

“...And I will catch you all next time! BYE-BYE~!”

With a final parting, Baelz switched off her camera and microphone. Triple-checking that the stream was well and truly done, she flopped back into her chair with a dramatic *phew!* Red and black locks spilled over the back of her seat. Hololive was one helluva gig, but there was no accounting for the amount of energy it took to entertain the audience. Hours sitting in that oversized chair left her stiff. Baelz hopped onto her bare feet and loudly stretched her back. The bones in her back and neck popped into a more comfortable position as a high-pitched squeak left her lips. She looked at the clock. 02:24. The rat sighed.

Childishly, Baelz lept face-first into her bed. It was old but had softened in the right spots for the small woman. She crawled on all fours to her pillows, curling up cutely amongst them. Her phone began to shine and buzz with the usual cavalcade of post-stream tweets. All praise, she was sure. Tonight, the rat just wanted some rest. Blanket pulled up to her neck, she settled down for a successful night's sleep.

And she settled...

And she tossed...

Turned...

Over and over again...

Eventually Baelz kicked the blanket off of her body with a huff. Her tired eyes glared up at her ceiling. It was going to be another night like this. Defeated, she reached for her phone, opening up YouTube. The usual recommendations scrolled by. Apex, “10 cool ways to make slime”, Apex, random memes that were funny in 2008, Apex, Apex, “Why we need atheism”, Apex. Nothing good. She clicked the first Apex video that popped up. A streamer loudly screamed at his game, sliding and jumping all over as his potato aim took full control. Baelz grimaced.

“Oh shit, bruh! Bruuuuuuuuuuh! We got the *real* Hakos Baelz in the mother fuckin’ house tonight!”

Baelz’s eyes shot wide open. It was a live stream. Panicked, she ran through options in her head. The list became too long and the wait too awkward. She just closed YouTube. Adrenaline pumped through her veins. She grabbed a pillow and let out an exasperated, cringe-induced groan into it. Baelz was fully awake now. Sleep was futile.

There was already a stream scheduled for tomorrow, so pulling an all-nighter was out. The criticisms of /vt/ were known all too well to her. Exercising always wore her out. However, this late she couldn’t jog and the grunting and jumping would probably just wake her neighbors. Now that she had joined Hololive, gaming wasn’t the same. It was work. So no late-night Apex sessions. She pouted and puffed out her cheeks.

There was...one thing.

Of course, it wasn’t something she had done since that fateful email confirming her joining Hololive. Hakos Baelz was a professional! She had an image now. Everything about her had to exude professionalism...or at least be in-character for her. Besides, the paranoia of getting caught puts the thought far from her mind! But...

02:38

She needed sleep.

Baelz blushed. What should it matter? The microphone and camera were off, her stream was properly ended, and her doors were locked. Nobody would really ever know. She

sighed and put her arms at her side. Her heart began pounding in her chest and everything felt ten degrees hotter.

Slowly, her arms moved to her waist. The poor rat nearly jumped out of bed when she tugged on her waistband. Her patterned shorts moved down to her knees. Baelz lifted her legs up, working them over her shins and then her feet. Her thighs framed her vulva for a moment as she let them fall back to the bed. There she laid, pantsless and breathing heavy. She propped herself up against her headboard. Baelz spread her legs on the bed. A cute little tuft of red hair sat atop her pubis, partially concealing her outermost lips. She bit her lip.

One of her hands moved to her groin, hovering just above her sensitive vulva. Baelz stole another look at her webcam. No lights. Taking a deep breath, she moved her hands down. Her index finger rubbed against her lips.

“Mmmmmmh~”

Her breathing picked up as she made slow circles with her fingers. She was just teasing herself, lips squishing against her finger. Baelz let her head settle backwards. Her routine continued for a little while before she introduced another finger. Up and down she rubbed herself, pussy lips following the pressure of her finger. She couldn't help but let out a small squeak of pleasure. A warm stickiness forms between her lips, lubricating her motions. She rubbed faster, letting her moistness fuel her motions. Baelz moaned as her pleasure built.

Her hand moved upwards slightly. Pressing her middle finger down, she made quick circular motions over her clit. Both of her legs flexed and pressed outwards. Her toes curled and soles flexed. Baelz was breathing heavily now, moaning every so often as she rounded her clit. The restless free hand moved up her belly and tucked into her shirt. For comfort, she didn't wear a bra under her puffy shirt when she streamed. This left her nipples exposed. Baelz pinched one and tugged on it lightly. She moaned pleurably.

Wrist tired, she moved her hand back down. Two fingers rubbed up and down her lips again before spreading her pussy open. The motion made her squeak. Small strings of mucus connected her inner walls. Baelz squished her lips back together as she went down her vulva only to open them again with an upwards motion. She was squeezing and rubbing her breast still. Her breath grew more ragged.

Baelz stopped as she laid back down completely. Sweat beaded on her body. Pulling her hand up, she looked at the slickness covering her fingers. Still, she wasn't satisfied. Inhaling deeply, her hand went back down. Her middle finger teased between her lips, carefully moving up and down. She exhaled and let her middle digit sink into her. Pushing down to her palm, Baelz hooked the finger upwards slightly. Moaning, she began to pump the finger in and out of her steadily.

“Aaaahn~ Fuck~”

She closed her eyes. Her finger slid in and out with little resistance, making her hips rise upwards. As she fingered herself, her tight tunnel began to relax. Baelz slipped her ring finger in alongside her middle.

“Ooooooh...”

The increased fullness dropped her pace back down. Both fingers curled as they slid out. A smile spread across her face. Bliss washed over her as she quickened.

“Mmmh...Mmmh~ Nnnnh~!”

The puffy shirt got in the way. Quickly, she pulled it up over her breasts. Baelz began to squeeze tightly on her nipple, tugging it towards the ceiling. She let her waist freely buck upwards and twitch. A steady groove came to her motions.

"Ah! My god....fuck yes!"

Something was coming. Her entire body felt like it was on the edge of a cliff. It drove her mad. Her fingers pumped faster and Baelz tugged on her nipple harder, practically yanking it. Baelz's moans were unhinged. Her waist bucked up and out with every stroke, lifting her tight ass from the bed. It grew closer and closer. Her fingers moved faster and faster, until...

"Ah! Aahh! Yes! Ahhhhn~!"

Baelz froze in her pose. Her entire body exploded into a tidal wave of pleasure. Moans echoed around the room as it came over her. Small patters of moisture hit the bed and soaked her fingers. She let out one final grunt before flopping ungracefully onto the bed. Baelz put a hand on her forehead, panting in exhaustion.

The rat lied still for a moment, letting the bliss return to her. Her breathing slowed. Raising her hand, Baelz looked at the moisture soaking it. An intrusive thought filled her mind. Blushing, she brought the hand to her mouth. Cooing, she sucked her own orgasm off of her fingers, reveling in the taste. Baelz let that hand lie at her side. She sat in a damp puddle of sweat and love juice until her eyelids grew heavy. Peacefully, she slipped into a deep, relaxing sleep.