You keep whining and crying about your sneaky little girlfriend, loser, but you know what I see?" said Grace sharply, her slowly grinding picking up speed. "I keep seeing this worthless little cock alllll stiff and eager at the same time. Almost like you get off on Charlotte's slutty side."

"That's..." gulped Steven, "I mean... I..." It was true that his jealousy for Charlotte had always included a certain element of arousal, but that didn't mean the picture Grace was trying to paint was true.

"They have a name for guys that get all turned on when their women fool around with other men... A word that you hate. A word you've been doing everything to avoid..." Steven's cock was now coated in Grace's hot, slick juices, but still separated from her by the barrier of cloth. He breasted heavily as she loomed above him, smirking down as her hips humped and swirled, utterly in control.

"I'm not... I'm not a c... a cu..." He couldn't say it. Didn't want to even think it. His cock throbbed with forbidden lust. "I don't want that! I don't want Charlotte to... to be with other guys!"

"That's what they all say!" Grace chuckled. "*Oh, it's just a fantasy... Not something I would actually want in real life!* Give me a break."

She suddenly stopped dead, her icy blue eyes filled with disgust and command as she stared down at Steven. Her hips continued to bear down, but produced no more grinding pressure. "If you want a chance of a happily ever after with Charlotte, you need to admit it. You need to tell me what you are."

Steven panted. He did want Charlotte. He wouldn't be able to bear it if she left him for another man... and was it really so bad to... to enjoy that kind of thing? A lot of guys did. But most importantly, what he wanted more than anything was to cum from Grace's hot wet pussy grinding his girlfriend's panties down into him.

"I'm a..." he said, trying to swallow some of the dryness from his mouth.

"...I'm a cuck."

"Good boy," purred Grace, and her hypnotic, swirling hip movements began again immediately. "That wasn't so hard, now was it?" Steven closed his eyes, feeling the terrible humiliation blend with the incredible sensation of Grace's pussyjob. He almost succeeded in shutting out her stream of degrading dirty talk.

Almost.

"Really, you should be thankful," said Grace, totally in control despite the obvious arousal of her hot, wet pussy. "You've got it good compared to a lot of cucks. Charlotte isn't even fucking other guys! Just letting them see all her bits. And you get to see them too... if you pay, of course."

Steven tried to raise his hands and grab Grace's hips, but she slapped them contemptuously away. She was in charge here. "All you need to do is keep quiet and keep loving her. Let her think she has you fooled... and you'll get all the cuckold spank material your little dicklette desires."

Steven squirmed beneath her, feeling himself building up to another submissive orgasm. Grace's hips ground her soft wet pussy down relentlessly against his cock.

"But let me give you one last parting gift... a little rumor that I've heard from other subscribers," hissed Grace above him, her eyes glittering. "If you offer Cherry Sweets enough money, she'll fulfill any request you give... including sleeping with someone on camera."

Steven moaned, trying to resist his oncoming orgasm. "But I... I don't want her to sleep with another man!" he protested feebly. He pictured Charlotte on camera in her flimsy lace mask, squatting over the real Connor as the arrogant prick reached up to slap her ass. His climax suddenly felt even closer.

"Who said a man?" asked Grace slyly. "We can cross THAT bridge when we come to it. But what you could do..." her eyes were heated as her hips picked up speed even further. Steven sucked in a breath. Here it was... he was going to topple over the edge now for sure.

"... is ask her to sleep with a woman. And who do you think she might choose? Maybe her best friend?" asked Grace as Steven grunted and came, this time firing his shameful load all over his

belly. Grace pulled away just in time to let Steven make a mess only on himself. She was untouched.

Without another word, Grace took off Charlotte's shirt and panties, tossing the now-moist underwear to Steven with a smirk. Steven lay back, breathing heavily and feeling drained. He didn't even watch as Grace redressed in her own clothes.

"Were you serious about that rumor?" he asked, just as Grace finished re-zipping her skirt. Grace flashed him a sharp, predatory grin.

"Dead serious. Why, curious to see what your precious, innocent girlfriend looks like with another woman? Well, don't take my word for it. As Cherry herself. She can let you know for sure how eager she is to meet your request."

"I... I don't think I can," said Steven sheepishly. "Money is a little tight at the moment. For a request like that..."

Grace laughed. "But that's the best part, Cucky! I have to admit that I'm enthusiastic about this potential video too... So, tell you what..." She tossed something to Steven, and his eyes widened as he saw that it was a thick wad of hundred dollar bills wrapped in rubber bands, so many that it was difficult to fold them over anymore. "...I'll bankroll this one. I think this is enough to interest 'Cherry'. Even for an extreme request like this one."

"B-but," stuttered Steven, staring stupidly at the thick stack of money, "What... How did you...?"

"Don't ask stupid questions," said Grace, scooping up her purse, and heading for the door of the room. "It's free fucking money, how often does that happen? Just make sure to put it on a prepaid card or something. Can't have Cherry figuring out who the big spender is, can we?"

Steven stared up at her covered in his own sticky, cooling cum and clutching the strange, unexplained wad of cash to his chest. She did have a point... why question how he had gotten the money? He was sure he wouldn't like the answer even if he got one.

But one last thing was bothering him.

"Why did you collect some of my cum?" he asked, somehow knowing he would dread this answer too.

Grace laughed. "That's for me to know and for you to find out, loser," she said with a nasty wink.

"But trust me, when you do, it's going to blow that little cucky mind."

...

Charlotte spent that Friday in a state of paranoid anxiety.

There was no way that Grace could monitor the DMs on Simpspace 24/7 right? Charlotte had deleted it almost right away. So Grace would probably never even know about the obscene suggestion that the subscriber had made.

She tried to focus on her work and not what the subscriber requested, but it was difficult. Tonight, the wardrobe that Grace had picked out for her were tiny spandex shorts that bit into her plump thighs and an equally miniature crop top that bared her soft, feminine belly to all of the appreciative bar patrons. Charlotte was finding more and more that the lustful eyes of her customers at the bar were an irresistible turn-on, and all of that pent-up arousal made it even more difficult to avoid thinking about the DM.

It had come in this morning, just after Steven left for work. It was a lot simpler and more straightforward than some of the other requests she had received recently.

[I want to see a video of you with another woman.]

And then he had sent through a truly ridiculous donation. Almost as much as she had saved up in her panty drawer. It was way more than any of the other requesters had offered. Clearly this loser perv hadn't heard the rumor that Cherry would do anything for fifty bucks. But, to be fair, it was a much more serious request. Up until now, Charlotte had displayed herself, even masturbated in various ways on camera. But she had never crossed that all-important line. She had never cheated on her boyfriend. She had never had sex with someone for the Simpspace.

So obviously this request was unacceptable, even if the thought of it did fill her belly with hot, squirming lust. What would Steven think if he knew she was forced to have sex with another woman? He would never forgive her. She had considered trying to delete DMs before as a defense against Grace's little game, and this was the one that had finally made her pull the trigger. In fact, maybe it was time to pull the trigger on her escape plan as well. She had immediately pressed the withdraw button when the huge donation had gone through, so with double her savings, she could unquestionably afford a lawyer now. She may have waited too long in fact, telling herself it was fine to play the game a little longer and build up money. Lying to herself because she had sort of enjoyed the degradation... Well it had to end tonight. This request was definitely a step too far.

Now all she had to do was hope that Grace hadn't somehow figured out that...

Grace slipped onto the stool in front of Charlotte, a catlike smile on her face, jolting Charlotte out of her distracted thoughts. She looked as dangerously sexy as usual today, wearing a daring halter top that left her pale, lithe back exposed and jeans that were practically painted on around her hips and ass, but shredded all down the front, exposing the skin of her thighs.

“Hey Cherry,” she said casually, making Charlotte break into a cold sweat and glance nervously around the bar from her casual use of her porn name. “You look like you’re daydreaming. What’s on your mind? Me? Sex? Both?” Her cold blue eyes sparkled with malice as her face spread into a wicked grin.

Charlotte blushed heavily. She knew that Grace was just fishing, but she was also kind of right. Charlotte was well aware who would have been her ‘costar’ if she didn’t pull the plug on Grace’s sick game. As much as she hated Grace, that fact was a huge part of why she found the suggestion so arousing. Being forced to do such obscene things by her ‘mistress’ had become a huge turn-on. She shuddered to think about how it would have felt to be ordered around in bed by her dominant nemesis.

“Very funny, Grace,” she said stiffly, turning around and rearranging bottles so that Grace couldn’t see her face. “But you know I don’t fucking swing that way.”

Grace let out a low, purring chuckle from behind her. “Well we’ll find out tonight, won’t we, Cherry?”

Charlotte froze, a thrill of fear racing up her spine, giving her goosebumps. She turned slowly to see Grace giving her a look like a cat who had caught a mouse. “What?” She asked numbly. “I... I’m not sure I know what you...”

“It’s funny,” said Grace in a low, iron-hard voice. “All the men in this bar want nothing more than to take you home and fuck your brains out. But none of them can. Only me. You’re all mine tonight, Cherry. Did you really think you would be able to fool me that easily? Deleting DMs? Really? You thought that would work? I hope you’re ready for your girl-on-girl debut.”

That weak, hopeless, poisonously erotic feeling was crashing over Charlotte once again, making her knees weak and her mind fuzzy. “Grace... Mistress... I... I...” she stuttered incoherently. “I can’t! Steven will be waiting for me.”

Grace shrugged lightly. “So tell him you’re sleeping over with me. Or don’t, I don’t give a fuck. Your relationship with that pathetic loser isn’t really my concern.”

“Wait...” said Charlotte desperately, feeling a dark, twisted heat building between her thighs, “At least let me go home for a minute and make my excuse in person. Steven will blow up my phone all night otherwise!” Shit. She would have to go home, retrieve her money stash, and act fucking fast. But at this point she had money to spare... maybe she could even get a lawyer out of bed to take her case.

Grace shrugged lightly, as if it didn’t matter to her. “Fine,” she said in a heated whisper. “Go home and say your sweet goodbyes to the little cuck. Then get ready to have your world rocked, Cherry.”

...

Charlotte hurried into her apartment, heart and mind racing as she headed straight to the bedroom. Steven looked up at her from the bed, startled as he looked up from his phone and called out a greeting, but she was too busy for him right now. She was already going through the next steps in her mind. Grab the cash, head to the 24 hour atm to deposit it, then call the lawyer she had looked up in the parking lot. It all had to happen before Grace got too suspicious that she wasn't there yet, and she had very little room for error.

She roughly opened her underwear drawer and stuck her hand deep inside, right to where she knew the money was waiting. Then she frowned. Moved her hand to the left. Then the right. Stuck her arm deep and really rooted around, shoving "Connor" aside as she searched.

It was gone.

The whole amount she had saved up from her Simpspace account was fucking gone.

"Is everything ok?" asked Steven behind her, confused. She barely stopped herself from snapping at him as she tried to control the white-hot panic welling up inside her. Was it possible that Steven had found it? Impossible. He wasn't the type to steal. Had someone broken in?

Speculating endlessly was pointless. What mattered was that the money wasn't there right now. Luckily, Charlotte had just received a massive donation today. That would be enough to get the ball rolling, and then she could sort out what happened to the cash tomorrow. Grace was still expecting her tonight after all.

Charlotte held up an impatient finger to Steven, then opened up her bank account to check her funds.

That made no sense. The money from the donation wasn't there.

Maybe she had just done something wrong when she transferred it earlier. Charlotte hurriedly opened the Simpspace app to check the bank withdrawal details... and she saw something impossible. The bank details were wrong. They went to a completely different bank account. And the name on that bank account was...

Just as the realization hit Charlotte, a call lit up her phone. From Grace. Charlotte answered it, her mind numb from shock as she lifted the phone to her face.

"Hey, Cherry," said Grace's chipper tone, dripping with amusement. "Missing something?"

"It was you," said Charlotte, wandering out of the bedroom, leaving a confused Steven calling out behind her.

“Of course it was fucking me,” said Grace contemptuously. “I thought I told you before, you dumb slut. I own you. There’s no escape. I’m still expecting you, by the way. Be here in an hour, unless you want everyone in your life to find out exactly how dirty of a girl you’ve been.”

Charlotte tried to answer back, but the words tangled and tripped on each other in her mouth, her face growing red as a tidal wave of feelings crashed over her. Shame for losing to Grace once again, this time when it really mattered. Anger at Grace’s smug fucking attitude. But worst of all... arousal. Because this time it wasn’t a game. Grace’s smug control wasn’t just something she was putting up with until she called a lawyer now. There would be no lawyer. And she would be going over to Grace’s apartment to be brutally fucked and put in her place by her worst enemy.

Grace had won. She had lost.

As her pussy grew wet with humiliated, submissive arousal, the only words she could force out into the phone were a broken whisper of defeat.

‘Yes, Mistress.’

The phone call disconnected, just in time for Steven to come up behind her. “Who was that? What’s the matter, babe?”

Charlotte covered her eyes with a shaking hand, then swiftly turned and hugged her boyfriend tight. He didn’t deserve the betrayal she would put him through tonight, but at least he would never know about it. “Something came up, baby,” she murmured into his shoulder, hiding her face so he couldn’t look her in the eyes. “I’m going to have to help Grace with something tonight.”

“Oh...” said Steven in a strangled tone. “I... I understand. Good luck with that, sweetie.”

That was Steven. Always so supportive. Always so oblivious. Charlotte was a little confused about why she suddenly felt his erection poking into her, but she didn’t have the energy to question it. Besides, who was she to judge him for inappropriate arousal?

...

Grace presented a rebellious, goth appearance to the outside world, so Charlotte almost expected her apartment to have band posters covering the walls and be kept in a state of disorganized clutter.

But rather than her outward fashion sense, Grace’s interior decorating seemed to reflect her mind. Her apartment was cold, sleek, and elegant, with black and white tones and minimalist decorations.

Grace met her at the door, wearing a tiny silk robe that left most of her long, pale legs exposed. Her face was a picture of smug, cruel triumph that equally terrified and turned Charlotte on. "Ready to get fucked?" asked the dominant goth bluntly, licking her black-tinted lips for emphasis.

It suddenly hit Charlotte that this was actually happening. She was minutes away from not just getting ordered around and bullied by her gorgeous nemesis, but actually fucked by her. On camera. She had to stop this somehow...

"Grace, please," she said meekly, staring into Grace's icy blue eyes and searching for some scrap of mercy. "This has all gone too far. I apologise for everything that I've done to you in the past. This is crazy!"

Grace stared back at her for a long few seconds, her expression serious. Then she smirked. "Ahhhh, I see what this is," she said with a nasty snicker. "Now that your precious golden parachute is gone, the precious little princess is scared."

She wrapped her arms around Grace, pulling her into her tall, willowy form with deceptive gentleness. "This all felt like a kinky little game to you when you thought you could just stab me in the back, huh?" she whispered, hot and wet, in Charlotte's ear. "You never really believed that I owned you. It was just a fun little fantasy. Well, now you need to get used to the real deal, Cherry. But don't worry..." She leaned down and gave Charlotte a lingering, poisonous kiss.

"I think a part of you... a big slutty, submissive part of you... is going to love being my slave for real."

Before Charlotte could collect her racing thoughts to respond, Grace pushed her toward the bedroom where she had already set up for the shoot. A tripod similar to the one Charlotte owned was set up pointing at the large, firm bed, and Grace had set up several ring lights just out of frame.

As Grace flicked on the lights and began setting up the shot with her phone, Charlotte wandered forward toward the bed, trying desperately to think of some way she could convince Grace to call this off.

It was ridiculous! Charlotte had sworn off women years ago. And even if she hadn't, Grace wouldn't be her type.

But that wasn't exactly true, was it? In college, when Charlotte had experimented with women, she had tended to gravitate towards girls with forceful personalities and a mean streak. Bitches, to put it crudely. And they didn't come much bitchier than Grace. Why had she given up on women anyway? It wasn't because she stopped feeling attracted to them. More because being labeled as "bi" came with a lot of baggage about being a slut that she had grown tired of. And she liked men just as much, so it felt simpler.

But now she had no choice... and liking women was the least of her problems when it came to people seeing her as slutty... Charlotte frowned as she looked down and saw that Grace had placed a small cooler next to the bed, just out of the frame for the video.

What on earth could that be for?

Grace had apparently set up the shot to her satisfaction. She prowled around the camera toward Charlotte, her eyes blazing with predatory intent.

"I... I was thinking that we could start out with a little kissing, then ummm, maybe some light fingering, then... then..." said Charlotte, backing away from her approaching mistress. She realized she was babbling at this point, but the look in Grace's eyes frightened her and aroused her so much she could barely think.

She wasn't fast enough to escape. Grace leaned down and seized her hair, pulling her slutty plaything into a bruising, possessive kiss. It took Charlotte's breath away, and despite the pain of Grace's grip and the terror in her heart, she felt her lips opening, yielding to the pressure as Grace's tongue forced its way inside, roughly claiming her mouth.

Grace pulled away with a sneer on her face. "Here's the plan, slut. I'm going to tell you what to do, and you're going to fucking do it. Now take off those stupid whore clothes. I want to see that chubby little body of yours."

Grace's voice was powerful and commanding, and by this point, Charlotte couldn't help but obey. Oh God... she was really going to do this. Fuck another woman on camera. She silently apologized to Steven as her fingers slowly peeled the spandex shorts down over her pillowy ass cheeks.

Before she forgot, Charlotte plucked the emergency surgical mask out of her pocket. She was paranoid enough now to never leave home without one in her car, and that precaution had paid off this time. She glanced nervously at Grace as she put it on, but luckily Grace didn't seem to care, just tapping her foot impatiently, waiting for Charlotte to get on with her stripping.

Charlotte stripped off the rest of her skimpy clothes. She was used to exposing herself for the camera now, so that barely bothered her, but for some reason, Grace's eyes still felt like a burning weight on her naked skin. She could feel the contempt and lust in her smug, commanding stare. She shivered.

Once again, she stood naked and ashamed in front of her beautiful, judgmental mistress. Grace's mouth quirked up into a smile as she stalked forward. "Lie down," she purred, an imperious finger pointing toward the surface of the bed. "Spread those chunky thighs for me. I want to see how wet it gets you to submit to a superior woman."

Charlotte knew that Grace was testing her limits with her demanding attitude and degrading words. She wanted to see how far Charlotte had fallen. Just a few months ago, Charlotte would have snapped back. Laughed at the very idea that Grace could tell her what to do.

But Grace's slow, steady corrupting influence had worked a powerful change inside Charlotte. And tonight's crushing victory had snapped any remaining resistance like a twig. Instead of defiance, all Charlotte found inside herself was a wet, weak desire to submit. It felt like a part of her slipped away as she reclined back on the bed, looking away in shame as she spread her thighs for Grace and the camera, revealing her puffy, glistening cunt.

...

Two days later...

Steven sat down, his blood pumping in his ears, his hands shaking on his phone.

The video was just posted. Not private, as he had hoped. A public release, titled "Mistress Shows You All Who I Really Belong To!"

Charlotte... with another woman. Because of him. Steven felt sick, but deeply aroused. His cock was so hard it was practically bursting through his pants.

Would it be Grace? That had certainly been what she had implied, and Steven thought it did make sense for Charlotte to choose a close friend.

The title puzzled him though... "Mistress"? "Belong"? It didn't make it sound like a friendly relationship at all. Maybe it was just roleplaying for the camera. Charlotte had been doing that a lot lately.

Well, there was only one way to find out. Charlotte was now safely off to work, leaving her boyfriend to shamefully enjoy the slutty display he had anonymously paid for with Grace's generous gift.

Steven dropped his pants to his ankles, took his throbbing cock in hand... and pressed play.

...

Grace chuckled evilly, finally walking forward and into frame. She wore no mask, so Charlotte could only assume that she intended to blur her own face in the final edit.

"What a naughty girl..." mused Grace in a low, raspy voice. Her fingers burned as they traced up the soft skin of Charlotte's inner thigh. "She turned toward the camera with a mocking grin, addressing the Simpspace audience directly. "Nice to meet you boys! You can consider me the power behind the throne. Cherry's manager, and more importantly... her mistress. As you can

see, the little slut is completely fucking horny for me, 24/7, which makes her quite easy to control.” Her fingers finally reached Charlotte’s aching needy pussy, trailing feather-light over her lips. Charlotte burned with shame and arousal, her face flaming red beneath her mask.

“The little bitch actually tried to get out of this one,” said Grace with a low chuckle, playing it up for the camera. Between Charlotte’s legs, she raised a stiff middle finger. Charlotte looked down at it with wide, nervous eyes. “Not because she didn’t want to have sex with me... Oh no... I think we can all see how much she wants that. But because she was afraid to let everybody see what a pathetic little submissive she really is.” As Grace hissed these last words, she pushed her slim middle finger forward, parting Charlotte’s sloppy lips and sliding deep into her horny pussy.

Charlotte couldn’t help it, She let out a strangled moan, her hips writhing beneath Grace’s cruel touch. Why did this feel so fucking good? Grace had totally beaten her! Was mocking her in her complete triumph. And yet she was lying back, not only taking it, but eagerly participating in her own filmed humiliation.

“But today isn’t just about me teaching Cherry’s slutty little cunt who owns it,” said Grace airily, slowly sliding her middle finger in and out of Charlotte’s clenching pussy as her sub gasped and tangled the sheets in her grip. “It’s about all of you as well! The fans!”

She chuckled and reached out, grabbing the cooler that Charlotte had noticed earlier and flipping it open. She reached inside with her free hand and pulled out a glass vial marked with a “T”.

It took Charlotte’s overheated mind a moment to recognize what Grace held in her hand. When she did, she couldn’t hold back a whimpering protest, even knowing that there was no way that Grace would have mercy on her.

“P-please mistress,” she whined unconvincingly, her belly roiling and her traitorous pussy clenching around Grace’s invading middle finger. “N-not that! I can’t!”

“Oh Cherry, you rude little girl,” said Grace with a shark smile. She expertly flipped of the lid of the vial with one thumb while continuing to fuck Charlotte’s pussy with her finger, lifting the filled vial over Charlotte’s writhing body. “Don’t you realize what this is? It’s your fans’ honest feelings toward you. When they tug their cocks to your videos, they’re pouring their whole hearts into the hot sticky mess they spurt out for you. You can’t reject this...” With a wicked gleam in her eye, Grace tilted the vial as her finger pumped in and out.

“...you would be rejecting every one of your fans!”

Charlotte let up a whimper as the cool, sticky cum drizzled down over her naked tits, the sensation raising her pierced nipples to stiff peaks. She couldn’t tear her eyes away as the thick white jizz glazed her breasts like donuts.

“Your viewers want to see you, Cherry,” said Grace in a heated whisper. “They want to know every kink in that pervy little mind, every inch of your naked body. They want to see everything. That’s the feeling this vial represents.” She reached down and pulled up Charlotte’s mask, smearing the last of the remaining cum all over the mask’s interior before letting it snap back to Charlotte’s face, pressing the bleachy, rank smell of cum right against Charlotte’s nose, filling her senses.

“Now rub that shit in,” commanded Grace, reaching down to work her free hand over Charlotte’s clit as she continued her merciless penetration. “And thank your kind viewer who donated it while you do.”

Charlotte moaned and panted. She had always had sort of a kink for cum. It was just the perfect representation of male desire. Hot and forceful, disgusting but compelling. Some of her exes told her that she was the only girl they knew who would actually request facials. She raised her hands to begin working the gooey, anonymous sperm into her tender breasts, spending extra time on her stiff, aching nipples. Charlotte had no idea how Grace had found out about her cum fetish, but everything she was saying was driving Charlotte crazy with lust.

She was in heaven... The smell of cum seemed to fill her senses, blending with the overpowering feeling of Grace’s hands working on her pussy. “Th-thank you,” gasped Charlotte, her hips swirling and grinding. “Thank you, whoever made this cum for me! I... I want to show you everything! To let you see the real me!” Her hands made slick, wet noises as they slid over her defiled tits, blending with the wet, sloppy sounds of her pussy.

She was almost there... she was about to cum!

...

Steven groaned and fired a thick load into the tissue he was holding. The video was too much, too taboo and erotic in the worst possible way.

Grace wasn’t just having sex with Charlotte, she was dominating her! It reminded Steven powerfully of how easily Grace was able to control him during their encounters. For the first time, Steven began to feel a little afraid... Maybe he had been fooled. Maybe Grace wasn’t acting in the video when she said she was Charlotte’s “mistress”. Maybe the lie was that she was Charlotte’s friend.

And what the fuck was with that test-tube of cum? Now it suddenly made sense why Grace had collected it the other day. It was oddly considerate of her to collect sperm from him so that Charlotte wasn’t defiled by a stranger’s jizz during their cumplay.

Or at least that's what he thought... Even though he had just cum, Steven couldn't tear his eyes away as he watched Charlotte stammer out her humiliating gratitude to her anonymous cum donor.

Then he saw Grace reach into the cooler, pulling out a second vial of cum.

But he had only filled one... hadn't he? His slimy cock twitched, swelling back to life as he continued to watch.

...

Just as Charlotte was about to cum, Grace pulled her slick, shining fingers away, worming them beneath Charlotte's mask and forcing her subby bitch to lick them clean. Charlotte whined in frustration against the invading fingers, feeling herself retreat from the orgasm she was so incredibly close to.

"Not yet, Cherry," said Grace above her with a smoldering glare. "Good girls wait to cum until their mistress allows it. And we have a long evening ahead of us." With her fingers cleaned, Grace moved back a bit and removed her robe. As the black silk pooled at her feet, exposing Grace's pale, lovely nudity, Charlotte couldn't help but stare with worshipful eyes.

Grace seemed mildly surprised when Charlotte's hands slipped down to rubbed and teased her pussy while she drank in Grace's naked form. But it only took a moment for Grace's wide eyes to narrow in mocking pleasure. It was an excellent sign that her new slave was so... devoted.

Charlotte breathed in sharply as Grace returned to the bed, now just as naked as her. She would have thought that now they were both naked, it would somehow feel more equal between them... But it didn't at all. It was more than just clothes that made Grace so intimidating. In fact, as Grace loomed above Charlotte again, her pale nipples sharp with dominant lust, she looked more terrifying than ever in Charlotte's eyes. Between her legs, Charlotte's finger plunged deeper. Savoring and intensifying her erotic subordination.

"Hands off now, Cherry," said Grace with a smirk, digging back into the cooler by the bed and pulling out another vial. This one was marked with a "N", and had noticeably thicker, more yellowish sperm within, clinging to the sides of the glass. Grace held the vial up in front of her evil, sparkling eyes. "I hope you're on the pill, sweetheart, because it's time for you to experience another of your viewers' desires."

Charlotte had no idea what her mistress was talking about, but she understood that she was no longer allowed to touch herself right now. Reluctantly, she pulled her hands back from her throbbing pussy and began to ask, "Mistress, what do you..."

That was all she got out before Grace unceremoniously opened the new vial of cum and tipped it over Charlotte's flushed, dripping pussy. Charlotte made a strangled noise of shock and tried

instinctively to scramble backward, but Grace was ready for her. She reached out lightning fast and seized Charlotte's ankle, holding her in place as the foul cum slopped messily over her exposed, vulnerable pussy.

Charlotte squirmed with a mixture of arousal and disgust in her Mistress's cruel grasp as she felt the thick, sticky cum cover every inch of her intimate folds, whimpering and squeezing her eyes shut against the sensation. She was so distracted she almost missed what was happening as Grace lifted her leg in the air and took a dominant position between her thick thighs.

"Your viewers," growled Grace, grinding her wet cunt hard against Charlotte's inner thigh, closer and closer to Charlotte's cum-slathered pussy, "want to feel close to you."

Charlotte stared up into Grace's sharp, icy eyes, feeling the hatred and twisted attraction spark between them. Once, she had considered herself Grace's rival. That was laughable now. Now she was just Grace's bitch.

"Your viewers want to make a connection," murmured Grace, humping her hips back and forth against Charlotte's juicy thigh. "Why else do you think they send you all those pictures of their cocks? They want you to notice them. To have one moment where they are the center of your world."

With every slide forward, Grace inched closer and closer to Charlotte's pussy. Grace's eyes were laser focused on her pathetic sub's cum-glazed cunt. Charlotte could see what was going to happen, and she wanted it badly. Her mouth was dry, and every nerve in her body was tingling with desire. "Do it, Mistress! Fuck me!" She whimpered. "I need to feel your pussy!"

"Shut up," snapped Grace, just the slightest raspy edge of arousal creeping into her voice. "I'm in the middle of telling you what this cum means, you stupid slut. When these guys jerk off, they're putting all of their frustrated desire into it..."

And then it happened. Grace's slippery cunt slid forward... over Charlotte's aching pussy. "...They want to feel a deep, intimate connection with you," purred Grace as she began to grind their labias together sloppily, the cum of an internet stranger squelching between them.

Charlotte moaned, reaching up toward her mistress, desperate to feel the same sort of connection Grace was discussing. She was well aware that the bond they shared was toxic and corrosive, built on hate and jealousy and desire to destroy, but as she stared up into the beautiful, cruel face of her mistress, Charlotte felt something she had never had with anyone else before. Not love. Not trust. Utter, dependent submission. Slavish, humiliated deviation. It was as powerful as it was terrifying.

Grace seized Charlotte's outstretched hand in hers, gripping it tight and using it for leverage as she ground her cunt hard and fast down against her slave's pussy. Grace was clearly skilled with her hips, and her rapid, fluid movements rubbed their clits expertly together, slurping and

sliding with the thick yellowish cum from the latest vial. Charlotte responded, moving her hips in harmony... as least as much as she could while under such complete control.

Charlotte felt helpless in the best possible way, preyed on and dominated by her mistresses' powerful pussy. One ankle held in Grace's hand, her own hand held in the other. Even with no cock in sight, Charlotte was getting fucked, there was no doubt about it.

Charlotte began to moan, her hips bucking needily up against Grace's. The whole room stank of cum... She had been brutally forced to submit on camera for the world to see. Every part of this was making Charlotte the horniest she had ever been. She looked up worshipfully at her dominant Goddess. Grace's silky black hair flipped with her frenzied movements. Her little tits bounced, their pale nipples tracing little circles in the air as her pace increased. Charlotte's moans grew louder and less self-conscious. Her body was flushed with filthy heat, painfully aware of the cum being ground powerfully down into her pussy. Her legs began to tremble, her moans becoming shaky. She teetered on the edge of an earth-shattering orgasm.

And Grace pulled away, releasing her hand and ankle and giving Charlotte's throbbing pussy a dismissive little slap.

Charlotte boggled at Grace, her hips continuing to hump for a moment against nothing through sheer instinct. Then she loudly whined in frustration, putting her hands over her eyes as she slumped backward in bed. She felt dirty, used, and deeply unsatisfied. She need to cum so fucking badly she could scream!

Grace chuckled as she leaned down and pulled yet another vial from the cooler, this one labeled with an "R". "I told you Cherry, you don't cum until Mistress says. Be patient, slut." She was breathing heavily now too. It was clear that this domination session was turning her on almost as much as it did her sub.

'Now flip over, slut,' Grace commanded in a hard, unyielding voice. She reached down and pulled something out of a black duffle bag that Charlotte hadn't noticed before. Something that made a jingling sound... "I think you're going to like this next part a lot."

...

Two days later

Steven was breathing heavily, his hand pumping on his stiff cock once again, despite how recently he had just cum.

Two vials of cum? There could only be one answer. Steven must have been one of several subscribers who made a donation. But then... which vial of cum had been his? The one that had been poured all over his girlfriend's tits? Or the one that had been ground into the surface of her pussy by Grace's swirling hips?

He supposed he would have preferred it if it was her pussy, but either way being one of two was humiliating.

But it seemed like things might be about to get worse... or better?

In the video, Grace was fitting herself with a monstrous black strapon, and twirling another vial of cum in her fingers.

...

Charlotte's eyes fixed fearfully over her shoulder on the big, shiny dildo now firmly strapped to Grace's hips. She was nervous over what someone as cruel as Grace might do to her with such a massive fake cock... but her body was eager. After being edged twice, her pussy burned for orgasm. Even as her mouth went dry with anxiety, Charlotte's back instinctively arched, her hips tilting to present her dripping pussy for her Mistress's pleasure.

Grace smirked as she opened the third vial of cum, slowly drizzling it up and down the length of her strap on, perversely lubing it for the task ahead.

"You viewers... they don't just want to see you and connect with you, Cherry," said Grace in a smug, lecturing tone. She moved forward, one slim hand flashing down to give Charlotte's bubble butt a healthy spank, making Charlotte yelp from a mixture of pain and pleasure and leaving a pink handprint on her ass. Charlotte's heart hammered in her chest and her pussy fluttered and clenched around nothing as she stared up at Grace. Her mistress was incredible. Slim, pale, and feminine, yet regal and powerful. The massive black dildo now jutting up from her waist and dripping with cum only added to that effect, making her seem even more impressive.

Grace's left hand slid possessively over Charlotte's wide hips, gripping tightly as her other hand guided the strap-on to her slave's sloppy, cum-smeared slit. Charlotte gasped and buried her face in the sheets, flaming with humiliation from how badly she wanted this.

"Your viewers want to fucking dominate you," hissed Grace, sliding the big, black, cum-covered dildo deep into Charlotte's receptive cunt. Charlotte let out a muffled, wailing cry into the mattress beneath her, her fists once again twisting Grace's sheets in their sweaty grip as the powerful sensation of being penetrated and filled by her Mistress crashed over her. Her breaths were hoarse and hot and cum-scented against her face, trapped by her mask. Her thighs spread wider, her tits crushed down to the bed and her back arched dramatically, trying to give Grace the optimal angle of penetration.

Grace began to move. Slowly at first, then faster as she realized that Charlotte was so fucking wet that she didn't need any warming up. "They want to punish you," crooned Grace, taking Charlotte's meaty hips in both hands and slamming deep into her, driving the cum on her dildo

into Charlotte's deepest parts. "They want to show you your place as a worthless little slut, only good for pleasing men..." Grace's hand flashed down in another powerful slap, making Charlotte's ass jiggle. "... and women, of course."

The words seemed to sizzle and burn in Charlotte's brain. Worthless. Slut. Punishment. Pleasing Men. They were awful and demeaning, but they were so fucking hot that Charlotte didn't care anymore. A dominant bitch that she hated was fucking an anonymous stranger's cum deep into her wet pussy, and all that Charlotte could think about was how it was one of the hottest things she had ever experienced. Charlotte's butt began to grind backwards in harmony with Grace's forward thrusts, eagerly participating in her own domination.

"So don't. Get. It Confused," grunted Grace, jackhammering her slave down into the mattress with powerful, athletic thrusts, "you're not some goddess they worship. You're a sex object. A slut they want to fuck." Charlotte's toes curled and her eyes rolled back as her nipples rubbed back and forth against the sheets with every thrust. Here it came. It must. She was going to cum... harder than she ever had in her life. This was harder than Collin had ever fucked her... maybe harder than any of her boyfriends, although that was a little harder to compare. She had always loved rough stuff after all, at least with men besides Steven.

Grace was merciless, powerful. Her hips snapped forward again and again, her thighs wetly slapping against Charlotte's ass. The smell of multiple men's semen was thick and pungent in the air. Charlotte let out a wild, slutty cry. "Fuck me, Mistress! Punish your little slut! Make me cum!" She was so ready for release...

And again, she was denied.

Grace pulled out with one last vicious slap to Charlotte's ass. Then, with confident power, she flipped her sub back over. She reached back into the cooler and pulled out yet another vial of Cum, this one marked with a "C". Just how many of these did she have? Grace stripped off the strap-on, tossing it to the side and exposing the dripping arousal between her thighs. She turned to Cassidy with burning lust in her cold blue eyes, and Cassidy felt her submissive nature respond. Her whole body, sticky and defiled from multiple loads of cum, ached for release... especially her throbbing nipples and oozing cunt. She could feel it. This would be the finale.

Grace stalked forward, dominantly mounting Charlotte, planting one knee on either side of her face. Charlotte looked up with wide eyes at Grace's puffy, glistening pussy, topped with thick black fur and still sticky from their cum-lubricated scissoring minutes before.

But apparently there still wasn't enough cum for Grace's tastes. She thrust her hips forward and poured the cum from her latest vial all over her own pussy this time, making it drip with a fresh layer of jizz. "But most of all," she said, her eyes glittering down at Charlotte. "Your viewers want to own you. They want to possess you. To make you all theirs."

In one swift motion, Grace reached down and tore Charlotte's mask away, revealing her face. Charlotte gasped in alarm, her hands flying up to hide her face. 'W-wait, Mistress, my face! Everyone will see!' Luckily, it seemed like the cameras didn't have a great angle around Grace's thighs. Likely no one had gotten a better look than they had during her livestream the other week.

Then again, if Grace released this as a video, there would be plenty of opportunity for people to pause and get a better look at her uncovered features...

"Oh, you're right, Cherry,' said Grace mockingly as she lowered her body slowly toward Charlotte's waiting mouth. "I guess we had better find some way to cover up your face..." Charlotte's mouth watered as she smelled the fresh vial cum mixed with the smell of Grace's feminine arousal. She had never been a huge fan of pussy-eating, even when she experimented with girls. She would happily use toys and fingers, but serving and slurping between another woman's thighs like that had always felt a little... gross to her in a way that even blowjobs didn't.

But now, as Grace's pussy lowered, dripping thick, sticky cum on Charlotte's upturned face as it came, her disgust was drowned out completely by her submissive desire to please. Charlotte's hands fell away from her face and her eyes closed gently as the sticky lips of Grace's dominant cunt sealed tightly over her eager mouth, her lean thighs tightly squeezing on either side of Charlotte's head.

Her tongue wriggled out, tasting cum, and pussy, and the sweet, sweet taste of submission.

...

Steven had cum again, but he still couldn't stop jerking. His shameful, slippery release was now just more lube for his humiliating self-pleasure.

The question rattled around in his brain as he drank in the sight of Charlotte pinned beneath Grace's pussy, madly licking and kissing away yet another vial of cum... Which one had been his?

Had his cum been poured over Charlotte's tits? Sandwiched between her and Grace's lewd scissoring? Fucked deep into her pussy? Was she licking it off Grace right now? He didn't know which was better or worse. Regardless, he was just one of many whose sperm had touched his girlfriend that night. Who had the other samples come from? How did Grace get the cum from them?

He jerked and watched and worried, but he soon found out that all of his speculation had been useless...

... Because Grace pulled one last vial of cum out from behind her back.

...

Charlotte's tongue slid and plunged and writhed, tasting every fold of her mistress's perfect pussy and cleansing it of the filthy cum that had stained it. She was starting to think she might like eating pussy after all. As she worked her lips and tongue and jaw, madly slipping and sliding, nearly suffocating between Grace's entrapping legs, her hands crept down to her own pussy, tenderly rubbing and teasing herself.

"That's it, Cherry," purred Grace, beginning to slide her hips back and forth across her sub's face, "this is how you get to cum... feeling the full weight of my control... putting me above all... worshipping me... But I'm going to need one hand up here. You have one last thing to do for me."

Charlotte didn't know what Grace meant exactly, but she was a million miles from disobedience at this point. She kept rubbing at her pussy with her left hand and brought her right hand back up, resting it gently on Grace's thigh.

With an evil grin, Grace pulled one last vial from behind her back. This one was marked with an "S". It looked... a little thin and watery compared to the other samples.

Grace's hips were moving more strongly now. Bearing down with slick, musky heat over Charlotte's working mouth, periodically cutting off her breathing. Grace held the vial up in front of Charlotte's eyes.

"The viewers want to see you and know you, Cherry, but only I know how pathetic you truly are." Charlotte's free hand worked hard and fast between her legs, feeling her frustrated arousal wind up again like a spring. "They want to connect with you, but they never will. They want to dominate you, but that right is reserved for me." Grace stopped, her pussy clamped over Charlotte's nose and mouth for a long, tense moment, denying Charlotte air as her tongue dove deep, desperate to please her mistress.

"They want to own you, Cherry," said Grace with a look of smug triumph on her face. "But you already belong to me." She let Charlotte squirm and moan into her pussy for a long moment as the little sub's fingers dived and plunged between her legs... then she finally relented, easing up a little so Charlotte could gasp a few hot stuffy breaths between her thighs.

"That's what this cum represents," said Grace, shaking the last vial in her fingers. "The unworthiness of your viewers. How they will never take what is mine by right of conquest. And now..." she said sweetly, slipping the vial into Charlotte's waiting right hand, "I want you to send a message to all your viewers... about who you belong to, and how much all their desperate feelings are worth."

Charlotte felt in tune with her mistress as she looked up into Grace's cold, certain eyes. Her next action felt totally natural. She threw the unwanted semen aside roughly, hearing it shatter and splat on the bedroom floor, sending the tadpoles inside to wriggle and die on the tile without knowing a woman's touch.

"Good girl," cooed Grace with a shark-like smile. "Now as a reward, you can make us both cum."

Charlotte had never heard anything sweeter than those words. Suddenly Grace's hot cunt was grinding harder than ever against her mouth and nose. A deep moan escaped her throat, muffled by the pussy smothering her. With both hands now free, she rubbed feverishly at her pussy, her hips humping upward and her back arching in her desperation for release.

Above her, Grace made delicate little sounds in the back of her mouth, and her eyes squeezed shut as she bore down on Charlotte's face. Just the barest indication that Grace was enjoying herself more than her dominant facade let on.

Charlotte could feel it; the orgasm that she had been denied all night, roaring toward her. And this felt right... letting go into blissful climax while totally beneath Grace, serving her utterly.

Grace hissed, her pace increasing and her face snarling in fierce pleasure. Charlotte's fingers and lips and tongue moved with the same frenzied rhythm. "Fuck!" shouted Grace, "Fucking cum you little slut! Cum for me, Charlotte!"

And, as Grace's thighs clamped tight to her head in orgasm, Charlotte obeyed, her brain fizzling and sparking and all of her muscles going tense at once as waves of white-hot submissive pleasure poured over her. She whimpered up into her mistress's pussy and came the hardest she ever had in her life.

Both women strained and gasped as they rode through their orgasm, connected mouth to pussy on a bed stained with sweat and multiple cum loads. Their eyes were locked, staring deep at one another, feeling the intimate connection of hatred and dominance that defined their relationship.

Then, with a final sigh, Grace climbed off and stopped the cameras, breezing over to her closet to put on a new silk robe.

She didn't offer one to Charlotte.

"This is going to be your most popular video yet," she said brightly, scooping up the empty vials and tossing them in the trash, carefully navigating around the small puddle of cum and broken glass from the rejected vial. "We need to be ready for an influx of interest."

Charlotte stared up at her, her whole body filthy with semen, her face and pussy feeling raw and bruised, breathing heavily. Now that she had finally cum, her hatred for the smug goth was overpowering her submissive desire once again. ‘So, what, I’m just going to be spending all of my time doing fucking disgusting sex shit for fifty dollars now?’ she asked wearily. Now that her backup plan was utterly fucked, it seemed like a horrifying prospect.

Grace gave Charlotte a sharp look for her disrespectful tone, then shrugged. “You have a point... the word will get out sooner or later amongst your fans about your little special offer. There won’t be enough time in the day once they figure that out... Tell you what, from now on, I’ll screen your special requests and make a selection of which ones you will fulfill. Sound fair?”

Charlotte had a bad feeling, based on Grace’s predatory expression, that only the most humiliating and novel requests would make the cut from now on.

She sighed miserably, even as a quirk of arousal reawoke in her belly. “Even if it doesn’t, I don’t have a choice.”

Grace reached down and patted her little slut’s cheek, a look of false sympathy lighting up her face.

“Now you’re getting it, Cherry.”

...

Steven sat in shock, staring at the screen.

He had cum three times... or maybe four? It was hard to remember. At least he now knew for certain now which of the cum vials had been his. He felt a fresh stab of fear for how much power Grace had gained over him and his girlfriend so quickly...

And then he started the video again from the beginning.

He wasn’t sure if he would be able to cum from it again... but he just couldn’t tear his eyes away.