Novice Feelings Turned Major

penned by Dance

It didn't feel quite real.

This silly little online game that has turned PK's life from nothing to something just *three years ago* now had a whole convention? It felt like just yesterday he banned someone for the first time, and the fact that he could be standing face to face with nearly every player had talked to or abused shook him a little bit.

He looked up at the empty warehouse in front of him, and was confused. Where are the socially uncomfortable TagPro players he had come to know and hate? Was everything that he read right? He checked his smartwatch, and it was just as he thought: 3:00 on the dime, right when the beginning of the weekend festivites would commence. Wait, 3:00 seems early for a commencement. He pulled out his phone, and FUCK, Lucky isn't supposed to speak until **6**. He must've been thinking in Centra time, or some shit.

PK sighed, and sat down on the New York sidewalk. Wait; there must be TagPro players in town for the TP-con! He could chill with a few of them in the meantime. But who? He alienated most of the community when he finally cracked and banned every single captain in NLTP. Season 10 was a wash anyways.

PK wished that NLTP was more like what it used to be, in season 6. Back when he constantly stayed above -5 per comment, and was only called Hitler half the time. PK wished he could be with the people who made that league great again. What was that coalition called before PK took full control of every league decision? The BLT? The FCC?

The CRC!

PK almost dropped his phone, and navigated to the dusty old /r/NLTP page. Long abandoned for TagPro Next's superior gameplay and better run leagues, the subreddit reeked of antiquity. Ignoring this, PK scrolled to the moderators page, and immediately smiled. Ranger, TagUpTurnUp, Ferret!, and his best buddy no name's reddits still stood there, none of them deleted or left the subreddit. PK smiled: what loyalty. He revved up a message to the long-lost subreddit:

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So, the convention starts in a few hours, and I've been doing some
reminiscing of season's past. Are any of you here in NYC for it, and
if so, would any of you want to chill before Lucky's speech in a few
hours?

PK
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PK put his phone down, hopeful.

He began to walk down the New York street aimlessly, when his phone rang. A humongous smile washed over his face, as he opened his reddit modmail.

Do you just not remember when you stripped power from us and ran the league? Do you think there's a reason we ignore you now? You were a dick when you ran the league, and you're more of a dick now. That being said, I like to give people second chances (except NLTP players), so if you really think I want to see you (and I think I speak for all of us), **fuck you, I don't want to see you.**

love no name

PK felt really sad, which is weird, because he wasn't allowed to have emotions or reasoning as a commisioner. However, before he could frown, he heard another notification from his phone.

Fuck it, I have nothing better to do. Meet me at my AirBNB on 16th and 7th. Bring some cheap beers since I'm a frat boy.

<3 nn

PK couldn't contain his excitement as he ran to the nearest cab he saw, which wasn't complicated since they're fucking everywhere in Manhattan. "16th and 7th" he told the cabbie, and he was on his way to meet his long-lost friend.

The cab ride was only 20ish minutes, but to the giddy PK, it felt like an eternity. Just before he ran the doorbell, he remembered - the cheap, shitty beers! Luckily, there was a store right below the apartment, and PK fueled up for the chill sesh.

He rang the doorbell, and no name rang him in with some disdain.

The first ten minutes were extremely tense. No name downed can after can of Natty Light, barely looking at PK. Finally, when tensions were nearing a peak, no name went off.

"Do you know how much stress you put on me, Ranger, and the rest of us as a result of your shitty commisioning? Seriously, fuck you dude. You made the CRC seem like your personal SS, and we *had* to comply with your shitty decisions for the shitty league, and it was shit."

This opened up something for PK. Something he tried so, so hard to compress through hundreds of GroupMe messages and modmail chains, but he couldn't do it anymore.

“I took the blame for my own shitty decisions because I didn’t want you to get hurt. I had feelings for you, no name. I had to cut you and the rest of the CRC out of the league because I didn’t want those feelings to transform into something deeper. Something real.”

The tension in the room instantly transformed into awkward silence. After what seemed like forever, no name finally spoke.

“D-d-do you still feel that way, PK? Do you still have ‘those feelings’ for me?”

PK responded “...I think I do, if we’re being honest. I really hope you can look past that and still treat me as an equal, not just someone who has shitty taste.”

PK knew that it was over. No name would leave, word would get out about his feelings, and this convention would rival majors in season 5 as the most out-of-place PK has ever felt.

But then he felt the sweet lips of a University of Virginia graduate on his.

Before you could say “fuck jbaay”, the two commisioners were ripping each other’s college apparel off and making for no name’s shitty air mattress. “Fuck me like you fucked over ALTP”, no name said, as he removed his boxers off his blonde, fragile body.

There was a knock at the door.

PK pulled up his boxers, and woddled to the half-bathroom, while no name nervously peeked out the peephole to see who he was about to fuck harder than he fucked over Warden and the Inmates in season 6. Much to his surprise, it was the rest of the CRC! They answered the call! Ranger, TagUpTurnUp, and Ferret were waiting there, with piles of Bud Light under their arms, and smiling with glee. No name sprinted, and got his bathing suit on, so he wasn’t completely starkers.

However, when the three less important CRC members opened the door, they could tell something was awry. Not only was no name in a bathing suit in a shitty AirBNB with no pool, but they could clearly see PK shittily hiding with his tan boxers on in the reflection of the half-bathroom.

“Were...were you guys about to fuck?”, Ranger squeaked out.

“...maybe.”, PK responded from the bathroom. “Should we not?”

“You fucked us over through rules and regulations for seasons, so yeah, I guess it’s a long time coming. Let us join!” Ferret responded with his Californian tone.

Faster than the Incrediballs fall out of the playoff race, all five commissioners were tangled up in a New York apartment. Ferret pulled the nubile no name over to his corner of the overworked air mattress and sexually whispered, “Make me a Happy Ferret, you minx.” Ferret complied, and gave the frat boy some circular logic (of dick).

Concurrently, Ranger muttered in his Texas drawl, “Hey TagUpTurnUp. You want to TagUp go down on me?” Suddenly, TagUp was on his dick like his name was Nebuchanezar. Ranger felt pleasure and lust, and stuck his finger through TagUp’s metaphorical “Black Flag”.

PK watched and jerked off for this part, as he does for all playoffs. However, he couldn’t last this long by himself. He slipped into Ranger from behind like he slipped into minors, and got rid of his Incredi(blue)balls.

After about an hour of sexual exhaustion, the five of them were nearing their collective orgasm. An idea came to PK’s head. “Gentlemen, we have all yet to achieve orgasm. Let’s do it together, not as individual assholes, but as one CRC.”

They each grabbed the dick to their left and began stroking. It felt like they were at home, back in season 6, circlejerking over their horrible decisions, and it gave them immense pleasure. After six minutes of intense ecstacy, they came in unison, and passed out on the air mattress from exhaustion.

They were all smiling.

After getting cleaned up (it took a while), the five gentlemen made their way to the warehouse where our story began, to see the god LuckySpammer give his speech to the community. To the crowd, they looked like five ordinary guys, but to themselves, they were together forever.

One CRC in harmony, bonded, for life.