

Silvia is an intelligent woman with an extensive and impressive education. She holds down a very lucrative position and is on track to be able to retire early. She is attractive, by most standard definitions of the word with a lithe, athletic body. To any outside observer she is considered relatively perfect, with an ideal life. If there is one thing that is not totally perfect about her, it is her unusual desires that have quickly come to a head as a result of her irresponsible actions. “What?” She asks the man standing in front of the door to her expensive apartment nervously.

“I said I’m here to fuck your shit up. You know... Like you asked for on that small forum?” The man is quite heavy and more than a few years older than her. He looks and dresses like a complete slob, as it does not seem as though he has taken care of himself at all in the past few days. The wheels in her head start turning as she remembers the little 'add' she posted on a fetish site, looking for a man to take control. But not just take control, completely ruin her to the point that she has no life outside of him. To say that it is an extreme fetish is an understatement, but for her it is a taboo desire that has remained consistent throughout her life. Until now, however, it has remained below the surface. “Posting your personal info was a pretty bold move.”

“Listen.” She begins, hand firmly on the door. Her other is clutching her phone tightly behind her back. “That was just some stupid fantasy post. You are a psycho for finding me, first of all, and thinking I want that in real life is extra deranged.” The man pushes past her calmly, entering her apartment. “Hey!” He begins looking around, whistling at the setup she has.

“Not bad. A bit too nice, but we can work on that later. You got a lot of friends? Family? People you connect with on social media and in real life?” He probes.

“That is none of your business.” She holds up her phone, the numbers on the screen already set to 911. All she has to do is press the green call button. “Get out or I’m calling the cops.” She commands assertively.

Ignoring her, his face lights up. “Good! You got your phone with you! First thing I want you to do is set your relationship status. We’ll start small, see how you like it and then go from there.” He lifts his arm, motioning for her to stand close to him and come under it. “Just think about what your friends, family and coworkers will think when you start bragging about your new boyfriend.” He explains with a smirk.

“That would-” She gulps, furrowing her brow and thinking, really letting the idea sink in. “Be really fucking embarrassing.” Silvia looks down, crossing one arm over to rub her forearm. “Listen, just get out, okay?” She states, far less assertive and certain than she was before.

“Aren’t you wondering what they’ll say about me? How it’ll make you look?” He adds. Her cheeks flush deeply at the thought of presenting him to her very proper social circle. The family she comes from and the people she associates with both in and out of work is entirely different from wherever this man seems to come from.

“They would go crazy.” Silvia muses quietly. “I’d definitely be the butt of a few jokes.” She slowly walks towards him. Once she is close he pulls her into his side, under his arm. “Ugh, you stink!” He just laughs at that comment. ‘Am I really doing this?’ She knows it is a bad idea, but her head is also spinning and her sex is wet from just the thought of what will happen. That is always how it has been for her. The mere idea has been enough. ‘Now it’s actually happening and I’m going along with it and the consequences are real and-’ Her eyes widen as she realizes she is looking up at her camera, held in

her outstretched arm. The picture that would be taken is reflected on screen. Her perfect self under the arm of a gross older man that does not know the meaning of the words hygiene and style. She is smiling brightly and genuinely, posing with her head cocked. 'It's pretty hot.' She decides, taking the photo.

“Now post it.” He commands, keeping her in a tight grip under his heavy arm. She is just staring at the picture with him sticking out like a sore thumb in the frame, her cheeks burning. 'There is no way I can actually go through with this.' As she is thinking that she hears. “Ah, actually, you probably want me to pull the trigger for you. That's what gets you off, right?” It is too late after hearing that to do anything, as he has already plucked her phone from her delicate hands and pulled it towards himself. He smiles, typing.

“Hey! Don't you dare!” She jumps, weakly trying to grab it, but he is unsurprisingly good at keeping it out of reach. He may be out of shape but he is still bigger than her. A head taller and a lot bulkier. After a minute of doing that dance where she reaches and he continues typing, he finally tosses her phone back to her. With her heart beating incredibly fast she looks at her social and freezes. She sees the picture is now her profile pic. Her status is 'in a relationship' and she has one new post. [“Hey everyone! I want you to meet my new boyfriend, Guy. We met online and we're in love! <3<3<3”] As what he has done sinks in, she looks up to see him leaving. “You're just going to tear through my life and leave? What the hell!?”

He laughs, standing in her doorway again. “Chill, doll. It's a process. Take it in, see how you like it and contact me if you want more. This was a trial run.” Before the door closes he adds calmly. “I'm an artist, not a predator. This only goes as far as you want it to.”

Silvia begins to calm down as he shuts the door behind him and seems to be out of her hair. 'That could've been bad. He took my phone and he is bigger than me... I'm actually really lucky and seriously dumb for letting that happen.' She moves to her door, locking it. Her face is still red. 'I should delete this before anyone notices.' She looks down at her phone and cringes, seeing one comment already.

[“Wow! You two are PERFECT for each other.”]

Silvia shakes with embarrassment. The comment is left by one of her friends from school that she keeps in touch with. 'Sarcasm... She's definitely laughing at me.' She bites her lip and with her back to the door, sinks slowly down to the floor until her butt hits the floor. She is staring intently at her phone, waiting. 'Just a little embarrassment... I can wait a little longer and see what everyone else say. I'll correct it later.' She gasps and physically recoils when a DM from her mother pops up in her social.

[“Silvia, you know we love and support you but I am severely disappointed in this man you've picked up. Are you cruising truck stops? Did your father and I ever teach you to act like this?”]

While holding her phone up close to her face she slips her free hand into her tight leggings and begins plunging her fingers into her pussy aggressively. 'Fuck!' She groans in pleasure, seeing more messages pop up from her social circles that are subtly mocking her. Some are directly questioning her choice. Her lips curl into a smile as Guy himself comments in response to the first reply.

[“Wow! You two are PERFECT for each other.”]

>[“Thanks for your support! We hit it off after just one date. Silvia is a little clingy and dumb, but a fantastic girl otherwise.”]

>>[“Oh, how sweet. Nice profile by the way!”] Her friend responds quickly.

Silvia is almost too afraid to look. Her friend would only bring it up if it was something notable enough to view. She clicks on Guy's profile and the most recent post is. [“Not gonna name names, obv, but any advice for dealing with a girl that is constantly begging for sex?”] Reading that and seeing just one joke reply from an old boyfriend still in her circle is enough to bring her over the edge. She cums leaning her back against the door. Panting, she closes social and looks through her contacts to find the number he added to her phone. She presses the call button. “H-hey, Guy?”

“Hello.”

“Hi, I've been-”

“You've reached guy.” She blushes, understanding that she is being put through to his message box. “If you are a slut in need of ruining please leave your name and address after the beep. If I do not get to you within the next two to three days, contact me on social and seem really desperate. The better the post, the faster the response. I am tending to a lot of sluts like you, so please understand that my time is limited.”

Silvia did not expect to actually have to wait. She thought it was a joke, but it truly has been radio silence for three full days. “I can't believe he's fucking doing this to me!” She curses, kicking the cushion off her couch. “Fucking asshole!” She is about to call and leave an angry message, but considering that option causes her to remember the last part of the recording. She browses to his social and is surprised to see more posts with him talking to his own friends.

[“Yeah, I've had to take a break from a girl because she's pretty aggressively into me. I have had to block her in DM's because she kept sending me unsolicited nudes.”]

>[Wow! You are SO unfortunate.”]

>>[“It actually sucks, man!”]

Silvia's face goes beet red and she looks to see if she is blocked by him for DM's and she is. 'Son of a-' She hovers over the box to send a message to the public area of his page. 'Am I actually going to do this? He is literally saying he is breaking it off... I could just absorb the embarrassment from this for another month and everyone will forget about it, and him.' She starts rapidly typing with her thumbs.

[“Hey! Can you call me? Please? You haven't called since the last time we met. I've been wanting to at least talk to you... Please don't ghost me! I love you.”] It almost hurts her physically to see that message written out in the public text box and it has not even been sent, yet. “This is insane. I am insane.” She presses send, publishing it for all to see and a minute later receives a call.

“Guy?” She asks quickly, answering without looking.

“Wow, you've got it bad, girl.” She hears a female voice, one of her close friends.

“O-oh, hi Amy.” Silvia places her head in her hand, groaning inaudibly. “W-what's up?”

“Listen, this guy is obviously scum. I don't know what bug bit you, but you should probably just forget about him, right?” Amy is already not the type of girl to offer any patience to guys, let alone the Guy. For quite a while Silvia had a hunch that Amy has a crush on her, so it makes sense why she would be the one to call and ask what's up.

Silvia nods at the wise words spoken over the phone. “You are probably-” She gasps, feeling her phone vibrate. Looking at it this time, she knows that it is Guy. “Sorry Amy, I got another call! I can't miss this. Gotta let you go, okay?”

“Hey! Don't answer th-”

“Talktoyoulaterbye!” She says quickly, answering the other call.

Amy's voice cuts out and Guy's voice comes in. “Woow, didn't think you would actually do it. Are you ready to move forward with project 'End Silvia's Social Life?’” She pauses for a few seconds, triggering him to threaten. “Look, I can just move on. It's-”

“Yes!” She shouts ashamedly into the phone.

Guy laughs. “Alright. I'll be right over.”

“How are you going to end my social life?” Silvia questions, letting him in. Guy walks past her, sitting down on her couch with his legs spread wide. She is a bit annoyed to see his unwashed, sweaty self spreading out over her pristine furniture.

“Slowly.” He pats his lap. Silvia moves over to him and sits down on one of his legs, her knees facing inward. Guy drapes a hand behind her back, sliding it down to her ass. He turns his head to face hers leaning down. She closes the distance instinctively, leaning in for a kiss as he begins groping her butt. She hears a camera click as she closes her eyes and his tongue pushes into her mouth. She quickly opens them and looks over. He closes his phone before she can see what the picture he took looks like. “It'd be easier just to look at my page.” Guy smirks. “Probably more enjoyable for you, too.” She exhales lightly, admitting to herself. 'Probably right.'

Silvia, with a feeling of dread and excitement, slowly lifts her phone and opens her social to Guy's page. She feels lightheaded when she sees the picture of her frenching him on his lap while his hand is all over her toned butt. The text reads [“I tried to get rid of this dumb bitch but she is completely obsessed with me. I guess I'll just keep pumping her until I get bored?”] She can not believe that he would post that. “Oh god...” her eyes begin to well up with dew when she sees Amy quickly post under it.

["This is bullshit! re-posting this ASAP, you're obviously bad for her!"] Sylvia frowns. "Maybe things have gone a little too far. I don't want to mess with my friends like this. It'll only push away the people that I trust and who trust me." She lets out a little gasps as she is moved to sit on the couch between his legs with her back to his chest. He reaches down, sliding his hand into her tight leggings.

"Oh and I'm guessing you are always this wet when you want to stop doing something?" He comments. Silvia does not have to look down. She can feel, now that it is brought to her attention, that she is positively gushing from her cunt. He starts playing with her roughly, exactly the way she likes it. "You should call your friend and tell her off for badmouthing your new boyfriend."

Silvia visibly recoils. "That's way too much!" She lets out a moan as his thick fingers push into her pussy and begin massaging around inside, twisting and thrusting in a way she find irresistible. "N-no... She's my best friend." Regardless of what she says she sees her phone in his free hand in front of her face. He is scrolling through her contacts.

"Amy, was it?" Guy says quite cheerily.

"Don't!" Silvia warns. He hits the call button right in front of her. When it connects, she can not exactly just stay silent. "H-hey Amy."

"Silvi! Did you see what that asshole posted about you? It's disgusting and sexist!" Amy warns aggressively.

"I saw it... Look, can you stop badmouthing him, please?" Silvia begs, her voice sounding incredibly strained due to what is happening to her in the background.

"Badmouthing him? But he-" Amy stops. "What are you doing? Is he with you now?"

"L-listen." Silvia explains. "That's not-" The phone is plucked out of her hand. "Wait Guy!"

Guy holds it to his ear. "Hey Amy. I'm fingering this dumb, obsessed bitches cunt right now. Is there something you want from my girl that can't wait? Ah, she hung up." Guy laughs. "Tell me a bit about Amy?"

"She's a Lesbian... She works as a nurse-"

Before she can finish going through all of the things about her friend, Guy interrupts. "Say no more. She's in love with you."

"It's not like that! We're friends..." Silvia writhes a little, as she is close to cumming over his fingers. 'Can't... Quite...' She gasps, sweating from the heat they are both exchanging by sitting so close.

"Sure, sure. Are you close, sweetheart?" She nods. Guy smiles. "I think I know what would get you there."

"W-what?" She already knows it is going to be something humiliating.

"Lets harass your friend until she blocks you."

"I don't want to do that." She complains weakly. 'Right?' As much as she wants to refuse, the mere thought of burning a bridge with her best friend is putting her into heat. Even his thick fingers are able to get her there faster at the mere threat of it happening.

"You got a message. That's cute. She wants to talk when I'm not around. You should probably answer." Guy hands Sylvia back her phone. She stares down at the message.

She exhales. "What should I send?"

"Just humiliate yourself a bit while pissing her off." Guy offers.

Sylvia begins sending the message. ["Hey, sorry. Guy says I'm not allowed to have girlfriends that wont have sex with him. If you want, you could come over and play with us? Is that chill with you?"] Her heart beats rapidly right up to the moment she hits send.

["That is so messed up! WTF! Does this guy have something on you?"] Amy sends back.

Guy plucks the phone from her hands again. "You took the first step. Proud of you, but I'll take it from here." When Sylvia gets the phone back a minute later her eyes widen at what was written. ["Honestly, there was a time where I really liked you and thought we could go out."]

["Really?"] Amy responds quickly.

["But you kind of slept on it for too long. I ended up meeting this really pushy guy with a great dick! I can't get enough of his gross cock. You're welcome to join us, but otherwise I probably don't need you at all anymore."] Sylvia's body tenses suddenly after seeing a block notification after that message. She cums over one last thrust from Guy's two thick fingers and leans back against his chest limply.

While she is completely spent he asks. "How many more good friends do you got?" Sylvia smiles weakly, opening her contacts. She hands guy the phone. "I take it you want me to do my worst with you? It's a team effort, obviously, so you've gotta participate with some." She nods, her face bright red. "We're gonna burn a lot of bridges, but the real fun starts when we go really in-depth into your socials." Her imagination runs wild with what he is going to do. 'I can't take it... How can something be both horrifying and exciting?'