

Martin almost felt blessed. Today he hadn't had to deal with a single tech related issue involving someone being an idiot! No one clicked any suspicious links, no one fell for any phishing scams, there hadn't been any need to tell anyone to make sure something was plugged in. Most of his work today had been very routine and his underlings handled the bulk of it.

It was shaping up to be a really nice day.

Early in the morning he'd purchased a new license for Microsoft 365 and put in an order for a new laptop workstation. They'd hired a new person that needed to be up and running the same day they started, so Martin had to get the laptop with next day delivery. He was shocked they had what he needed in stock to allow him to even get it that fast, and he was watching his emails to see if Dell would notify him of a delay.

He hoped not since the new hire was due to start the day after tomorrow. If he got the laptop delivered tomorrow it would either be a normal shift or a late shift for him, since he intended to get everything up and running for the new guy himself rather than delegate it to one of his underlings. He hoped FedEx delivered early so he could go home at a reasonable hour. They usually did.

Everything else he had on his agenda for today was complete. What he hadn't delegated to his staff he had to handle himself, and there was an old, refurbished laptop sitting on the desk behind his back. He had to upgrade its memory and run diagnostics. The previous owner had complained of performance issues, and Martin was reasonably certain he'd cleared those issues up. He could mothball that laptop for a few months in case another employee needed it, and after that he could probably chunk it. Maybe take it home and give it away to someone, his mother needed a new computer.

The company never asked questions about where hardware vanished off to once it got too old to justify its continued use. Martin always found homes for anything that still had value. Honestly, they were sometimes upgrading people's computers a little too quickly, but if the bosses thought they had money to blow to keep everyone's tech up to date, then who was Martin to deny them the pleasure of using up the budget?

Martin swiveled in his chair, checked his primary computer, since he had three plugged in at once in his office. They all served their own function with the primary laptop being the one he handled his emails with and monitored the company's network. He could snoop as much as he wanted to, within reason.

He couldn't read people's emails or any personal messages on Teams, but he could monitor everyone's internet usage.

Company policy wasn't too strict so long as you did your job and got it done on time.

Martin decided to check the network, started reading through the tabs of information. As he did so he saw the usual suspects. Several people were using YouTube, Spotify, and someone was browsing Bandcamp. Amazon shopping, countless google searches.

Nothing out of the ordinary for internet usage, at least until he saw that there was some activity on the guest network. Best as Martin knew they didn't have anyone in the office today that would have logged on to use the guest Wi-Fi.

He clicked to check the guest network, saw that there was one user logged on who had visited google before using it to browse one other website. Judging by the logs, that user was still actively browsing the website. Martin's eyes grew wide at first, then narrowed sharply as he read the complete link, knowing damn well what that website was!

He clicked his screen away to a different application to hide the guest network from view, then bolted up out of his chair and left his office, making sure his door shut behind him.

As he moved through the hallway and past other people's offices, he pretended to be in good spirits despite being anything but. A certain someone was browsing a porn site at work, and he was about to catch them in the act and get to the bottom of why he was eyeballs deep in dog tits while on the clock!

He rounded the corner, spotted David's office at the end of the hall with its door sitting ajar. He nodded to one of his coworkers as he walked past her, then carried on. For being the company's Head of IT, he didn't look it.

He was a wolf/coyote mix, six and half feet of peak fitness, and significantly more handsome than the typical guy who worked in IT (by his own estimation). All his underlings were either out of shape men who were either a decade his junior, or a decade his senior, or they were Jenny. Jenny was a petite little mouse that was even shorter than Mitsy, Martin's girlfriend. Jenny was the smartest of his bunch and he always gave her the more important tasks he didn't want to do himself.

When he reached David's door he didn't even knock, just pushed the door open and stood in the doorway glaring at the cat who was suddenly looking very awkward and nervous, his hand doing the tell-tale 'sign' that he had something to hide as he quickly jerked the mouse and Martin heard a click of the left mouse button.

"What are you doing?" He asked the cat, who was a smaller man that stood at only five foot six. A whole foot shorter than the wolf who was now, intensely, looking down at him.

A benefit of being Martin Brody was that he towered over most people he met, and that always gave him leverage. Same held true with 95% of the company's other employees who were shorter than him, including all of his bosses who had to look up to Martin even when they were all sitting down.

"Um, nothing bad." The cat replied, clearly lying.

Despite David being modestly important in the company, who had his own private office with a pleasant view of the freeway, Martin stepped inside and shut the door behind him like he owned it.

"Saying 'nothing bad' implies you're not browsing pornography while on the clock where anyone with access to the network logs could see." Martin pointed out almost mechanically, keeping his gaze firmly on the cat who was lifting his hands in total surrender.

"I'm sorry!"

"Why are you watching her stream?" Martin asked, dropping his voice to a harsh whisper.

David shrugged his shoulders, clearly intimidated by the much bigger man, and a wolf at that.

"I didn't have a choice!" He pleaded.

"What do you mean you didn't have a choice; you didn't get enough of her tits this weekend?" Martin accused him, trying to keep his voice down to an angry whisper. 'This weekend' was a reference to the past weekend where David had stayed the night at Martin's apartment so the cat could be their cameraman. They'd filmed another amateur porno to fulfill a monthly reward goal that Mitsy's viewer's had exceeded by 2,000 dollars.

"None of the other mods are online, she needs something to keep the bullies away!" David explained, prompting Martin to march around the cat's desk. He saw the cat's double screen setup, no pornography in sight. He snapped his fingers and pointed at the rightmost screen.

David started moving the mouse and maximized the google chrome tab. What popped up was Mitsy's livestream. She was currently sitting in a tiny bikini in front of her webcam talking to the chat, the little triangle of her swimsuit so small that the sides of her areolas were plainly visible. The only part of her breasts that were hidden were the actual nubs of her nipples. Martin looked back to David, spotted the wireless earbud in his ear, then looked back at the chat.

He took control of the mouse from David and clicked the viewer list, saw that the only moderator online was David's username, Davos192. He exhaled hard.

"And you couldn't use your phone!" Martin asked.

"I tried! The cell service in here sucks, you know that. It lags like crazy in my office." David rebutted, the cat apologetic and obviously wilting under Martin's intensity.

Martin growled with irritation, looked back at the chat, again seeing David's username was the only one listed under the moderator category. He looked back at David and pointed at him.

"Do NOT get caught, and as soon as the stream is over with you wipe your browser history, capiche?" He told the cat, who quickly nodded in agreement.

"Got it! Everything's gone!" David replied, holding his hands up again.

"Everyone can see this shit on the network, and you're the only person on the quest Wi-Fi, so the ONLY thing showing in the history is you gawking at my girlfriend's tits. I'm going to text her." He suddenly stopped, realizing he could just have her end the stream.

He pulled out his phone only to discover it was not in his pocket. It was in his office.

"Whisper her to check her phone. Give me your phone." He told him.

David handed him his phone and Martin started texting Mitsy, or at least he tried.

"Where the hell is she?" He couldn't find her in his contact, scrolling through his private and work texts until he found her at last. Martin exhaled hard when he read the name he'd saved Mitsy under.

"It's not like anyone sees my contact list!" David said, knowing the reason for Martin's sigh.

The cat had Mitsy saved in his contacts as "Titty Goddess" with her photo being a closeup of her cleavage. David was shameless in his adoration of her looks, not even trying to hide it. Martin started typing her a text, the wolf's eyes casually glancing up at the previous texts the cat had shared with Mitsy, which were him asking if she'd taken any new selfies lately, and her sending him an upskirt photo. Martin recognized that skirt and knew that photo had been taken at lunch the day before David had come over to film them screwing.

"This is Martin. I caught David trying to mod your chat while he's at work. Can you end the stream and start it back up in a few hours? Or message some of the other mods to come in and mod chat?" He sent the text.

On the screen Mitsy was doing her cheerful thing, engaging with chat. David meanwhile had already whispered her, so she should have seen it. When the message was delivered to her phone she checked it, then her expression changed dramatically. Martin could see her talking to chat almost like she was scolding someone.

"She's mad at me and embarrassing me in front of the entire chat room." David groaned.

"Good."

Mitsy started waving bye bye to everyone in chat, and if Martin's lip reading was any good, she was telling everyone that she was 'so so sorry' that she had to end the stream early. The chatroom was a combination of goodbyes and pleading for her to stay. She cut the stream, and then Martin pointed his finger at the 'x' to close the window.

"Ok, ok." David said, closing the window.

"Go back to Chrome, clear your history, then clear out your temp folder. Just go ahead and do a whole Disk Cleanup, you probably haven't done that in months." He told him, and David obediently followed his instructions. David was higher up the company power structure than Martin was. Martin was Head of IT, but David was higher than that. He wasn't Martin's boss per say, but he was up there.

But none of that mattered, because David was as close as a man could be to being a cuck without actually having a girlfriend, and Martin was his bull. If David wanted access to Mitsy's tits, then he had to get it through Martin.

"Good boy." Martin said when he was satisfied with David's clean up.

"I didn't feel like I had a choice!" He said in his defense.

"Oh, I'm going to get on her case, too! She knows you're at work." He said, then turned and left David's office. He spun back around and reentered, confusing the cat.

He shut the door back for privacy behind him.

"Do you seriously have to use "Titty Goddess" and her bare ass tits in your contacts?" He asked.

“No one but me sees my phone, Martin!” He argued, then lifted his phone, swiping his fingers to unlock it. He turned the phone to show Martin his background wallpaper, which was a cropped version of a private photo David had taken of Mitsy after one of their filming sessions, lying passed out on the pink bed that sat in the background of her livestreams. Judging by the outfit, and the amount of cum Mitsy was coated in, the photo was from when they’d filmed the previous month’s reward goal.

Martin slapped his face in despair and just turned and left the cat’s office. He gave up, leaving David behind and just marched himself back down to his office. When he sat back down in his chair he checked his cellphone, saw multiple texts from Mitsy, all of which were apologetic and pleading with him to not be mad at David.

He replied to her that she should have known better and told her to try and message some of the other mods. If she can get one or two of the others to mod her chat, then she could start her stream again. She promised him that she would.

Then he checked the network again, saw that David had stopped looking at porn. He rolled his chair up closer to the computer and got to work cleaning the network history of everything and anything related to what his girlfriend did for money. It didn’t take long, but the anxiety lasted the rest of the day.

He then realized that having six moderators simply was not enough if Mitsy intended to stream more regularly. Two of those moderators were himself and David. With her wanting to step it up to streaming six days a week instead of four... That’s too many weekdays when her mods all had day jobs.

Maybe he should sit with her and adjust her streaming schedule. They’d have to if she was going to stream that much, since she needed mods to control the chat while she focused on being pretty and entertaining.

Mitsy had what, a thousand average viewers on a slow day and several thousand at her peak? Surely, out of all her regulars he can find an extra two or three people who could moderate her chat for her. He’d have to do that, root around through her regulars and ask Mitsy who she likes and trusts the most. Just go from there, figure something out.