

Gamer Girls

“This game is such bullshit!” Laine shouted in frustration. Her blue, shoulder-length hair danced to her discontent. Her eyes remained glued to the screen, transfixed at the source of entertainment. “Why is this goddamn game so hard?!”

Brynn, the lush-haired brunette, giggled as she watched Laine’s unpracticed attempts from behind. Unlike Laine, Brynn spent most of her time indoors, her light milky skin indisputable proof of her home-boundness. Her cute round face always had a nice smile that showed she had no qualms about being a shut in.

Laine adjusted herself in her large, beanbag-chair-esque seat. Her hips wiggled in doing so, which prompted a different kind of giggle from Brynn.

“Comfortable?” Brynn cooed.

Laine blushed and relaxed her shoulders, her eyes finally leaving the screen to look down at her seating arrangement. “Huh? Oh, yeah, sorry.”

“How do you even do this?” Laine, now in a seated position not unlike straddling a horse, turned around to ask her friend. “You must have a crazy amount of practice to beat this game on expert!”

“A hundred and seventy seven hours,” Brynn proudly claimed as she ran her fingers through her friend’s hair, “and I was definitely saying the same things you are. You gotta keep trying.”

“This can’t be good for my heart. It’s beating like crazy!”

“I can feel every beat.” Brynn softly replied, her hands still playing with Laine’s hair.

Laine felt those words, which sounded like golden honey, sink in. She bit her lips as she set the controller in her lap and, in the moment without thinking, grabbed a handful of the warm and pliable ‘seating’. And Brynn, having her beanbag-chair-sized breast groped, moaned loudly in response. Soft pink lips kissed the mound of breast flesh, then made their way to the lips of their host. The smell of sweat, salt, and sweet pheromones hung heavily around them. The dull static sounds of the old T.V. danced like tiny fireworks in their ears, punctuated only by their wet and inexperienced kissing. The world seemed to still, as if the moment belonged only to them.

Climax neared for Laine and she realized it. She pulled away and quickly turned back around. "S-sorry." She picked up the controller and resumed the game, "We're not supposed to do that."

Brynn shifted her footing, not saying a word in response. She was carnally wet and her ass, each cheek the size of a beach ball, jiggled in unrequited restlessness. Her nipples, each the size and width of a car's tire, were also irritatingly rock hard. She had an intense desire for release, but both knew it was temporarily forbidden lest Brynn's condition grow further out of hand (as if it wasn't already).

A slight relief came for Brynn a moment later. She felt pressure in her bosom drop as a jet of milk squirted from her nipple with a thick squelch. The nutritious cream arced across the room and slapped the television with enough force to turn it a few degrees to the side.

"H-Hey! You're messing me up!" Laine shouted.

"Haha," Brynn laughed at the absurdity of it all. "Get good."



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