

Speed Run

“All right, BabyBlew, we’re live in three, two, one... go.”

The steady *tick, tick* was the only sound behind me as the camera’s red light switched on. A welcoming smile blossomed on my lips the moment I saw it like it always did. I reflected again about how I missed being able to see my clock during my stream, like I used to. Back when I’d started, the time had always been in my peripheral vision, a way of checking my pace against known milestones. Now, the “clock” was merely a metronome Charlie had supplied. It supplied a steady drone in the background, an unremitting reminder to grind, grind, grind. To focus. To never lose focus.

The camera was a small unit mounted over the monitor across the way on my desktop a few feet away. Like usual when I trained, I’d gotten myself good and comfortable, hydrated, muscles limber. Even though I was streaming live, Charlie would be uploading the playthrough later, so I made my introduction so folks who stumbled onto it on the internet would be able to find more of my content. Basic business stuff.

“Hello there, everybody, this is BabyBlew and welcome to another speed run through *Subnautica*. Today we’re once again working on pathfinding and sticking to our goals, monitoring our progress by some checkpoints I’ve set up. To my impending chagrin and probably your delight we’re once again joined by my friend HoosierDaddy who’s going to be ‘helping’ me out. If you’re new to the stream you’ll see pretty soon what the implied air quotes are for.” Without turning around, I waved in Charlie’s general direction. Turning around was a major no-no. If I was watching him, I wasn’t watching the game. Not that I’d started yet, but you didn’t build habits of success by fudging the rules.

My chair was a few feet back from my desk and though I was wearing glasses, these were the purely decorative pair I wore for streaming. They were a cute pink and purple pair that made the blue in my eyes pop fetchingly, even if they completely failed to address my nearsightedness. I could see well enough to game, though, and peering around looking confused wasn’t the worst aesthetic for the internet dudebros.

Still, the presence of a sudden flurry of text was easy to make out. The stream chat exploded in greetings far too small for me to read in the narrow strip at the side of my monitor, probably well-wishings and preemptive lols. Before we’d begun taking my training more seriously, I used to simply run a tri-screen setup one window for the game, one for stream controls and chat, and one for auxiliary details like the timer to help keep me on task. (I’d also worn real glasses and sat close enough to read, for that matter.) The third screen had always featured an inspirational quote. Charlie, however, had convinced me all that was a distraction, so now it was only one screen, and he

served as intermediary for the chat, passing along interesting comments or the vibe of the moment.

To that end, “She’s still warming up, gang. Give us a few. Whew, we got some eager folks today, can’t wait to see BabyBlew start up and get wet.”

With a roll of my eyes, I still gave a generous chuckle. “Far be it from me to deny the people their wish. All right, let’s do this!”

As my avatar leapt out of the survival pod and I set out immediately to begin gathering, the presence of a field of celebratory avatars appeared on the screen. I recognized them by color. The usual glhf banners, some classics Charlie and I had made ourselves like BlewEyes (a cartoony me with big sparkly eyes), BlewGills (me kissing a cute little Peeper fish from *Subnautica*), and loads of the more recently added BlewBalls (me jacking someone off, his cum spraying my bare chest). I hated that last one – but that was sort of the point.

“All right, Baby, get gathering. You got this. Zero death run.”

My eyes narrowed and I stuck my tongue out. “You know damn well I need to die after scanning the last Mobile Vehicle Bay fragment. Don’t play with me, son!”

Charlie laughed at having been caught, and that was it for a while. Only me, the controller, the screen, and the occasional clack of keys from Charlie where he sat behind me on my bed. And the metronome, obviously. (*Tick, tick.*) I scoured across the Safe Shallows for the requisite titanium, quartz and copper, using my practiced tricks to track how many of each I’d acquired without having to waste precious fractions of seconds opening my inventory to recount.

I’d almost hit my copper quota, narrowly dodging a crashfish explosion, when a pillow hit me in the side of my face.

It did nothing. That’s how focused I was. I’d gotten so in tune with the game that I may as well be wearing a VR headset for total immersion. Shit, maybe I was and I hadn’t even noticed. More than a few times, Charlie had managed to sneak that onto me in the middle of my game, and any more, I was so attuned that the transition didn’t faze me in the least. I blinked, glancing around my bedroom/studio for a moment. Nope. Embarrassing I had to look, mortifying that it delayed my progress a few precious milliseconds, but nobody’s perfect. I actually hoped he’d add them later. The less my eyes could see of the world around me, the less distracted I could be. He was a master of blocking my vision with a thousand and one tricks and toys.

“Your fans approve, though EliCromlick says, ‘next time you slap her in the face use something hard,’” Charlie said.

I snorted and nudged my fake glasses up my nose with the side of my controller, all the while weaving through an underwater cave network heading for the sandstone deposits near the geyser cave. “Bring it.”

My friend/trainer gave me a couple minutes to forget the pillow – not that I’d needed it – before he spoke up again. “Looks like you’re pretty close to schedule, Baby. Ready for a data blast?”

“Hit me, Daddy.” Suggestive, sure, but I wasn’t stupid. I knew why my streams averaged close to six thousand viewers, and it wasn’t my mad skills. I ran a solid show, yeah, and I liked to think my fans found me friendly. A pretty blonde with heavy makeup and a low neckline, B cups or no, made friendliness stretch a lot farther, though.

Charlie rattled off some statistics. “So here’s an update on BabyBlew’s progress today. Let’s see, she missed two scans in the wreck by Lifepod 17, though. She got there ten seconds ahead of last stream, twenty-three ahead of the debacle last week.”

“Yeah, we’re not mentioning that one again.”

“Without the storage mod for the Seamoth we’re looking at an ugly two-minute drop in performance, by your own figures. Her panties today are bright pink cotton with little fringes around the edges. And it looks like the Reaper leviathan by the north end of the *Aurora* wreckage is out a little deeper than usual this game from what we saw on the trip to the Quarantine Enforcement Platform.”

I nodded. “Solid. Might have to park further away, sneak in on the Seaglide instead. Might add thirty seconds, but beats having to recraft the whole Seamoth if Mr. Nomsy over there gets hangry.”

Yes, to be clear, I heard him mention my panties. I’m nearsighted, not nearsounded. But I also know how letting myself get flustered over jibes like that only distracted me. No way I was going to drop the ball this early on over something as silly as the color of my underwear.

Besides, I wasn’t about to give Charlie the satisfaction.

It had been his idea, helping me train. We were roommates, moving in together right out of high school to get away from our parents, all of them assholes of one stripe or another. Then the stupid pandemic hit. The restaurant I’d been working at got shut down early on, so I’d turned to streaming as a way to maybe make a few bucks while I figured out what else I could do. Charlie worked retail, was let go not long after. He’d finally landed a gig at some sleazy sex shop by the interstate. Evidently perverts still needed their porn and sex toys, plague be damned.

In the beginning, it had just been me, a generically pretty girl playing popular games with mediocrity and spending two thirds of the time just talking to the screen. Research and experience both confirmed that it was the route to success for someone like me if I didn’t want to go all-out and string along the sims in a Just Chatting stream. I’d been a cheerleader in high school, so I was well acquainted with the limits of my patience for horny randos saying creepy shit to me. A lot less of that crap popped up when your chat has a purpose to it. After a while, I’d even gotten pretty good at FPS games. My competitive nature as an athlete translated nicely into competitive gaming.

Unfortunately, as I spent more time playing and less time batting my eyelashes at the camera, viewers plummeted. Tantrums about male insecurities weren't going to bring them back, though. As such, when my roommate, a stream viewer from before it was cool, offered some suggestions, I was all ears.

Beep. Some part of my subconscious registered a crisp noise from the metronome he used as my timer, and without thinking I stood up out of my chair. Could I ask him to get the VR? No. No, this was supposed to be a real test today. If he couldn't disrupt my vision, it wouldn't be a challenge. I kicked the chair away into the corner, though even as Charlie stood in front of the monitor to adjust the camera for my new standing position, I didn't lose course. Much, anyway. There was a tell-tale bang as the Seamoth careened off a fungal branch in the Mushroom Forest, but I could repair it. Might eat ten seconds or so, but right then I was more self-conscious about what a short dress Charlie had put me in for today's stream.

He finished adjusting, and I smiled exultantly as I had access to the screen again, the little red light of the webcam reassuring me my career was going swimmingly. He thought he was being clever, coming up behind me and rubbing my shoulders, kneading the muscles in my back, teasing along my bare arms – super cute top today, Charlie's pick also. A bra would've been nice; my nipples stood out super obviously in this sheer material, especially when they got hard from the caresses.

I snorted derisively, however. Distraction? Pff. This was only making me more relaxed. *Tick, tick.* Rub, rub. *Tick, tick.* Squeeze, squeeze. The more relaxed, the more the real world melted away and I became my character in the game, completely detached from where my roommate was kneeling down behind me and massaging my ass under my dress.

There was a moment when his thumbs went pretty deep between my legs and touched something that made me zone out for a few seconds, but luckily I only drifted off course a bit. Wouldn't add more than thirty seconds. "Nice try," I taunted.

"Oh we're just getting started." Down went my panties; he paused their descent mid-thigh where the camera would pick them up nicely. "See, viewers? What'd I tell ya?"

Darnit. Multiple thousand people just got to see the damp spot in the crotch of my panties. Lovely. Then I chided myself for being distracted. *Panties get wet when your clit gets buzzed. Congrats, you're normal. Don't fixate.* "Yeah, yeah, do your worst. C'mon, Mama needs two more gel sacks. That Prawn Suit's not gonna build itself."

When I felt him tugging, I stepped out of my panties. I wasn't about to let him try to trip me again. Those kinds of delays cost precious seconds.

Back when we'd first started, I'd been into really different games. I liked to shoot stuff, snipe down helicopter pilots. Ah, the primal thrill of tea-bagging one's victims! Charlie, however, had made a good point that a more relaxed style of game might leave

me better positioned to reconnect with my audience, so I'd given it a shot. Sure enough, once I stopped dunking on newbs, some of those fragile male egos migrated back.

It wasn't the only thing he'd gotten me to open up on. The curtain I'd erected around my gaming station went down, giving viewers unobstructed views of my bedroom. At first? Yeah, I felt sort of... violated. It's weird, you know? Having strangers able to see where you sleep. Where you... you know. When Charlie next wondered aloud if viewers might like seeing, say, some of my dirty laundry lying about— perhaps even some underwear? – I made it clear immediately that he was crossing a line and he'd dropped it.

It was around then we'd started our new format.

Publicity stunts. That's what he'd called them. *Some gimmicks to suck people in. Let me spin you in your chair so you have to play dizzy. Play with only one thumb. Do a stream where you can't hear anything – I can whip up some white noise for you. Gimmicks.*

I'd learned to play against distractions. It had been around then that we'd moved from the game clock to the metronome.

Tick, tick.

Slap, slap.

"It's not fair to spank me that hard," I grumbled, trying to keep my footing.

"What's fairness got to do with it?" he retorted, resuming his rhythm. *Smacka smacka smack, slap slap. SLAP SLAP! Smacka smacks smacka smack, slap slap. SLAP SLAP!* It was a guessing game for my viewers, drumming out a heavy beat on my ass, bare in the back now that he'd tucked the back of my skirt under my top.

Whatever. Let him do his worst. I was going to patch up the *Aurora's* drive core come hell or high water. (Even higher water, I guess, since the thing was flooded and radioactive as hell.)

"*1812 Overture* it is! Not my most subtle job, but still, nicely done, Mister..." He squinted to make out the chat feed on the screen. Charlie didn't wear glasses, but he had to peer out between my thighs. The rhythm didn't let up while he sought it out; my cheeks really felt those cannon blasts. Brutal. "Dork_Matter_Engine. And for your prize..."

I heard the camera sound play on Charlie's phone. He held up the picture in my face as I craned my neck to see around it. My friend's face with a Cheshire grin next to a very nicely rounded and very painfully reddened booty. He at least moved to my peripheral vision as he sent the pic to Dork_Matter_Engine.

"Don't worry gang, you can still see it pretty good on stream," Charlie assured them.

What? How would they see me from behind? I wondered. There would have to be another camera set up behind me somewhere. Ugh, the mind games this boy plays with me!

No. Stay focused. “I love that screen name, by the way, Dork Matter Engine,” I said, trying to move past it. I was in the middle of some tricky maneuverings, surveying the DeGasi habitat without being zinged by the Crabsquid’s EMP blast. The laugh cut short, however, as Charlie spread my ass cheeks and suddenly there was something going in there. He’d lubricated it – I’d insisted on that ever since the stream last month where I’d been crazy sort down there the rest of the night after the stream – but still, as distractions go, having a foreign object shoved up your butt without permission or warning is a real humdinger. By reflex, I slammed on the ascend button, fleeing the hungry Crabsquid and hoping for clear water above. And also that my face didn’t look too ridiculous when I squeaked out my surprise.

The viewers loved to screenshot that kind of thing and send it to me. Seemed like it was half my inbox, compromising screenshots from folks thanking me and wanting more.

I grit my teeth. “Daddy, is that your thumb, or–”

A hand pointed over my shoulder, returning my attention to the screen. Fuck, there I was, drifting right at a Ghost Leviathan I’d missed thanks to blurred vision and the pressure in my butt. By the time I realized my mistake, it was too late. With a shriek of animalistic rage, it rushed me and there was nowhere to go but down its throat.

It wasn’t his thumb, I decided as I respawned back at my base. It couldn’t be, because then he wouldn’t be able to use both hands under my top like that. Gritting my teeth, I changed out my Seaglide’s batteries and swam off to retrieve my ship before that jerk finished eating the thing.

As he pulled and tweaked at my nipples, I mentally patted myself on the back. I *was* getting better. The first time Charlie had grabbed two handfuls of my boobs – not that his hands were *full* full, but you know what I mean – I’d totally lost it. He’d shown me the clip over and over again during our next planning session. Showing me how ugly my face looked when I got angry. How I’d lost two hours of potential ad revenue cutting it short to throw my little hissy fit. How my gameplay suffered when I dropped the controller to ask him, firmly, to please stop. Over and over. *Tick, tick.*

It galled, but he was right. Not about grabbing my breasts – I’d told him in no uncertain terms once the red light of the webcam winked off that it was *not* to happen again – but rather about how I’d let some petty distraction wreck my whole stream. How many viewers had I lost over that outburst? Yes, my numbers were rising meteorically, but how much more so might it have been?

So when Charlie said it was time to up the stakes, go for bigger and wilder distractions, I relented.

He really did go all out. Throwing pillows was only the beginning, though by now it was his signature opener. The man inverted the colors on my screen, banged pots and pans behind my head without warning, squirted me with mayo packets – sometimes right in the eye. Charlie even got his hands on our high school mascot uniform and paraded around between me and my screen doing funny dances. It had been hysterical.

Meanwhile, I focused on my own performance and got better and better at concentrating through the shenanigans. So the next time he grabbed my tits, I simply wriggled my arms to help him get my bra off and kept on grinding. And the viewers loved it.

“Don’t forget to switch the stream to 18+,” I cautioned him. That was something we’d gotten in trouble for in months past. Now that we’d switched platforms to... whatever it was, I let him handle a lot of those boring details. Now, we somehow flew under the radar.

“Way ahead of you, Baby. Now come on, you’re falling further behind. You’re a full four minutes behind your PR. You scanned the alien containment in the Bulb Zone without realizing it meant the drilling arm fragments wouldn’t be there. You don’t look like you’ve shaved your pussy in a week. And shit, are you actually *driving* the Cyclops?” He laughed hysterically.

“I... I like to drive it,” I mumbled, humiliated. He was right, of course. The stupid behemoth was slower than swimming and attracted predators like its hull was made out of chum. What was I thinking? Jesus, the guy cuts my top off with a pair of scissors while kneeling down licking my pussy and suddenly I start playing like some first-timer. It felt so *good*, though. That Cyclops stunt probably set me back five minutes, but... almost worth it.

All right, time to get back out there and
Beep.

Oh, shit. I knew what that beep meant.

It was weird. When I agreed to let Charlie be my trainer, I’d never really considered that I’d be getting *trained*. Did I ever! It was important to build good reflexes, though. Routine, and then more routine. When the *Aurora* countdown timer begins, head to the escape pod and be ready to fabricate the radiation suit. Position myself to pick up those stalker teeth the moment they dropped. Hot key the gather button to the mouse wheel to speed up the triple click process. Even non-game stuff. There was a red light on my webcam to show it was turned on; thanks to weeks of exposure to Charlie and his laser pointer, I couldn’t stop smiling when I saw it.

It had almost gotten weird around the apartment, sometimes. For instance (since I brought up the laser pointer) Charlie would sometimes point it at the wall while we were watching TV and just like that, ear to ear smiles. It was important. It was basic business sense that viewers tuned in and stayed tuned in for the sexy gamer girl, and a

smile was part of that. So then he asked me what he could do that would upset me – to make the smile go away, I knew he meant – and I blurted, *Don't touch me.*

As he fingered me to the first of countless orgasms, I realized I only had myself to blame. But I smiled when I came around his fingers. With that little red dot glowing in my face, how could I not?

So we trained my reflexes, trained like it was a lifestyle. I guess it sort of was. That metronome was on half my waking life any more. *Tick, tick.* A constant reminder that I needed to focus, to not let petty things distract me. Charlie was great about it, too, on me about it like a fly on scraps. He was there in bed with me when my alarm went off. He made sure I showered and groomed myself properly. Made me grow my hair out. He made sure I dressed for the stream, taking charge of my online shopping and what I wore day to day. Half the time, he actually personally helped stuff my body into my ever tighter, ever skimpier clothes himself. It only made sense, since he was usually the one taking them back off of me during the stream. If the degree of pawing and groping got cumbersome at times, well, that was what the laser pointer was for.

It wasn't the only response we'd trained me to. That *beep*, for instance.

Again, he had to interrupt his interruptions to adjust the camera. This time I was on my bed, laying on my stomach, propped up on my elbows so I could still see the screen. (It was *not* to make sure my tits were still showing. Charlie was always reminding me it was a good idea to showcase my nudity, but I most emphatically did not agree with that as a marketing strategy.)

I nestled into place, the air of the room cool against the warm wetness of my pussy. Was Charlie going to climb in behind me, or walk up in front of me? I hoped behind. Not because I wanted him to fuck me – OK, not *just* because I wanted him to fuck me – but of the two, it was way easier to play through. Were those his clothes I heard hitting the floor? It had to be. Was he hard? I bet he was hard. God, I was wet.

Focus, stupid!

I shook my head, wincing as a Warper tore me out of my Prawn Suit. It plunged into the depths of the entrance to the Inactive Lava Zone.

“Shit! Oh my gosh you guys, I can't believe I let that happen. Don't worry, Prawny, I'm... I'm...”

There was a cock in my face. Damn! Of all the times to have a cock there! It didn't waste much time pressing itself laterally along my pursed, disapproving lips, then sawing back and forth, slowly worming its way between them. Should I give in, blow him as fast as possible and then get back to the game at 100%, or split my attention?

As it turned out, the delay of asking the question was itself enough to impose an answer. While I zigzagged dazedly into the Lava Zone, I was treated to a front row seat of my Prawn Suit sinking into the lava and disintegrating into nothingness. There it went, along with its expensive Jump Jet upgrade, the mark 2 depth module, and a

storage bin containing all the Purple Tablets I'd anticipated needing on my way to the Primary Containment Facility.

Meanwhile, Charlie's dick continued, poking in and out of my lips. "Looks lmmk I'm gmma hmmf to respawn bmmk mmt base," I muttered resignedly. With a sigh that let his cock the rest of the way in, I threw myself into the lava. As the screen went dark, the cock slid along my tongue and I doggedly started blowing my trainer.

This was something we'd worked on extensively, thank goodness. I was one hell of a proficient cocksucker by now. We'd made damn sure of that. It had become one of Charlie's most common tactics, throwing his cock in my mouth and fucking my face like he owned it. I'd complained once that it was getting predictable (and more than a little gross and degrading), but he'd smartly pointed out that it was also one of the most distracting stimuli he could throw at me. No arguing with that. It interfered with my sightline. The smell of his junk filled my nostrils. The way he gripped a fistful of my hair and skewered himself down my throat had made me gag and gag until, with months of training, I'd basically lost my gag reflex altogether. He could shove his dick down into my intestines and I'd keep on humming through it.

(I meant shove his dick into my intestines from my mouth, to be clear. I was still working on taking it up the butt. The plug I'd mistaken for his thumb earlier was already helping.)

Speaking of helping...

"Look at her, folks. Look at that pretty little face, sucking my dick like a cheap little slut. She fucking loves it, gang. Don't you, Baby? Playing your little game – badly, I might add – while you show thousands of strangers your cute little tits. You must be wet as hell, slut like you, letting them watch you parade your slutty little body in front of the cameras. "

Cameras? There was only one camera, idiot, I thought at him irritably. I wasn't about to let him get in my head again about having my bedroom under surveillance, live to the planet. There could be no responding, obviously, but even with nothing to do but hang there being face-fucked, the blowjob was damn distracting. Yes, I was making some gradual process chasing down the ingredients for a new Prawn Suit, but I had to be way behind time now. This wasn't seconds lost, it was minutes. A lot of them. A fact not lost on Charlie.

"You're way behind, slutcakes. You're never going to catch up. You know why? Because you love my cock so much you'd rather blow me, rather beg me to stick it in that hot little box of yours, than game. Wouldn't you? Blink for us if you're a cocksucking tramp."

He jammed himself way down my throat then. Cheater! I might not have a gag reflex, but I'd like to see the biggest slut of all time take a cock that size down her throat without so much as blinking! Unfair.

I couldn't see anything but cock and pubes. Thankfully, as I feverishly lashed his shaft with my tongue – we like to joke that my tongue had an APM higher than my hands – I could feel him start to tremble. Here it came. Charlie soon pulled out, coming all over my face. The gobs of man batter coated one eye shut, but it was the right eye, the one his body was already obstructing. With my left freed, I gulped down the long overdue nut-sack-tainted air and got back to work, fighting down the anger from my roommate's treatment.

Not enough, though. Charlie patted me on the head, his flagging cock dragging across my cheek, leaving cum smears in my makeup. Another spurt shot out at the last minute, catching me in my open eye and momentarily blinding me. The red light fuzzed out as I frantically rubbed the smaller blob out. Sure, we'd trained on letting the cum glisten on my face – *very* distracting – but I had to see, didn't I?

"That's my girl, Baby," he said with mocking sweetness. "Might not be much of a gamer, but you're one hell of a cocksucker."

All right, enough was enough! I threw my controller down and launched myself to my feet. The pointed nail of my index finger jabbed him in his bare chest. "Look, I know you're trying to do me a favor here, but you can't treat me like that! It's one thing to touch me, to take my clothes off, to strip me in front of all these random dudes on the internet, to spank me, to make me blow you, to jizz on my face. That's why we're here. But I will not lie there on my own bed in my own room and be condescended to!"

Charlie stumbled away a few steps, clearly taken aback. I couldn't remember the last time I'd blown up at him anywhere close to that bad. Probably the time he'd made me play with a big leather dog collar on, a leash attached on right and left. I'd played down on my knees on the floor while he tugged on them leashes like reins. He'd called me My Little Pony, and it had triggered a vitriolic reaction I'm too embarrassed to reiterate. Suffice to say, it was unprofessional and I made it up to him after the stream pulling him around the house in my gaming chair.

"Aren't you even going to apologize?" I railed in his silence. It was all the worse, knowing that he was well aware of my feelings. I wasn't feeling them in that moment, though, that was for damn sure. "You're gonna stand there, moping, 'Daddy?' If you can't show me at least a tiny sliver of courtesy, then maybe you and I need to... Are you even listening? What are you looking for? Pay some goddamn attention to me or so help me, I'll–"

The laser pointer flicked on. It must have hit me right between the eyes. Before I knew what was happening, my training kicked in. My scowl dissolved, replaced in the blink of an eye with a big goofy grin like I was a kid about to get on a rollercoaster. Like I couldn't wait for more. Like there was nothing in the whole universe to be unhappy about.

Slowly, he smiled back.

Tick, tick.

“You’re falling further behind, ya stupid slut,” he reminded me, giving my left tit a hard slap as a reminder.

That was the kind of thing that made him such a good trainer. Reminding me when I was getting off-track.

“Sorry, gang. Forgot what we’re doing here for a second! Let’s get back to it, shall we boys and... well, let’s face it, boys?”

I threw myself back into my bed, legs spread wider than ever as my Seamoth headed back to the Moon Pool, not willing to lose a single more second to having him force them apart when he was ready for me. It didn’t take him long. Sucking dick always made me horny; even in my zen state of concentration, the fragrance of my over-eager pussy was impossible to miss.

When Charlie lifted me into doggy style position, I was ready for it. I dove down into the briny depths of the Lost River while Charlie dove into the moistened depths of my cunt. My vision blurred when he pulled me upright to my knees and went after my clit, but I didn’t miss the uraninite ore cluster I’d been looking for. I was making miserable time plodding along the ocean bed in my new Prawn Suit, but with his cock hammering my pussy like a Reaper Leviathan on a fresh Cyclops, there was no remembering basic facts like *you’d move way faster if you pulled yourself with the grappling arm*, or *I advertise my stream to everyone we graduated high school with*. Still, I didn’t stop drifting along half-aimlessly even when he made me come.

The first time, anyway. The second and the third, I got a little giggly and listless, propelling Prawn Suit 2.0 right down the flaming gullet of a Sea Dragon Leviathan. Fade to black as his cum flooded my pussy.

Ah, well. As Charlie taught me, it’s good to have some footage for the blooper videos.

For what had to be the fiftieth time, I had failed to complete the game. Charlie read off some of the viewer comments as I resignedly tapped to Quit. “Lots of gg’s this time, BabyBlew. No wp’s, but you can’t blame them for withholding that.”

“We’ll get there next time,” I said determinedly as I absent-mindedly scratched an itch on my left tit, smearing a puddle of cum around in the process.

“Sardavar says ‘at least you tried lol.’ Montey_Mortensen kindly reminds you that you let a gob of cum dry your eye shut again.”

“Thanks, Montey!” I said, reaching for the box of tissues I kept on my nightstand for just such occasions.

“Oh, ouch, the Zooninator wrote, ‘her tits aren’t big enough, make her get her tits done.’” Charlie shook a finger at the camera. “Hey now, Zoony boy, I happen to think she has *great* tits. You don’t fuck with perfection.”

“Bigger titties would only be more distracting,” I pressed.

“You let me worry about distracting you, Baby.”

Another eye roll. “Whatever you say, Daddy.”

I pulled my chair back in front of my monitor, plopping my sweaty, cummy ass into the seat. “We came closer today, everybody. We’ll get there one of these days, won’t we Charlie?”

“I sure hope not – I might be out of a job,” he joked.

“I might find some other use for you and that cock of yours. Anyways, I think that’s it for today’s stream. I wanted to thank all my onlyfans supporters for their support – links in the bio if you haven’t seen enough of me yet – but for now, I want to thank you all for watching, and don’t forget to smile.” I blew a kiss at the camera, and a moment later the red light winked out as Charlie ended the stream while the credits rolled.

“I know I got fussy there, but that really was amazing,” I told my roommate as I rejoined him in my bed. My cheeks hurt from smiling so much; it was a relief to let my face regain a natural pose, the little half-smile it now settled into almost all the time. The metronome was loud in my ears, *ticking* away right over our heads on my headboard, but any more it seemed like it began the moment I woke up in the morning and was still going when I fell asleep at night.

“The stream? It was a catastrophe. One of your worst runs yet.”

I rolled my eyes. “I meant the sex. We can talk stream stuff another day. Didn’t you like fucking me?”

“You’re not half bad, I suppose,” he said with a thin smile.

“I know you told me to quit bringing it up, but I can’t stop wondering. Once this stupid pandemic’s over and life gets back to normal, do you think maybe you and I could go out? Not just leave the apartment, but like go out. Together. Like a date? You know, like normal couples do? We have so much fun together, it seems like it’d be the next logical step, doesn’t it? No more trainer and trainee, just a boyfriend helping his girlfriend with her work.”

But Charlie just shook his head. *Tick, tick*. “Come on, we’ve been over this a thousand times. We’re better off as business partners.”

With a sigh, I relented, nodding in sullen agreement as I got back to work, sliding down between my roommate’s legs and sucking life back into his dick. There was no joy in it, though. Just prep for tomorrow’s stream so I might not fuck everything up so bad when I inevitably invited his cock into my slutty little mouth.

Tick, tick.

Then there was a laser pointer blasting me between the eyes, and a little gusto returned to my lips and tongue as my routine regained some energy. I couldn’t smile properly around a dick, but like the stream, I was ready to die trying.

Charlie smoothed back my hair. “Atta girl. I hate to see you losing focus.”