

## Facebook Friends

Judge if you want: I'm one of those so-called weirdos who dragged her feet on creating a social media account for years and years. Never saw the point of it, I guess – just a bunch of people wanting to scream their politics at me, shove their ugly kids in my face, make me ooh and aah at pictures of their inedible hipster fare. It's all just a bunch of superficial connections to people I've obviously already decided I don't want to talk to or hang out with. All I really need are my real friends.

See, I have a healthy social life all my own. My awesome boyfriend Aaron, a small but intimate group of friends, the mostly cool gang of people I work with at the news station. See, I'm Grace Bradshaw, the meteorologist for Channel 5 morning news – and before you ask, yes, Chet Stevens is as good-looking in person as he is on TV. In fact, that's why I wound up breaking down and starting up a facebook account.

A few weeks back, Darryl Klein – putting the “mostly” in “mostly cool gang” – called me into his office and told me the suits upstairs were trying to expand the station's social media profile, drive more clicks to their content. My response, of course, was to ask just who the hell was going to go to *my* facebook page for weather info instead of just glancing at their phone. His response was to let me know that the station had been looking seriously at bringing in April Janson from the local public broadcasting station, and that chilled my blood enough to suck it up and create an account.

(We're all adults here. We don't have to pretend that my combination of long legs and short dresses has nothing to do with my job security. April Janson? She's 5'11", and I don't think owns a skirt that goes past her fingertips.)

The network helped me with some promotions, and soon enough I had what seemed to me a healthy following and was growing rapidly. I hit their benchmark of two thousand followers by the end of the first month – probably could've done more if I'd let the network's photographer have his way and stick me in some low-cut high-hemmed dress. The sleazeball had even suggested doing the shoot on the beach, like it was the swimsuit issue or something. “For weather stuff. You know, like clouds and whatever.”

Still, tempting as it was to start ignoring it, the suits were running metrics on my clicks, and Klein was keeping me mindful of how much traffic April Janson was driving. So I kept posting mini-forecasts, links to weather stories, whatever tripe crossed my attention. It wasn't much, but it was enough to keep them off my back. I hoped.

I guess I should have been more surprised at how many creepers came out of the woodwork – you'd be amazed how many men apparently feel totally comfortable asking you your cup size, requesting a pair of used panties, or just plain saying something pervy. It blew my mind on a daily basis. Yet just as I was starting to think that this whole social media experiment couldn't possibly be worth it, I got a friend request that just made my day.

Todd.

I added him, and immediately started snooping around. It was about what I expected – still living near where he'd gone to college so he could hitting on the coeds (some pictures of a few serious hotties mixed in there), holding down a boring day job in what he called in his bio "the dungeon." Must not have been that bad of a job, from the pictures he'd taken at a conference – cute girl, beachside hotel.

Good old Todd. We'd been good friends in high school. He'd had a pretty obvious crush on me back in those days but I wasn't interested, and he was always really cool about it. We hung out all the time, and he helped me through break-ups and hook-ups and even a pregnancy scare. He was such a sweetie – total dork, but the perfect guy to hold down the friend zone.

My senior year, I'd had to move halfway across the country when my dad got transferred. Todd and I hadn't spoken since that tearful goodbye. I remember the look on his face, that crushed, adorable, frustrated look when I told him that if I wasn't moving, I'd have been willing to give him a shot. I meant it, too – we'd gotten close, and I was starting to realize I'd judged him too harshly. Just because he was into geeky RPGs and hypnosis and cosplay didn't mean he was beneath me. I'd even had some fun indulging him in some of those hobbies.

Now, almost ten years later, here he was! I messaged him, unable to keep a goofy grin off my face. He responded almost immediately, and we spent some time catching up. Unfortunately he still lived a thousand miles away, so we had to settle for online chat that we soon enough just made into a phone call. (I was a little nervous picking up the phone to call a guy who'd drooled over me in high school, but it was Todd. For some reason, I just felt like I could always trust him.)

I admit, though... I had an ulterior motive for calling him, and I finally worked up the nerve at the end of our conversation.

"So do you still do that whole silly hypnosis thing?" I said, as casually as I could.

He laughed. "You remember that, huh? Yeah, I still dabble, I guess. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious. One of those little quirks that I guess just stuck with me. You were always so cute, trying to 'put me under' or whatever." I giggled at the memories of him droning on, *you are getting sleepy*, to the point where I'd just shut off my hearing and let my mind wander.

"Well I got better at it," he said, though his peevishness sounded like he was just joking.

"I'll bet. But hey, for what it's worth, I still think back on it sometimes, when I'm trying to sleep. It relaxed me like nothing else! What I wouldn't give for a masseuse who could drain the tension out of me like that..."

He paused a moment. "You know, I... Hmm. I might be able to try it via video chat. I can't promise anything, but it might work."

"Oh Todd, I don't know..."

"Come on, Grace. What have you got to lose? You were just saying earlier how stressed you are trying to do your job and keep your boss off your back."

"Well... OK."

I accepted, which I'd known I would before he even offered. I wasn't kidding about the relaxation. Something about it just mellowed me out like his voice was a drug. We set up a time for that weekend when Aaron would be gone at his softball game, so that I wouldn't be distracted. I felt better already.

Maybe facebook wasn't so bad after all.

“And don't fucking come back!” I shouted as Aaron stormed out.

Wow, what a month. We'd been on the cusp of marriage – I knew Aaron had even bought the ring, and was just waiting for a romantic occasion. But all month long, he'd just been... bothering me.

It started with little stuff, some of it he'd been doing all along that I was just realizing I couldn't put up with. Drinking from the carton. Leaving his clothes on the floor. Complaining about how much I was spending on new clothes. Always trying to... touch me. I wasn't some kept woman, only to give myself to one guy – I was a modern woman, and I needed to be free to share myself with the world.

In fact, the world had been on a lot better terms with me lately. Maybe it was exposing myself – or rather, getting more exposure – but I was realizing how much fun it was being a celebrity, even such a minor one as the Channel 5 weather girl. I started showing a little more leg on the set, then a little cleavage, then a little more, and boy oh boy how the love flooded in from fans. Darryl had only mentioned April Janson once in the past week.

If he also talked to my boobs occasionally, so what? I had big boobs, and it was cool to get noticed for them.

Aaron hadn't thought so. He thought I was using sex to advance my career, and acted like I was the Whore of Babylon riding around on her seven-headed beast. So what if I was being a little sexier? So what if I'd started masturbating around the apartment? So what if I did my gardening in a bikini? That was my prerogative, not his.

I'd thought a lot about him, especially during those perfect zen moments while Todd was hypnotizing me and my thinking got totally clear, and I was more and more just disinterested in being with him. So what if he was gorgeous, and rich, and sensitive, and good with kids, and great in bed? I guess I just didn't see myself as some fairy tale princess. I was a raw. My own person. I didn't play by the rules.

Should I thank Todd for helping me see it? It seemed a bit of a stretch to credit him with my epiphany, yet I couldn't help but feel he'd helped. The trouble he went to with our sessions, even using these little white noises and digital effects he said he'd designed just for me. I didn't care if it didn't actually blank my mind. It was incredibly sweet of him to try.

As I watched Aaron packing the last of his things in his car, crying like a little bitch all the while, I found myself thinking of Todd and grinning. “Oh, what the hell,” I said to the empty apartment.

I lifted my shirt up over my chest, pulled down the cups of my bra, and took a snapshot. Then I clicked Share, and thanks to the magic of the facebook, sent it right to Todd. It felt good. Bad good. With that done, I settled back onto my couch – Aaron had bought it, but it was mine now – and spread my legs. It was no hypnosis, but it did help me relax.

“You’re fired, Grace,” Darryl said firmly a couple months later.

“What? What the hell for?” I fumed.

“Oh, I dunno, maybe... THIS?!” he said, spinning his monitor to face me.

On the screen was my facebook page. He’d apparently already scrolled down quite a bit, because the first image that greeted me was the picture I’d posted about two months back when I’d been at my friend Carol’s house and her fat old cat had hopped up on my lap and fallen asleep between my legs. In the picture, I was petting her with one hand and squeezing a boob with the other, neck bent back in bliss. The caption read, *I love to have my pussy stroked lol!*

I giggled. That had been pretty funny, and had gotten a fair amount of likes and shares considering I’d been wearing a sweater and a knee-length skirt.

Darryl began scrolling back up, taking me through post after awesome post. I didn’t bother looking back much myself, but seeing it this way was... well, it was inspiring. For one, there was seeing my recent journey of confidence. No longer did I run from my sexuality. No, the new Grace flaunted it.

She didn’t mind letting the world know her exact measurements. (36D-26-37.) She got a tattoo of a bare-chested female devil on her left shoulder. She didn’t pretend it didn’t feel good to be praised for having a hot body and a pretty face. She showed off her thigh gap, her cleavage, her bikini wax. She was a hot-ass babe and she felt fucking great about herself.

And why wouldn’t she? She had the data to back it up. In the past four months, I was up to almost 20,000 facebook friends, twice that on instagram and snapchat. It all snowballed, I was learning – the more followers you had, the easier it was to get more. I had a clip on youtube that hit 150,000 views since it was posted last week.

(My dress had been super short on that night’s broadcast, and when I turned it would flare up and flash my panties. I turn a lot.)

Darryl finally stopped on a post from earlier that week, clicking to make the video go full-screen and glaring at me. “Care to explain?”

“That? You’re firing me for that.” I rolled my eyes. In the video, I’d just gone bikini shopping and was showing off my picks to my fans. I’d turned around when I was changing, so

you never saw more than a little side boob, and the camera didn't show anything below the waist except when I backed off to show it on purpose.

"You don't think the jumping jacks were a bit much?" Darryl said dryly.

"Just trying to drive up my clicks, like you said you wanted."

He pointed to the screen, where I was pulling my bottoms into my crack, then back out, inviting viewers to say whether it looked better as a thong. "You obviously have lost all track of how to represent this station. It's time for you to end your professional relationship with us. Pack your things and be quick about it."

"I'll suck your dick, Darryl," I said after a moment.

"You'll what?!" he sputtered.

"Let me keep my job, and I'll suck your fuckin' balls dry." I slid out of my chair and perched on one of his knees. I hadn't worn panties under my dress that day, so I could feel his khakis against my bare slit. "Don't bullshit me, Darryl. I know you've jerked it, just thinking about having me on my knees, wrapping my lips around your cock. Just say I can keep my job, and my mouth is yours."

He looked me over for a long moment. "You'd keep it... quiet?"

"You'll be making more noise than me, I'm sure."

"No, not like that, Grace. I mean... discreet."

"Tell you what. Ten percent raise, and not only will I swear on my mother's grave to keep it to myself, but I'll give you a repeat performance at a time of your choosing." I gently humped at his leg. "Bet April Janson didn't offer you that."

"Ten percent... I dunno, that's gonna be tough to..." He trailed off as I eased my tits out of the wide neckline of my dress. "...but I bet I could manage it."

"So we're agreed? Two blowjobs, and I get to keep my job with the station with the raise."

Darryl licked his lips, nodded at my boobs. "Deal."

"Awesome." I stood up off his lap, tucking my boobs away again.

"What...?"

I pulled my tape recorder out of my purse and turned it off. "My followers are going to love that. I quit, by the way. Wonder how far behind me you'll be once the execs hear you were willing to not only not fire me, but give me a raise on their dime, so you could get your dick wet."

In the end, Darryl wrote me a personal check for \$20,000 and wrote a glowing recommendation. Todd thought it was hilarious when I told him about it over our video chat that night. We didn't talk for long – losing my job, even as lame as the thing had been, had seriously stressed me out, so I begged him to get on with the hypnosis so I could clear my head and figure out my next move.

“You’re sure it’s cool if I crash here for a while?” I asked for like the hundredth time.

“For the hundredth time, yes,” Todd said, exasperated.

I couldn’t blame him for sounding tired of my asking. After all that had happened these past few months, he’d been my rock through all of it. Ever since leaving Channel 5, I went through jobs faster than I thought possible. First, I applied to every station in town, hoping I could make the switch. After all, my following would grow way faster if they could see me on TV every night, showing off my body in some skimpy outfit that my manager would publicly condemn but privately thank his lucky stars for. Nobody was hiring though. April Janson did indeed get my old job, and while I got a call from her old public broadcasting station to see if I was interested in her gig, I turned them down. It was more than my pride could handle, such an obvious reversal with such an inferior meteorologist.

So one night, as I was in the middle of my customary post-hypnosis thank-you pic to Todd (that night a nice pussy-spreader shot), it occurred to me I could monetize my hobby! I loved showing off my body, even – no, *especially* when it came to these sexier shots I did for my facebook friend. Week by week, I’d gotten bolder and bolder, and every time I thought that surely that was as naughty as I could make myself be, I’d violate the terms of usage on my account again and get another warning about revealed nipples.

Miracle of miracles, Todd actually happened to know someone in pornography! He told me he’d act as my agent, since all these guys think they can just buffalo the models but an agent communicates that I mean business. So I contacted a local photographer and set up a shoot, letting him snap shots of me dressed up in a good imitation of my old high school uniform. (I don’t know why went that direction, but as soon as I thought of it, I fell in love with the idea.)

I sent off the shots to Todd, and his guy bought them! Top dollar, too, Todd said. (He was handling the financials too.) So over the next few weeks, I spent thousands on outfits and photography, and each time Todd told me the pictures and videos had sold immediately and for massive profits. It must have been a lot, because every time I asked for a number, Todd just lol-ed at me and said something like “oh just you wait” or “you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.” The anticipation was killing me.

Except when he finally told me... the number wasn’t at all what I’d expected. Because the number was \$0.

I’d been mad at first – really mad. Todd said the buyer had been implicated in some kind of federal crime and the FBI had retroactively seized all his assets, including his payments to me. So there I was, everything I’d had saved invested into my modeling, and all the money I’d made from that gone in an instant.

Once again, though, I had Todd to thank for my silver lining. We did an extended session that night, and while my mind drifted through the nothingness I realized that I’d gotten something out of my nude modeling after all – self-discovery! Looking back on it, I had *loved* taking my clothes off for money. My worst day stripping for the photographer had been more fun

and more arousing than my best month of weather forecasting put together. Better yet, it gave me an obvious solution to my money troubles!

I started stripping, live on stage, and let me tell you – it was a rush like none other. Some of the girls rubbed ice on their nipples before going out, strutted off stage and immediately began scowling in their dressing room at their lot in life. Not me. Every leer, every cat call, every dollar shoved in my g-string... it was electrifying. Soon word got out that I was that hot-ass weather girl who, thanks to a report leaked by anonymous sources inside Channel 5 (that was definitely that bitch April Janson), had been fired for being too damn sexy for prime time news.

It brought in men in droves. Seemingly every guy who'd ever jacked it to the sight of my nipples poking out my dress came to see me at the club. I gushed to Todd about how hot it was, all this attention. I'd have gushed to my other friends, but they'd all pretty much written me off as bad news once I'd told them I was a stripper now. Whatever, fuck them. Making the journey from weather girl to lap dancer had made me more popular than ever online.

Todd would listen good-naturedly, then I'd take off my clothes for my hypnosis session and settle back. Any more, I had to wonder if they were even helping – I was so happy all the time now, and the whole time my brain was shut off all I did was fantasize about giving in to all those men begging me for a shot at my pussy.

Soon enough, I just gave in. I didn't even get his name, couldn't even tell you what he looked like. But he'd slipped me a hundred dollar bill, and it was so fucking hot I just did the rest of my tease on his lap, then dragged him backstage to the dressing room and let him bend me over the makeup table and fuck me. I came in a second, and it just kept going until he got there, too.

I got fired while I was still slumped over with a dopy grin on my face, cum dribbling out from between my legs. The next day I found a new club, and I made it two shifts before I was fired again, for the same reason. The next one I took my guys out in the alley behind the club, but the manager said he was going to get busted for running a house of prostitution if I kept it up – and when I did, he let me go, too.

Word had gotten out by then – hot as I was, I was a liability. Nobody else in the area would hire me, except for one place that asked me with a surprising lack of discretion if I would turn tricks for them. I said no, obviously – I might have finally accepted that I was a nymphomaniac, but I wasn't a hooker. Still, I was at the end of my rope. No money, no job, no prospects.

And of the more than three hundred thousand facebook friends I'd made since creating my account six months ago, there was only one real friend I could turn to.

Even after all these years, Todd and I were like peas and carrots. He gave me a big hug and a long squeeze on the ass at the door, then I plopped down in his lap and we talked and talked. He told me about his friends and how he couldn't wait to introduce me to them. They sounded like really cool girls.

After a while, I finally had to ask. “So it’s getting late, Toddy – am I just staying here, or...?”

“Nah, not here. I got a little place – a rental I bought a while back, figured I’d make a little money on the side, but now it’s yours. Just until you get back on your feet. Or on your back.”

I laughed. “Hopefully the second one.”

He drove me right over and showed me around. It was small, for sure, but it looked plenty cozy. Fully furnished and everything! “Thank you so much, Todd. Seriously, I don’t even know what to say. This is so huge.”

“My pleasure, Grace. Good night – see you tomorrow.”

I grabbed his shoulder as he turned. “Wait! Before you go, um... would you mind...”

He smiled. “Sure, hon. I’ll put you under.”

“No, silly,” I said, pulling him up against me by the hips. “If you’d let me finish, I was going to say, ‘would you mind fucking me?’ It’s been over a day and I’m kinda going crazy here.”

“Aren’t you a precocious little thing,” he said. For some reason, he frowned. Had I done something wrong?

“Don’t be coy, Todd. I know you always wanted to, so come on. I’ll throw you a bone.” To sweeten the deal, I deftly removed my shirt. I wasn’t wearing a bra, and I figured giving my poor, nerdy friend the thrill he’d waited more than a decade for would help loosen him up for me.

“Tell you what,” he said after only a brief glance at my tits. “Why don’t I put you under first, then we can come back to this. OK?”

I sighed. I was really fucking horny – even Todd’s cock was sounding pretty great right now. Still, maybe it’d help take the edge off of the move. I took off the rest of my clothes – it was a little weird doing it in front of my old friend face to face, but by now it was just habit when I was being hypnotized to be naked.

I laid down in my new bed. It wasn’t as soft as I’d hoped – guess there were limits on what Todd was willing to do for me. He stood over me, speaking the soft, slow words of his induction. He hadn’t done this to me face to face since high school. I remembered how vulnerable I’d felt back then, how nervous. I’d known he had that crush on me, but he just hadn’t been up to my standards for dating.

I explored that thought as I went under. Back then, I’d been pretty primo shit – honor roll, officer or president in half a dozen academic clubs, on top of which I’d been easily in the top ten cutest girls in school. (This was before the hot-nerd-girl fad was a thing or I’d have been top three, easy.) To a lonely geek like Todd, I was so far out of his league that dating me must’ve been like dating a celebrity. Then I’d actually *become* a celebrity, albeit a minor one, and how much more must he have wanted to fuck me then?

There was just something undeniably hot about the idea of fucking someone out of your league – I had to grant Todd that.

Only... my league had definitely changed a lot over the past few months, hadn't it? I'd been wealthy, had a cool job, got to be on TV, hot boyfriend, lots of fans. But what about now? I realized with increasing dread that those days were behind me. I was unemployed. Destitute. I literally didn't own the clothes on my floor – I had less than nothing. I had tons of fans, but those were total strangers. Not one of them would have actually helped me if I'd asked – at least, not without expecting me to put out in return.

Which meant, come to think of it, that I was a girl whose only asset was men who'd compensate her for the use of her pussy. So I wasn't a whore – I was a girl who was only not a whore because of her one and only friend.

Todd. Now look at how far he'd come since his humble origins. Had a cool job and made good money, hot office mate. Owned property all over town. Had some college coeds no doubt eating out of his hand. Their families wishing their daughters could be lucky enough to land a guy like him. Todd hadn't even told me all this, but somehow I just knew. He was at the top of his game – and here I was, the dregs at the bottom of the barrel.

Our spots on the social strata had completely flipped. I was the one looking up at him. And now I finally realized why he'd had such a crush on me, why he'd put up with all my drama, my disinterest, using him for his patient ear and kind words. It was because that's what you did when you were a bottom-dweller hoping to ingratiate yourself to somebody way beyond your station.

You did anything and everything you could to make them keep you around them.

Suddenly I was aware of Todd snapping his fingers. "And you're awake."

I blinked, shaking off the haze. As always, I did my best thinking when I was under. He was so amazing to help me like that. And with the apartment. And the furniture. And the air fare, and the clothes, and the basically everything I had.

"Well, I'll let you settle in – you've had a long day," he said.

"Wait!" I said more urgently than I'd meant to. "I just wanted to thank you. For everything."

"No problem, Grace. See you tomorrow."

"No!" I insisted. "I mean... I want to *thank* you. Please."

"Good night, Grace." He smiled, and after a little pat on my head, he walked right out.

God, Todd was fucking sexy. I didn't deserve him.

"Hey there, dick butler – hope you don't mind me letting myself in."

I was riding the dildo hard, not too far from climaxing, so it took me a moment to catch my breath before I could respond. "Heya, boss! Make yourself at home. Just finishing up a show

– wanna fuck me for the fans? Oh! Or a blowjob! They love watching me suck you off, and you know me, any excuse to get a dick in my mouth.”

“No, that’s OK. You finish up.”

I got back to work with a little pout. I always hoped he’d give me a quickie, but he hardly ever did unless he was in a rush. So I got right back to work humping my dildo in front of the camera, apologizing briefly to my audience for the interruption. They didn’t mind. Certainly not the regulars, who’d migrated over from facebook and instagram when I’d first started my cam shows a few months back. Honestly, they always hoped to see my cam shows get interrupted by Todd.

I remembered the last time he’d interrupted me. I’d been in the middle of a slow strip tease in my bed – technically Todd’s bed, as he owned everything in my apartment, maybe even including me – one of my countless dildos at my side. It was going to be a pretty typical show for me – an extended monologue about how I was feeling that day. How horny I was, how much I wished I had someone (or ten someones) here to fuck me. It was easy to ad lib since it was all true. Then, once I’d gotten a decent crowd in, I’d planned on auctioning off my clothes, then rewarding my fans with an extended shot of fucking myself silly with my dildo.

It wasn’t inventive, but it paid the bills. Todd’s bills, that is. Since it was his apartment, his furniture, his clothes, his dildo, his whore, all of the money went to him. I figured if I ever managed to earn any money of my own, maybe I’d try to save some, but for now, Todd was kind enough to let me get by on his generosity.

Anyways, once Todd got there, the plan went out the window. He’d come by to take pity on his dumb slutty friend by showing interest in my work. As always, I got caught up in how bad I wanted him, how much I owed him. I was horny pretty much all the time, but his presence always made it a hundred times worse. In front of thousands of fans, I tore off my clothes and crawled to be at his feet. It was the place where I felt most comfortable.

Then came the begging. I couldn’t help myself.

*Please let me fuck you. I promise I’ll do better this time. I need your cock – I know you don’t owe it to me, you don’t owe me anything. I mean, I owe YOU everything, but still, please. Take pity on me, Todd, give me your cock. For old time’s sake? Think of me as that smug bitch who said no to you, and just fuck my face like she’d never let you. I would never say no to you now, you know that. I couldn’t. Literally anything you asked I would do for you. Want to fuck me in the ass? I never do anal stuff for my fans, but you can. You SO can. I just want to make you cum, to show you I’m good for something. I know I used to think I was such hot shit, but now I get it. I’m nothing without you. I’m barely anything WITH you. Just tits and ass and the hottest wettest cunt you ever fucked. Check for yourself. Please? Please check. Oh GOD just fucking fuck me, PLEASE...*

And so on. You know how it goes when you’re super into a guy but he only sees you as a friend, right?

But today, he just sat back and watched me strip and masturbate and whine and moan for legions of anonymous fans. More than three thousand watching me right then as I debased myself like a common whore, living out my dream thanks to the investment in my happiness from my best friend. My videos on the various porn sites Todd had had me upload to had over twenty million views, and even my comparatively tame weather girl videos were into the hundreds of thousands – each. I didn't check my facebook much any more, but last time I had I was over a million friends. Darryl and all my old friends from Channel 5 were among them, and even April Janson. And her husband. I sent him private nudes occasionally, waiting for the day I'd see her change her status to "complicated." Aaron tried to friend me, but I just ignored his request.

But you know what? This whole experience joining facebook and the craziness that followed had proven me right. All these facebook friends, but all I really wanted was my real one.

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