

Livestreaming GOATed the Video star

Sporadic lovers came and went. The most regular of Troy's irregulars had been Brittany. Ten years his junior, Brittany was a blonde, busty army wife; a mother of three, bored with her life in the 'burbs. She'd created an alter ego for herself online, which is where she and Troy had first stumbled across each other. They'd hook up when her husband was out of town and she was able to offload the kids to her parents or in-laws. Brittany thrived on the attention of her small albeit loyal and steadily growing legion of fans. Her account was littered with bubblegum-pink selfies in which she dolled herself up, donned ridiculous ribbons, kitsch knee-high socks, short skirts, and tight tops. Men are pretty basic creatures when it comes to these kinds of things. She smiled, ooh'd, arched, duck-faced, and peace-signed her way through her grid. No mention of the kids. She'd had 'em young, and her body had bounced back taut as ever, so there was no need to even bring them into the equation. They weren't the right accessories for XXsparklebarbieXX.

What started out as an expressive outlet for a bored housewife became a lucrative side hustle—especially with the kind of content increasingly requested of her from behind the paywall. So busy did she become, meeting demand for niche requests—feet, pacifiers, latex, babydolls (all incurring extra fees, of course)—that she no longer had time for a side piece. Though he would never admit it, the fact that Troy had merely been a passing distraction to Brittany, stung. Women were meant to be *his* playthings. It was irksome when, for the first time, *he* had been the one relegated to the role of disposable.

He watched from a distance her rise to B-grade internet stardom. To amuse himself, he concocted a little game he called Brittany Bingo. The rules were simple: each time she'd upload a new photograph or reel, he'd mark it off his imaginary bingo card if it was something he'd had intimate knowledge of. And each time he'd check something off the list, he'd raise a glass to *salut!* the memory. Ergo, he very quickly drank himself into a stupor.

Dear Reader, here are some of the things Troy managed to tick off his Brittany Bingo card:

1. Food: watching her eat spaghetti, pickles, hot dogs, steak, bananas (sometimes suggestively, other times not [the latter being oddly arousing by its very lack of intention to overtly arouse]);
2. Hair: watching her brush her hair, wash her hair, towel it dry, or tie it back (he lingered on this last image the longest, recalling what it usually led to). Thinking upon hair, he also reminisced over her neat landing strip - dirty blonde, a shade darker than the beach blonde crowning her head (the former she did not show to fans, but he remembered well nuzzling into it many a time with his nose pressed between her damp thighs);

3. ASMR: he'd found the noises mildly irritating at the time, but learning others found those very sounds arousing enough to pay her for made him acquire appreciation anew:
 - i. The way she crunched loudly on apples—only the red ones (she found green apples too sour); it reminded him of the way he'd fed gummy-mouthed horses in the paddock next to his Pop's property as a kid;
 - ii. The rustle of her hand entering a packet of chips *every bloody time* she dove in (how hard is it to shoot your shot and not have to crinkle the sides at full volume each time you're grabbing a chip?! [this became doubly irritating when it happened at the cinema]);
 - iii. The *glug glug* of her drinking (as though she were doing an exaggerated skit of someone drinking, but it was, in fact, simply the cartoonish sound of her normal drinking);
 - iv. The way her long, pointed acrylics rapped absentmindedly on the laminated bench (he preferred it when her nails scraped noiselessly down the length of his back);

4. Roleplay/cosplay: nurse, librarian, maid (French, bar, milk), dominatrix, cheerleader, Princess Leia (slave version), Chewbacca (don't ask). Check, check, check, check, check, check...*glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug*.....

Countless images that sprang from Brittany's digital proliferation brought to life entirely new fantasies that Troy became privy to as a spectator only, post-situationship. He was kicking himself that he'd not thought of them whilst they'd been bedfellows. Brittany had once arrived at his door one a crisp autumn evening wearing nothing but a classic beige trench coat and black patent leather thigh-high stiletto boots. Wowsers! He'd stripped that coat off her as soon as he pulled her in past the threshold, barely managing to shut the door behind them fast enough. He made her keep the boots on.

Now, he saw her wearing that same trench coat in one of her latest clips. In it, she was sipping on what looked like a stiff drink garnished with a sprig of mint and thin wheel of lime perched on the rim of a copper mug. Staring straight into the barrel of her phone-camera, she spoke in some sort of European accent—Russian, he could only presume, judging from the title of the clip: *SEXY RUSSIAN SPY*. Brittany was rather woeful at the foreign accent schtick, which is probably why she never landed any feature roles, though she'd been cast in a handful of non-speaking roles as an extra on straight-to-television productions. Her accent kept slipping, which made it difficult to suspend disbelief. But somehow, rather than detract from the experience, in this online sphere where she was queen of her domain, the clunkiness of her roleplay was oddly endearing. Besides, what was not to love about Moscow Mules and furry muffs...

Premium subscribers could unlock a live-feed that Brittany streamed as occasional specials (namely on the days she had the house to herself). Viewers could watch her

going about the mundanity of her daily life like an Orwellian voyeur's wet dream. Before the camera started rolling, a typical live-streamed morning would begin with her getting out of bed, doing a quick face and 'fit check, setting up her camera, and slipping back into bed so that she could start filming from the point of: *oh, look—I've just woken up and don't even realise there's a camera on me as I flutter my pretty lil' eyes open, yawn, stretch, and oopsie—experience a little wardrobe malfunction...not that anyone saw my nip slip *wink* *wink**

She'd invested in a semi-pro gimbal so that the camera could pivot to follow her movements. Thus, viewers could enter the sanctity of her bathroom with her. She draped a washcloth over the camera when she needed to empty her bladder, though the mic still captured her tinkle. Retrieving the cloth, she'd proceed to brush her teeth, the spin of the electric toothbrush leaving foam splatter on her bathroom mirror, which smeared even worse when she tried to rub it off with her forearm. Her fans could watch her double-cleanse with two different types of face wash (one exfoliating [to remove dead skin cells], the other containing salicylic acid [to unclog and refresh]). Next was an elaborate regime of beauty products (toner, serum, eye cream, moisturiser, for which she later scored an advertorial partnership deal). Finally, the careful application of makeup that went on layer by layer, until she emerged from her dressing table a new woman.

Moving into the kitchen, she'd fix herself a couple of slices of peanut buttered toast (crunchy on white), which she'd munch on between swigs of black coffee from her oversized mug bearing the image of two crossed lightsabers (one red, one green) and the words: *The caffeine is strong with this one.* ('Black as my heart,' Troy remembered her quipping to him with a throaty cackle the first time he'd asked how she took her coffee.)

The next hour or so would be spent by Brittany sprawled idly on her couch, propped up by a bunch of plush IKEA SVARTPOPPEL cushions, scrolling on her phone (yes, people actually *paid* to watch this dross). Troy was loathe to admit that even *he* was strangely transfixed by the human zoo exhibit Brittany had become. It almost felt as though he'd got to know her more intimately through watching her livestreams than in all their months of fucking.

One of Brittany's most popular clips behind the paywall was titled: *PUSSY PRINCESS*. This involved Brittany dressed all svelte in a sheer black leotard which left little to the imagination, complete with velvet tail, cat-ear headband over her slicked-back hair, and studded collar with the word *Princess* spelled out in rhinestones. She'd painted on thin black whiskers and a pussy-pink nose in the shape of a heart to complete the look.

When Halloween came around, Brittany adapted a more demure variant of this costume when she took her kids and their mates out trick or treating. But she ended up pulling the plug on the neighbourhood jaunt sooner than anticipated, after she'd received more than a couple of leery looks from some of the dads who'd answered the doors and drooled over seeing *Pussy* in the flesh. It always unsettled Brittany when her real and digital worlds collided.

Real-life Brittany's kitty cosplay involved chaperoning a sugared-up posse of witches, Wednesdays, Gojos and KPop Demon Hunters door to door as she reminded them to *take only one* and *remember to say please and thank you*. Online, superfans could

watch digital Brittany recline on her chaise in her barely-there leotard (sans underwear), running her tongue in deliberately slow licks along the backs of her hands with their painted feline claws, stretching languorously, and purring. In later versions, she even added a bell.

God, how Troy wished he had thought of this one sooner. He longed to stroke her golden hair, watch her lap milk straight from a bowl he'd strategically place at his crotch, and to hear his princess purr for Daddy.