

Gamer Girl

by Pan

Chapter 1

Above all, she loved to game.

That was the frustrating thing about it. Gemma felt like despite her best efforts, she could never get anyone to believe that one, simple fact.

Instead, they'd assume ulterior motives. That she was doing it for a guy, or for male attention in general. That she had daddy issues, or suffered from nymphomania, or was just a plain old slut.

And hell, she'd met more than enough 'gamer girls' to fit each of those profiles. Girls who chirpily claimed an undying love for a game...only to abandon it as soon as they found a boyfriend.

But that's not what it was about for her.

First and foremost, Gemma loved to game.

She wasn't sure which she hated more: the judgment of other women when they learned what her hobby was, or the lustful expectations of guys. That since they had cocks and she had tits it was inevitable that eventually, they'd get together.

Her tits and their cocks.

All because she enjoyed making lights move across a screen.

It was no wonder she'd become...well, a bit of a hermit. Gemma worked online (processing data for a marketing firm) and spent her spare time gaming.

The twenty-seven year old woman didn't have many friends. She had some workmates she interacted with every week or two, some old classmates she caught up with once or twice a year.

But in the place of friends, Gemma had games. A whole lot of them.

It was the puzzles that hooked her in. Almost every game, as she saw it, was ultimately made up of puzzles. Finding the perfect route through a booby-trapped dungeon, or completing assassinations without being detected by NPCs. Solving the riddle in an old journal and saving the kingdom, navigating across a city in a stolen car without the police taking her out, discovering a new crafting recipe and assembling all the pieces...

No matter the game, no matter the genre, she'd find the puzzle. If Gemma hadn't had to earn money to pay rent (and keep her computer's specs at the cutting edge), she could've happily gamed all day every day.

The young woman was isolated, but not lonely. She had a call with her supervisor at the end of each week, and spent half an hour each morning on the gaming forums, keeping up-to-date with the latest news and rumors.

That was more than enough socialization for the twenty-seven year old woman. All her favorite games were solo endeavors; the company of computer-generated friends and foes was more than enough to keep her social bar filled.

Her all-time favorite game was an RPG: *Calobia*. You played as a gnome, traversing the four city-states of Calobia, assembling machinery, battling foes, concocting potions, and falling in love.

Every element of the game was a different form of puzzle, and Gemma had spent hundreds of hours consumed by them since its release.

When ATI Industries had announced a sequel, she'd been excited.

And then when further details emerged, her excitement turned to dread.

*Heroes of the Heartland*. Set in the same world as Calobia (just over the Yujum ocean), it

wasn't a typical roleplayer...

It was an MMORPG. A massively multiplayer online role playing game.

Multiplayer meant other people, and Gemma knew how these games worked – to truly enjoy them, to unlock all the content and see all the sights, you couldn't play solo. You had to form a group, and adventure through the game with your party.

In all her years of gaming, she'd yet to have a great experience with any kind of online group. They'd excitedly welcome her in, excited to play with a *girl*, but once they realized that she wasn't going to date them, or send nudes, or meet up in real life to suck their cocks...well, the ardor would cool, and she'd soon find herself on the outs.

It was never worth it.

Once or twice she'd joined all-girl gamer groups, but they always petered out within a few weeks as the girls moved on.

Sometimes Gemma felt like she was the only real gamer girl on the internet.

Part of her considered skipping *Heroes of the Heartland* – her game library was full of dozens (possibly hundreds) of unplayed games that she could enjoy instead. But *Calobia* had been so perfectly tuned to Gemma's tastes, she knew she at least had to try it.

On the day of release, the young woman installed the game and moved her account to the new forums. But instead of using her typical tag - "GamerGemma" – she decided to try something different.

And so, just a few hours after the game was first available, "GrahamTheGamer" was perusing the forums, looking for a guild to join.

[00:42] Ran556: uh, guys? i think graham is a girl

[00:45] GrahamTheGamer: You're a girl.

[00:48] NukeHydra: what're you talking about, Rand?

[00:48] Ran556: click thru to his profile

[00:48] Ran556: look at the url

[00:48] NukeHydra: GamerGemma?

[00:48] Ran556: yeah

[00:49] Ran556: google it

[00:50] GrahamTheGamer: What're you even talking about?

[00:50] NukeHydra: oh shit. Graham are you a chick?

[00:52] GrahamTheGamer: You're a chick.

[00:52] Ran556: same profile pic, same everything, going back like 4 years on the calobai forums

[00:53] NukeHydra: haha Gray are you reverse cat-fishing us?

[00:53] Soplates: Is this why he never joins us on voice?

Gemma stared at the screen, her heart racing. She'd been about to fall into bed when the alert had popped up.

She'd been gaming with The Demographs for almost five months, and had managed to completely avoid detection. They'd been one of the few groups who mostly used text (instead of voice chat), and they'd welcomed "Graham" into their ranks with open arms.

Over the past half-year, she'd learned dribs and drabs about the group of eighteen-year olds. They'd all gone to high-school together, except for Rand. He was a half a decade older than the rest. Like her, he'd joined through the forums.

And for some reason, he'd apparently decided to go poking around her profile.

[00:58] GrahamTheGamer: Oh yeah, that's my sister's profile.

[00:59] NukeHydra: is she hot?

[00:59] GrahamTheGamer: Dude, she's my sister.

[00:59] NukeHydra: that is not answering the question ;)

[00:59] Soplates: Graham, it's cool. We don't care if you're a dude or not. All that matters is that you're a Demograph!

As Gemma's lights dimmed (something she'd set up to occur at one each morning, in an attempt to stop herself from gaming all night and being completely useless the next day) she decided to go to sleep, and see in the morning where the chips had fallen.

The next morning, she read through the discussion that had occurred overnight. The rest of the Demographs were in Central Time, but – being teenagers – seemed to have no detectable sleep pattern. There were only seven of them in total, so the discovery that one of their ranks could be a woman had caused quite a stir.

Her 'sister' story had fooled no one, and by the time she'd finished drinking her coffee and reading the chat, Gemma was resigned to the idea that she'd have to move on.

It had already started.

[5:56] KingColver: graham are you gonna stream for us? Would love to watch you play

[6:48] A10Halo: how much to buy your bathwater?

[6:49] NukeHydra: lolllll

[6:49] NukeHydra: sign me up for bathawter + panties plz

[6:51] A10Halo: haha nuke they probably wouldn't fit you

[6:52] NukeHydra: hey we don't know

[6:52] NukeHydra: maybe gray is a fattie like me

[6:58] KingColver: ugh I hope not

The worst part was...after almost half a decade of isolation, Gemma had been surprised to once more find herself enjoying the company of others. Yeah, they were idiots, but they were funny idiots. And when they'd thought she was Graham, they'd accepted her. No one had accused her of being a fake gamer, or sexualized her, or treated her like she was from a different planet.

She'd just been one of the guys. Part of the team.

And while they had never even gotten close to ranking, they'd been a damn *good* team. For the first time in years, she hadn't been solving puzzles by herself - she'd been playing with friends.

The second-worst part was that how much she loved *Heroes of the Heartland*. The design team at ATI had done the impossible, and delivered a sequel that surpassed the original in almost every way. She'd been suspicious when the setting had moved from the land of Gnomes to the Human homeland, but the diversity of quests, characters, and even landscape...she'd been blown away.

The rest of the Demographs had been just as into the game as her, and they'd played almost every night - her character had been about to hit level seventy. The prospect of trying to find another guild at that level, who were looking for players, and were okay with people who joined without using voice...

Yeah. Gemma wasn't holding out much hope.

But she'd gone down this road before. Now that the teenagers knew she was a woman, that would be her entire personality.

[7:15] Ran556: c'mon guys, leave her alone.

[7:16] NukeHydra: yeah! You're probably distracting her

[7:16] NukeHydra: from making me a sandwich

Gemma closed the app in frustration, and buried herself in work for the rest of the day.

When five o'clock came around, she walked outside and stared at the slowly-setting sun.

"Fuck," she muttered, surprised by how much the events of the previous night were affecting her. *It's just a game*, she tried to remind herself, but she knew it was more than that.

She wasn't just saying goodbye to *Heroes of the Heartland*. She was saying goodbye to her friends.

"Might as well get this over with," she muttered, and sat down at the keyboard.

[17:13] GrahamTheGamer: Hey, guys. So yeah, it's true. I'm a girl.

[17:13] NukeHydra: I knew it!!

[17:13] NukeHydra: you always played like a girl, lol

[17:14] GrahamTheGamer: I'm probably going to be around less.

[17:14] KingColver: awww gray don't be like that

[17:14] Soplates: Stay!! You're one of the team!

[17:14] Ran556: yeah you dont have to leave

[17:15] CrazyRyan: You can go if you want to. You can leave your friends behind.

[17:15] A10Halo: yeah we still want you 28 days out of the month

[17:15] GrahamTheGamer: Thanks for the good times, everyone

[17:15] A10Halo: you can be around less during shark week

Gemma rolled her eyes, and disconnected from the forum.

She spent the rest of the night playing through some of her favorite parts of *Calobia*. She hadn't touched it since *Heroes* had landed, and while it provided a good dose of nostalgia (and she enjoyed spotting some of the more subtle continuity nods between the two games she'd not noticed before), it wasn't the same.

With a sigh, she set her controller down and got ready for bed. Maybe this was a sign. Maybe it was time for her to spend less of her life on video games. Go out and get a hobby, or a boyfriend, or...whatever it was that non-gamers did with their lives. Get out there and *live*.

Ugh.

Before hitting the hay, Gemma was unable to resist clicking on the forum, just to see what other reactions her reveal had garnered. Before she could navigate to the main thread, a direct message popped up from Rand.

(DM) [00:13] Ran556: hey gemma, sorry for ratting you out like that

(DM) [00:13] GrahamTheGamer: No, it's fine. Just means I won't really be playing with y'all any more.

(DM) [00:13] Ran556: ah shit. thts exactly what i didnt want to happen

(DM) [00:13] Ran556: any reason in particular?

(DM) [00:14] GrahamTheGamer: I've just gone down this road before. Everyone is just going to see me as a pair of tits from now on.

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: yeah the demos can be a little...immature

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: hang on

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: trying to find a link

(DM) [00:15] Ran556: okay do me a favor and watch this

Gemma curiously clicked the video link, wondering what on earth Rand had sent as a response to her reveal.

A video filled her screen, and Gemma's entire face went slack as she stared at the screen, entranced by the strange music and pulsating lights that had suddenly filled her vision...

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Chapter 2

Gemma stared blankly at the screen.

It was fifteen minutes past midnight, but that didn't matter.

Nothing mattered.

Only the video.

The lights. The sound. The slow, pulsating rhythm of it all. The lights pulsed to the beat of the sound to the pulse of the light to the beat of the sound to the pulse of the lights...

Gemma wanted to blink. She wanted to turn away. This wasn't right. This wasn't normal.

But she couldn't.

That wasn't normal, right? She should have been able to look away. Her computer's graphics card was the best available, but even when she was playing the most incredible-looking game she owned, she could still...turn her head.

Gemma's eyes widened. Her heartrate increased.

She couldn't turn her head.

The young woman tried to close her eyes, or fall backwards, or swing her arms and knock her expensive computer monitor off the desk. It had cost her almost a month's wages, but in that moment, she would happily have sacrificed it to regain control of her body.

But she couldn't.

She couldn't move. All she could do was stare into the video Rand had sent her. Stare at the screen, as the lights pulsed to the sound of the beat to the pulse of the lights to the beat of the sound to the pulsing lights to the beating sound to the...

*no*

Gemma wanted to open her mouth and scream for help, but she couldn't. Not that it would do much if she could – her neighbors would just assume she was playing a game. A game where a woman screamed for help.

She wasn't close with her neighbors. She'd lived next to them for four years, and didn't even know their names.

She was all alone.

Except for the video.

Her pulse was slowing. That didn't feel right either. She shouldn't be growing calmer. She should be freaking out more. Panicking. The video had...

The video...

The lights pulsed. They didn't show anything. They were just lights. Moving. Pulsing to the sound.

The sound wasn't music. It wasn't the sound of anything. It was just...sound. Pulsing to the lights.

She wanted to scream. She wanted to panic.

But all she could do was stare.

Stare at the lights. The lights. The lights filled her vision, filled her mind. All there was were lights.

And sound.

The sound filled her ears. Filled her mind. Drowning out her thoughts. She wanted to think – she needed to think! If she could think, she could come up with a plan. If she could come up with a plan, she could escape. If she could escape, she'd...

Be alone.

Away from the video.

Alone.

Gemma didn't want to be alone.

She wanted friends. Company.

But she didn't have either. All she had was the video.

The video.

Gemma felt her mouth opening, as if finally responding to her request to scream. But she didn't scream.

Instead, she moaned, long and loud. It wasn't a moan of pain, or need. She just opened her mouth, and the sound left her body, like a demon leaving a host. For almost a minute she moaned, staring at the lights, emptying her mind, stopping only when there was no air left in her body.

Can't...

Won't...

Don't want to...

As Gemma slowly refilled her lungs, the final fragments of her thoughts escaped her.

By the time she finished breathing in, she ceased thinking entirely.

The young woman's brain was a blank slate, ready for the video to write upon her whatever it wanted.

She had no thoughts. No wants. No desires.

There was just the video.

A notification appeared in the corner of her computer's window. Gemma's arm was heavy – so heavy – but with great effort, she slowly moved it to her mouse. Almost a minute passed before she was able to click the notification.

(DM) [00:31] Ran556: you will continue to play with us

Gemma nodded. She would continue to play with them.

(DM) [00:37] Ran556: after we play each night you will message me

Gemma only knew four things. The throbbing of the sound, the pulsing of the lights, that she would continue to play with them, and that after they played each night, she would message Rand.

Nothing else mattered. There *was* nothing else. Just those four things, each as important as the other.

She would continue to play with them, and she would message Rand each night.

(DM) [00:42] Ran556: you will watch every video i send you

She would watch every video Rand sent her. Of course she would. That, she knew, was the absolute truth.

There was no doubt in her mind.

There was nothing in her mind but the video. The sound.

And now, her orders.

(DM) [00:50] Ran556: you will never read back over this chat

She would never read back over the chat with Rand. That was impossible. She wouldn't do it. Couldn't.

She would never read back over the chat.

Never.

(DM) [00:55] Ran556: sleep

It was a real effort to stand up, as though every muscle in her body was against the idea, but Gemma prevailed. Soon, she stood in front of her bed. She closed her heavy eyelids, and allowed herself to fall backwards.

She was asleep before she even hit the sheets.

The next morning, Gemma woke up confused.

She'd fallen asleep wearing her clothes. That sometimes happened when she got so sucked into a game, she literally played it until sleep overcame her...but that hadn't happened last night.

Gemma remembered finishing the game, then logging onto the server to see what everyone had said.

What *had* everyone said? All she remembered was getting a message from Rand, then falling asleep.

She wished there was some way of seeing what Rand had sent her, but she had to start work soon, and didn't want to get sucked into reading through chat logs. She'd never read back over that chat.

With a shrug, she started her coffee brewing then slipped into the shower.

As the hot water cascaded down her naked back, Gemma reflected on The Demographs.

Maybe she was being a bit hasty.

Sure, some of them had been a little sexist in response to her reveal. But...she knew these guys. She knew their sense of humor.

They were obviously kidding.

And playing Calobia the previous night had only served to highlight how much better the sequel was. *Heroes of the Heartland* was a masterpiece, and there was no way she was going to find another group.

The Demographs were her friends. She'd spent five months gaming with them, and she didn't want to stop.

Gemma turned the shower off, and stood naked in the shower dripping. She had a huge grin on her face.

She was going to keep playing with the group.

She would continue to play with them. Her friends.

After throwing on a pair of sweatpants and a shirt (on days when she didn't have a video call with anyone, Gemma never bothered wearing a bra), the young woman hurried back to her computer. She closed her chat with Rand without looking at it, closed whatever video she'd been watching last night, and announced to the group that she'd be back for more *Heartland Hero*-ing that night.

Work seemed to last forever, so excited was Gemma to get back in the game with her friends. She'd only had one night away, but questing each night had become such a part of her routine...she'd missed it.

She'd missed *them*. NukeHydra's dumb jokes, Soplates's long rants about efficiency, even A10Halo's crudities.

Finally, five o'clock hit, and Gemma jumped on. The guys were already there, setting up the Quests for that evening.

The chatbox filled with greetings. Friendly, welcoming, sexist. Colver asked how her day had been, Ryan warned her that they weren't going to go easy on her because she was a girl, A10 asked if her gaming setup was located in the kitchen.



The next seven hours flew past. They normally stopped for an hour so everyone could have dinner (Gemma would quickly throw something together – she wasn't a big eater) but she persuaded them to cut the break down to twenty minutes, just so they could play more.

There had been plenty of jokes about how she should be making dinner for everyone (and a not particularly subtle comment about how they'd be happy to provide all the protein she needed), but she tried to ignore them. Just gamers being gamers.

She knew that she'd continue to play with them, so what was the point of making a fuss?

Midnight hit, and the boys started to log off. Gemma was disappointed – she wanted to continue to play with them – but realized that this was a good opportunity to message Rand, conclude their conversation from the previous evening.

She liked talking to Rand, for some reason. Maybe because he was older than the rest of the guild, more mature? It would probably be a good idea to talk to him each night, establish a friendship.

Yeah. After they played each night, Gemma would message him.

(DM) [00:07] GrahamTheGamer: You up?

(DM) [00:07] Ran556: i have another link for you :)

(DM) [00:07] GrahamTheGamer: What is it?

(DM) [00:07] Ran556: a video

(DM) [00:07] GrahamTheGamer: Oh, great. I love videos. Always looking for new things to watch.

(DM) [00:07] GrahamTheGamer: I will watch every video you send me.

As soon as Gemma clicked on the link, her eyes widened. Oh, no. She had...it was...

The video was louder than the previous night. She wanted to turn down the volume, to turn the video off, but she couldn't. Her hand was still resting on her gamer mouse, a piece of equipment she was so familiar with, it was like an extension of her own body...but she couldn't.

She couldn't move.

There was only the video.

All she could do was listen. Take in the sights. The sounds. The pulsing. The throbbing. She knew that soon, her mind would be empty. Soon, she would have no thoughts but those which the video fed her.

Soon, the video would be her thoughts.

Just as they had the night before, the lights pulsed, slowly, confidently. But unlike in her previous viewing, they glimmered slightly, and the pulsating sound changed to match. A small tinkle, like a tiny bell, as the lights glimmered.

Throb, throb, throb...tinkle.

Pulse, pulse, pulse...glimmer.

It was even more entrancing than it had been the previous night. Gemma leaned forward, wanting to take it in even more, wanting the video to fill her mind, to crowd out every other thought...

It wasn't long until she got her wish.

Her mouth fell open and another long moan left her lips, as though she was possessed and the video was an exorcist. Gemma's every conscious thought left her, and soon she was staring blankly, her head bereft of even a single thought.

She was nothing but a receptacle for the video. For Rand.

Whatever her screen shared with her would penetrate her mind and become part of her forever.

(DM) [00:19] Ran556: read this script

(DM) [00:20] Ran556: aloud

(DM) [00:20] Ran556: twenty times

(DM) [00:20] Ran556: every time you say it, ti becomes more true

Gemma clicked on the link that Rand had sent her. She would read it aloud. She would read it aloud, twenty times, and every time she did it would become more true.

These were facts, as immutable as the sun rising in the east. More, even. The sun could have changed direction, and Gemma would have been less surprised than if she had not read the script aloud twenty times, and if it hadn't become more true each time she did.

Just the idea of those things not happening didn't make sense. It was like a Playstation being an Xbox. It was like a controller being a keyboard. It was a fundamental contradiction in logic.

She would read the linked script aloud twenty times, and every time she said it, it would become more true. These were such fundamental facts, such core parts of Gemma's being, they almost felt redundant.

The young woman clicked on the link.

She read the script aloud, twenty times.

Each time she did, it became more true.

She slowly moved her cursor and reselected the chat window, where Rand had a question waiting for her.

(DM) [00:55] Ran556: who are you?

(DM) [00:56] Ran556: be specific

It took Gemma almost a full minute to bring her hands back to the keyboard. They were so heavy, and it seemed so far away...but the music filling her ears with its pulsing and throbbing and glimmering and tinkling gave her strength, and soon her digits were resting on the letters.

The first few keystrokes were just as hard, but as Gemma typed, it got easier. Faster. Until soon, the words were flowing out of her, through her hands and into the chat.

She shared her name – her full name, even the middle name she never told anyone. She shared her social security number, her address, her childhood address. She gave Rand her height, her eyecolor, her bra size, every one of her measurements that she could remember. Her parents' names, *their* parents names.

Everything about who she was, and where she'd come from. She was extensive.

Specific.

Gemma typed and typed and typed, answering her friend's question to the full extent that she could. When she finally hit return, she was alerted that her message had gone over the two-thousand character limit. Way over.

It was a great deal of effort to move her hand to the mouse, but it only took a few clicks for her to send Rand everything she'd typed, split into seven messages.

(DM) [01:49] Ran556: good girl

Gemma's entire body glowed. She was a good girl. She was good.

She was a good girl.

(DM) [01:56] Ran556: sleep

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Chapter 3

Gemma was shaking with frustration.

[00:12] Ran556: good game 2nite guys

[00:13] NukeHydra: yeah nice work! Can't believe we crushed the serpent king

[00:13] A10Halo: you mean the dick monster lol

[00:13] A10Halo: you can thank gemma for that one

[00:13] CrazyRyan: Queen of the Dicks!

[00:13] KingColver: all hail queen of the dicks!

[00:13] A10Halo: if you ever want a practice run, gem, just let me know...

[00:14] NukeHydra: lol Dick Queen is like the pornoland version of Dairy Queen

[00:14] CrazyRyan: night guys

As soon as they'd encountered the Serpent King, the boys had started making dick jokes. Nothing new there – it wasn't like this was a sudden onset of immaturity. In the first game she'd ever played with the Demographs, they'd declared the Bug-Eyed Slug a "titty bug", taking particular glee in the fact that hitting it in the mammary-esque eyes did double damage.

The difference was that this time, they'd all but insisted Gemma lead the charge. When her first attack had been a crit, someone had complimented her on her special prowess with penises, and it had just escalated from there.

For the last three and a half hours, barely a minute had gone by without someone making some kind of crack about her dick skills, culminating in the nickname "Queen of the Dicks".

Gemma knew these guys. She knew how much they loved to drive a joke into the ground. Hydra was a budding artist, and would often draw sketches of their idiotic in-jokes; she'd have bet her four-thousand dollar graphics card that before the week was up, there'd be a sketch of the Dick Queen in their chat.

At least they didn't know what she looked like.

Part of her wanted to get up and go for a late-night walk. She lived in a safe area, and when she was really pissed off, it was a useful way to let off steam.

But then she wouldn't get to chat with Rand. After they played each night, she would message him. It had become as much a part of her routine as the game itself.

(DM) [00:16] GrahamTheGamer: Hey master.

(DM) [00:16] Ran556: hey

(DM) [00:16] Ran556: you went really quiet at the end there

(DM) [00:16] GrahamTheGamer: Yes master. Not so much a fan of the whole Queen of the Dicks thing.

(DM) [00:16] Ran556: their just kidding around

(DM) [00:16] GrahamTheGamer: Yeah. I know, master.

(DM) [00:17] Ran556: here, watch this

(DM) [00:17] Ran556: it'll make you feel better

(DM) [00:17] GrahamTheGamer: It always does, master.

(DM) [00:17] GrahamTheGamer: I will watch every video you send me.

Gemma's entire body tensed as the video loaded.

Oh, god. Not again.

How had she forgotten? This wasn't the first time it had happened. The video started, she couldn't move, it took over her mind, and...

Wait.

No.

Something was different.

Unlike the previous nights, Gemma could move.

No, that wasn't right. Not *could* move.

*Had* to move.

As soon as the video began, she felt her hands moving. She felt them peeling off her shirt, throwing it aside. She felt her legs shakily stand, allowing her to lower her pants. Her panties.

She kicked them under her desk, and sat down, completely naked.

Now that she was unfettered by clothes, she knew she could pay full attention to the sound.

It throbbed with an intensity unlike anything she'd ever heard before. It felt like it filled her head, her lungs, her entire body. The sound was so demanding, it didn't allow room for anything else. There was only the sound.

There was only the sound.

Just as it had the previous night, the throbbing was accompanied by a gentle tinkle. Whenever she felt like the sound was too much, that she couldn't handle it, that she couldn't breathe...the tinkling sound saved her, somehow. Distracted her from the feeling that she was being crushed, that the sound was squeezing everything out of her, every thought, every last vestige of free will...

The lights were brighter than they'd ever been. As they pulsed and shimmered and glittered and throbbed, Gemma felt herself falling into them, falling into the video. She knew she wasn't – she couldn't move – but the video felt like it was filling up the room, filling up her life.

There was only the video.

The sound. The lights.

That's all there was. That's all there had ever been.

Gemma opened her mouth, and a long, loud sigh left her body, mixing with the sound of the video. When she ran out of air, the sigh stopped, but the video continued. The sound coming from her computer had outlasted the sound that had emerged from her mouth. It had won. It had consumed her sigh.

It consumed her.

The sigh was gone, but the sound of the video had continued. As it would forever.

The sound was everything.

Gemma's mind was empty, her thoughts gone. Consumed by the video. By the lights. Just as her sigh had run out, so had her thoughts.

She had no room for thoughts. No room for anything.

Except for the video.

(DM) [00:31] Ran556: take out your phone

The effort of moving her arms was harder than anything Gemma had ever experienced. Her limbs were slow, clumsy. Navigating them to her pocket was hard enough, but the dexterity of finding her pocket, finding her phone in her pocket...

As she stared blankly into the screen, she managed, but it was difficult. With half-lidded eyes, she managed to pull it out and put it on the desk in front of her.

(DM) [00:37] Ran556: take a selfie

Gemma strained to lift the phone above her head. She knew her master would want to see her entire naked body. After all, that was why she was naked.

That was why she had a body.

It was all for master.

Eventually, the phone was in position. It wasn't easy, but she managed to click the camera shortcut on her lockscreen and reverse the camera. If she'd been conscious, she would've been surprised by what she saw; her mouth was agape, her eyes were glazed over. It looked like she was asleep.

She took the selfie.

(DM) [00:41] Ran556: send me the 10 most recent photos of yourself

Rand sent her his number, and Gemma's entire body shook with the level of dexterity required to enter her PIN, navigate to the photos app, and start scrolling. Her mouth was still agape from the long sigh, and drool dripped from her lips as she managed to select the ten photos she'd last taken (including the nude selfie she'd just snapped) and sent them to Rand.

(DM) [01:12] Ran556: good girl

Just as it had before, Rand's compliment filled Gemma's entire body with warmth. Worth.

She was a good girl.

She was good.

She was a good girl for master.

(DM) [01:15] Ran556: send this one to the group

(DM) [01:15] Ran556: delete the selfie from your phone

(DM) [01:15] Ran556: you won't remember sending any of them

(DM) [01:15] Ran556: you won't find it weird when you wake up naked

Gemma's eyes fluttered with effort as she opened up the group chat on her phone, and sent the photo that Rand had selected. It was a cute pic she'd taken over a month ago (Gemma didn't have much cause to take photos) – her mother had sent her a sundress for her birthday, and she'd snapped it to show her mother how it looked.

It showed her entire body – as it had just been for her mother, Gemma hadn't thought too much about it. She was barefoot, bare-legged, and the dress nicely highlighted her cleavage.

Expressionless, Gemma watched as the picture posted into the group chat. At least one of the boys must have still been awake, because a heart react immediately appeared on the image.

(DM) [01:15] Ran556: sleep

When she awoke the next morning, Gemma was still annoyed. Her new nickname was exactly what she'd been afraid of when her gender had been revealed to her playmates.

She would continue to play with them, but she wasn't happy about it. Working out exactly how much of a fuss to kick up about the situation...it was exactly the kind of politics that she'd so contentedly avoided for the past decade.

Gemma liked puzzles, not complex interpersonal situations.

With a sigh, she clicked through to the chat. As she'd expected, NukeHydra had posted a picture of her as the Queen of the Dicks.

The weird part was how much it resembled her. It could almost have been from a photo.

She scrolled down to read the chat's reactions.

[06:19] KingColver: wow gemma your cute!

[06:38] Soplates: Super cute.

[06:39] Ran556: mhmm

[06:39] Ran556: ill drink to that

[06:44] NukeHydra: More like GrahamTheHottie

What the hell were they talking about? Surely they knew that the stupid picture Hydra had drawn wasn't her. Sure, it looked like her...but they had no way of knowing that.

Unless...

Gemma bit her lip thoughtfully. Had they realized they'd overstepped the previous night, and clumsily trying to make up for it?

Rereading the messages they'd sent, Gemma could think of no other explanation that made sense. They were being so flattering to her for a drawing that she'd had no control over.

She shrugged it off, and started work, not checking in until her lunch break a few hours later.

[11:15] A10Halo: holy fuck

[11:15] A10Halo: what the hell are you doing playing games with us?

[11:15] A10Halo: gurl, you need to get an OnlyFans, asap

[12:20] NukeHydra: heck yes

[12:21] NukeHydra: I'll so happily be your first customer

Gemma narrowed her eyes. She knew they were socially awkward, but...this was definitely the strangest apology she'd ever received.

Still, an apology was an apology. With a grin, she jumped into the fray.

[12:39] GrahamTheGamer: Haha, thanks guys.

[12:39] GrahamTheGamer: You could probably tell I was a little upset.

[12:40] GrahamTheGamer: And yeah, no. No plans for an OF any time soon.

[12:40] Ran556: thats right, saving it all for us

He sent a flirty face, and Gemma couldn't help but laugh.

They were all such weirdos...but they were *her* weirdos.

The moment she clicked Rand's link, Gemma felt her body standing, stripping. When she'd woken up naked the previous morning, she hadn't found it weird. She hadn't found it weird that she woke up naked.

As soon as she sat down, naked as the day she was born, Gemma felt her mouth opening, and a loud moan left her body.

Taking her thoughts with it.

She was nothing. She was an empty slate.

There was only the video.

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: click this link

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: read thes cript

(DM) [00:14] Ran556: memorize it

Without hesitation, Gemma clicked the link. She read the script. She memorized it. And when she was done, she returned to her master.

(DM) [00:29] Ran556: over the next few days youll be getting some packages

(DM) [00:29] Ran556: you will open each of them

Gemma nodded. She would open the packages. When she got the packages, she would open them.

She would open each of them.

Master had commanded it, and so it was so.

(DM) [00:30] Ran556: you will wear what they contain

Whatever the packages contained, Gemma would wear them. She knew this with an

absolute certainty, a confidence beyond any she'd ever felt before.

Before the videos, that was. Since the videos had begun, she felt that same certainty with everything Rand said.

She would do anything he instructed her to.

(DM) [00:30] Ran556: and nothing else

(DM) [00:30] Ran556: take photos

(DM) [00:31] Ran556: and send them to the group

There was only noise.

The sound of the video's throbbing. Humming. It pulsed throughout her entire body, threatening to overwhelm her. It overrode her heartbeat. Her resonance.

The video's throb was everything.

There was only light.

The light of the video, filling her vision, filling her apartment.

Filling her soul.

The light guided her, instructed her. She would do whatever the light commanded.

The light was everything.

There were only instructions.

She would open the packages. Each of them. She would open each of the packages.

She would wear what they contained. Only what they contained. She would strip naked, and wear whatever the packages contained. And only that.

She would take photos. Photos of herself. Of her naked body, covered only by the contents of Rand's packages.

Whatever the packages contained, she would wear it. Only that. Nothing else.

And then she would take photos, and send them to the group.

Sound. Light. Orders.

That's all there was. Gemma was a blank slate, ready for instruction.

Rand had given them to her, and she would follow them to the letter.

They were fact. Truth.

Everything.

She was nothing. They were everything.

(DM) [00:49] Ran556: at my command, you will go to your bed

(DM) [00:49] Ran556: you will masturbate

(DM) [00:49] Ran556: as you masturbate, you will say aloud the script i sent

(DM) [00:49] Ran556: you will say it aloud until it is truth

(DM) [00:50] Ran556: supreme truth

(DM) [00:50] Ran556: my truth

(DM) [00:50] Ran556: when it is truth, you will cum, then you will sleep

(DM) [00:50] Ran556: do u understand?

(DM) [00:57] GrahamtheGamer: yes master

Gamer Girl

by Pan

Chapter 4

Gemma awoke the next day naked with a sore throat. She didn't find it weird that she woke up naked, but she did find the sore throat a little odd.

As she got dressed, she found herself feeling strangely restricted in the clothes. She'd so quickly gotten used to being naked; wearing anything at all felt out of place...but she had a video meeting that day, and she couldn't take it naked.

Her nudity was reserved for...

Wrinkling her forehead, Gemma couldn't work out how to finish that thought. Herself? Her nudity was reserved for herself?

That didn't feel quite right, but what else made any sense?

As soon as her call ended, Gemma stripped off again, breathing a sigh of relief. It felt good to be naked. It felt right to be naked. She wanted to be naked all the time.

The thoughts ran through her mind as if on a loop, as if she'd spent the past two days repeating them over and over again, burning them into her brain.

It felt good to be naked. It felt right to be naked. She wanted to be naked all the time.

When the doorbell rang, she almost opened the door. The idea caused a smirk to appear on her face; she bet the deliveryman would have loved that.

But she didn't, of course. Her nudity was reserved for...

The crease in her forehead returned, but she quickly shook it off. The deliveryman must have left by now; she opened the door cautiously, simultaneously relieved and disappointed that no one could see her naked body.

God, when was the last time someone had seen her naked body?

The package wasn't one she remembered ordering. It was an outfit: a push-up bra, exactly her size; a light-coloured tank top; and a pair of grey panties, "Play with me" and a picture of an atari controller printed on the front.

As soon as she'd taken out the clothes, Gemma's eyes glazed over. Breathing heavily, she put the outfit on, pulled out her camera phone, and...

[11:12] KingColver: okay seriously what did we do to deserve this

[11:21] Soplates: Jesus.

[11:21] Soplates: Or should I say...Gemma.

[11:21] Soplates: For I think you may be my new god.

[12:03] A10Halo: niiiiiiiice

[12:05] A10Halo: VERY nice

[12:10] A10Halo: god damn

[12:51] CrazyRyan: Okay, so you know how I thought Gemma was reverse catfishing us? Now I think she might just be regular catfishing us.

[12:51] CrazyRyan: 'Cos there's no way a girl that hot spends her evenings playing games with us losers.

[12:53] NukeHydra: hey, speak for yourself

[12:53] NukeHydra: I have girls like this hanging off me every day

[12:53] NukeHydra: wait, no, never mind

[12:53] NukeHydra: those are lice

[12:53] NukeHydra: as you were

[14:31] Ran556: I'll bet she takes requests...



The next day, Gemma's calendar was meeting-free, and she took advantage of the opportunity to spend her time naked as the day she was born, only getting dressed when she had to go grocery shopping. The gamer wore her new tank-top (which must have been a gift or something; she couldn't find any record in her inbox of ordering it) to the store, as well as a pair of yoga pants.

She had no memory of going into her grocery store's public restroom and taking photos of her ass in the tight pants, a lavicious look on her face. She had no memory of sending them to the group, along with a flirty message. She didn't read any of the replies to her photos.

Instead, she just went shopping, feeling slightly uncomfortable at the attention her outfit was attracting.

Normally she wore a hoodie and sweatpants; clothes that completely hid her body. Why had she worn such a provocative outfit to the store? Her body wasn't for the attention of random shoppers. It was for...it was for...

Gemma blinked twice. What had she been thinking?

As soon as she got home, she stripped naked again. Not for long, however; while she was gone, a package had been delivered.

The moment it was opened, her eyes glazed over once more, and she began putting it on: a sexy Halloween costume based on the Goddess of Love from the video game she and the Demographs spent their time playing.

Squeezing herself into the tight outfit, a sultry grin appeared on her face, and she began taking pictures once more.

[09:33] KingColver: omg gemma seriously

[09:33] KingColver: seriously

[09:33] KingColver: what did we do to deserve this?

[09:35] CrazyRyan: So when I asked for Sexlia cosplay, I wasn't expecting...

[09:35] CrazyRyan: Wow.

[09:35] CrazyRyan: Just, wow. I have nothing else to say.

[09:41] KingColver: you must be, like the hottest gamer girl there ever was

[09:42] CrazyRyan: Or at LEAST top twelve.

The next morning, she was woken up by another delivery. She didn't even realize that she was naked when she opened the door; the delivery-man got an eyeful, and a blush appeared on Gemma's face.

Her nudity was reserved for...for...

She opened the package, and her eyes glazed over once more.

[07:21] CrazyRyan: When we said we wanted to subscribe to your OnlyFans, I was expecting...y'know, for it to cost us money.

[07:21] CrazyRyan: But I am -very- happy to get it for free.

[07:34] A10Halo: dude, shut up

[07:35] A10Halo: don't look a gift slut in the mouth

[07:35] A10Halo: altho she does have a v pretty mouth

[07:35] CrazyRyan: Don't get me wrong; no complaints from me. This is goood shit.

[07:35] A10Halo: fuck yea it s

[07:36] Soplates: Where does one even get a Sexy Robin Hood outfit?

There was another delivery later in the day. Blushing, Gemma made sure to get dressed before opening the door.

[14:28] A10Halo: niiiiice

[14:28] A10Halo: hot damn  
[14:31] A10Halo: you are the spitting image of harleyquinn  
[14:32] NukeHydra: hopefully the swallowing version  
[14:32] A10Halo: I mean, I had some pretty high expectations  
[14:32] A10Halo: but you have exceeded them

The Amazon delivery she'd been expecting arrived the next morning. Gemma waited for her regular guy to leave before she popped into the hallway naked. As she opened her Subscribe and Save, the room faded away, and she grabbed her cameraphone once more...

[08:22] NukeHydra: lololol  
[08:22] NukeHydra: now you're just trolling  
[08:22] NukeHydra: porn trolling  
[08:22] NukeHydra: is that a thing?  
[08:25] CrazyRyan: I guess it is now.  
[08:25] CrazyRyan: Sexy Trolling.  
[09:50] KingColver: lol whaaat  
[09:50] KingColver: don't get me wrong, you look great  
[09:50] KingColver: but...who requested pics of you wearing nothing but toothbrushes?  
[09:51] NukeHydra: I also see some markers  
[09:55] CrazyRyan: Pretty soon the 'toothbrush and markers' look will be all the rage.  
[09:55] CrazyRyan: You saw it here first.  
[10:48] Ran556: ahahahaha  
[10:48] Ran556: looks like that was just a random package  
[10:48] Ran556: whoops

When the weekend finally arrived, Gemma was glowing. For reasons she couldn't explain, she'd just been feeling incredible for days. So...at peace. Comfortable in her own skin.

Sexy.

Every day that week had largely gone the same way; she'd wake up naked, and only get dressed if she had a meeting or had to leave the house. The moment her meeting was done, she'd strip down again.

Being naked felt so good. So right. She wanted to be naked all the time.

Except for when a package arrived, of course.

Whenever she got a package, she'd immediately put it on, no matter what it was. She'd wear it, take photographs, and send them to the group. She would never remember sending the photos, and she'd never remember the replies.

But when she was done, she'd suddenly realize she was wearing it. She was wearing another mysterious package – mostly clothes that she hadn't ordered.

She'd remove them, and neatly put them away in her closet. Her closet which was steadily filling up.

Gemma had never been one to pay much attention to clothes; now, all of a sudden, she had a closet full of sexy outfits.

She loved it.

At the end of her nightly marathon gaming session, Gemma would click through to her chat with Rand (she messaged him after they played each night) and click the links he sent her (she watched every video he sent her). Even when she woke up naked the next day, with no memory

of what they'd talked about, with no memory of going to bed, with a sore throat, as if she'd spent hours the previous night talking, she never read back over their chat (she never read back over their chat).

Although she had no idea what they spoke about, she figured it didn't matter. Whatever it was, it seemed to be making her happy.

And Gemma was undeniably happy. The happiest she'd been in years.

She'd found a group of friends who accepted her. And not like at first, when she'd had to pretend to be someone else. No, she'd been accepted by the Demographs for who she was.

They loved that she was a girl. They especially loved that she was a girl gamer. At last, Gemma was one of the guys. Better, even; she was *her*. She wasn't a guy. She was a woman, and the boys didn't judge or rib her for it.

Sure, when they teased her, they leaned pretty hard on her gender. But that wasn't unique to her; Nuke got teased for being fat, Rand got teased for being the oldest of the group, and Soplates got teased for...well, pretty much everything.

Gemma had even begun to lean into it. If you were the first to make fun of yourself for something, it took the sting out of the rest of the group doing it. Now, whenever the opportunity came up, Gemma would be the first to make a comment about the fact that she had tits, or was playing the game naked, or how much she wanted to kneel in front of the gang and suck their cocks while playing with herself.

When they'd encountered a band of NPC Orcs, Gemma had beaten everyone else to the punch, and spent almost thirty minutes typing out a description of herself in the center of an Orc gangbang, going into detail about how it would feel to feel their long Orcish cocks sliding into her every hole as she trembled, experiencing multiple orgasms until the entire gang came, filling her up and coating her in their thick cum.

She'd barely contributed anything to the fight, she was so focused on getting all the jokes out before anyone else could.

After she was done, the rest of the Demographs hadn't made a single crack at her expense, just admired the level of detail she'd gone into. Gemma had just sat there, naked and flushed, proud that she'd done such a good job of roasting herself that none of them could even come up with a single joke in response.

As her alarm woke her up (on Saturdays, she let herself have an extra hour of sleep) Gemma stretched, excited for another day in the nude. She immediately logged onto the game; most of her teammates slept in late on weekends, but to her delight, A10 was online.

[8:03] DemographGemma: Hey A1! You up for a game?

[8:03] DemographGemma: There's a few 2-person missions I haven't had a chance to crack yet.

[8:05] A10Halo: actually was about to crash

[8:05] A10Halo: was going to jerk off first tho

[8:05] A10Halo: if you want to go on voice and provide some inspo

Gemma froze. She'd yet to go on voice with her team. She couldn't even explain why, it had just felt like...crossing a line, somehow. She'd admitted that she was a girl, but that was as far as she'd gone. They didn't know her full name, or hell, even what she looked like. (Although she may have gotten too descriptive in her long, self-directed jokes; the pictures that Nuke drew of her were *uncannily* accurate, even down to the size and shade of her nipples.)

Her gut was telling her not to do it. To get out, now.

But on the other hand...

A10 was clearly trying to tease her. If she shut him down, or just didn't respond...he'd know that he'd gotten a rise out of her.

And she couldn't have that.

[8:11] DemographGemma: Okay.

Gamer Girl

by Pan

To avoid being as confused as Gemma is this chapter, you may want to familiarize yourself with [this song](#).

Chapter 5

Gemma connected her mic and clicked on the voice chat.

It was only a few moments before A10 logged on. His voice was familiar to her – he sometimes streamed a digital card game he liked, and she'd clicked through to check it out once or twice.

"Uh, hey," he said.

"Hey," Gemma replied, surprised to find that (in contrast to her teammate) her voice was completely calm. Confident, either.

She was fully committed to the bit.

"You want to do this?" the young woman asked, making her voice warm and inviting. If she acted like she didn't want this, he'd use this an excuse to call her bluff, and ruin the whole joke.

"Uh, okay," A10 replied, all of the bluster and bravado that defined him in the chat gone now that he could hear Gemma directly. "I mean, yes. Please."

"Then let's do it," Gemma said, a grin slowly spreading across her face.

She was going to talk A10 off so well, he'd be speechless. This was going to be such a great joke.

"W-what are you wearing?" A10 asked, his delivery desperate but completely lacking confidence.

"My favorite red lingerie," Gemma lied, adding a hint of breathiness to her voice. She was almost doing a passable impersonation of a sex operator. She bit her lip, trying not to laugh at her own joke. "It's a lacy red bra, and a thong that's so thin at the front, you can see everything..."

"I know," A10 stammered in response, and Gemma tilted her head to the side. What? How could he know?

Her amused expression returned. Of course. He was kidding.

Well, she wasn't going to let him win this one. Any joke he could potentially make, she'd just have to make first.

"I know you know," she continued, her voice dripping with lust. "Are you touching yourself, imagining me in it?"

"Uh-huh..." he said, and she could hear the sound of fabric upon fabric. Gemma couldn't tell if he really was stroking himself, or if he was just making the noise to fool her.

Not that it mattered either way.

"Me too," Gemma said, holding back a giggle. "Oh god, A10..."

"Al."

"What?"

"My name is Al. That's where the A1 comes from."

"Oh, Al," Gemma said with a moan. "I'm touching myself. I'm touching myself, thinking of you. I wish I was there right now. I'd crawl, naked to your chair," –she hoped that, like her, he'd forgotten that she was meant to be wearing lingerie– "and move my tits to your face. I'd grab your thick cock, move it between my legs, and slowly lower myself down onto you. Would you like that? Would you like to suck my titties while I fuck you?"

"Oh, *god*," her teammate responded, and let out a few strangled gasps. "Oh, fuck me, Gemma, I just...I just came."

“Mmmmm,” she groaned lustfully, continuing the gag in case he was bluffing. “If I were there, I’d lick it all up, and let it drip onto my tits...”

“You’re such a *slut*,” the teenage boy responded, his voice a mix of derision and awe. “God damn.”

“You like that?” she pouted.

“Uh huh,” he said. “We should do this every night.”

Gemma had to bite her lip to stop herself from laughing. He’d totally fallen for it!

“You bet, stud,” she purred. “Now go get some sleep. Dream of me, okay?”

“Mm-hmm,” A10 replied. “I sure will.”

“Good boy,” Gemma said, hanging up and collapsing onto the floor with laughter. God. She’d gotten him *so good*.

When the rest of the Demographs woke up and came online around noon, Gemma surprised them by joining voice chat. She figured the seal was broken; now that A10 (she still couldn’t think of him as ‘Al’) had heard her voice, there was no reason to continue hiding from the rest of them.

Besides, now she could kid around and play; she wouldn’t have to stop playing to type out jokes.

Concerned about ruining her excellent joke, Gemma decided to keep using the sexy, sultry voice she’d used to get A10 off that morning.

“Wow,” NukeHydra said when she greeted him lustfully, “Was, uh, not expecting that.”

“Well,” she flirted, “I wasn’t expecting you to be Southern. I’ll never read your jokes the same way again.”

“We probably should’ve guessed from her photos,” Soplates added.

Gemma narrowed her eyes, confused.

“Photos?”

“Uh, yeah,” Ryan said. His voice was lower than the rest of the team. “The photos you send us every day.”

A moment of panic hit Gemma. Had she been...taking photos of herself and sending them to the Demographs??

No. No, that didn’t make sense. She took a deep breath, and a smile slowly spread across her face.

Of course. They were kidding.

“I hope you like them,” she purred, and was met with a cacophony of affirmatives.

“Good,” she continued, trying not to let her amusement come through in her voice.

“Because there’s a lot more of those coming...”

“Amazing,” Ryan boomed.

The team started a quest. It passed pretty uneventfully – at one point they passed a guardhouse, and Gemma improvised a hilarious joke about seducing a security guard at her first job, and spending the rest of the day under his desk, sucking his cock as he watched the monitors.

To her disappointment, the boys didn’t laugh...but they also didn’t reply with any wisecracks of their own, so she considered it a win.

Just as they were about to slay the corrupt king, the sound chimed telling them that someone else had joined.

“Hey kids,” a nasal voice said, and the boys all cheerfully greeted Rand.

“Hey, Rand...” Gemma said, putting as much lust into her voice as she could.

“Well hello,” he said, obviously happy to hear her. “Glad to hear your voice.”

“Mmm-hmm,” she replied, trying to sound as though she was on the verge of orgasm. She’d been most of the way through a great gag about how being degraded turned her on, and the rest of the team had gone with it. Ryan had called her a dirty slut, Soplates had said she was a filthy whore, and NukeHydra had told her that she was worse than a DCEU film.

“Hey guys,” Rand said with a half-laugh. “Want to have some fun with Gemma here?”

The young woman’s heart sank. No! Until now, she’d been completely in control; by running all the jokes herself, she hadn’t let anyone else be the one making fun of her.

Rand had apparently come up with some joke that would completely flip the script on her. Great.

“Listen to this,” he continued. “Hey, Gemma – maybe I’ll be Tracer.”

“*I’m already Tracer*,” she responded without consciously noticing. Confused, she waited a few seconds to see if Rand had any kind of follow-up to his non-sequitur. “Is that all, big boy?” she asked lustfully.

“What about Widowmaker?”

“*I’m already Widowmaker*,” Gemma said without missing a beat. Her eyes regained their focus, and she responded to her teammate’s odd question. “Who’s Widowmaker?”

“I’ll be Bastion,” he said.

“*Nerf Bastion*,” she replied immediately. Again, there was a pause, and she followed up with a sultry “Am I supposed to know who any of these people are?”

“You’re right, so, Winston,” Rand said, letting out a small giggle.

“*I wanna be Winston*,” Gemma said, before gasping – a genuine reaction which nonetheless sounded like a porn star about to reach climax. “Oh! These are from *Overwatch*, yeah? I never played it.”

“You try,” Rand prodded. “You can go from any part of the song.

“Try what?” Gemma asked, beginning to sound frustrated. “What song?”

“You should’ve picked Mercy,” Ryan offered tentatively, and was immediately met by Gemma triumphantly belting out “*I’m not gonna be any kind of support!*”

Tears sprung to her eyes at the sound of the entire team laughing – clearly, there was a joke being made at her response, and she had no idea what it was. *Overwatch* was a team game, and one that relied on real-time voice chat to coordinate, so she’d never tried it. Did it have a song at the end, like *Portal*?

Did MOBAs even have ends?

Coming on voice had been a bad idea. She’d been sure that she could control the jokes and avoid being humiliated, but—

“You should’ve picked Mercy,” NukeHydra drawled.

“*I’m not gonna be any kind of support!*” Gemma replied loudly without realizing.

A single tear slid down her face as the team began laughing once more. What were they even talking about?

As far as Gemma was concerned, she stayed silent for the rest of the match. She didn’t knowingly respond as the rest of the boys threw random phrases out, cackling with laughter when she unwittingly responded to the call each time. “*I already chose McCree!*” “*What’s your idea?*” *Your tears are what I live for.*”

She didn’t know what was happening, she just knew that she didn’t like it. The last thing

she heard before logging off for the evening was “This is the worst team I have ever played with in my life.”

Despite the fact that it technically applied to the whole team, she somehow knew that the dig was directed at her.

“*When we finally get on the point, everyone dies!*” she unconsciously responded, before leaving the voice chat and loading up her private chat with Rand.

After she played each night, she would message him.

Gemma was halfway through optimizing a spreadsheet when her phone buzzed. Confused, she glanced over to see who it was – her mother was the only person who ever texted her, but the message was coming from an unknown number.

As soon as she opened the text, Gemma’s face went slack. Her mouth opened, and she moved to her bed.

The chat that the Demographs used had a mobile app, and she opened it, muting her phone and joining the video chat already in progress.

Gemma was naked, of course. It felt good to be naked. It felt right to be naked. She wanted to be naked all the time.

Rand, Colver, and A10 were all in the video chat, but none of them had their cameras turned on. Even if they had, however, Gemma wouldn’t have seen them. She couldn’t see anything except the lights. She couldn’t hear anything except the sounds. But not on her computer screen phone: this time, the lights and sounds were in her mind.

The lights, glowing and swirling hypnotically. The sounds, filling her mind, clouding her senses. They were all she could see. They were all she could hear. She would watch them, listen to them.

And she would obey.

Her jaw still slack, her eyes flitting around following lights that no one else could see, Gemma leaned back on her bed and moved one hand between her legs. Even as she saw nothing, the camera saw everything. The small, expensive camera on her phone picked up the light reflecting from Gemma’s glistening pussy-lips.

The camera watched as she rubbed her clit, moaning and gasping at the sensations that coursed through her body as she did. Images of the young lady slipping two fingers into her wet tunnel were captured, transmitted through the internet in high resolution; her naked body lewd displayed for her teammates.

Her other hand reached up to her naked tits. Gemma was aware of nothing as her hand began pinching and tweaking her nipples, roughly mauling her large breasts, leaving red marks as she roughly fondled herself for the viewing pleasure of three men she’d never met.

“Oh, god!” she gasped as she slipped a third finger inside her. Just as she’d had no idea she was quoting song lyrics, Gemma was completely unaware of her body’s actions as she streamed a session of self-pleasure. All she saw were glowing, flashing, moving lights. All she heard was the throbbing sound, occasionally accompanied by the soft tinkle of background music.

After almost ten minutes of mindless masturbation, Gemma’s body began to quiver and shake with orgasm. Her hips thrust forward as endorphins flooded her body. Her slackjawed mouth had developed a puddle of drool, and as she spasmed with pleasure it began to leak out of the side of her mouth, dripping onto her tender breast.

She wasn’t gentle on her clit or tits; the next day, her breasts would be covered in bruises



that she wouldn't be able to explain, and her clitoris would ache.

But that was tomorrow's problems; for now, there was only pleasure. The throbbing sound got louder and the lights danced faster and brighter as she came, after mindlessly frigging herself for the entertainment of the silent viewers.

As her orgasm faded, Gemma came too, a half-smile on her face.

She felt really good, for some reason. The text must have been good news. She couldn't remember what it had been, but she knew she wouldn't check.

She would never read back over the chat with Rand.

Oh, it must have been a chat from Rand. Probably a hilarious joke, like when he'd started saying random phrases to her during the quest the other day. She'd been upset at the time, but she'd been able to see the funny side of it later. The rest of the Demographs had clearly found it hilarious as well, because whenever she jumped into voice chat, they'd throw all kinds of weird phrases at her, and then find it weirdly amusing when she just asked what they were talking about, or didn't say anything at all.

Closing her phone, Gemma returned to work. Her breasts were strangely tender; was her period due?