Teamwork Makes the Cream Work on Stream, Jerk

by DraceDomino

Summary

It's Off the Hook After Hours! The only streaming show where inklings can drop their hard earned cash to make Marina and Pearl do filthy things for their lewd entertainment! A particularly large pledge is swimming their way this time with a very specific request: Marina has to fuck her goblin girlfriend without a condom!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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Off the Hook made decent cash, but what really kept Pearl and Marina in the freshest styles was the late night stream. Every now and again the popular idols would host a special online viewing, only available to those that dropped the cash and wanted to see the spiciest show this side of Inkopolis. It was what kept the girls growing in popularity long after Callie and Marie left the limelight, it was what set them apart as two of the freshest and hottest celebs ever known to squid, shrimp, or undercover octoling. Drop your cash, and watch the fun. Drop even more cash, and you get to decide what fun was to be had.

And that night, there was a very wealthy donor watching the two idols have their fun.

“Hey there, Inkopolis! It’s Marina.”

“-and Pearl-”

“-here to keep you smiling throughout the night!” Marina beamed as she looked to the camera, a
bounce in her step and a delightful swing to her tentacles. Both of the girls were dressed mostly like their idol appearances with one noticeable exception - everything was skimpier. Pearl’s skirt was so short that fleeting glances of her pussy could be spotted could be seen as she bounced up and down. Marina’s glorious brown tits were practically hanging out from both the top and bottom of her flimsy jacket, which more or less provided a simple strip of fabric stretched across her nipples. The undercover octoling’s pants were by far the most scandalous addition - kept tighter than ever, they perfectly highlighted the fact that she was sporting one hell of a cock that gripped tight against her thigh. As the two idols showed themselves off in front of the camera they fell into a playful routine, with Marina casting her trademark shy smile to her co-host. “Are you ready to have some fun tonight, Pearl?”

“You bet!” The girl beamed, and flashed an off the hook pose along with a brief glimpse under her skirt. “Check it! Here are the current Regular Battle stage-”

“Wait wait wait, Pearl!” Marina giggled, bouncing over and giving her girlfriend a little nudge with her hips. “Wrong job! We’re not here to tell them about the maps, we’re here to let them watch us fuck! And today’s theme was suggested by a fresh anonymous donor that gave us enough cash to keep running all month long!”

“Really?! That much?!“ Pearl gasped, and it wasn’t a part of the presentation. Her eyes opened wide and her fingers moved before her lips, showing a look of clear shock crossing her face. It wasn’t surprising to Marina - Pearl almost never read the script for the day. She didn’t pay attention to the pledges and just rolled with everything she had been required to do. She claimed that it was because she liked being surprised, but in reality? Bitch was just lazy. “That’s a lot of cash, Marina! We’re definitely going to have to do whatever they say!”

“Sex without a condom!” Pearl was running on autopilot as she exclaimed the words jovially as they first popped up on screen, complete with a graphic of a squid dripping with a copious creampie. It took Pearl a few seconds to process the important fact that she was the one that would be getting raw inked, and that the tiny squid cartoon would be an accurate depiction of her nearby future. “W-Wait! Sex without a condom? I didn’t agree to that!”

“All right, all right, all right!” Pearl grunted, and folded her arms across her chest in a borderline pouty fashion. “You can fuck me without a condom, Marina, but you have to pull out before you cum! I’m not lookin’ to have any squid kids!”

“Sex without a condom!” Marina turned to the screen behind them. Just like during Off the Hook, it was present to help the audience keep tabs on how much cash the girls had raised and what the theme for the evening was. ...not to mention the two sides, but that was only during Squirtfest. “And tonight’s theme is…!”

“Really?! That much?!“ Pearl gasped, and it wasn’t a part of the presentation. Her eyes opened wide and her fingers moved before her lips, showing a look of clear shock crossing her face. It wasn’t surprising to Marina - Pearl almost never read the script for the day. She didn’t pay attention to the pledges and just rolled with everything she had been required to do. She claimed that it was because she liked being surprised, but in reality? Bitch was just lazy. “That’s a lot of cash, Marina! We’re definitely going to have to do whatever they say!”

“You bet, slutfish!” Came the responding giggle, and Marina turned to her co-host, and moved a hand down to the edge of her skirt. She lifted it up to show the audience a tasty glance at Pearl’s pearl, plump and pink and already wet with excitement. Even if Pearl was lazy, the little squid always showed up for the filming soaked. “That’s not a problem, is it? Think of all the dirty things you’ve done for these awesome squids’ viewing pleasure! The toys I’ve shoved into you! The paintbrush bondage! The time we had a Salmon Run where the salmon ran a train on yo-”

“All right, all right, all right!” Pearl grunted, and folded her arms across her chest in a borderline pouty fashion. “You can fuck me without a condom, Marina, but you have to pull out before you cum! I’m not lookin’ to have any squid kids!”

“To be fair, they’d only be half-squii--hey nevermind, that sounds great, Pearl!” Marina quickly caught herself, and tugged an arm around her co-host’s shoulders. The girls turned towards the camera and flashed a smile, and Marina’s voice continued as if she hadn’t nearly unveiled a terrible secret. “We’re about to get started, fuck fans! Remember, during the mid-fuck rush you’ll be allowed to throw more cash our way, complete with a suggestion for what you’d like to see us do. Whoever
the highest bidder is, we’ll do whatever they want! Isn’t that right, Pearl?”

“Wha’s that? I wasn’t paying attention.”

“That’s my girl! Let’s get those clothes off, you hot little goblin!”

Marina dropped back into a chair with a grin, her pants pulled down around her ankles and her big octoling cock sticking straight up from her lap. The same deep brown color as the rest of her and tipped with a dark green head, it was glistening at the very tip and twitching slightly even without the slightest touch against it. She made sure to keep herself perfectly framed before the camera so the viewers of the stream could enjoy the show as much as they wanted - it was a well known fact that while half of their viewers loved to watch Pearl get pounded, the other half was there to see Marina work her magic with her impressive, weighty dick.

Pearl had slinked out of her skirt and was nearly naked by the time she popped back into frame, wearing nothing but her fresh hightops and a joyful blush spread across her cheeks and her tiny squid tits. One of the things the viewers of the stream seemed to like the most was just how damned big Marina’s cock was when compared to Pearl’s slender body - it was a lot of dick for any squid to take, and Pearl was on the small side. The stretch of her thighs, the plump swell of her belly as it sunk all the way down, those kind of flashy scenes always made their pledge numbers jump higher and higher. With that in mind it was no surprise that the way the girls decided to begin was with Pearl riding reverse cowgirl in her girlfriend’s lap, first slinking into it and sitting with her rump against Marina’s belly and that thick, brown cock sticking out in front of her own.

“You’re massive tonight, Marina!” Pearl gasped, with only a slight performance in her tone. Gazing down past her small figure, it was easy to see just how deep that fucking thing would go inside of her, and just how far that purple cocktip would reach. She lowered a hand to squeeze at her girlfriend’s shaft and swing it idly back and forth, slapping her tummy with it and sending Marina into a soft gasp of pleasure. “One of these days, you’re gonna break me!”

“Pfft, like these awesome viewers haven’t seen enough to know you’re indestructible.” Marina chuckled as her hands slid down, moving underneath the light frame of Pearl’s thighs. She helped her girlfriend into lifting her legs up and pressing her hightops against Marina’s knees, bending her own as she prepared for her ride. A few soft kisses to the back of Pearl’s throat weren’t framed for the camera but were nonetheless important - a couple of light smooches to know just how excited Marina was, and just how much she was looking forward to putting on yet another top rated performance for all the horny squids at home. “Whenever you’re ready, Pearl! All these squids paid good cash to see you get stuffed, so let’s get to it!”

“I’m goin’, I’m goin’, don’t rush me!” Pearl grumbled, and with her back pressed against Marina’s full and soft bust pushed with her knees to lift her lap forward. She took a deep breath as one hand moved to grasp around Marina’s length, and the mere force of it in her palm made her spasm in a shudder of anticipation. No matter how many times she took it, no matter how often Marina stretched her around that big brown octoling dick, it was always a daunting matter to squeeze it back inside again. With a nervous swallow Pearl lined the tip up against her tight and tender pussy and slowly began to sink down, her knees trembling and her thighs twitching as she did so. “Ffffffffiiiiiiishsticks! How is it that you feel bigger each time?!”

“Maybe you’re just hotter every time we stream, babycrabcakes!” Marina grinned, and released her hands from under Pearl’s ass once her tiny girlfriend started to move of her own volition. Pearl was taking her up and down in tight, wet strikes that took her quite a bit of time to do, the awkward positioning and the sheer girth of Marina’s cock making for some slow penetration. It was definitely
a crowd pleaser, though! All of their past streams had proved it: the money came in by the boatload when the audience got to see Pearl force herself on a cock that was just a bit too big for her. Everyone loved to see that little gremlin squirm! With a giggle Marina’s hands slid up around Pearl’s slender waist, the green tips of her fingers teasing over the flesh until she reached those adorably small breasts. With a palm neatly settling underneath each Marina finally pushed her hips forward with a slow buck, not enough to unseat her lover but certainly enough to squeeze another inch inside.

“Gah! Hnn…it’s really good this time…” Pearl whimpered, and the warm, wet grip of her pussy reinforced that statement. She was practically locked around her lover to the point that it was difficult to smooth her back and forth on top of that throbbing rod, and the only saving grace was that Marina made her so damn wet that it was a miracle she didn’t splat them both. With a slow slurping noise she managed to descend all the way to the base, her hightops still braced on Marina’s knees and her legs spread wide. She was a twitching mess absolutely stuffed with cock, but she knew what the audience wanted to see, and it was right there at her tummy. “Ta-daaa! There ya go, pervs! No idols in Inkopolis know what you love like we do!”

Sure enough, plenty of cash was spinning their way as the viewers at home delighted in the sight of the bulge in Pearl’s tummy. Especially when Marina lowered a hand to let her fingers fawn back and forth across it, teasing the outline of her own cock through the soft warmth of her girlfriend’s flesh. The surrounding scenery was just as glorious - small and sensitive tits to the north followed by a pair of delighted faces, and the sight of two pairs of glistening thighs, since Pearl was so damn wet she had somehow soaked Marina, as well. For the moment the tiny Inkling rocked back and forth against her girlfriend’s lap so the camera could get some choice B-roll of Marina’s cock make her belly bulge sweep back and forth - it worked great in the promo vids - but before long she was ready to continue. With a shove of her shoulders back against Marina’s tits and a deep breath rising within her, it was clear that Pearl was ready to play for real and her girlfriend recognized as much. Marina’s head dipped forward, so far that some of her tentacles fell against Pearl’s tiny breasts, and she offered the smaller squid a few heated kisses against her ear, along with a tiny whisper lower than what the cameras could catch.

“I could get used to this no condom thing.” She purred, much to Pearl’s blushing, gasping pleasure. “It doesn’t get any better than feeling my girl’s pussy squeezing my raw cock.”

Pearl was the clear focus of the camera and so couldn’t respond to her girlfriend properly, which led her to do the next best thing by starting to move again. The bulge in her belly diminished until it suddenly returned in a swift gesture, with Pearl dragging herself up before allowing her entire body to slam back down with all her weight. Both of the idols moaned in delight and desperately reached for one another, Marina with her hands once more locking against Pearl’s tiny tits and Pearl’s palms moving to cover her girlfriend’s. She interlocked fingers with the octoling and encouraged her to squeeze those little orbs for all they were worth - they were hardly even a handful, but so long as Marina was into them she didn’t mind at all.

From there, the Off the Hook girls began the show in ernest. When interviewers on celebrity squid shows asked the pair what was the most popular part of the program, they always guessed the filthy stuff. The belly bulge Marina’s cock made in Pearl. The way Pearl was a hungry little cum-slurping goblin when she was made to deepthroat her girl. The Marina orgasm ASMR. Or of course, the anal fun which tended to make Pearl shriek like she had just gotten into Smash. But in reality...all of those things were merely symptomatic of the real allure of the Off the Hook night show. The reason people tuned in, the reason people threw their cash and their sea urchins their way, was because nobody quite had the chemistry that Marina and Pearl did. The two were crazy about each other, and it always showed in their “performance.”

And it made for the best fuckshow in all Inkopolis.
Marina shuddered in pleasure as she continued to rawdog her lover, thrusting up from the chair and slamming her cock in belly-swelling motions. Each time she did her balls swung back and slapped against the chair with a wet and sticky noise, coated as they were in the excess of nectar that Pearl couldn’t contain. There was a moment that the two seemed to completely forget about the camera’s existence - perhaps unprofessional of them, but it made for all the more exciting watching. All through Inkopolis, squids were pounding off with one hand and mashing the pledge button with the other, each of them imagining they were either Pearl, Marina, or simply that chair with the wobbling legs that was desperately trying to hold them up.

The fact that the girls forgot about the stream became quite obvious when Marina suddenly stretched an arm out, scooping it underneath both of Pearl’s knees and lifting them up towards her chest. With her cock still lodged as deep as possible within her prized girl, she stood up to her feet and suddenly dipped forward, pushing Pearl to her hands and knees and plowing her rapidly and hungrily from behind. Tentacles swung, a glorious black cock pounded as hard as it could manage into that tight pearly pussy, and it was only because of the glow of the nearby status screen that the girls didn’t completely lose themselves.

“Ohh...uh...it...it’s time to...uh…” Pearl tensed and shook violently, her mouth biting down at the fabric of the chair as she tried her best to fend off an orgasm. Each thrust into her brought forth a soaked noise to the studio, so long as she wasn’t moaning too loud for anyone to hear it. “M...Marina...the pledge…”

“R-Right, right!” Marina hissed, and thrust a hand toward the screen. She was better at talking during the deed than her girlfriend, but that was likely because she wasn’t getting fucked with a cock the size of her thigh. “The pledges have been counted, and y-you know the rules! Whoever gave us the most cash will have their request fulfilled!” She swallowed nervously, clapped her hands back against Pearl’s waist, and desperately hoped that whatever would pop up didn’t require her to pull out. “Let’s...see what we’re doing!”

A bombastic sound effect played along with the scratch of a record as the information appeared on screen. An enormous amount of cash had been offered up as a pledge: more than the show’s running costs for three whole months. And if that wasn’t enough to instantly get Pearl and Marina off, the request itself was:


Well, it was important to give people what they want. Pearl wasn’t even able to choke out a protest amidst the moans rolling from her throat, and Marina’s momentum was far too intense to hope to stop. Underneath the glow of the screen giving them that decree from on high, Marina’s hands gripped as fiercely as they could around her girlfriend’s waist as she slammed forward with the last few thrusts she needed to finally bring them both to the point of release. Pearl’s eyes opened as wide as saucers as her orgasm snapped through her, fingers going taut around the edge of the chair as her soaked slit began to quiver. She was left spasming and squirting with her eyes going crossed and her tongue dangling from her mouth, offering what would soon become one of the signature faces the channel used in all its late night advertising. As for Marina, she had been given a task...and she had no other option but to complete it.

With one last mighty shove that slapped her hips to Pearl’s rump and sent her copious breasts bouncing, Marina hilted herself into Pearl and let her balls swing forward to slap against her girlfriend’s hood. Her member began to shudder and pulse with joy as that dark green tip started to erupt, unleashing a torrent of potent octoling cum straight into her tight squid bitch. As the cream continued to pour and rush towards Pearl’s womb a warmth covered the two and left them both groaning in delight, so much so that Marina pushed her tits against Pearl’s back to pull her head to
her own, giving her a wet and hungry kiss as it kept rushing within her.

The squids watching at home adored it. It’d be record numbers for them that night, for sure! Squid dicks all over the city were jerked to glorious release as they watched the cum drip from Pearl’s overfilled pussy, saw her belly bulge around not just a meaty dick but a heavy dose of spunk, and witnessed the two lovers conceive on a live stream. Pearina shippers rejoiced. Ye Olde Cloth Shop immediately put through orders for the freshest of maternity gear. The station managers instantly started to storyboard the focus of the next Splatfest competition: would the idols have a squid...or a kid?

It was the most popular Off the Hook late night stream ever, and it was all possible because of the anonymous pledge that had given Marina permission to do something she had desperately wanted for months: knock up her tiny goblin bae.

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Seven months later, and Off the Hook’s late night stream was more popular than ever. It was even more popular than the show they ran during the day - interest in Turf War was declining while interest in the other entertainments the idols could provide was skyrocketing. The format hadn’t changed at all: anonymous pledges got to decide what the girls did, and midway through the show the fundraiser would decide just where they went next. With that system in place, the girls were as happy as ever and doing all sorts of gloriously filthy things, every last one of which was for the public consumption and enjoyment. All eyes in Inkopolis were on Marina and Pearl...and these days, there was more Pearl than ever to see.

“Mmf! Mmmphhh!” That evening, the top pledge had requested to see Pearl in some hard bondage. It was a surprise to the very pregnant squid, but it was her own damn fault for not reading what the show was about before recording. Stuffed with a ballgag, tied with her arms behind her back and her ankles spread with a crossbar, the hot little piece was laying flat on her back as Marina plowed into her again and again with reckless, joyful abandon. Every push forward sent that visibly pregnant belly to bounce along with Pearl’s tits - now quite a bit more plump and pleasing, since her pregnancy had started to change her body. She’d never be able to match Marina’s rack, but she finally had a handful for each of her girlfriend’s palms to grip, squeeze, and tease.

“’Mmmph! Rrrnnnm!’ Lines of drool ran from the corners of Pearl’s mouth as she struggled around the ball gag, and her eyes rolled back in her head as she was so firmly and steadily pounded. With each thrust of Marina’s hips that enormous octoling cock only went all the deeper, and Pearl’s pregnant tummy swung from the impact. Underneath her there was a pool of not only her own squirted juice but Marina’s dense cum, the result of it leaking out of her recently well-fucked ass. It had been a pretty profitable day for the girls, and Pearl had been getting used as the bred bitch she was between the pair. “Guhguhguh…!”

“Sorry, Pearl, but the ball gag was a request!” Marina grinned, and tightened her hands against the two plump tits within her grasp. She couldn’t help but tease her lover a little bit by pulling her hips back, letting the tip of her cock pop free to bounce a few times against her clit, and then suddenly shove back inside. “I guess one of our viewers thinks you make too much noise, and it’s their cash to spend!”

All across Inkopolis, the stream was viewed by citizens in nearly every home. Pearl’s bound and well-fucked body was fully on display, the cream that she had been pumped full of was there for her fans to witness, and squids all over were getting off to the sight of her. It sent thrilling shockwaves through Pearl’s tiny frame that were only intensified by her girlfriend’s thrusting, as well as the weight of her belly as it shifted back and forth, a reminder of her current bred state that was
completely impossible to ignore. Her toes curled, her eyes crossed, and the corners of her lips continued to drool...all as Marina kept helping herself and giggling all the while.

“Ohh! I think we have our next request coming through, Pearl!” Marina chimed up, looking to the screen with a growing smile on her face. She didn’t stop fucking the entire time, continuing to jam her length firmly and wetly into her partner’s depths. “All right, viewers, let’s see what the top pledge is...and just what they want to see us do!”

There was a moment of tension and suspense, and even Pearl tilted her head to see the words that would finally pop up on the screen. Not that she had any say in the matter, of course, bound and spread with a crossbar as she was. The words that arrived on screen were perhaps among the less intensive that had shown up there, but as soon as the girls saw the command they both shuddered with joy.

“Cum on her belly. Rub it in.”

Marina’s smile grew enormous, and she pulled her cock free from her girlfriend’s cunt and slapped it firmly into her hand. As Pearl left twitching and trembling with cream leaking out of her ass, Marina positioned herself in such a way that the camera could witness as she lined the tip of her dick to the curve of Pearl’s pregnant belly and finally started to unload.

“Here we go, Pearl! Time to make some cash!” Marina giggled, and offered a sharp grunt as it began to unleash. Rope after rope of her sticky, white cum began to fire across the curve of her girlfriend’s pregnant belly, painting her with cream and sending Pearl into spasms of bliss. It was a messy affair that was perhaps not quite as visceral as pumping the smaller inkling’s pussy with cum, but made for one hell of a better show. As Marina finished her orgasm she tapped her still-leaking cockhead back and forth across the pregnant tummy of Pearl, and turned a smile towards the camera with a big, cheerful wave. “And that’s our show, squids! We’ll stay on the air for a bit longer for you to watch, but no more requests tonight!”

With a proud wink, Marina raised a hand and gently lowered it, pressing it flat against the cum-covered belly and beginning to rub it in. As she smeared the cream against her bred bitch’s tummy, Marina kept her eyes flashing to the camera with her cheerful, sexy smile.

“Until next time...don’t get cooked--”

“---mmmph mf hhhn mmnk!”

Marie smiled, and stretched back within her chair as her thighs slowly spread a bit further. Between her legs was the head of Callie, and outside of the noise from the stream the only sound in the room was the steady, hungry licking that came from her motions. Marie’s look of satisfaction was profound as she slowly hooked a leg around Callie’s back and kept the other idol close, and a hand dropped down to smooth her fingers down the back of the other girl’s tentacles.

“They’ve been putting on such fresh shows lately!” Marie giggled, before biting her lip in thoughtful fashion. “Though...I suppose you wouldn’t know.”

That much was true - Callie wasn’t actually allowed to watch. Just kneel, face the opposite direction, and eat Marie’s pussy.

“Pearl’s really coming along, too. Such a nice, big belly. Marina really knocked her up!” The giggle rose all the higher from Marie, and she crossed her other leg forward to close both around Callie’s
head. In response the other Squid Sister started to slurp all the more readily, closing her lips around Marie’s hood and slathering her tongue back and forth. Her hands were resting delicately on her partner’s thighs even though she desperately wished she could touch herself - but she knew quite well that it was forbidden until she received special permission. For now, she just continued to slurp and behaved herself, listening to Marie’s voice as she boasted about what had become of Pearl. “I’m really enjoying watching Marina fuck her stupid every night while she’s all fat! That was the best cash we ever spent, Callie. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Mmph.” Much like Pearl from her streaming spot across town, Callie’s voice didn’t account for much. She did, however, stick her tongue to the base of Marie’s slit and give her a long, slow lick from the bottom to the top, just before tilting her head and driving it forward, trying to stretch as deep as she could. Drinking in the intense flavor of her lover and mistress, Callie merely whimpered sweetly and offered a few more kind words to the inking that so thoroughly dominated her. “Mmm…mimo…”

“I know you do, dear.” Marie merely chuckled, licked her lips in pointed fashion, and draped her fingers across the back of Callie’s head. As the other Squid Sister started to get her closer and closer to the point of release Marie gave a sudden hiss from the back of her throat, and both her hands and legs locked against Callie’s head to keep her in position. She bucked her hips forward again and again, grinding, smearing, saturating the other inking in the scent and taste of her pussy. Her heat was building and she let her eyes turn back to the remainder of the stream, groaning in delight as her moment started to rush against her. “Y-Yes...yes...ohh, she’s licking it off her belly, Callie...it’s so lovely…”

Callie merely whimpered. If only she could see! If only she could touch herself! But alas - that was not her current role. She simply kept slurping, kept rubbing her face in between Marie’s thighs and kissing her pussy, kept drinking down the taste of her beloved’s squirt as it splattered across her. Maybe one day Marie would let her watch the stream with her - or maybe even let them switch places for a night! Unlikely, but it could happen!

For now, it was clear that Marie was enjoying her place in Inkopolis. The fact that every other idol - either by sexual domination or financial encouragement - did exactly what she wanted.

Callie was already Marie’s bitch. So were Pearl and Marina...they just didn’t know it.

Marie would always be the freshest.

The End.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Don’t get bred, stay out of bed!

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