

Barbara Maumi had been unexpectedly busy lately. There were all sorts of line reads she had to go through as the newest character in Merc Squad, given how often they were expanding the characters' voicelines. The game was surprisingly complex for a downright pornographic team shooter. From the sounds of things, Ballbuster (the sassy and baseball bat-wielding robot rebel) was one of the mouthiest characters yet, so she had to be careful not to blow out her voice.

She went back to her new apartment and flopped into her chair. She sighed and kicked off her pants as soon as she could, swapping out into a cheap t-shirt and panties and nothing else. With Inferno Studios paying her a ridiculous amount of money, she would do all the grunts, moans and dirty talk they wanted. She was just beat and popped a losange in her mouth as she logged into her Merc Squad account.

Even once she got her dream job voicing for her favorite game, her screenname was still Healslutfan42069. Despite all the patches, a lot of people found the slutty, curvy bimbo unplayable. Some hated that she couldn't do any damage at all beyond her basic slapping melee move, focusing on being the best healer in the game. Lots just weren't comfortable playing her knowing that her only means of healing people was through blowing, fucking and lapdancing her teammates.

No matter who she voiced, Barb had called out Bambi "Patcher" Thatcher as her waifu, even when she was called "Healslut" by nearly everyone else in and out of the game. It was fittingly demeaning for the ditzy fucktoy healer, and that just made it hotter to Barbara. She even still cosplayed Patcher at conventions when she had the free time, partly because she had no idea how you'd cosplay a robot woman with exposed wires and a holographic face that changes with her moods. Leave that to the vtubers, as far as she was concerned.

She dropped into the Discord with her usual squad of playmates, but didn't bother with her headset or even entering the voice chat.

"Hey guys. Not coming on voice tonight. I'm just gonna go on Casual mode."

"Aw, why not?" a teammate replied.

"Mouth's too busy sucking your mom's dick.  
nah. Just saving my voice. Got another round of reads in a couple days.  
Just gonna fuck around. Hop in if you want."

"...are you doing the gangbang thing again?"

"Little bit. Hop on if you want to nut in my cyber-ass!"

Barb dug up one of her favorite servers for this kind of play. A lot of players had no issue fucking the healer just to get some quick buffs while getting their rocks off, but the blonde voice actress

had her own favorite way to play. The “RP” servers were never very deep but it was always easy to get some cheap attention there.

“Okay, babe. Let’s get you laid,” Barb mused as she selected her favorite Healslut.

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Through the complex coding of the game lying beneath the surface, Patcher sipped an iced coffee. She was strapped into the heavily armored dropship that seemed to do infinite circles over the maps from around the world in the various servers. She had just been back at the base, enjoying the latest little treat installed at HQ with some friends when the new game loaded in. She never knew who exactly was putting in the comforts around the base beyond the vague talk of The Programmers that Duct Tape liked to rant about, but she was happy to have somebody out there looking out for her. Besides her friendly teammates, of course.

“Alright! Barbie doll, tiny, brains and bigshot! You’re with me!” Gladiator barked.

The towering Irish super soldier was covered up to his chin in armor, his shaved short red hair and 5 o'clock shadow beard briefly visible before he slapped his helmet on. He slapped an energy cell into his thick plasma pistol as his fellow selected players had the lights pop on over their heads.

“Fuck yea! Gimme somethin’ to ‘splode!” Pocket Rocket cackled. The short and curvy blue alien hefted her oversized rocket launcher, dressed in her standard skin of a lab coat and some tight underclothes.

“Cool. Whatever.” Psych, the androgynous and short young man with lightly browned skin and a hoodie was playing a mobile game on his cellphone. His arms were still lazily folded as his telekinesis played it for him.

“We’ll make zem pay,” Shade grunted. The big, buff and black French revolutionary slammed the butt of her gun on the floor, booming with impact. It was once the barrel of a full tank before she’d modified it into her personal heavy weaponry.

“Weeee! Mission time!” Patcher chimed merrily, kicking her feet happily like a child in a swing. She was always happy to be picked for a team. It was partly still an echo of when she wouldn’t get selected at all, but she was just glad to make people happy. And if they were playing as her, they must be happy.

She was a bombshell in just about every generic way. She wore a short-skirted pink dress, her long blonde hair tied into a long, loose ponytail. Her huge round tits stretched the top of the outfit out to leave tons of cleavage available to jiggle around with the rest of her chest. Big, glossy, pouty lips sported her healing ointment that she dispatched during games, and big blue eyes looked constantly happy and helpful. She even wore a pair of high heels, though a

complex doodad in the heel part let her enter brief bursts of speed with the rocket boosters inside.

Patcher looked at her wrist band and smiled even wider. "Healslutfan42069" was always a special name to her. They were her fan, obviously, but they were the player that controlled her when she had her first victory ever. She'd captured the flag and even got MVP of the match for scoring the winning point.

"Guys! Guys, it's Healslutfan!" she gushed excitedly.

"The who?" Pocket Rocket asked with an annoyed frown.

"They were like my first real player! We're like, totally basically best friends now~!"

"Uh huh. Well, you know what they say about players: pray all you want, but just hope they don't get your ass killed."

"Whatever. Good luck, babe."

Ghost Shot, Patcher's fit and normally serious sniper girlfriend, planted a kiss on the blonde's cheek. It didn't heal anything, but she giggled and smiled proudly all the same as she got fired up for the game.

The floor dropped out from beneath them and they rocketed down to the arena. That time, it was The Marketplace. Apparently a spot somewhere in stereotypical India. A deserted, open market with a few small, mostly empty buildings for people to get into more close range skirmishes while looking for cover. That was what made it so strange to Patcher when she saw Shade and Psych go running straight down the road towards the enemy.

"Um, guys? Aren't we supposed to like... time this out or somethin'? You usually do," the blonde offered.

Even as she did, she found herself running after them. She stumbled at first before relaxing and let the player guide her.

Patcher, Shade, Pocket Rocket, Psych, Gladiator

Patcher, Ghost Shot, Gladiator, Anarchy, Duct Tape, Big Bolt, Bitchbot, Skullfucker, Chainslash, Dr Dragon, Roadblocker, Shade, Bork, Pocket Rocket, Oni-Chan, Psych, Night Shift, Shieldmaiden, Ballbuster