

“You're getting better at this.” Guy compliments, weaving his fat fingers into her hair. She bobs over his cock near the bulbous crown while her hand stokes him at the base. She mumbles her thanks into his dick, obviously unable to talk. Her eyes open wide as, suddenly, she feels him grab a handful of her hair and use it to pull her head back. “Look at me when I'm talking to you, slut!” Since the angle is right, his cock pops free from her lips, slapping her cheek wetly a few times. She stares up into the lens of Guy's phone camera.

Silvia's face flushes. “... Are you taking pictures?” She has not quite gotten used to just how public everything they do is becoming. She can only imagine how bad she looks. 'My face is covered in spit. He had me apply makeup just so it would get all messy, too.'

“Streaming to your channel, actually.” He loosens the grip he has on her hair, choosing instead to stroke her head gently.

“Streaming? Why are you doing it to mine?”

“What's wrong? You've barely got any friends or acquaintances left online except for some of the pervs at your work. The only people who visit your social these days are your fans.”

Nothing is wrong. In fact, the thought of this being streamed for anyone online to see, including the people she works with, is extremely exciting. She does not want to admit that, however. Instead, she chooses to pick up on the last thing Guy said. “Fans?”

“You're a burgeoning porn star. Guess how many viewers are enjoying your sloppy face right now.” Guy leaves it open for her to actually guess. Looking up past his phone to his casually pleased expression, he seems to actually want her to.

“Okay... Ten?” It is around how many friends and family she had on her social, to begin with. For her, it would not be too odd to see that many pervs replace them. Guy laughs. “What? Is it more?”

“About a hundred people are watching your dumb ass learn how to give a half-decent blowjob.” Guy comments harshly.

Silvia's jaw drops. “A hundr-” When she opens her mouth Guy just uses that as an opportunity to angle his cock back between her lips. The embarrassment of being seen by a hundred new people like this goes straight to her head. She feels very light, but also incredibly aroused. All of that contributes, little by little, to Silvia giving in and continuing to suck him off. 'A hundred people are watching me suck his gross dick...' She nearly cums from the thought. She is reminded that there are a few people from work who have not unfriended her yet. It is possible that they are simply not tuned into their social accounts. Another possibility that sends her mind racing, however, is that some of them are watching her do this. 'Oh god!'

“Silvi was just telling me the other day that she feels like the poster-child for wasted lives.” Silvia stares up at him, unsure what he is referring to. 'I never said that? Is this part of his process?' She listens intently, trying to figure out in the moment what he is getting at. “Isn't that right, bitch?” She gulps. 'He's not going to let me get away with waiting to hear what he's talking about... He's going to make me agree before I know.' With her face becoming even more red at the thought of what he is going to announce on her behalf, she offers a halfhearted nod. “You were saying: Why did I spend so many years going to school when I could easily suck dick and shake my tits in front of a camera for views.”

Guy smirks down at her. “Now, chat, I personally thought that was pretty harsh. Do you wanna defend that statement, Silvi?”

Silvia looks up like a deer caught in headlights. 'H-he's completely put me on the spot. Am I supposed to defend that shit I didn't say?' She considers denying it, but then remembers all of the eyes on her. 'Those were super fucked up words to put in my mouth.' As she thinks that, he pulls his cock from her mouth to let her answer. 'Super fucked up...' Her lips curl up slightly at the thought of reinforcing something so utterly bad. “I just think, like...” She tries to form the worst opinion she can on the spot. “Like... I have a good body, right? So, if I just gave up on school and started being a slut for money I'd be fine.”

Guy clicks his tongue, adopting a judging tone. She can tell by the smug look on his fat face that it is just an act. “Is that the message you want to send to the current generation? What if there are young girls watching?”

“They shouldn't be, but if they are...” Silvia bites the inside of her bottom lip lightly. Her heart is racing. “Drop out and start sucking dick, instead. If I did that, I'd have no debt and would probably have a ton saved up right now.” She is speaking mostly half-truths, but it sounds bad so she can not help but say it.

“Wow.” Guy continues acting as the voice of reason, despite spurring all of this on. “So you'd rather be a dumb cocksucker than what you are now?”

Silvia nods assuredly. She is fully in the mood to fuck up her own image. “Girls, don't fill your heads with bullshit. You don't need to know anything to be able to suck lots of dicks for money or hitch yourself to a guy that'll support you.”

“That's pretty controversial, Silvi. Not gonna lie. Even chat is against you.” She gulps. 'There is a chat?' Guy continues. “Is that what you call the stuff you do now? Bullshit?”

Her mind jumps back to wondering if there is anyone from her work watching. Still, she can not help herself. “Y-yeah! Even at my current job, I could be the dumbest person in the office and still get by just by being shameless in front of a few of the top guys.”

Guy cackles behind the phone to the extent that the camera begins to shake. “So maybe we should test that theory?”

Her eyes widen. 'Oh fuck. No way...!' She realizes the implications, but her arousal is through the roof. “Yeah, fine. Wanna film it?”

Guy turns the camera around as her expression catches up with the horror she is feeling at what she just offered to do. He speaks into the lens. “You heard her, guys. She's going to become the office bimbo and we're going to see just how long she can last! You can't get this content anywhere else. Nope.” He looks down, past the camera. “By the way, I didn't tell you to stop. Idiot...” He sighs. “Guy signing off.” He clicks the button to stop recording. Silvia does as he asks and continues sucking his cock around the crown. He looks down for a few seconds before flicking her forehead. “Camera's off. Cut it out.”

Silvia backs off. “S-sorry.” What she said and did in front of a livestream is still sinking in.

“Here, look up at the camera and smile. We need to sort out a different profile pic. The one with us together lost its kick.”

“Huh? Okay.” Silvia looks up to see him stroking his own cock in front of her face. She flinches as it shoots directly into one eye. He casts strands of semen all over her face. She hears the shudder sound and sees the flash go off on her surprised expression.

“Perfect! I wanted a smile, but that expression is probably just as good.” Guy jokes, handing her his phone. She looks at her profile with her one good eye and sees her profile pic. It is a picture of her with her face lit up by the flash. She is absolutely coated in several ropes of semen.

“Oh god...” She also sees a one hour stream recorded and posted to her wall. The fact that it is one hour means to her that every single second of her desperately seeking his approval in her dick-sucking efforts is recorded for all to see. The realization hits hard and fast. 'That part wasn't for the camera. That was me... I wanted to be good at sucking his dick. This isn't just a show. I really am becoming pretty shameless.' The thought, rather than troubling her, gives her a slight grin.

“Yeah, it's a start.” Guy takes back his phone.