

One Lucky Gamer

March 2022

"OK, yeah! Sure, I'll head this way, guys. Gonna bring back some serious loot... Hah, of course I will! You're talking to the luckiest guy in our party, after all!"

Jess bit back a grin as her boyfriend's voice sounded above her amid a flurry of clicks and the whir of his PC. Sure, he was lucky. She'd make sure to remind him of that. She had her ways, after all...

She shifted softly, easing the rising tension in her bent knees and settling into a new position, this one even further between Shane's open legs. Yes, this was perfect: down here under his gaming desk, kneeling before him, safely out of sight of the webcam and his fellow gamers. She glanced down at herself, noting with a quiet rush of satisfaction how fucking good she looked in this new dark-green lingerie. Nice and curvy and slutty... with a snug black choker around her throat, too, just for that little touch of kink.

Not that Shane would be seeing much of her, of course. Focused as he was on his video game, he'd have little time to appreciate how damn hot she was looking tonight. But that didn't really matter for the moment. The skimpy attire was for her as much as for him – putting her in the right mindset, making her feel sexy and naughty and ever so devious.

Speaking of which...

Jess stretched her fingers forward, running them gently along and up Shane's inner thighs and disappearing into the baggy legs of his shorts. She was rewarded with a tensing of his muscles and a little, almost inaudible grunt – and as the seconds ticked by, a visible rise in the material around his groin. Damn, this was fun! Only one little tease and already he was growing hard for her.

What would he be like once she really got to work on him?

"What the- Oh, never mind. Christ, I almost thought I was toast there!" "No, no, it's all good, man. Just- just saw something I thought was-"

Jess leaned forward, slipping her other hand gently over the now-prominent bulge in her boyfriend's shorts while the other continued to play softly over the sensitive skin of his thigh. "Ohhh, wow," he sighed above her, but it was difficult to know whether it was a reaction to the game or to his girlfriend's ministrations. She stroked more firmly now, grinning softly in the dim light – and was

rewarded with him suddenly pulling backward from the desk.

There he sat, headphones in one hand, looking down at her with the most delightfully bothered and flustered expression. "Jess- Jess, what are you doing? I'm trying to play a game here-" "Me too," she murmured, flicking her eyes repeatedly toward his erection and biting her lips provocatively. "Babe, you don't really need shorts on when you're just sitting there, right? Can't you please... take them off... for me?"

Oh, he knew now what she had in mind. The longing indecision in his eyes gathered for a moment... and then, with a quick burst of mouse clicks, he nodded. "Cam's off, mic's off. Okay, Jess... but you better not give anything away. The guys are counting on me, after all."

She giggled as he half-rose and quickly slid down his shorts and boxers to reveal the prize beneath: his half-erect cock, springing free and dangling tantalizingly before her with his every movement. "Now nothing too crazy," he instructed, slipping his bare ass into the chair and reaching once again for his headphones. "Okay? Now, let's see, cam, mic..." "Hey, guys? Yeah, no worries. I'm here, dude! Yeah – just had to- um, get a drink..."

Of course he did. Jess grinned impishly as he pulled his chair closer in to the desk, his now-naked lower half bare and vulnerable in the gloom before her. She knew exactly what to do now – exactly where to touch, and how to stroke, and how delicately to lick that thickening cock before slipping it between her hungry lips...

But she also knew to pace herself – and her man.

She began gently, running her cool fingers along his shaft, smiling as it jerked and rose still more erect at every fluttering touch. Up... and down. Up... and down again. Nice and soft and gentle, like the play of soft sheets against his most sensitive parts. Fingers slipping along the underside, brushing now and again against his bare – and hence vulnerable – glans...

He was already shifting in his chair, thighs stiffening, muscles tensing when she finally gave the first tentative lick: a soft, kitten-like touch, right on the most sensitive part of his glans. Oh, that drew a reaction all right – a stifled moan that he somehow managed to turn into a sigh of apparent frustration. Oh, that Shane! He was far too good at hiding it... for now.

She grinned and bent closer, her other hand slipping back and deeper between his thighs now to cradle his balls. Good, good. She could feel his entire posture growing rigid, and in her aroused

fantasies she could picture his face: normally slack with concentration when gaming, but now drawn, lips bitten nervously, eyes growing wide with her delicious torment and the threatening promise of an impending orgasm...

But of course, as soon as she felt the first erratic pulses and spotted the first drips of precum, she drew back. No, not yet. It wasn't nearly time yet.

"Oohhhhh..." his half-angry moan above almost made her giggle aloud. "Oh... what? Ahem, uhh... no! Nothing's the- matter..." Of course not. Of course he wasn't just trembling, left dangling on the edge of orgasm by his devious girlfriend. "Nah, it's all- good. Yeah. Now, where? Where are you guys again?"

Once he'd slipped back from the brink, she began again: this time, opening her lips at last and welcoming his entire shaft into her mouth. Here she was on even firmer footing; after all, disinclined as she typically was to swallow, she'd gotten adept at deciphering exactly when the moment of ejaculation was imminent.

A dozen firm pumps of her head later, though, and it was most definitely imminent. As was his strangled moan of ill-concealed disappointment above her when, once again, she withdrew.

She waited a bit longer this time. She had to bide her time... let the seconds tick past... lull him a false sense of secure stability. She needed him to get focused once more on his game and on the monster battles that were even now starting to demand more and more of his attention...

When she recommenced, the guttural groan of pleasure that escaped him was almost enough to send her toward the edge herself. Up... down. Back, forth. In, out, in out. Fingers teasing those weighty balls of his, lips tightening and slipping faster and faster along his straining length... She was sending him rocketing toward orgasm now, helpless to do anything but sit there with tensed muscles and frozen face...

Click. Click, click, click.

"Oh, Jess – cam's- off. Fuck- fuck, you're amazing! I- I'm gonna-"

A pause – pulling back from his engorged cock just long enough for a sly rejoinder. "You're gonna what, baby?" And then back at it, filling her mouth with his beautiful erection, dipping her head further and further, letting its now fully-erect length tickle against the back of her throat. "I'm

gonna- *cum!* So- so hard- *MMMMMmmmm- Uuubbbb...* Fuck, you're- you're..."

And then he lost it at last: cock spurting before her eyes, jets of his white sperm splattering over her front and stickily dripping down over her curvaceous breasts. And all the while, above her all she could hear were strangled moans and inarticulate mutterings of *yes, yes, yes...*

When it was finally over, she pressed against his chair and pushed him back, allowing her at last to peer up from beneath the desk and catch sight of his blissful, shaken expression. "You sure did," she giggled... and then flicked her eyes upward toward the computer above. "By the way... you made sure to mute your mic, right?"

The look of dawning, horrified shock that froze Shane's face was priceless.

At which Jess burst into a full-blown gale of laughter, then raised her voice to address the unseen listeners. "Hey, guys! No worries. Just, you know... making sure your buddy Shane lives up to his reputation. After all, I've heard he's the luckiest guy in your party! Isn't that right?"