



Gamer To Babe

Hela Knotty

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Chapter One

"I need support." Drake said through the shared communications line. He was currently playing the main tank and taking all the damage for our team of five.

"I'm giving you my blessings." I yelled back in the heat of battle. My job was the healer of the team. It was up to me to make sure all my teammates' characters had full health and didn't die. It was a thankless role.

"I killed the enemy flanker." Jamie, my other teammates said.

We were playing our final match in a monthly tournament for Underlegend, a massive class based shooter. The grand prize for winning this event was over three thousand dollars. More importantly, winning this match would get our team recognition as one of the up and coming top players available. We were all waiting for a call from the Underlegend Official League.

"Brady look out!" Drake called out to me over the comms. His shield has just broken, after receiving heavy sustained fire.

Before I could even react, my character the Medic was shot in the head. I should have been paying attention. It was a rookie mistake to stand out in the open like that.

"You have no heals." I said through the comms. With my character dead, that was the only thing I could do while waiting for the respawn timer.

One by one I watched all my teammates get picked off. Without any support, they couldn't sustain their position on the battlefield. The enemy completely wiped us out. And all because of that killshot on me.

The big red letters of DEFEATED appeared on the screen. As far as multiplayer games went, Underlegend was pretty brutal. One by one the enemies started typing "GG" on the screen. It meant good game but I honestly felt like it was anything but.

The enemy team had completely obliterated our team. We didn't win a single map or game type against them. All our practice for weeks led to nothing. I even skipped a few of my classes to get some more practice time. Our prize for all that effort was a measly 1000 dollars split between five players for over one month of tournament play.

I pulled off my earphones and logged out of the game. Losing always sucked.

"It was a good effort." Drake said to me as he pulled off his own earphones. Besides being my teammates, he was also my roommate. "It wasn't your fault man. We just couldn't mount a good attack."

"Right." I shrugged, pulling away as he reached for my shoulder. It was my fault. I just wasn't good enough to be a professional e-sports player. I should just stick to programming and engineering. My mom was right. I didn't have what it takes.

There was a loud knock on our door. It was probably the rest of the team coming in to celebrate. Jamie opened the door with a two six packs of beer. He had always been the glass half full kind of guy.

"We got second place again!" Jamie cheered. He didn't invest as much time as me and Drake on the game but he was a talented player. Plus he never got tilted when we were losing. He always gave a positive attitude which was very important.

Drake put on a happy expression and urged me along. Both of us could wallow later. Now it was more important for our team to accept our loss graciously and celebrate a second place finish.

Technically for a bunch of college kids who had to study, we were beating semi-professional players who were being paid to do this. It was still some sort of victory. Just not the one we really wanted.

"Hey. So I think after this, I'm going to retire from the team." Jamie suddenly announced.

I froze instantly. It wasn't surprising news to be honest. Gaming for him was just a hobby. We managed to rope him in with the promise of free booze and some fun. Our other two teammates also chimed in. Like Jamie this was just a past time for them. With midterms coming up, they needed to focus on their studies.

If we actually wanted to win tournaments, we'd have to devote more time and effort to actually start practicing and screaming against coordinated teams. It just wasn't possible to do that while studying in university. Most people though e-sports gaming was just a side hobby. But if you wanted to go to the big leagues, it was a full time job.

"Hey. We had a good run." Drake announced. I was glad he didn't say he was retiring too. I wouldn't be able to play without him. "I guess tonight was the last of the CoffeeVengers."

It was a really stupid name for a team. But I loved it anyway.

"To always just barely reaching the top." I said sarcastically.

"To beating other pro teams." Jamie said optimistically.

I thanked my fellow teammates for their work. At the end, there was no hard feelings between us. They needed to prioritize other parts of their life. I could understand that. There was a big chance I would be doing the same in the near future.

A career in E-sports just didn't seem viable at all. The job market was hard enough as it is. It would be too risky to get involved in something so unsteady. My mother would kill me if she found out I was planning to be a pro player.

I was sort of glad I hadn't told her about it yet. At least she didn't have to worry about nothing. It looks like this was just one dream I would have to give up.

"Brady." Drake suddenly called out to me. He was holding his cellphone with a bewildered look in his eyes.

"What is it?" I looked at my roommate.

"I just got off the phone with Stuart Gobles." Drake said cryptically. The name didn't mean anything to me. "He's the general manager of the Texas Zealots. They want us to be on their team next season."

Chapter Two

I was so nervous as we arrived at the meeting place. The Texas Zealots were a brand new team in the League. It was a new franchise owned by the Sarubili family which had sports teams in hockey and baseball. It meant these guys were the real thing. They knew how to make sports teams. And they wanted both Drake and I to be on the team.

“Relax. It’s just an exploratory meeting. We’ll probably do some tryouts.” Drake said trying to hide the eagerness in his voice. Stuart had called the other night, saying how impressed he was at our play during the monthly tournament. He thought we had real talent. Our particular combination as support and tank was very much what they needed in their current team.

This was my chance to make the big leagues. This was my big break.

The headquarters of the Texas Zealots was this enormous building which housed the rest of the Sarubili’s family’s other business. Besides running a sports team, they made most of their fortune in the pharmaceutical and nutritional health industry. After some basic research, I realized they invested in sports team after hiring them for their supplement ads. It was a match made in heaven.

We were welcomed into a building by a doorman and then guided into a meeting room by a beautiful secretary. Everything felt so professional and polished. My hands were all sweaty from the thought of even having to sign a contract.

After just five minutes of waiting, a well built and handsome man entered the room. He looked more like a celebrity than an office worker. I actually briefly wondered if we were in the wrong room.

“Good morning. I’m glad both of you could make it. I’m Stuart Gobbles.” He offered his hand to both of us. His handshake was both firm and strong.

“Wait a minute. You’re Stevie Goblin the baseball player. Holy crap. My dad is a huge fan.” Drake said enthusiastically.

Then I realized why Stuart looked so familiar. He was an endorser for a whole bunch of supplement pills and energy drinks a few years back.

“I’m retired now. Forty isn’t a very good age to keep playing the sport. Now I’m managing the brand new investment which is the Texas Zealots.” Stuart smiled at us. “Stevie Goblin was a stage name. Helped a little with privacy.”

Then we went right down to business. Stuart admitted that he didn’t know a lot about the e-sport ecosystem so he would rely on us for help and expertise. We were after all both the players and target market. He also explained that our other three teammates were already signed. They were professional players from other teams. We’d meet them once we moved into the new house.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly. The salary was more than both Drake and I expected. It paid enough that I knew my parents wouldn’t complain. It was a lot of money. If we won our games, we also got to keep part of the million dollar prize money. In addition we got a cut from any merchandise with our names on it. For the very first time, it felt like I could make a real living from playing video games. It was a dream come true.

Naturally both Drake and I would have to take a break on our studies. This was going to be a full time job consisting of constant practice.

But there was additional perk. Housing was going to be at the teamhouse to facilitate easier scrimming and practice schedule, all paid for by the company. The organization would also cover food, fitness training and mental health care to prevent burn out due to the league’s long season of games. In Stuart’s own word, all we had to do was play the game and win. The rest was the organization’s job.

“This looks great Stuart. I mean this is more than we expected.” Drake had never been good at lying.

“There is just one other thing.” Stuart narrowed his eyes at us. “Before I even bring this option to you, I need you to sign this non-disclosure agreement. It simply says that you cannot talk about this offer or stipulation with anyone outside this room. It involves technology that Sarubili values as very confidential. If you don’t want to take the offer, there won’t be a problem. But you cannot tell anyone about it. Are we clear?”

“Crystal.” I nodded. I read over the agreement. There wasn’t any special notations. The wording was clear.

“There are many league teams in Underlegend right now. Since the Texas Zealots are new, we want to create buzz around the team. As such, we want to have the first female player signed on to our team.” Stuart announced.

Drake and I both just nodded. Although Underlegend touted diversity, most women were greeted with toxicity and insults whenever they tried to play the game. There wasn’t a lot of female players willing to go professional because of the environment.

“Having a woman on the roster will make the Zealots immediately more known to the casual player. And it might convert Underlegend’s sizable female fanbase into followers of the competitive side.”

Right now there was a big divide between the casual audience and the competitive audience. It sounded like a good plan. But I didn't see why this needed a confidentiality agreement.

"We want you to be that female." Stuart pointed at me. "Sarubili has developed state of the art gender transformation technology allowing you to transition into a female body. There is barely any recovery time. Once that is complete, the Zealots will give you a whole new identity and player profile. With your skill set, you can be the first female in the Underlegend's league. Naturally, there's another hefty bonus if you undergo this operation."

I was speechless. They wanted to turn me into a girl. I looked over at the contract. My eyes nearly popped out of my head. It was a seven figure signing bonus. I would be set for life.

"Okay."

Chapter Three

“Are you sure about this?” Drake asked me as Stuart left the room with the signed documents.

I had just agreed to become a woman for the sake of my dream.

“Yes. I mean did you see how much money he was offering me? If I invested this right, I could retire after this.” I looked at the numbers again.

“This isn’t just about the game you know. What if they’re like side effects or something? How the hell can you change into a woman without any recovery period. That’s impossible.” Drake pointed out.

I already had my suspicions. The excuse to turn me into a woman for the sake of female fans was a flimsy excuse at best. I think they wanted to test their new technology on me. The extra zero at the end of my salary was probably meant to buy my silence. They wanted me to field test their new gender transformation technology.

“I don’t really mind.” I shrugged. Stuart had told me that once my contract playing for the team ended, I had the option to turn back into a man for free. But while I played for them, I had to play the part of the new identity they picked out for me.

“This is all so crazy.” Drake sighed. Stuart had also asked him to participate in an experimental program. But the changes to his body wouldn’t be as drastic as mine.

“Getting to play video game for a living is just as crazy don’t you think?” I answered back.

“We could get offers from other teams.” Drake said.

It was a lie. Realistically, Drake and I didn’t have connections to the League like other players. We may have had talent to play the game, but since we didn’t get a good coach or practice as often, we were severely lacking compared to the real pros. The more we took our time finding new teams, the less interesting our names became. There hundreds of new talent from the scene. We had to strike while our name still had recognition.

The Texas Zealots was our best chance to do this for a living.

A woman knocked on the door and introduced herself as my nurse. She was going to bring me to the operating room.

“You sure about this Brady?” Drake asked me.

“I’m sure. I want to be the champion.” I stood up and followed the nurse to the room.

After a series of expensive looking elevators and glass covers offices, I arrived at medical examination room. The woman ordered me to lie down. Then she brought out a large syringe with pink liquid inside.

“Will it hurt?” I asked watching the needle with worry.

“The people who’ve underwent the procedure compare it to a flu shot. The transformation itself is what becomes difficult for most. Would you like to take a sedative? We’ve found that some clients prefer a clean and painless transformation. The sedative will keep you asleep the whole day. Once you wake up, there will be a whole staff to help you acclimate to your new body.” The nurse smiled at me Kindly.

“I’ll take the sedative then.” I answered. I didn’t want to make this more difficult.

“It will be easy enough I promise. The change is completely reversible if you want to turn back. But I’ve never seen met any patient who returned to their original bodies.” The nurse smiled at me.

I wasn’t sure if that was a comforting thought.

“I’m ready.” I sucked in a breath and calmed myself. The pinch of the needle was quick. I waited for more pain but when I looked over, the nurse had already emptied all the pink fluid into me.

“All done. Let me help you to your suite.” She dabbed a bandage on the puncture wound. Then we were off passing by a bunch of labyrinthian hallways.

My head was already feeling a bit tired as we walked. Thankfully, the nurse was holding on to me. She brought me into a luxuriously decorated suite. It had a huge king-sized bed among other plush furniture. Really the bed was the only thing I wanted. I felt so sleepy.

“This is the recovery suite. Rest here and we will take care of the rest. Once the transformation is complete, we’ll bring you over to the recovery salon. That’s where your makeover will start.” She whispered into my ear.

I couldn’t really focus on her voice. My mind kept drifting away.

“Rest easy now. When you wake up, you’ll have the body you were always meant to have.”

Chapter Four

I woke up feeling light and refreshed. There was only one thing on my mind. My hands automatically reached for my chest. I squeezed around the new mounds of flesh. I had boobs. Really big boobs too.

Then I reached down to my legs. It was flat. There was nothing there. My penis and testicles were both gone. I expected to feel a little sad. But the feeling wasn't quite there.

Instead I felt excited. With this change, I was now a professional e-sports player. I had a whole new world of possibility in front of me. I left the bed and headed for the bathroom to see my new face and body.

Once I opened the door, instead of the bathroom, I was greeted by an entire staff of women. This was the recovery salon. I immediately covered my nudity.

"Oh don't worry about that. It's nothing we haven't seen before. I'm Marcia. I'll be your personal stylist. I must say you look amazing. The technology just seems to be getting better and better." Marcia looked at me with approval. She was studying my face and hair with intensity. "How are you feeling by the way?"

"Good. Normal. Awake." I stammered as a bunch of assistants started approaching me. They circled me like a bunch of vultures stalking their prey.

"Let's get started shall we? Do you want to see yourself alone first?" Marcia asked.

"Yes please." I sighed in relief. I needed some privacy. She showed me to the bathroom.

The woman standing in front of me was beautiful. My eyes were bright blue and seemed to sparkle with each wink. My hair had grown longer and blonder. It reached past my shoulders looking a bit messy. But it had incredible luster and volume. A little trim and I would look like a super model.

Then my gaze went towards my body. I looked amazing.

As a man my body had always felt lacking. I had always been a thin guy growing up. I was never able to put on an muscle. At twenty one years old, I still looked like I was fifteen.

But my new body was nothing like that. It was all woman with voluptuous curves and bountiful breasts. I ran my hands all over my body, admiring my new hourglass silhouette. It was a body absolutely to die for.

"Everything alright?" Marcia called out from the outside.

"Everything's perfect." I said honestly. Looking at my new body was making hot and aroused. I wanted to touch myself and explore the novel sensations. But that would have to wait. First, I needed to learn how to be a woman.

In many ways I was thankful for having Marcia's team guiding me. I didn't know the first thing about women's wear. They could change me into a woman, but I would never be able to dress myself properly.

I wrapped a towel around my body and went outside. There was rows of racks of clothes. It was like I had my own little shopping mall.

"Alright. First let's give you some underwear and a dress. Just the basics. And then we'll style your hair and make-up before we do the whole wardrobe. The organization has big plans for you." Marcia said to me. I had to remember this was all business. These people wanted me to be their first female player. I had to play the part right. "Does everything sound good to you?"

"It's perfect." I nodded.

I asked Marcia to teach me how to put on and take off a bra. We started with simple black one with minimal lace. The matching panties were so soft and delicate against my skin. It felt nothing like boxers at all. I liked the fit of female underwear better.

Then I was laid to sit on a chair where a butch lesbian appeared to style my hair. She complimented my new beautiful body, even giving me her number. Then she got to work on my hair.

It was an incredibly involved but pampering process. The stylist didn't use any razors at all. She only worked with scissors, blowdryers and curler to form and shape my hairstyle. The entire time, she would massage my scalp and hydrate my hair. It was so relaxing. I felt like royalty.

"All done." The stylist said after an hour of beauty treatment.

"Wow." I was speechless when I saw my hair. It looked so perfectly natural. Nobody who looked at me would think it was styled. But everyone would be envious of how healthy and glowing my hair looked. When I turned my head, it bounced slowly.

"I'll teach you how to keep the volume like this later." The stylist said to me.

Then I was ushered to make-up artist. I was being given the full celebrity treatment.

When the make-up artist saw me, she just tutted her mouth. She didn't even let me sit in her chair.

"You are already too beautiful. Make-up would only ruin your face." She dug around in her bag and found a tube of lipstick. "Just put this on. That's all you will need."

I nodded to her. I applied it to my lips. I chewed on my lip to get the color in. When I looked in the mirror, I

realized she was right. The bright red lipstick made my blue eyes pop out more. I already had long beautiful lashes. With just a few blinks, I was again the sultry vixen.

“You are so beautiful. It’s unfair.” The makeup artist said with a laugh. Then she herded me back towards Marcia. “All yours.”

“They really know how to pick them.” Marcia nodded at me approvingly. “All those gamer boys will eat you right up.”

I flushed in embarrassment. They were talking about me like I was just some sort of product. But in many ways, I was flattered. I had never been desirable before. Now everyone was telling me I looked good.

“Your style naturally will be gamer girl. It means a lot of fitted character T-shirt and short shorts. At the start, we want you dressing like one of the boys but sexier. But on many events, you’ll be wearing cute girly dresses. Boys want someone like them when they’re playing. But off game during meet up and events, you’ll be the perfect girlfriend idea. And that means cute girly dresses. Any problems with that? Anything you aren’t comfortable with?” Marcia asked me.

“I don’t think so. I used to swim varsity in high school so that meant speedos. I’m not really shy.” I just shrugged. I tried to hide my excitement at trying on the dresses. Something about those garments called out to me.

“How do you feel about cosplay? The organization mentioned putting you into the Medic costume.” Marcia asked.

I sucked in a deep breath. The Medic was absolutely my favorite character. But her costumes made me pause. Like most video game characters, she was very scantily clad. She only had a band with a large Red Cross over her breasts. She also only wore a tiny miniskirt.

“Yes. I want to wear that.” I heard myself saying before I actually thought about it. I had never thought about it before, but now I knew I had to do it.

“Perfect. You know, I think you and I will have a lot of fun together.” Marcia smiled broadly at me.

As I looked at myself in the pink floral dress she asked me to wear, I knew she was right. I couldn’t help myself from twirling around. I was excited for my new life as a woman.

Chapter Five

As part of the team, we would all be living in one house together. The main idea was for us to get acclimated to each other's personalities as quickly as possible. Underlegend involved a lot of teamwork. While one talented player could succeed, he couldn't defeat a well coordinated team.

The league was full of extremely talented players who could all hit targets with pixel perfect accuracy. Teams won through a combination of strategy and good coordination.

I already knew Drake well enough. His tank play was heavily involved in protecting his teammates. He was great at creating space and attracting attention.

My play style was heavily involved in keeping all my teammates alive. Support players could also dish out damage in the right circumstances. Often these flashier plays were highly regarded in the League. But they often led to the other teammates suffering. I preferred to play much more conservatively.

The three other members of the team intimidated me. I wondered what kind of style of play they would have. The most important would be the in game shot caller of the team. He would decide what strategy we would be using to approach the enemy.

On our old team, Drake was the shot caller since he was the main thing. He was always on the front line so he could decide what to do next. I didn't think that dynamic would remain the same.

When I arrived at the house, Drake greeted me by the door. Usually he would have pulled me into a hug, instead he just stared at me.

"Is that really you Brady?" Drake was checking me out completely. His gaze lingered on my breasts for a long moment before going up to my face.

I was wearing a white dress that stopped right above my mid thigh. The top bared my shoulders and left some cleavage to show. According to Marcia, I could wear whatever I want during practice and my downtime. She would only pick out my clothes during official events. Still, I chose the dress for myself. Something about it just felt so freeing.

"It's Brandy now." I murmured under my breath. My body heated up at his stare. My new name was chosen to be as close to as my old one as possible. Most of my history was still the same so that it would be easier for me to remember.

"Right. The whole new identity thing." Drake scratched his head. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm good. I like it actually. They gave me a whole new set of clothes. I also get a clothing budget." I admitted to him.

"That's great. The house is amazing too by the way. It's everything we were promised and more." Drake grinned at me. Our dream was coming true.

I was about to get my bags when Drake stepped in.

"Let me get those for you. Since you're a girl, we gave you one of the bigger rooms on the second floor." Drake carried both my bags for me. It wasn't a gesture he used to do for me.

I sort of liked the extra attention.

Inside, I saw three other guys waiting for me. They were nothing like I expected.

"Sam Conner. Current Captain of the team. In game I'm Blaze, DPS flex of the team." This enormous dark haired bearded man offered his hand to me. I could stop staring at his handsome well-crafted face and his big bulging muscles. He looked more like an fitness model rather than gamer.

When his hand squeezed mine, I felt my entire body melting under his grasp. My panties got wet as our skin touched. I had never been so aroused by such a simple gesture. But I could feel his strength to his handshake.

"I am a huge fan." I said once I recovered my composure. Blaze was a popular streamer online. He could play every hero to the highest levels. His streams probably earned him more money than playing in the League. And he managed all that without showing his handsome face. If he opened a webcam while he played, I was sure more would flock to his stream. I couldn't stop looking at him.

"Good to know. Draco's told me a lot about you. We've been very eager to finally have a support on our team." Blaze smiled at me. It did things to my body that I couldn't quite explain. "Meet the rest of the team. Min-Too, aka, Noir is our hitscan specialist. He's the number one ranked sniper on the game right now."

"Hello." The tall Korean man shook my hand and bowed. He had amazingly dewy white skin. His hair was cut in trendy fashion having both bangs and a undercut. His clothes looked fashion forward and stylish. He emitted an aura of pretty boy cool. For some reason, I really wanted to touch his face. "I am still learning English. Hope we can have a good time."

"Thank you." I bowed to him as well. Koreans were the kings of e-sports. They dominated nearly every E-sport

title they participated in. I wasn't surprised the Zealots would have one on the team. The only other country with nearly the same caliber of players was the Scandinavian ones.

"And this is our Tank DPS Wiktor Ludlum, aka Hajen." Blaze stepped aside somehow revealing an even larger man than he was.

"Holy fuck." I murmured under my breath as I had to look up to face my new teammate.

"You are very beautiful. I am lucky to have you as my teammates." Hajen grinned at me.

He was at least six foot five. Although he wasn't as muscular as Blaze, he was definitely a lot heavier. He was a whole lot of man. It looked like he could fit three Noirs in one Hajen.

"And you've met Drake who has the uninspired name of Draco." Blaze ribbed my best friend.

Drake looks normal compared to the rest of my teammates. He was just the average boy next door.

"It's nice to meet everyone. I'm Brandy Low, known in game as Hermes."

This was it. This was my team from now on.

Chapter Six

“Hermes, where are you?” Blaze called out. The enemy had just broken past Draco’s barrier. They had obliterated him in seconds. Blaze was hiding out using his stealth character trying to hold the point. “Cast your ultimate on me and I can hold them off.”

My medic’s ultimate ability was to grant immunity to a character for a certain amount of time.

“I just got shot. I’m currently respawning.” I admitted my failure. I had peeked though the wall and gotten shot by the enemy sniper. It was yet another careless mistake.

“Fuck.” Blaze cursed out. The timer was running down. He had no other choice but to reveal himself.

The enemy team decimated him. One by one, our other players all had to trickle down to the point in an attempt to save it. We all knew it was a futile effort. We had lost this match.

The words DEFEATED appeared yet again on the screen.

I pulled off my headsets feeling hot shame over my face. I had made another crucial mistake again.

Although this was only a practice match against another League member, it was still disheartening to have not won a single match against them. We hadn’t won a single match against any one. The League was supposed to start in a month.

It wasn’t just me who was making mistakes. The coordination between all five of us was all wrong. When I called out for something to happen, Noir and Hajen didn’t respond. I would wind end getting killed without their protection. Meanwhile Noir spoke too little and would die without informing me he needed healing. Blaze was the most vocal member of the team but he couldn’t rally everyone just yet.

“Alright everyone. That’s enough for the day. Let’s try to go over what we did wrong.” Blaze kept trying to keep a positive mood.

Hajen, Noir and Draco were both tilted. They weren’t used to losing so much. I could tell it was affecting their performance.

Hajen kept switching heroes to try and keep the enemy on their toes. He kept trying to get a surprise flank.

Noir in particular had a tendency to go off against the enemy on his own, trying to get kills and carry the team to success.

Draco was always staying at the point playing conservatively, trying to get some stability in the fast-paced matches.

It was a complete mismatch of styles. All our players had talent but we weren’t cohesive at all.

Blaze and I tried discussing this but the other three were too annoyed to listen properly.

“Alright. Dismissed. Let’s just try this again tomorrow. Have a good rest.” Blaze said as the other three left the room.

I could feel for him. We had been practicing for a full week and didn’t have much improvement. He was trying his best as the captain. The organization hadn’t hired a coach for us yet so Blaze was doing triple duty as captain, coach and flex player.

“We’ll get there eventually Blaze.” I reached over to squeeze his shoulder. I wanted to show him my support. I could see how hard he was working.

“Thanks, Hermes. You’ve been really great at keeping the team’s mood up. I wouldn’t know what I would do without you here.” Blaze grinned at me. He pulled me into a tight embrace.

I knew he only meant it as a friend, but my whole body reacted to the feel of his huge muscles. His body heat mingled with mine. His masculine aroma filled my nose. It felt so good to be in his arms. I couldn’t help the small moan of satisfaction escaping from my lips.

Blaze pulled away and looked at me. His gaze fell to my lips.

“I’m sorry.” Blaze suddenly pulled away. “I’m sorry if I offended you.”

“No. No. I wasn’t offended.” I quickly corrected him. I didn’t want him to think he violated me. I enjoyed that embrace. “It’s all good. We’re teammates.”

We looked at each other for a long moment. I was ready for something to happen. Instead, Blaze pulled away.

“Of course. Yeah. I’m going to head to the gym. I need to cool off.” Blaze shook his head. He left the room.

What had that been all about?

Why did I feel disappointed that Blaze didn’t do more?

I never had these sorts of feelings toward other men before. But then again, I had never really been attracted to women either. But there was no denying the arousal that I had felt.

As I left the practice room, I tried to think of the game and how I could improve my craft. But my mind kept returning to that moment. I was so sure Blaze was going to kiss me. It was all my new female brain could think of.

I tried watching our match. But I couldn't concentrate on the game. My play kept replaying the small moment we shared. My body reacted to it getting all hot and bothered for no reason.

Maybe I was just caught in the moment. I needed to test the theory out. It might just have been a fluke. I headed to the gym but didn't find Blaze there. I needed to talk to him about this.

His bedroom was right beside mine. I opened the door.

Blaze stared at me in surprise. He was completely naked except for towel wrapped around his hips. It laid right below his adonis belt, showing off his muscular abs and sculpted body.

"Hermes? What are you doing here?" Blaze looked at me curiously.

I found myself entering his room and closing the door behind me.

"What's happening?" Blaze backed on towards his bed. The bulge underneath his towel grew larger. It was enough evidence for me to know he wanted this.

"I want to help you out. You've been under so much stress lately." I approached him cautiously. My whole body felt so hot underneath my clothes. I pulled off my shirt, feeling relief when it fell from my body.

"God. You are so hot." Blaze licked his lips as he saw my breasts. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." I answered confidently. I felt so liberated and free. I needed to know what he would do to me with those lustful eyes. I was tired of holding back.

And so was Blaze, the minute he had my consent, he pulled the towel of his waist and pulled me into a deep kiss. His cock pressed against my hip as his tongue parted my lips. He grabbed my head and tilted it back, allowing him to kiss me deeper and more fully. I had never been so utterly dominated by another person in my life.

My entire body was singing in pleasure. My blood was racing as Blaze started nipping at my neck. His strong hands lifted me up, making me wrap my legs around him. He was carrying my entire weight with his arms.

"God. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever met." Blaze said as he bit my earlobe. He pushed me into the wall. His cock nudged at the front of my panties. Only the soft thing fabric prevented his cock from entering my wet pussy.

"Hurry." I gasped in desperation. I had never wanted something so much in my life. My body was yearning for more touch, more contact, more friction. I rubbed myself against the thick head of his cock.

"Fuck. You're a wildfire aren't you? I need a taste of that." Blaze set me down on the floor. He knelt in front of me. He ripped my panties apart like it was a flimsy piece of paper. He was right in front of my name pussy. "Love that you shaved."

My legs opened automatically the minute I felt Blaze's breath tickle my folds. My whole body was dripping with arousal.

Blaze pressed his nose against my clit making me moan in pleasure. I had never felt so sensitive in my entire life. My new female body was experiencing things I had never felt before. It was all so novel and new. When his tongue warm tongue flicked at my entrance, I couldn't help but scream out in ecstasy.

"You smell so good." Blaze growled into my pussy. He placed my legs onto his shoulder and buried his face in my snatch. He ate me out hungrily like a man starved for food and water.

I was crying out in pure pleasure. I couldn't keep quiet. My cries only seemed to encourage him more. His tongue pushed deeper into me.

Then his finger slid inside me, grazing across my soft inner walls. My body was being invaded by another. I gasped for more. He added another finger stretching me open. Then his digits pressed something inside me that made me see stars.

Blaze was relentless in fucking me with his fingers. But he didn't stop there, his tongue was actively sucking on my hyper sensitive clit. He even placed his thumb at my asshole, pushing and rubbing against the rim. It felt like pussy was in a vice, being stimulated in all directions.

I cried out as my vision went white hot. My whole body shook from the force of my orgasm. Every inch of me trembled in pure pleasure. spurts of colorless liquid sprayed from my pussy onto Blaze's face.

He lapped me up mercilessly, thirstily licking up every last drop of my spend. He didn't stop until the aftershocks of my body completely died down. When he was done, I could no longer stand. My legs were so weak from pleasure.

Blaze cradled me in his arms gently. He stroked my hip casually.

"Did you enjoy that?" Blaze asked with a wicked grin. His hard cock was still poking me in the ass.

"Yes so much." I whimpered when his fingers began to trace the outside of my over sensitive folds. I knew I could go again.

"Are you ready for more?" Blaze licked my ear and nudged me with his cock. It was my turn to satisfy him.

"Oh yes." I whimpered. There would be no turning back from this. Once I accepted his cock into my body, I knew I would always be a woman. This was the last barrier between me and true femininity.

I was so ready for it.

Blaze lifted me up easily in his strong powerful arms. He carried me towards the bed like a brand new blushing bride. He laid me down careful. He undressed me with a gentleness that I knew would be the complete opposite of the hard rough fucking he would give me. He had been an absolute beast as he ate my pussy out.

“You are the perfect woman.” Blaze said as he admired my new female body.

“So fucking sexy.” Blaze said as he kissed my legs.

“So fucking beautiful.” Blaze said as he kissed my breasts.

“So fucking intelligent.” Blaze said as he kissed my lips.

He spread my legs wide and positioned his body in between me. The act spoke volumes of how much control he had over me. His thick was positioned right in front of my entrance.

Blaze grabbed my hips and held me steady. Then he pushed his cock inside me.

I cried out in both pain and pleasure as the blunt head spread my pussy to its limits. My whole body stretched around him as he slowly plunged deeper into me. The surge of adrenaline quickly mollified the pain.

My entire body started to crawl with unimaginable pleasure and heat. Soon, I could feel pleasure from his cock pushing inside me. His long thick cock was now plunged deep into me completely. I clenched around him feeling his ridiculously thick length.

Our eyes locked onto each other. When Blaze knew I was ready, he started me fucking me rough and hard like he knew I needed. It was a primal rut using all his powerful muscles to slam into my slimmer frame. I could feel the power in his body pushing into my soft vagina. His pace was urgent and hasty.

I wanted to savor it more. But the pleasure exploded in my core. The pleasure was too new for me to resist. I clenched hard around him as he drove into me one final time. His powerful cock erupted inside me filling me with his seed. My whole body trembled, clamping down on his cock with my own orgasm. My vagina milked his cock to the very last drop.

Blaze collapsed onto of me with his strong muscular body. Then he sloppily kissed the side of my neck. Within minutes, he was snoring.

I was tired and sated as well. But I couldn't sleep. I couldn't stop thinking of what I had done.

I had been just fucked by a hot guy. And I loved every single minute of it.

I was now a real woman.

Chapter Seven

“Great job everyone.” Blaze said to us the day after our first ever league match. We had fought a seasoned team and still managed to clutch out a victory. We went all the way to match five to break the tiebreaker. It was a great debut for our fledgling team.

According to the casters, it was the most hyped match all evening. Stuart even congratulated us personally for delivering a win for our first match. We were trending on twitter and our sub-reddit.

Stuart had been right in how I would be received. Most of the press had been about me as the first female player in the Underlegends league. Before the match, I was receiving a lot of hate from the fanbase. Many people were saying I only got the job because I was a pretty girl. In fact, there were a lot of people who were mocking our team because of our looks.

People claimed the Texas Zealots was a team focused on looking better than actually assembling a competent team. I could definitely understand where they were coming from. The organization had all of us going to the gym four times a week. While not all my teammates had Blaze’s muscular physique, they were fit enough that they looked much better than majority of our peers. And when I was added to the picture, with my slim figure and large breasts, we looked more like a rock band than a group of gamers.

But once the match started, our team proved everyone wrong. The first match had been rough with us losing ground. Draco made a lot of mistakes due to his nerves. But after the second match, Blaze was able to get the team under his control. By the third match, we had turned the series around and was dominating our opponents. Ours was the biggest story of the night. New team of underdogs reverse sweep enemy team.

After that, we were the belle of the ball. Numerous girls started posting about how I was their idol for being a gamer. My make-up was toned down and I wore a pony tail to look sporty. I had captured the hearts of the female fanbase.

Then they checked out the rest of my team. Tons of fan art was posted about Blaze. It was only natural since he was so handsome. But the association effect was enormous.

Soon our teams was being dissected like a boyband. Girls who liked pretty boys and K-pop picked Noir as their favorite. Girls who liked thicker men and European accents chose Hajen. Girls who liked muscles and bad boy picked Blaze. Girls who liked the all American boy next door and cinnamon roll picked Draco.

Whoever ran the optics for our team was a genius. Every single one of their marketing schemes had worked. Our fan meet and greet lasted twice as long as other more seasoned teams.

By the next day, I was scrolling through so much fan art. A lot of it was harmless fun. But there was a big section of canary porn of me. I should have felt disappointed but one image kept coming back to me. It was a drawing of me being fucked by all my teammates. I wondered how that would feel. It made my body heat up in forbidden excitement.

I was struggling to believe it was even all real.

“Guys. Stuart is so proud of our performance, he’s giving us our bonuses early.” Blaze announced to all of us. He sat beside and squeezed my thigh.

I snuggled up to him. After yesterday’s adrenaline fueled match, we were both high on victory and triumph. He fucked me hard three times that night. Our relationship was extremely casual with no commitments from either of us. I found that I liked it that way best.

While I liked touching and cuddling with Blaze, I didn’t want to limit myself to him in any way. I had so much to explore. Blaze was cool with that. He liked our casual relationship.

“But, we also have a meet and greet tomorrow. Marcia is coming over to pick out our clothes. She also wants to go over our script.” Blaze told everyone. It turns out Marcia wasn’t only handling me, she was also taking care of the images of the other four guys.

“Fuck this.” Draco suddenly stood up and stomped to his room, shocking all of us.

“What the hell was that?” Blaze looked at me in alarm. Noir and Hajen both shrugged. They were just as happy with the roles they had to play.

“Let me go talk to him. He’s my friend. I know him best.” I leaned over to kiss Blaze on the lips. He would have insisted to do the work since he was the captain. But I thought he could use a break. Besides, it was my job to support the team in any way I could.

I headed to Draco’s room at the furthest corner.

“Can I come in?” I asked right as I entered.

“No.” Drake said. He was lying on his bed turned away from me.

We had been friends for ages. I knew he just needed a little prodding to open up more. I could usually tell what

was bothering him. But for these past few weeks, I was so busy with practicing, earning about my new body and playing with Blaze, that I wasn't able to connect with Drake in any meaningful way. It surprised me how much I didn't know about him. I didn't even know why he was angry. Everything had gone perfectly for us. This was literally the best case scenario.

Clearly though, Drake didn't feel that way.

"What's wrong?" I tapped Drake on the shoulder.

"Don't touch me." Drake suddenly stood up and walked away.

"Seriously man. What's up with you? We just won our game. You should be celebrating. You're not acting like yourself." I said angrily. I was only trying to help. He didn't need to pull away so harshly. He treated me like I was made out of acid.

"What's up with me? I'm not acting like myself? You're the one who changed into a whole new person. You're a fucking woman Brady." Drake gestured towards me wildly.

My first instinct was to look at the door in alarm. Our other teammates didn't know about me. I didn't want them to find out.

"Christ? I'm not going to spill your secret. You don't have to worry about that." Drake growled.

"I don't understand. You have a problem with me? You know this was the only way we could be pros." I didn't understand what was wrong. Drake had been fine when I showed him the change. For the first few weeks, he even teased me about it.

"You changed. All you care about is your silly dresses. And looking pretty." Drake said weakly.

"No. The dresses are great but I'm just as focused on the game. I practice just as hard as all of us. What is this really about?" I kept my voice level even though I felt completely insulted. We were both completely dedicated to the game.

"I lost my best friend. Ever since you got that body, all you've been doing is press. When you're not doing that you're fucking Blaze." Drake spat out harshly. "You don't think we can hear you guys fucking upstairs? You guys fuck loudly every night. What happened to Brady huh? Where was my best friend who was supposed to do this with me?"

I flinched when he called me by my old name. I was Brandy now.

"I'm still me." I murmured under my breath. Then I realized I didn't need to feel guilt about what I wanted. "I'm just better. And I'm still your best friend. Nothing has changed except I'm a woman now."

Drake just shrugged at me. He seemed to have calmed down. But I still hadn't addressed the root of the problem.

"I'm sorry I've ignored you. I promise to do better. We can go back to the way things used to be. You'll always be my partner." I said with whole hearted honesty. Drake would always have my back just as I would always have his. I went over to hug him.

Thankfully, he returned my hug. We just stood in each other's embrace for a long moment. I could feel our relationship mend. On some level, he was right. I had been ignoring him. I could fix that.

"I'm sorry for being a jerk." Drake murmured slowly.

"I've kind of been busy." I admitted to him.

"It's just that I get so angry when I see Blaze putting his hands all over you. It's like he owns you. He's not forcing you into anything is he?" Drake pulled and looked me seriously in the eye.

"No. Of course not. We're just having fun that's all." I answered. There was something I couldn't quite decipher in Drake's expression.

"That's good. I don't want him to take advantage of you. You are stunning you know." Drake said to me. He pulled away and headed for the door. "I think we can go back outside now. I'll just apologize to the rest of the team for walking out."

"Wait." I suddenly realized what all of this was about. "Are you attracted to me Drake?"

"What? Of course not." Drake shook his head. But I saw his face grow bright red.

"You're jealous." I finally understood why he was so angry. Some part of Drake wanted me. He saw me as attractive. Heat suddenly filled my body. I had never thought about Drake that way before. That is until now.

Now I couldn't think of anything else.

"Fine. I'm sorry. I'll work on it I promise. We can still be best friends. It's just a phase." Drake didn't look at me. "Girls and guys can be just friends."

"What if I don't want to be just friends?" I began playing with my shirt buttons as Drake looked at me in surprise. His face followed my fingers as I slowly undressed.

"What about Blaze?" Drake stuttered. He backed into a wall, watching my body gyrate towards him.

"We're not exclusive. He knows that." I pressed my body against his, causing him to gasp in pleasure.

"I'm not sure about this. This feels kind of weird." Drake threw his head back in pleasure. I could feel him shiver

as I pressed against this.

"I don't think weird is the right word." I said as I grabbed his thick cock through his pants. "Things change Drake. Why don't I show you much they can change for the better."

"Oh fuck Brandy." Drake murmured. I was glad he used my female name now.

I helped him out of his shirt and pants. I marveled at how toned his body was. He had lost all that baby fat thanks to all the workouts in the gym. He was lean and toned like swimmer. I loved the contrast against's Blaze more masculine frame. I wondered if I could have them both side by side.

I pulled Drake's cock out of his underwear. He was big, bigger than Blaze. He was also long. I unbuttoned my shirt and took off my bra, letting my breasts go free. Then I slid his cock in between my chest. I loved feeling his hardness in the middle of my boobs.

"Fuck that is so hot." Drake couldn't stop staring at his cock sliding between my breasts. I knew he had a fetish for titty fucking. I had seen his collection of porn. This was his fantasy.

I then took his cock into my mouth. I swallowed his cockhead and swirled my tongue all around it. It didn't take him long to start thrusting towards my mouth.

I loved every minute of it. I loved the idea of supporting my teammates. I love the idea of servicing my boys.

"It's so good." Drake cried out. He grabbed my head and pushed his cock all the way into my throat. Then his cock erupted in violent spurt, filling my mouth with his semen.

Together with my own fingers, it was enough stimulation for me to climax myself.

"See. Change can definitely be for the better." I told Drake as I wiped the cum off my lips.

I don't think we would have anymore problems in the future.

I wondered if the rest of my teammates also needed this kind of support.

Chapter Eight

"We just have to hold our position." Blaze called out through the comms. Noir was set up on his perch right behind the entire team, watching our enemy through his sniper scope. Draco and Hajen were waiting by the chokepoint ready to push out the enemy as they made their final approach. I was hidden safely behind, ready to dive and heal whoever needed it the most.

It was our final match for the first stage. There was also a cash prize of one million dollars. While the official league championships were still far away, winning the first stage would ensure us a spot in playoffs. This win would cement us as one of the top teams in the league.

It was the single most important tournament of my career, of our teams career. All our fans were watching us right now.

This last skirmish would decided whether we would win or lose. Our opponents were the champions of the league from last year. Like us, they were undefeated in this stage. This match would decided once and for all who the strongest team in the league currently was.

The harsh light of the stadium and the crowds of fans in front of me, was making my heart race. It was a tense standoff.

"I'm dead. You don't have a sniper." Noir suddenly called out. He had been taken out by the sniper duel.

"Fuck." Draco yelled through the comms. Having no sniper of our own, meant Draco had to keep his shield up to protect us from the enemy sniper. Noir was the only person who could contest that class of enemy.

"They're pushing." Hajen said. He charged against the enemy hoping to deflect their oncoming charge. We only needed to buy time for five more seconds.

"Activating Localization Force." Blaze said to Draco. It was a powerful ability that contained the enemy to a small area but left Blaze defenseless. It wouldn't kill the enemy but would prevent them from moving. He managed to catch three enemies.

Their sniper was far away which meant only one other player to worry about getting to our base.

"They have a Alien King." I called out. The Alien King was one of the strongest damage character in the game. His speciality was sneaking up on enemies and destroying them from behind.

With Blaze and Draco holding the enemy back, it was up to me to stop him. I only had basic melee punch to kill the enemy.

"I'm leaving you guys. You don't have heals." I called out, wondering with each button press if I had made the right choice. This was the most critical match of my career. And as a support, my main job was keeping my allies alive. Instead I would be leaving them to die and fighting an enemy that was designed to kill me.

Seconds later, all three of my teammates were killed by the enemy team. Without my healing they didn't stand a chance. I had no chance to second guess my self. If I wanted to kill the Alien King, I would have to hit all my melee punches at his head. More importantly, I would have to evade all of his widespread shotguns blasts. It was a nearly impossible task.

Yet, it was also the only way to win.

I charged the enemy and started spamming the crouch and attack button. The Alien King didn't even realize I was there. He was too busy worrying about Noir coming back from respawn. When he finally reacted to me, he fired a shot whittling my health down to 2hp.

Then I punched him, killing his character. Just before the rest of the enemy team could arrive. The timer went out.

VICTORIOUS.

The bright blue letters appeared on my screen. The flashed again.

The crowd roared wildly. Burst of confetti filled the air. Before I could even realize what was happening, I was hauled out of my chair and placed on two strong shoulders. I was suddenly on top of the world.

"You did it." Draco yelled at me from below.

"We did it." Blaze said from beside me.

They had placed me on Hajen's mighty shoulders. Since he was more than six feet tall, I towered over everyone.

I looked out at the audience cheering at me. Multiple fans with big banners with my face waved at me enthusiastically. I had done it. I had taken the first stage victory.

I punched both my fists up high in triumph.

The crowd roared.

It was the single best day of my life.

After that it was a flurry of interviews and high meetings. People asked me what I was thinking. I think I

stuttered through most of my answers. I was still so overcome by our victory. Blaze did most of the talking. I could hear him praising me, but I couldn't really focus. All I could feel was that invincible feeling of victory.

When we arrived home, it was already past midnight. Our entire team went out to dinner to celebrate. Stuart had treated us to an expensive buffet at a five star hotel. All of us ate the finest lobster and most expensive steaks around. It turns out winning made you very hungry.

By the time we got home though, I was hungry for a very different kind of thing. There was only one thing that could make our team's victory even sweeter.

"Are you ready boys?" I looked at all my teammates as I locked the door behind me.

Blaze licked his lips. The thick bulge in his jeans couldn't be ignored.

"Fuck yes." Hajen grinned at me. He pulled off his shirt revealing his thick muscular body. Since we had access to the gym, Hajen had turned from pudgy to a large strongman build. He looked more like a bear than a man.

"I am ready." Noir echoed. He was already naked. While he retained his slender figure, he was built lean and defined like a swimmer. His thick cock looked too big for someone with his slender frame.

"I am so glad we won." Draco said pulling off his boxer briefs. Whatever pills the company was making Drake take, did wonders for his body. It wouldn't be long before all of us could be underwear models.

Before the final match started, I decided we needed an extra edge to win the map. Our enemies were the previous champions last year. No amount of hard work and strategic planning could ensure our victory. My teammates needed extra motivation to ensure our victory.

So I withheld sex from all of them for a week. I told them I would only have sex with them if we won the first stage. They poured all their attention on the game. And now it was my turn to keep my end of the bargain.

"I'm all yours." I stood in front of them naked. I ran my fingers over my luxurious female body. It could see them watch me with lust and desire. This is the body that made us win the championships. "I'm all yours tonight."

Hajen grabbed me first. He lifted me up and brought me to the master bedroom. Then he laid me on my back and ate my pussy.

"Oh yes deeper." I cried out pushing him forward. Before me Hajen had been a virgin. It was up to me to teach him how to properly pleasure a woman.

"Do you have space for more?" Blaze asked as he thrust his cock into my face.

I quickly swallowed it whole. My captain deserved nothing but the best.

"I can't wait for my turn." Draco said. He sat on the bed and began fondling my breasts. He pinched my nipples, knowing how sensitive they were. Then he began sucking on my tits.

Noir was just watching from the side stroking his cock. He was still shy about playing with others. He was the last one I started sleeping with. I wanted to sleep with all my teammates together. Just like in a real match, I wanted to be the one to support all of them.

"Come and join in Noir." I said after releasing Blaze's cock.

Noir nodded at me shyly. He presented his long uncut dick onto my face.

"Yummy." I grinned as I grabbed hold of the two thick cocks in front of me. I alternated between sucking on both of them. I loved the contrast between their two cocks. They were so different yet both so hard. My two teammates moaned above me.

"Don't forget about me." Hajen grinned. He pushed his cock into my wet pussy making me cry out in ecstasy.

"Did you have to do that? Now she can't concentrate on my dick." Blaze growled. He slapped his cock on my face a few times.

"I'm sorry." I gasped as Hajen slammed his cock into me. He was stretching my pussy wide. His big cock was so quick at finding my g-spot.

"It's alright baby. We know you're doing your best." Blaze leaned down to kiss me.

"You know, she has another hole we can use." Draco said with a grin. He pushed Hajen off of me and then turned me over on knees.

"You are very beautiful." Noir said as he caressed my face.

On this position, I could take cock much better. I swallowed his cock and let him fuck my face.

"I've always wanted to try this." Draco said. He moved under me and aimed his cock at my pussy. Then he pulled my hips down on his cock.

Noir's cock muffled my cries of pleasure. I had never been filled with two cocks before. It felt so good.

"Time to get your next hole ready." Blaze whispered into my ear. I felt his fingers prod my asshole. Then he pushed inside.

My whole body trembled in pleasure. I had just started to play with my asshole a month ago. I still wasn't used to the pleasure I felt there. I all felt so good.

"Damn tight isn't she?" Blaze grinned.

Then I felt another finger push into me.

“Man. Can’t wait to sink my cock into that.” Hajen laughed as he pushed his finger alongside Blaze.

I pulled Noir’s cock out my mouth.

“Please.” I begged both my teammates. My body yearned for more friction. I needed to be fuller. Draco was holding my hips steady, his cock buried deep inside me. He wasn’t moving at all.

“Fuck yeah.” Hajen suddenly pushed his cock deep into my ass.

I moaned out loud as my ass filled completely. I felt his muscular body press into my back. He breathed on my shoulder.

“You like that babe?” Hajen whispered into my ear, just as Draco sucked on my nipples.

I swallowed Noir’s cock into my mouth. I was now filled from all of my three holes. I was achieving a state of ecstasy only a woman could experience. One by one all my teammates started fucking me.

Noir grabbed my face and thrust into my mouth. His hesitation slowly disappeared as his cock pushed back into my throat. Draco was thrusting his hips into me in time with Hajen’s own fucking technique.

My brains turned to mush as I became one huge bundle of pure pleasure. My whole body trembled under their powerful fucking. My pussy, ass and throat clenched hard around the three cocks as I climaxed. All my senses turned white hot as I had the most powerful climax I had ever experience in my life.

Their seed poured into me from all three directions. I could feel myself get filled up with my teammates’ cum. When they were done, all three cock pulled out from me, leaving me empty.

But before I could complain, Blaze pushed into my pussy, filling the void left behind.

“Still so tight.” Blaze growled.

“I’m ready for round two.” I grinned at my team.

As I looked at my four exhausted men in front of me, with my body covered in their cum, I knew I had made it. I had become a one step closer to becoming a gamer champion. I was living the dream. I doubt any other support player in the league could do what I was doing for my team.

Being a professional gamer was the best.