

“God, Hilda, you *suck* at this game!” Cindy said, rolling her eyes as ‘YOU LOSE’ popped up on the computer screen. She was small, barely taller than five inches, and while she wasn’t playing herself, she seemed to be enjoying watching Hilda lose.

“Shut *up*, Cindy!” Hilda glared down at her tiny girlfriend, who was sitting on top of her computer desk, next to her mouse. “You distracted me!” She leaned back and folded her legs onto her gaming chair, her fingers angrily twisting her short copper hair.

“What, five games in a row?” Cindy giggled as Hilda pulled off her headphones. The tiny brunette could hear her girlfriend’s irritated teammates buzzing, until they were tossed across the room.

“I’m fucking... I need a break.” The redhead stood up and wandered out of the room. In the other room, Cindy heard her girlfriend rummaging through the fridge, and wondered what she was getting. The fridge was much too large for her to use, since it was Hilda’s apartment.

Cindy tried not to judge her girlfriend, but her apartment was *filthy*. Most of the desk was covered in sticky stains that Cindy suspected were the remains of a few dozen jerk off sessions that Hilda had never bothered to clean up. Hilda wandered back in, holding a can of beer. She cracked it open, and took a long gulp. “Ugh... I’ll play better in a minute.” She picked up her headphones and sat down again.

Cindy scowled. “Or... you could actually spend time with the girlfriend who came over to your place?” she said, biting. There was a good reason she was enjoying Hilda’s frustration. Normally, when someone’s girlfriend came over, that someone didn’t spend several hours playing video games instead. Apparently, Hilda hadn’t got that message. “You could try not being an asshole.”

Hilda ignored her. As Cindy watched, she closed the game and opened up a few pages of porn. “Nah, I need a wank.” Without any delicacy, she reached down and began to rummage inside her shorts, pulling her cock out. It was already half-erect, seven inches long, and larger than Cindy was.

“Are you serious?” Cindy asked. It seemed like Hilda was serious, since she opened a tab of porn titled ‘Hungry Bitch Eats Twelve Tinies’, and immediately began to jerk off. Cindy watched for a moment, incredulous. “You know I’m here, right? Like, your girlfriend or something? You should be fucking me with that thing.”

Hilda ignored her again. Turning her microphone back on, the redhead moaned into it. “Hey, fuckwits.” she said to her teammates. “You played so shit last round that I’m gonna make you listen to me masturbate.” She began to moan loudly into her microphone, clearly enjoying the complaints that she was hearing.

"You're actually fucking... I can't believe it." Cindy stood up, and walked over the edge of the desk. She wanted to storm out, but it was pretty far down. This apartment wasn't built to her scale. "Why'd you even fucking invite me here?!" She yelled at Hilda.

Hilda seemed to flinch suddenly as she remembered something. "Oh, right!" Reaching over, she grabbed Cindy, hearing her tiny girlfriend squeak in shock as she was held between the redhead's fingers. "I totally invited you over for a reason! I'm breaking up with you."

"Wha- you fucking *bitch!*" Cindy squirmed in Hilda's fingers furiously. "You don't get to break up with *me* after making me sit there for like three fucking hours! I'm breaking up with you!"

"Nah, I was first, bitch." Hilda sneered at the tiny girl in her grip. "By the way, I don't like having ex-girlfriends, soooooo..."

"What do you- OH GOD NO, HILDA!" Cindy screamed, as Hilda's hand moved down to her cock. "HILDA NO, PLEASE! I DON'T WANNA DIE- AGH!"

Cindy's screams were suddenly silenced with a wet slopping noise. The tiny was so small, she simply slipped inside Hilda's cockhole without a fight. Hilda felt Cindy struggling as she was slurped down the redhead's shaft.

"God, I go through so many fucking girlfriends so fast..." Hilda complained, as she resumed jerking off. In the video, there was an internal camera of the predator's stomach, and the redhead felt her dick twitch as she watched a dozen tinies melting to death inside.

"Oh my *god*, can you shut the fuck *up?*" A female voice came through Hilda's headphones. Apparently, one of her teammates had gotten sick of hearing her jerk off on mic. "Play the fucking game or don't, asshole. I'm so sick of dickheads watching porn in the middle of a fucking game!"

Hilda quickly tabbed back into her game for a moment, and found the complainer's gamertag. 'Dickgirl1923'. "Hey, nice K/D last round moron. Try playing the game better before you complain about me, retard." Just to be rude, Hilda sat up in her chair to make the sound of her masturbation louder. "If you don't wanna hear me jerking off, rage quit and join a new server." She sneered, knowing full well that the game that she was playing had nasty penalties for leaving before the final round.

"Jesus, I'm this close to just quitting and eating the fucking penalty!" Snapped Dickgirl1923. "No, y'know what? Fuck you, I'm gonna purposefully play bad in the final round instead!"

"What, like that's gonna make a difference?" Hilda began to stroke faster. "Come on, can you struggle a little more?" She whined at her dick, as if Cindy could still hear her. "I need a proper orgasm here! Don't tell me you're *already* fucking dead?!" Squeezing her balls for a moment, Hilda could feel her now ex-girlfriend's body inside, but no movement.

“Ugh... I need someone more substantial next time. This one’s going to melt in a few seconds...” Scowling, Hilda began to complain out loud. “Why is it that girls are so fun when you start dating, but get whiny and needy after like a month?”

“Probably because shitheads attract other shitheads, moron.” Dickgirl1923 quipped mockingly.

Hilda rolled her eyes. “Wasn’t talking to *you*, dumbass.”

“Coulda’ fooled me, since *your* dumb ass won’t turn off your mic!” The female teammate snickered.

“What’s that?” Hilda jerked off even harder. “Sorry, couldn’t hear you over me *whacking my fucking cock!*”

“Y’know what? Fuck you, two people can play at that game!” Suddenly, there’s the tinny sound of someone unzipping something over the microphone. “Here, you can listen to *me* jerk off *my* dick, see how *you* like it?!”

Hilda tabbed back over to her porn. “Oh, make sure you find your fucking tweezers first! How else are you gonna touch your half-inch penis?”

“Try eight inches, bitch!” There was a rustling sound as Dickgirl1923 pulled down her shorts. “But, yeah. Keep projecting.”

“Only thing I’m projecting is that your dick’s an inch shorter than mine!” Hilda tugged on her nine inch cock like it owed her money.

Over the connection, Hilda could hear a distantly slapping sound, punctuated by an occasional involuntary grunt. “Ugh... there, you like that, bitch? That’s the sound of *me* cranking one out! How do you like *that?*”

“I’m laughing my fucking ass off, dickhead!” Hilda snarled into the microphone. “Go ahead, see if it bothers me.” Squeezing her balls again, Hilda felt Cindy’s body dissolve into her cum.

“Oh yeah? Go on, have a good hard fucking listen!” There was the sound of something rubbing up against Dickgirl1923’s microphone. “Those are my fucking *balls!* You gonna jerk off listening to my balls?”

“I’m not the gay ass bitch rubbing my balls on my mic for other people to jerk off to!” Despite the sound playing through her headphones, Hilda didn’t slow down her masturbation. If anything, she only sped up her strokes.

Hilda heard a notification chime, and tabbed back to her game. The final round was starting in ten seconds. For a moment, the futanari mentally debated whether it was even worth playing the final round. They were likely to lose anyway. Who really gave a shit?

As the final round started, Hilda decided to be even more toxic. Rather than leave the game, or actually play it, she'd just leave her character in the game and stand idle, throwing the game to the other team. Even if she got vote-kicked, the game didn't allow new players to join mid-game, so her team would be fucked either way. Even better actually, since players who were vote-kicked didn't suffer the rage quit penalty.

Dickgirl1923 seemed to have had the same idea anyway. Hilda could see the girl's avatar standing idle next to hers as their other teammates ran off, trying to play a literally unwinnable match.

"Where the fuck are you dumbasses going?" Dickgirl1923 laughed into her microphone as she continued to masturbate. "Whatever. I'm the MVP anyway, so you can't even win."

Hilda felt a rush of frustration. "How the fuck are *you* MVP, bitch? I have the highest score!" Pulling angrily on her dick, the futanari tabbed back and skipped her porn video to the end, impatient to watch the predator shit out the twelve tinies.

The futanari snorted dismissively. "Whatever. You thought I was really *trying* this round? You idiots are so far below me in skill that it's a waste of time to even try with you. I could triple your shitty score if I wanted." The bragging seemed to excite her, judging by the sound of her masturbation speeding up.

As Hilda watched the girl on the screen taking a massive shit, she began to play with her balls as well, feeling her now ex-girlfriend sloshing around inside her nutsack. "Yeah well, I'm too busy watching fucking *porn* to give a shit."

"I bet your taste in porn's shit too, just like your gamer skills." Dickgirl1923 sneered into her mic. "What are you watching, gay porn?"

Hilda's eye twitched. "You fucking wish, dyke! I fucking show you something all right!" Turning on her webcam, the futanari took a full body picture of herself jerking off. Tabbing back over to the game, she sent the picture to Dickgirl1923. "There, how's that?" She snarled.

The sound of Dickgirl1923 jerking off stopped for a moment as she opened the picture. "Damn! I thought you'd be uglier, judging by your fucking voice!" The futanari on the other end resumed masturbating, but Hilda could hear her clicking around a lot at the same time. "Jesus, that fucking room is hideous though! Clean up your fucking room, you dumb cunt!"

“How about fucking *no*? I live like I want, unlike you who probably lives with her fucking parents!” Hilda tabbed back into the game and tried to take a swing at Dickgirl1923’s character, though the game didn’t actually allow friendly fire.

Just then, a chat notification popped up on her screen. Dickgirl1923 had sent her an image in return. Hilda clicked on it as fast as possible.

It was a picture of a young blonde girl sitting in a gaming chair, wearing only a thin white shirt and giving the camera a middle finger. A surprisingly long cock protruded from between her legs, two heavy balls underneath. She was in the middle of jerking off, judging by the motion blur.

“Wow, nice lack of tits, bitch!” Hilda sneered at the picture. It was obvious that Dickgirl1923 wasn’t wearing a bra, since Hilda could see the girl’s nipples poking through the thin shirt. “What the fuck are those, C-cups? I’m a fucking double-D, how’s that?”

“You’re fucking proud to be a titcow? Just admit my tits are better than yours, and fucking get over it.” On the other end, Dickgirl1923’s breathing was getting more and more ragged. Hilda wasn’t doing too well either, actually. She could feel an orgasm creeping up soon.

Hilda tabbed back over to her browser and closed her porn tabs. Then, she saved the picture that Dickgirl1923 had sent her and then opened it full screen. Sitting back, the futanari began to jerk off harder than ever. “Thanks for the picture, dumbass. I’m gonna stare right in your stupid eyes as I cum, just to piss you off!”

“Oh yeah? I’m gonna do the same thing!” There was a rustling sound as Dickgirl1923 stood up. “That orgasm of yours is gonna be ruined by listening to *me* empty my fucking balls at the same time!”

“You better lean in real close to your fucking microphone when you cum, asshole.” Hilda growled into her microphone. “You’re gonna make some fucking gay ass noises when you cum, I bet.”

“Oh, don’t worry, shitstain. You’re gonna hear me cum *on* my mic.” From the sound of Dickgirl1923’s voice, it wasn’t far off.

Hilda tabbed back over the game. As expected, their teammates had been utterly destroyed by the enemy team, who were now attacking her and Dickgirl1923’s AFK characters. In the chat, she could see her teammates whining about the two of them.

*[can you guys report our AFKs? Theyre literally just jerking off on mic instead of playing]*

*[LMAO you guys suck ass!!!! ez win]*

*[you guys played well, shit teammates are shit teammates, the fucking devs wont fix this kinda shit next patch, promise you]*

*[lamo are they really jerking off together thats fucking hilarious?]*

Hilda opened her chat log and typed out a message. *Couldn't be assed, sinc eyou guys fucking suck. I'm treporting all of you for being fucking retards. Refund the game and neck youselves quick.* There. Satisfied that she'd put those scrubs in their place, the futanari tabbed back over to the picture of Dickgirl1923 and resumed masturbating.

On the other end of the connection, Hilda heard Dickgirl1923 snort out loud at her message. "Wow, you're a fucking dumbass. You should neck *yourself* as well, or at least learn how to fucking spell."

"Are you gonna jizz or what?" Hilda snapped, annoyed that the other futanari had noticed her spelling mistake. "What are you waiting for, your mommy? Oh wait, that's *me* waiting for your fucking *mom*."

"You first, asshole!" Dickgirl1923 seemed to be edging herself. "Come on... come on..."

"Fine, you asked for it!" Playing with her balls, Hilda paused for a moment, and then began to beat her cock even harder, no longer trying to hold herself back. She could feel orgasm on the tip of her dick, coming closer... and closer... and *closer*...

A few hard strokes later, an explosion of pleasure burst inside her penis and rapidly spread to the rest of her body. Her whole body shaking, Hilda came hard, spraying cum all over her desk and computer monitor. "Fuck!" She groaned, momentarily forgetting that she was on mic. "F-fuck, oh shit...!" Cindy had made a *lot* of cum, and now Hilda was paying the price. Her expensive gaming set up was now being *coated* with sperm.

"Shit, shit, *shit!*" Dickgirl1923 moaned into her microphone, as she reached orgasm as well. "Ugh, fucking hell! Oh that's *good*...!" Through her headphones, Hilda could hear Dickgirl1923's penis rubbing against the microphone, pulsing as she emptied her load.

A few minutes later, Hilda came down from her orgasm high. Feeling her cock begin to soften, the redhead stuffed it back into her shorts, feeling satisfied. "Oh, fucking hell..." Reaching forward, Hilda wiped a few spurts of cum off of her monitor. She didn't bother cleaning the rest of the cum from her desk, or her hands as she took hold of her keyboard and mouse again. "How was *that*?"

On the screen, Hilda tabbed back over to the game. A big "YOU OSE" was glittering on the screen, the 'L' obscured by a globule of Cindy slowly dripping down the monitor. A moment later, the game returned to the lobby, and Hilda was prepared to spend the next twenty minutes

yelling at her teammates again, but as expected, they all immediately disconnected to search for a new game.

All except Dickgirl1923, of course. “Wow, what a fucking *big load* you just put out, huh? Fucking gay ass bitch.”

Hilda rolled her eyes. “That was my fucking bitch of an ex-girlfriend I just fired out.” Cindy’s remains were caked on her keyboard now. Leaning forward, Hilda stuck out her tongue and began to lick her monitor, cleaning it slowly. “Fucking hell, every tiny I fucking date turns out to be a complete and utter *bitch*.”

“Why am I not surprised you’re one of those cunts who actually *dates* tinies instead of just *eating* them?” Dickgirl1923 snorted in amusement. “Can’t get a *real* girlfriend like a fucking loser.”

Hilda heard a dinging sound as a notification popped up. It was a friend request from Dickgirl1923. The futanari clicked ‘Accept’ immediately. “What, you excited to hear that I’m single, are you? Fucking dyke. I bet your dick’s already hard again.”

“Bitch, you might be hot, but I’m a solid *ten*.” Dickgirl1923’s voice was still punctuated by heavy breathing, as she came down from her own orgasm. “You couldn’t land a futanari as hot as me if you tried your fucking best.”

“The fuck you say?!” Hilda wasn’t about to let that remark slide. “I could bag a dick-chick like you any day of the week. You’re ‘Easy Mode’ to me.”

“You wanna back those words up, cunt?” Dickgirl1923 dared her. “Come on, *try me*.”

Hilda felt her dick twitch slightly. Judging by the other futanari’s ping, she was in the same city as Hilda. “Fine, you’re on! Town Hall, six o’clock Saturday night. You better get ready to be swept off your fucking feet, bitch!”

“Ha! You just agreed to a fucking *gay date*, you fucking idiot!” Dickgirl1923 replied mockingly. “My name’s Jackie. You better fucking remember it, bitch. I’ll fucking be there, and you bet your ass I’m gonna be hard to please!”

Hilda rolled her eyes. “Yeah, whatever. Mine’s ‘Hilda’. Remember that for when you’re begging me to take you back to my place and fuck your ass, bitch.” Standing up, the futanari walked over to her fridge and pulled out another beer. Cracking it open, she took a long sip and grimaced at her cum-covered monitor. Pulling off her shirt, Hilda rubbed the thin clothing on the screen like a rag and then tossed it aside. “Whatever, good enough” She spat, though her monitor was still blurry as fuck.

With a few clicks, Hilda sent a party request to Di... to Jackie. "Come on, I'm gonna fucking kick your ass..." Even as she spoke, Jackie's gamertag immediately appeared in her party. "Gee, you seemed like such a bitch coward, I thought you'd decline!"

"I ain't no coward, *Hilda*." She could hear Jackie sneering into her mic. "You're gonna find that out on Saturday, I promise."

"Yeah, let's see you say that to my fucking face..." Cracking her neck, Hilda felt energized once more. Another sip of her beer later, she was ready to play until dawn. Completely uninterested in the tiny ex-girlfriend, who dissolved in her balls. Just like all the other ex-girlfriends, really. "Alright! New game, let's go!" The redhead snarled.