

Silvia scrolls through her various socials with an awkward grin. She has many direct messages from various friends who she has pushed away with the help of Guy. There is a sense of anxiety when she opens them, knowing it is going to be something negative. An insult, criticism or even an earnest plea. Her heart skips a beat whenever she reads those things, however. 'I really do get off on this. It's almost too surreal to believe. I just can't get enough of all these people telling me in so many ways that they think less of me.' Her grin widens as she opens another message from her mother. ["I've been talking to your good friends and looking at your posts and I just have to say I am seriously disappointed. What is it? Do you need money? Are you doing this to spite me? My image is connected to yours! I can't have a daughter that has anything to do with such an odd and disgusting man. Especially one that speaks of you in such a way publicly. It's 2021, dear. Consider your father and I."] Silvia feels an intense release after reading the message. She jumps, feeling Guy's large hand rest on her shoulder. She turns her phone off. She can only bask in the irony of her mother's message. 'Seriously. Don't invoke 'current year' when you can't help but drop nasty hot-takes whenever you and daddy are in private.' She laughs.

"Having fun?" Guy asks.

"Surprisingly... Yes." Silvia responds, staring up at him. She has warmed to the man over the past few days and has become more or less used to his lack of hygiene and his less than impressive looks. The one odd thing she can't overlook is, despite the relationship they seem to have, he has not pushed to have sex with her or do anything with her. The last thing they did together was the fingering he gave her while they harassed Amy. Other than that, they only joined up so that she could watch him post more embarrassing content to both of their social feeds. He stares down at her contemplatively. "What's up?"

"I can tell you want to go further." He states. Silvia offers a short nod. "Right." He holds out his hand. She takes this immediately to mean that he wants her phone. She hands it to him and does not even need to unlock it at this point, as he has all of her codes and passwords. After a minute he hands it back.

"What did you do?" She asks excitedly, taking the phone back to look for any new posts. She deflates a little, unable to immediately identify any new, humiliating material. "I don't see anything." In response he simply points down to her profile where there is now a small, innocuous 'NSFW' tag. She almost doesn't get it at first.

He smiles, looking at her with his thick brow raised. "I mean... You're not stupid, yet." He sighs when she still does not seem to get it after giving her another couple of seconds. "Don't want you getting banned."

She immediately understands. "Wait, you don't mean-" She looks at his unmoving expression and identifies that he is serious. "You want me to post 'nsfw?'" Silvia considers what he is asking of her. It is not unheard of. In fact, it is entirely within the rules of the sites she is on to post that sort of content. It is all simply down to having that little tag on her account that marks it as something you not only should not look at while working but also should not be viewed by children at all. So long as that tag is present, anything within the law can be posted within the rules and all it will do is offend those who are tracking her on social media. Friends, co-workers. She bites her bottom lip gently as she imagines her parents opening her page to view such things. "Oh my god."

"I'm guessing by that lewd face you're making that you're on board?" He asks, unzipping his pants. Silvia turns her head, coming face to face with the largest dick she has ever encountered in the wild.

She has seen examples of monsters like this online, obviously, but never thought she would see one herself. It is thick and about eight inches flaccid. "I want you to take the perfect selfie. So I'll guide you. Just... Play around."

"Play around?" She repeats, still taking in all the features of the best cock she's ever seen in person.

"Yeah. You know..." He smirks. "Pretend' like you worship it."

Silvia blushes. "Yeah. Pretend." She inhales deeply. "Okay." If there are negative things to say about it, the smell is like gym room. Sweaty and unwashed. The powerful scent makes her cough a little and causes her head to spin. 'Yeah, I mean... It is a nice dick, but how can anyone stand the smell if they aren't forcing themselves?' She muses, leaning in close. Silvia grips his cock with one hand and lifts it. She brings her face close and opens her camera. She can see the picture that would be taken. She is posing next to his massive member, her hand in frame holding it up.

"You satisfied with that?" Guy asks, looking down at her.

She can feel his lack of enthusiasm. "No, I guess not." Stroking it a little, she leans in close and presses her lips to the base of the shaft. Her eyes shift to look at her phone to see the picture it would make. Silvia becomes somewhat hypnotized by the sight of her fawning over the monster cock in frame. 'Better, but...' She kisses up the shaft a few times, then lets her tongue slide out from between her soft lips to press against his member. She immediately regrets it as the taste of sweat and grime assaults her pallet. She is instantly worried that the taste of unwashed dick will never leave her mouth. It is so bad that her eyes begin to water in response to being both assaulted by the smell and the taste at the same time. In that moment she hears a click. Looking over, he made sure to 'help' her by clicking the button to take the picture on her phone.

"Thought it would be a good one. Wouldn't wanna miss that moment." She looks up in time to see him wink. He picks her phone up to view the picture, lets out an impressed whistle, then hands it back to her.

"Oh my..." When she opens her phone to see the picture that was taken, it is an embarrassing snapshot of her gagging a little. Her eyes are watering and are rolled up just enough to make her look quite 'off.' Despite that, her tongue is still pressed to the base of his dick and almost looks as though it is about to drag up the entire length, even though she pulled away right after. "This is-"

"Post it." Guy orders. "Do you need help with the written part of your first nsfw post?"

She is grateful for the offer but Silvia shakes her head, bringing her phone close to her face. "No..." She begins typing under the picture. Her heart rate becomes rapid as her thumb hovers over the post button. After a few seconds, she presses the screen, sealing the fate of her page and her online life along with it.

Guy looks at his own phone, a notification chiming. "Damn, I actually admire your work. You can do all this yourself, if you put your mind to it."

Silvia sits there and lets it sink in that she had just posted porn to the page that all of her friends and family are connected to. Porn of herself. She inspects the post that she just made.

["Hi all. After a bit of consideration I'm taking my page NSFW! Sorry, I'm just so in love with this dick that I can't help but share it."] She is quickly flooded with replies that amount to simple exclamations of doubt and disbelief and anger. Quite a few posts with only emoji's showing surprise. A surprising number of posts in approval of what she is doing from outside of her friend group. It is public, after all. For her, all of that is quite good. It makes her ache down bellow, but it falls just shy of what she feels like she would need. Then she begins getting the direct messages and the first one does something quite special for her. An ex boyfriend with a habit of lurking in her social feed is among the first to light up her message box.

["You never did that for me. Feel cheated, lol. Good on you, I guess."] Guy circles around, peaking over her shoulder. "Pretty passive aggressive. I can't tell if it's a man or not by the picture. That was your type?" He chuckles.

"I mean... Yeah, hot guys are my type. He's smart and both looks and dresses like a model." She responds flatly.

"So what made you dump him?" He asks pointedly.

She has to consider the question. Rather, she has to consider the way she is going to state her answer, as she already knows the reasons pretty well. "He was the atypical trendy boyfriend. My parents loved him. My friends loved him. He was very, very... Nice. But-"

"He wasn't exciting. He just didn't do anything for you physically or emotionally that you wanted." Guy explains, trying to psychoanalyze her. She would stop him if he were incorrect. He continues. "You two would've been in the one-percent if you got hitched, but you just couldn't stand how perfect he was."

"Sounds like you don't need me to explain anything." Silvia huffs. "He didn't do it for me in multiple ways. To summarize: He barely ever acted like a man."

"Want to mess with him?" Guy asks giddily. By the look in his eye, she can not help but think he knows that something is going to happen if they call.

"Yes." Silvia responds quickly, with intense interest. "How are we going to do it?"

"How big is he?" Guy asks with mild disinterest, looking at his own phone briefly.

"Average. Not as big as you, obviously. He's like... Six-inches erect." She explains casually, looking through her phone. She pulls up an old dick pic and shows it to Guy. He chuckles. Another message pings while her phone screen is facing him. Guy leans down to read it, his chuckling turning to laughter. "What?" She turns her phone so she can see and begins reading the next DM from her ex. ["Honestly a bit offended that you'd be with that gross dude after breaking up with me."] Silvia rolls her eyes. "Why do I feel like he's being more of a creep than you are?"

"Because I-" He places his large hand on top of her head, directing her attention back to his now erect cock. It is about a foot in length and even thicker while fully engorged. 'How does his body even have that much blood... Surely his fat heart has trouble pumping it all while this thing is standing up...' She thinks as he finishes his statement. "Don't seek attention from women. I introduce them to what they want and let them chase it." He smiles widely. "You do whatever you want with that. I'm gonna face-to-

face chat this guy.” He plucks her phone. Silvia hears dialing. 'Fuck, I can't take this. I need to-' She moans with relief as she slips one hand down between her thighs to massage herself aggressively. Her attention falls on the fully erect member in front of her. She licks her lips and begins trying to suck on it while her free hand strokes it. The thickness of it forces her lips to stretch wide around it. Her ears twitch when she hears the call connect while she is working his head. 'What's he gonna say?' She wonders. The last thing she expected to hear is Guy say in a nice tone. “Hey Sweetie.” He looks down, puts it on speaker and gives her a wink and a thumbs up.

“What? This isn't Silvia... Who- Are you that dirtbag!? Why do you have her phone? Put Silvia on, I wanted to talk to her anyway.” Silvia can hear the desperation in his tone.

“Sorry Sweetheart. Silvia's mouth is a bit full right now. Let me connect you so you can see...” He trails off as he is fiddling with the camera settings. After a few seconds he connects the camera to the call, pointing down. “Look up and say Hi, Silvia.”

The embarrassment of being shown off live in this state can not be understated. It is completely plausible that half of the conversation can be saved for any purpose.. He gasps once she pulls her lips from his tip and isn't able to contain her smile. She continues discreetly masturbating and stroking Guy's cock as she looks up into the camera and utters a casual. “Hi Max.”

Her ex is speechless for a few seconds, then hastily spits out. “W-w-what are you doing!? Are you messing with me!?” Silvia stares up into the camera questioningly, wondering. 'God, if you're actually mad you should just hang up. Instead, you kind of sound a bit excited.' She smiles and forces herself to go back in for more of Guy's thick, smelly cock. “It doesn't even look like you are enjoying it! Your eyes are welling up!” He points out accurately. To Silvia, Guy's cock is still rather disgusting. They gym-room smell with an odd taste. She knows it has gone completely unwashed for who knows how long. She is able to power through it somewhat and the fact that it is getting to Max and triggering such a reaction only makes her want to try harder. She works to fit more of Guy's dick between her lips. “Are you listening!?”

Guy chimes in. “Hey, you were wondering what I have that you don't? Well... She can barely fit that thing into her mouth. That's a start.” He brags.

“I'm not talking to you-” Max's tone becomes less angered and more sullen, though there is still the hint of excitement that Silvia detected.

“You are, though, sweetheart.” Guy interrupts. “You're talking to me, because Silvia is busy with something waaay more important than you.” She continues sucking, turned on by how easily Guy controls the conversation. She marvels at how natural it is for him to tease and break down her ex. “So, Maxi, Either hang up, or be a good 'girl' and enjoy the show. You mentioned she never did this for you? Well, I think seeing her do it is about as close as you are going to get.”

Max falters, his voice cracking. “S-stop calling me sweetheart... This is ridiculous.”

Guy looks down at her. “Silvia, did you know your ex likes posting on forums, too?” She blinks and shakes her head. There is an audible, alerted noise that carries from max, through the phone. “Well, she does. Online, Maxi makes a pretty convincing girl.”

The line goes silent for a few seconds. “That's not true.” Max finally responds, completely timid and

deflated at this point.

Silvia smirks and offers a light shrug. Prying her lips from of Guy's dick, she reassures him. "It's okay, Maxi. It's 2021. I doubt anyone is going to judge you." She giggles, adding. "If you were a girl, we could probably at least still be friends." She stops. "So long as Guy is okay with that."

"But—" Silvia ignores him and goes back to sucking and masturbating. Somehow, Max's humiliation offers her about as much pleasure as her own. She feels close to cumming just by being party to the conversation Guy is having with him.

"You know what, I think Maxi would make a good friend." He muses before adding sternly. "But Maxi, no butts. We're going to block you on everything until we see all your main profiles online changed to female."

"Pronouns in the bio." Silvia adds.

"Pronouns in the bio." Guy repeats.

"Hey, wait, I—" Guy cuts Max off by hanging up. he places her phone down on the table beside them.

Silvia pushes two fingers deep into her cunt, cumming to her ex being cut off. The thought of blocking him on everything is one thing, but the idea of him possibly fulfilling guy's request just to be reconnected is what actually pushes her over the edge. She moans into his dick.

Guy pats her on the head gently. "You can stop." Silvia looks up at him questioningly. "You're actually pretty bad at this. You need to work on your technique. I definitely don't want to be standing around here with a hard-on all night." Silvia blushes deeply. She is flooded with feelings of embarrassment and inadequacy. She reluctantly pries her lips from the tip of his member and purses them as she looks down. "Hey, look at me." Silvia looks up, her lips parting. She is reassured by his casual expression. "I don't care. You'll get better. You're a smart girl. For now..."

Silvia smiles widely. "Yeah, I'll work at it."