

Girls of Gaming Monthly

18

\$2.95

Sep.

\$4.50 CAN



Play Testing the Pleasure Station

PART I

**The Breast Expansion Story Club presents:
Play Testing the Pleasure Station - Part I**

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Published in the United States of America

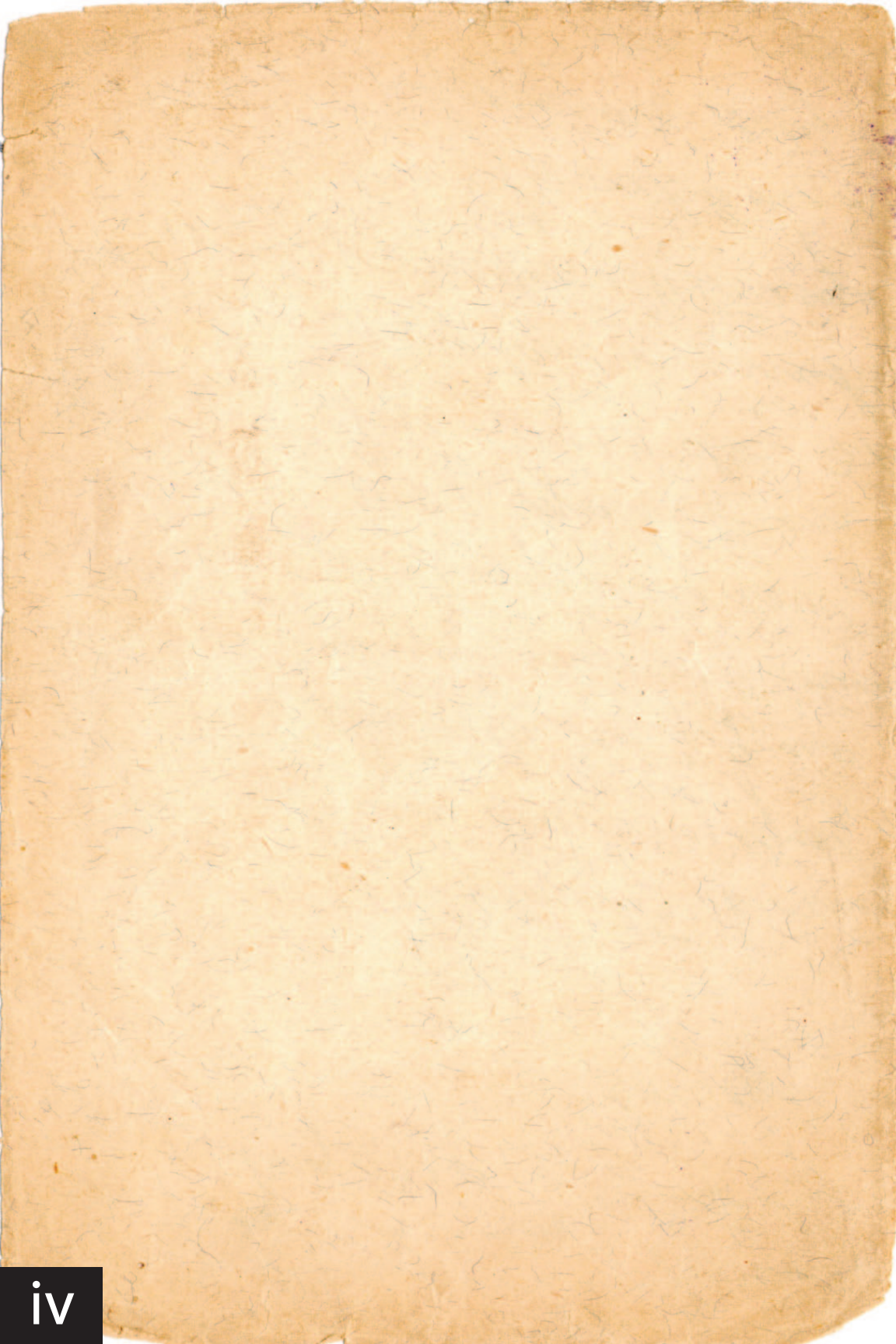
Play Testing the Pleasure Station - Part I

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by Kris P. Kreme

The Breast Expansion Story Club

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Girls of Gaming Monthly was the most attention a female gamer could get and here she was, Megan Hunt, cover girl for the Girls of Gaming special issue. She had dreamed of this moment for many years. Finally it was all about her now. Wait, she thought, watching the magazine fade from her hands. Wait, dreamed, no, not another, not again. Megan was suddenly shaken from her sleep and sat up looking around. Her room was completely dark thanks to the heavy curtains. Her alarm clock said it wasn't even 5 o'clock. She yawned and stretched, wondering what could have disturbed her sleep.

There was a pounding at the door.

Megan groaned. It was far too early to have to deal with anything like this. She swung her stocking clad legs off the bed and stepped onto the shirt she had worn last night. Her room was a mess of clothing and tangled wires, but she just didn't care. She wrapped her favorite blanket around her and walked to the door.

The pounding continued.

Megan sighed and opened the door, shielding her eyes from the already surprisingly bright rays of morning light. She shook her head before looking at a familiar delivery man holding up an electronic clipboard.

"Good morning cutie," the man said mockingly. "I hope I'm not disturbing you too much from your beauty sleep. You have another package."

Megan rubbed her eyes, not saying a word to him.

"This one's all the way from Japan. Another gaming import?"

Megan yawned. "Maybe."

"Do you even know what today is?"

"Monday?" Megan asked, still not yet fully adjusted to the light.

"Close, it's Wednesday," the delivery man said, concern showing as he rolled his eyes. "Look, are you eating? Taking care of yourself at all? I know you're fine on money, but come on, you know I worry."

Megan rolled her eyes. "Listen, you're my delivery man. We talk--"

"Yes, almost every day because I'm always here. First stop of the day most days."

"Whatever, just stop thinking that we're more than friends. I'm fine Sid, just tired. I was up all last night finishing a game, so I can do a review for my blog sometime today."

"Well, that's fine. Just, ya know, if you ever want a warm meal or something, I'll cook for you or something."

Megan shrugged, then rolled her eyes yet again, even more obviously than before. "You really

don't give up easy, and you know this blanket isn't coming off anytime soon for your enjoyment."

"No, it's not that.... It's not that at all. Just, don't worry, I'll stop teasing you about that, though watch out for yourself. Never know what can happen if you aren't careful." Sid shook his head.

It was hopeless. The girl was twenty and self made, she would likely never mature, but he had to admit delivering to her and seeing her scantily clad form usually half asleep answering the door was a bright spot to most days for him. "Sign here, okay?" Sid pushed the electronic clipboard out to Megan.

Megan reached up, momentarily not realizing that she was using both her hands to keep her blanket covering her. It fell to the side partially exposing her young and shockingly fit body. She didn't even seem to notice as Sid blushed and closed his eyes. She signed the clipboard and sleepily looked up at the man.

"Where's the package? And if you say in your pants I might have to kick you." She spoke sharply, the fading sleep finally leaving her as her tough and street wise attitude returned.

As the girl stretched a little and showed off her tight stomach and nearly both of her perfectly perky breasts, Sid continued making lame attempts at avoiding simply staring down at her. Finally he couldn't hold back and sputtered out bluntly. "Oh for God's sake, cover yourself up!"

Megan's eyes widened and she looked down, seeing what had happened with her blanket. She gave a small blush, but still looked confident as ever lifting it up and tightly wrapping herself once again.

"Geez, you're really not the most careful girl are you?" Sid handed her the package. It was larger than most of the ones Megan got, nearly big enough to be an appliance of some sort, and when she held it, it almost was as heavy too.

"Thanks, and don't worry about me. I'm plenty careful. And you'll see me on the cover of Girls of Gaming one day, I promise."

Sid shook his head as he walked away. "I'm sure I will, though hopefully wearing more than a blanket and stockings."

Megan furrowed her brow. "You'd like that if I was, admit it."

"Yeah, of course." Sid said, waving.

Megan shrugged and returned to her room. She sat the package on her bed and let the blanket fall, not caring about getting dressed. Her feet and legs were warm and that was all she needed. She grabbed her letter opener, long since dulled from working on tape and cardboard, and forced the box open.

There were several smaller boxes inside, wrapped in black paper with small pink logos on them. On the very top of these inner boxes sat a letter that she had never expected to receive.

Megan recognized the company name right away. How could she not, when she'd recently blasted their entire reason for being in the business all over her blog, gaining a surprising amount of press with other review sites on the internet? The company was a joke really. They put out shoddy stuff. What better way was there to put it?

Stretching again, enjoying the exposure to the air, as her nipples firmed up and she sat on the end of her bed, Megan carefully unfolded the letter and read.

~ From the Offices of Yuragonna Seesumbiguns ~, she read.

She paused and read that line again. This was actually from the office of the founder and president of Sonix gaming? That was definitely a much bigger response than she'd expected. Her blog must have really made the rounds.

She smiled and continued reading.

~ In response to your severe and unrestrained critique of both our company and our products, we'd like to offer our profound apologies for failing to satisfy such a well-respected American reviewer.

You're work has impressed us in the past and we only wish to make up for the flaws you have pointed out in our game designs and system failures. Please know that we respect your judgments and have decided to make you an offer.

Enclosed you will find not only our newest and most advanced gaming system, not yet for sale, but a compilation of our most challenging and nostalgic gaming collection. The way this new system works is similar to the one you reviewed, but much more intuitive. As you play, it should provide a remarkable new challenge both mentally and physically for even the most experienced gamer.

As a female reviewer, your opinion counts as one of the highest we can accept. So, our offer is a simple one. Please play the compilation we have provided and attempt to finish it. We will not lie, it is challenging. If you do that much and write a review of what you think of our company and products, we will gladly allow the system, and all future games released to be considered gifts from us to you.

If you do not wish to accept our challenge and our gift, feel free to attach the return label to this package and ship back to us at no cost to you.

Sincerely,
Yuragonna Seesumbiguns ~

Megan put the letter down and looked at the box. They'd really taken her seriously enough to send a prototype system and games? She knew she was good, but sometimes she even impressed herself. As for accepting the challenge, was there even a doubt in her mind what she'd do?

She couldn't help but think there was a bit of sarcasm, and it did seem a bit too good to be true. She checked the return address and the name on the company's website. Everything

looked legit so far, but she still wasn't satisfied. She looked up their business number and made a quick call.

After navigating through a very annoying mechanized operator, she wound up talking to a receptionist. Thankfully for her, they had an English speaking branch. "Hello and thank you for calling Sonix Gaming Customer Support. What issue can I help you with today?"

"Hey, yes this is Megan Hunt. I received a..."

"Oh, yes! I've heard. You're calling to confirm it isn't some sort of joke or a scam?"

"Uh... yeah." Megan was impressed. Clearly, they had thought of everything.

"Well, it's no secret that Sonix Gaming wants to expand their audience, um, oh, sorry, there's a smudge on my paper." Megan heard some shuffling from the other side of the phone. "Right! Here we go. Sonix Gaming wants to expand their audience base, and so the company has decided to reach out to several reviewers to play test the new console, dubbed the Pleasure Station. It's still a work in progress, but several games are operational. You've been sent a personalized compilation of games ranging from some 8-bit retro classics to games with graphics and sound so intense you'll feel like everything happening to your character is happening to you."

"I see," Megan said. She thought it smelled fishy, but Sonix Gaming wasn't exactly the most predictable company. They had come out of nowhere with a crappy console that they overcharged for. Maybe this time they had tried a bit harder.

"I can connect you directly to Yuragonna Seesumbiguns if you would like." The friendly and overly chipper receptionist said.

"No, no. I wouldn't mind giving him my impression of the console first, though. Is there a private number?"

"Oh, yes, absolutely. He personally designed most of the games in your compilation. He's quite the serious gamer himself, after all. He's in America at the moment, but his cell number should be included with the instruction manual you received."

"All right, I guess that sounds good. Thanks. I'll get started on this, then." Megan was very pleased with the professionalism. To think, they were taking an amateur female reviewer seriously. She must have turned some heads at one point. This was how she would finally make those dreams come true.

"Thank you," said the voice on the phone, "and all of us at Sonix Gaming can't wait to hear what you think of the Pleasure Station." The woman quickly disconnected.

Megan turned back to the box. Well, she thought, at least it looked like she had something to do today.

The setup took surprisingly little work. Considering the reputation Sonix had earned, especially with the complexity of their researched technology, they had managed to get this one right. It

was vastly superior over their much more standard Game Station console.

Megan checked the cords, took note that this one had actually entered the current century and had a wireless controller, then went back to the box and checked the game compilations included. It was a little disconcerting that they'd stepped back from CDs and were now using a cartridge-based design. That didn't really convince her of the claims the woman on the phone had made. How could anything like this have graphics so real she would question whether it was happening to her or not?

"Cool!" She said, suddenly noticing one small peripheral she'd failed to see before. It was a camera, but not just any camera. As a reviewer she'd taken note of the virtuality camera system being touted as the next big thing. This little device was supposed to fully recognize not just the player but everything in the room. It was state-of-the-art and if she got to keep it free for playing this system and reviewing her experience, cool was the simplest expression she could make.

Megan made her normal notations on design and appearance of the Pleasure Station. It was basic black, nothing fancy there. It wasn't as boxy as the last model and had a rather sleek looking string of neon pink lights following the sloped vertical sides. It did give the system a much sexier appearance. At least they'd gotten one thing right.

* * *

The cartridges for games had her concerned. Megan walked over and picked up the first game in the compilation. She then turned and grabbed the instruction manual. She just wasn't so sure about this giving her the proof she'd need to change her prior opinion.

"Ms. Pinkman?" she said to herself. "Clearly they haven't gotten the okay from Namco on some of their properties yet. Still, I wonder what kind of cartridge this is. Old style cartridges weren't a bad idea, they just had memory issues. With solid state memory in them, there is the off chance this could potentially make a blu-ray look bad."

The instructions for this game were simplistic. She would just have to guide the pink Pacman-like clone, who thankfully wasn't wearing a bow, and avoid the spirits, not ghosts, unless she got one of the power balls located in the four corners. Simple enough, Megan thought. She had played enough Pacman at retro arcades to know how the game worked. She shrugged as she locked the game in the top loading console and turned it on.

The start up and intro screen was a mash of CG effects with some echoing girl saying Sonix Pleasure Station. The production quality wasn't bad, but the strobe would get surely annoying. Megan made a note about it. They might have to change that

When the game started, she actually got a bit of a laugh. The modern CG Pleasure Station logo became pixelated into 8-bit glory. She just smiled and pressed the start button.

She liked the feel of the controller. It provided a lot more grip than the competitors and allowed her a freer range of motion than she was used to. Dual analog was to be expected, but she was really impressed by the directional pad. It was much smoother than she was expected

and definitely an improvement in her mind. She might not even need a fight stick for fighting games with it.

The game was surprisingly quick to jump right into, considering the simplistic graphics and bright color scheme. Megan actually found herself enjoying guiding her little pink amorphous blob around the maze, gobbling up the tiny white dots with practiced ease.

She found herself being quickly sucked into the graphics, a surprising nostalgia to old classics really making the game fairly fun. She made a mental note to put that in the positives of her review.

As easy as the game was, Megan felt the clenching in her gut. Usually that only happened in the more tense shooters that she played. The pain in her gut could be ignored for the moment. She was racing away from the spirits who'd just closed in on her position. If only she could reach the next corner and grab the first of the power balls.

Megan felt a dryness in her mouth as Ms. Pinkman got close to clearing the first board. It was a trial game, but this was very similar to one of the harder levels she personally remembered in the Pac-Man series. She didn't have a problem with it, but then she was used to this sort of game. The first power ball was close.

She grinned as she saw two spirits close in on her. She quickly took the power ball and prepared to chow down on some spirits.

The rush she got as the board flickered and flashed and the spirits turned a pale shade of green was massive. She honestly began to feel as if she were Ms. Pinkman and she were sucking down those fleeing spirits. It was intense, far too intense for such a simple game.

Megan quickly zoomed down row after row, chasing the poor spirits down, determined to not just clear the board of dots, but to consume all the spirits and up her score that much more. She was a perfectionist after all.

She shifted in her seat, almost wanting to stand. Her belly rumbled slightly, reminding her how she'd skipped eating anything today. She never took her eyes away from the screen, biting her lip in concentration.

"Food can wait, I'm stuffing Ms. Pinkman's belly right now." Megan slit her eyes with focus. She was the master of this game. Easy as anything, she knew the results would only be impressive. Her skill wasn't questioned.

She gobbled down the last spirit and surprisingly noticed how fat the little 8-bit blob of pink looked on the screen. Simple graphics couldn't hide the clear bulge of having consumed so much in one level.

"She can't quite hide it can she, the poor girl?" Megan wondered why they had added the swollen belly animation. Maybe it was just a victory thing. She stopped worrying about why as the screen popped up with a congratulatory message.

"Congratulations Megan," it read. "You've beaten the first game. You can end the challenge

and the demonstration of the new console here, or you can keep going on to other games. There is a condition, though. Long exposure to the new Pleasure Station Gaming System can potentially have adverse effects on players health and mental condition. We suggest taking a break. Do you want to continue?"

Personalized messages, a nice touch. Megan marked it down. It at least showed the company cared. She wasn't going to stop here, though. She had played games for up to 72 hour stretches before, this had hardly taken her more than five minutes. She clicked yes and felt her stomach rumbling again.

Maybe she would have to get some food before she put in the next game. As her stomach continued rumbling and she glanced down, the thought of food faded quickly from her head.

Megan dropped the controller for a moment. The sight she saw when looking down at her stomach confused her and yet simultaneously fascinated her. She raised nervous hands up and rubbed her swollen abdomen. It wasn't just swollen, it was rather massive looking. Her taut skin was domed out like a pregnant girl, more so even, and the look of her belly bulging out past her tits was somehow erotic.

"Oohhhh..." Megan moaned, touching her skin and feeling shivers travel inside her.

Just like Ms. Pinkman, Megan thought. She looked just like that pink little blob. All those spirits and dots. She'd cleared the board and collected all the bonuses and apparently she herself had collected a bonus as well, a big one.

Her belly was so large, she wondered how she'd missed seeing it grow. She recalled the clenching in her gut, what she'd assumed was tension. How had this happened? Megan rubbed her belly, pushing inwardly a little. She gasped. Every movement of her fingers across her skin was like pure sexual exhilaration. She realized she could probably orgasm just pressing on her swollen belly.

Leaning back, Megan reached down and took the controller in her hands. It was hard to take her focus away from what had become of her. Her tits looked rather tiny sitting atop the blown up Ms. Pinkman blob her stomach had become. Still, she was rather excited, an odd sensation all things considered. This was definitely worth noting in her review though, and right now she wasn't sure whether it belonged in the positive or the negative column.

It was certainly bizarre to say the least. She struggled to get to her feet, having never had to do that before. She felt like whatever was in her stomach had made it way more sensitive than she was used to. She prayed no one would come over suddenly and try to tickle her. That thought, while an unlikely possibility, seemed strangely arousing and strong.

Oh, who was she kidding? All of her friends were just as shut in as her. She waddled over to the box and looked at the next game.

* * *

Drives of Anger.



Megan snorted. It was a beat 'em up game, probably making a joke out of Streets of Rage. Like the original Streets of Rage, it even had a female character, and as an extra bonus she was off to save her boyfriend. Megan laughed. Well, at least they were empowering female gamers with this.

She pulled Ms. Pinkman from the console and inserted Drives of Anger. The 8-bit logo on the system changed into something a bit better, 16-bit levels, Megan thought. The game didn't waste time getting her into it. She selected the female with shoulder length black hair and a rather athletic look to her and prepared to beat down some goons.

The level started rather quickly and Megan soon forgot her rounded belly. Unfortunately her belly was still there and moving the controller around managed to make Megan keep missing her punches or throwing her aim a bit off its usual pinpoint accuracy.

"Damn!" Megan shouted, trying to hold the controller atop her belly while still wandering down the street.

Goons were jumping out left and right. Clearly this was a more advanced version of the game she'd assumed it ripped off. The graphics were precise, exactly what she would have expected to find were the game actually from the decade it represented. The rocking sound track and thumping bass really amped her up more as she managed to at least get a few punches in.

Sadly, Megan wasn't liking how this level was going. As she was punched repeatedly in the gut, her stomach began to actually ache. It was the same when the goons jumped down on either side of her and kicked her. Every blow seemed to land squarely on her belly and the poor black haired girl on screen was beginning to look as beat up as Megan felt.

The street Megan moved her character down was in some small suburban farm country area. She knew it was farm country as every so often she'd pass a barrel with a graphically challenged image of a cow on it. Punching these barrels was a nice way to provide a bonus to her score. Still the goons kept piling on the pain.

It wasn't until Megan moved her controller that she noticed something was changing. Her belly wasn't where it used to be. Sure enough, she looked down and her pregnant-sized stomach was slightly smaller. Actually, she thought, it almost looked to have been dented inward, as though the kicks in the game were really affecting her here in her living room.

Distracted, Megan allowed one of the goons to land three square kicks right into her belly. This time she actually saw it. Her bloated belly rippled and she felt the clenching pain as her expansion seemed to not flatten, but more shift from one part of her to another. Her tits were swelling slightly. Whatever was in her belly from Ms. Pinkman was being rearranged with every punch and kick her character took on the screen.

Her pulse racing with the prospect of what this system had done to her body so far, Megan began mashing buttons, aggressively going for the win in this surprisingly challenging beat-em up game. She defeated the group right around her and punched a few of the cow barrels just for a bonus. It was when these barrels exploded that the real surprise came.

"Gahhh!?" Megan squeaked as she felt an intense sensation from her nipples. Something was dribbling out of them. She looked back and forth from the screen to her breasts, trying to make sure that she wasn't going to be ambushed. She took a finger and traced it up her nipple, but she could barely contain the moan. They were way too sensitive and still slightly oozing a white liquid.

It hit her like a ton of bricks. She was lactating. That was milk coming from her now slightly larger breasts. She looked up at her health, then at her belly. Her life meter and belly seemed to be shrinking at the same rate. She would just have to get some recovery items and let the goons beat up on her enough so she didn't look perpetually pregnant. Her belly still felt far too sensitive, and she knew she was leaking from her nipples onto the carpet.

Still, to get rid of the belly would mean she would have huge breasts. She couldn't guess how big, but if a few kicks and punches already seemed to up her enough that her bras weren't going to fit, they might end up too big.

She grumbled. She really didn't want to look like the oversexed girls in video games, but she didn't want to run around looking like she was going to give birth, especially not if it made her this sensitive. She shook her head. She was going to have to try and wing it.

She scanned the screen as she kept going, beating up all the goons she saw with new fire in her eyes. There it was, not even at the level boss and an icon for a recovery item appeared on the map. She sighed and let the goons pound on her character, groaning with each punch and kick, fearing how big her breasts were going to be.

Ignoring the burgeoning bust she was gaining for the moment, Megan focused on reaching the item. When she saw it, it made sense what it was, even if it wasn't something she would have preferred. So far her fight on the streets had been leading her towards a large traditional looking barn. Why she'd be fighting goons in farm country didn't make any more sense than why the soundtrack sounded more like an 80s metal anthem, but Megan had bigger concerns. Actually, she had two of them, and those concerns were growing heavier by the second.

Her belly had just about reached its usual flatness, her defined abs finally feeling as taut as they should. Unfortunately her tits were threatening to topple her forward. Her life meter was nearly depleted, the character on screen looking as unsteady as Megan felt.

The item she needed, the full recovery item was just inside the barn. Perfect, she thought upon seeing it as she moved her character in that direction. It would have to be a full-sized industrial grade milking machine. As if it wasn't bad enough she was dripping on the floor from just the bonus barrels she'd punched, now Megan had to worry about what would happen when she went after this recovery item.

She felt pleasure from the trickles of fluid still squirting out from her swollen nipples. The lactation was surprisingly arousing but it was mostly distracting and that never made a video game easier. Gritting her teeth and focusing on the screen, Megan directed her character at the item she needed, punching out a couple of goons that popped out from behind it. Here goes nothing, she thought, aiming for the machine.

Her character hopped onto the slightly pixellated looking machine and the game faded to

black. Suddenly the Virtuosity camera activated, and a picture of herself on the milking machine flashed on the screen with a very realistic model of the character she had chosen standing nearby. Megan's vision distorted and when it came into focus, she was in a barn.

"What the hell?" she said before giving a loud yelp. The machine was already on and was sucking milk right out of her. She gasped and arched her back before trying to pull away. A harness on her back kept her locked in a little pen as the machine continued sucking her tits. Her character stood next to the machine. She tapped her foot and gave a wink as more milk started pouring from Megan's breasts.

She groaned and grunted, feeling everything that had built up in her start flooding away. Her breasts weren't getting smaller, though. They stayed massive almost in spite of her. She shook her head, trying to blot out the pleasure of being milked, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't escape the feeling. She reached over to grab the bars of her pen and clutched them tightly.

"Ah... help me! I'm not a cow...! I can't do this forever!" she pleaded to her character.

"Better you than me. I mean, look, my breasts aren't nearly as big as yours." Her character ripped off her top to show her perky breasts. "No way I could get a full recovery off the milk I could provide. I have to use you instead. You don't mind though, do you? I know you want to win."

"That's not fair!" Megan gasped as another large squirt of milk was taken from her. Her knees buckled and gave out, but the harness kept her suspended above the machine. She looked on pathetically, a little drool at her lips as it just kept going. She could feel her pussy leaking down her legs. "S-Save me."

"Oh, fine. I'll let you go, it looks like you've been milked enough."

She saw her character take one of the bottles of milk she had just produced and drink it. Her vision faded, and she was back sitting across from the TV, playing the game. Her huge nipples weren't lactating anymore, but they felt sensitive as if they had really just been sucked dry.

"Damn, that's just mean," she said, leaking a bit more onto the floor. She had a small puddle under her now.

She snapped back to the game as goons appeared on the screen. It wasn't even going to give her time to masturbate. Stupid game. She made a quick mark in the negative section of her review notes.

Megan took out all the frustration put upon her on these goons. It was ass-kicking time and she was holding nothing back. The game had taken so much of her normal resolve away from her; she wasn't handling this well.

Being horny and playing a video game had never exactly worked out in Megan's favor before, not that it hadn't happened. She usually would simply hit the pause button and leisurely enjoy her time with herself. Naturally this game didn't have a pause feature. That was definitely a big one for the negative marks her review of the system would have. Unless Sonix planned to



adjust certain features, her review was looking more than a little unbalanced so far.

Megan destroyed the first wave of goons that came her way, but clearly she was nearing the final boss on this level. Unlike Ms. Pinkman, simply eating a bunch of frightened spirits wasn't going to finish this game. She needed to fight something much larger. She knew when the goons cleared, the boss fight was on.

Her health looked decent, her score kind of dismal, but did she have enough to defeat the boss? Megan wasn't feeling as confident as she should. With the twists this game kept tossing at her how could she?

The boss walked onto the screen, and she might've known. It was a man with a pitchfork and overalls. It didn't look like he was wearing anything else, but then the pixels made it pretty hard to tell.

The boss's first move was to dash across the screen with the pitchfork. Megan didn't even have time to move out of the way and took the first hit, watching her health plummet. This was hardly a fair fight.

Megan managed to get a few hits in, but the farmer's counter attack was instant and took her health dangerously low. Megan grumbled. This fight obviously took prior knowledge to beat. A horrible game mechanic more suited for arcades where they were designed to steal coins. She marked a negative strike quickly before trying her hardest to beat the boss.

She only managed to get a few more hits before the most dreaded words in her vocabulary appeared on the screen in big cow spotted letters. "GAME OVER!"

"What!? No continues!?" Megan fumed. She wanted to write down a very specific and venomous complaint, but she didn't have much of an opportunity to as the camera took another picture and her vision faded.

She found herself back hooked to the milking machine, this time with a leather collar and a cowbell around her neck. Right across from her was her character in a milking machine of her own, huge tits and cow spotted skin.

"Oooh.... Why did you have to lose?" her character said. The girl across from Megan moaned and bucked in her harness, trying to get it off her as she was helplessly milked. "I have to go through this forever now!"

"Well, at least you sound excited about it."

"Sh-shut up! Just because it feels good doesn't mean I enjoy it."

Megan almost opened her mouth to argue, but she realized she was talking to a program in a video game. It simply wasn't worth her time.

Though, still, she didn't like the looks of her situation. What if she was trapped here forever too? What if she had cow spots painted on her skin. She shook her head, she wasn't going to allow that to happen. First, she just had to figure a way out of the harness before the milking

machine turned on.

She felt a thick cock dive into her pussy as the milking machine turned on. She cried out, feeling milk she swore had already been drained get forcefully sucked out of her. "Congratulations!" she heard someone drawl on behind her. It was probably that farmer. "You've lost the game, but you've won a free piece of Sonix Pleasure Wear!"

"What's...oooh, dammit...! Erm... what's that?" Megan tried to think, but the cock thrusting away at her pussy was interfering with that process. She just needed a little more though. Just a bit more stimulation and she'd orgasm and be back to her maximum.

"Well, it's clothing, of course." The farmer pulled out, still not having climaxed himself, and walked in front of her, showing that he was much better looking than Megan could've guessed. The man grinned and rang Megan's bell. "It's not this, though. It's better. And you get to live your entire life lactating! Isn't that great?"

"What!? You've got to be kidding!" Megan protested, but she was still trapped in the harness and was obviously on the edge of having a mind shattering orgasm.

"Oh hush, your nipples are super sensitive now. Guys will be able to make you cum just from licking them and fondling them. Though, you might should be careful taking care of the breastfeeding if you ever have children." The farmer bent down in front of her. "You were close to climaxing, huh?" He then turned and laughed. "Not even happening! You have many more games to play. Try not to get another Game Over."

He winked, and quite without warning Megan found herself back in her living room. Her breasts were supported by a new cow print styled bra. She reached up to feel them, blushing from the sheer size. She was going to have problems running. At least she wasn't lactating at the moment.

She moved around and heard a piece of paper crumple inside her cleavage. She looked at the paper and scowled. "Thank you for wearing your first piece of Pleasure Wear! This and other cow printed bras will stop you from lactating, but as soon as it comes off, any sexual arousal will make you gush from more than one place! Enjoy your new bra and your new breasts!"

She pouted. She didn't want to guess the size. It was probably just labeled as obscene. Glaring over at the box, she wasn't even thinking of stopping here. Sonix Pleasure Station wasn't going to beat her.

Jiggling her way back to the box, Megan picked up the next game. It truly would take some getting used to, lugging around all the heavy weight of milk-laden breasts. Just them rubbing against each other inside her bra made her wish she could take the bra off for a little personal relief. Of course doing that would soak her carpet and she was already worried how much cleaning she was going to have to do later.

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"Ass-steroids!" Megan said. "Seriously, Sonix sometimes takes the pun naming to new lows."



Sure enough the next cartridge was labeled Classic Ass-steroids. It was another clear rip-off title but this one was a bit different. As she popped it in the slot and waited for the title screen, a new 32-bit soundtrack played, surrounding her with primitive surround sound. The title looked more cleanly refined, coming close to early CD quality graphics. The floating lumps in the background clearly were more stylized than the ones in the classic game title. They all looked like floating representations of a very bubbly ass.

Glancing over the instructions, Megan wasn't taking anything lightly about this game. It looked simple enough. All she had to do was guide her tiny syringe-shaped ship around the screen, avoiding a crash into the little ass shaped mounds. She was supposedly intended to win by shooting as much steroids as she could into one small portion of the asses until they eventually exploded.

"Original take on a controversial subject matter," Megan noted. At least that was something she could spin as a positive, provided the game actually turned out to be a decently entertaining one.

She pressed the start button, resolving herself that this time no distractions could keep her focus short of the goal. This one had to be easier than the last one.

"I wonder if they're just going to place this one at face value and make my ass huge," Megan rolled her eyes. She had played so many bullet hells as she called games like this in her life that this was going to be simple. She knew she would crush this game, even if her breasts were getting in the way.

It started slow; she hardly even moved from the starting point, but it gradually sped up. She swerved around every "ass"teroid. She noted the time limit, meaning this game was going to be an endurance test, though they had never seen Megan's endurance. She was already approaching the halfway mark and hadn't even come close to dying.

She wasn't just going to beat this game, she was going to perfect it.

As though her thoughts were perfectly timed, that's when the game swung into a much more challenging territory. She was having to shift uncomfortably in her seat, something that was becoming a bit more than a mere distraction. The "ass"teroids were zooming at her from all corners of the screen and her heavy bra wasn't helping as she instinctively jerked the controller in one direction, then another.

"Still too good for you," Megan laughed. She was destroying this game. Maybe the level design was far too simple. She should note that in her review.

She almost fell out of her seat, leaning forward and looking at the screen intensely. She was nearing the completion and with a clearly impressive score. So far she imagined she'd cleared every last "ass"teroid by swelling it up and watching it flash with impressive higher quality graphic explosions.

Shifting forward, Megan forgot her new volume of flesh and almost let her nipples force the controller from her hands. Luckily she recovered and blasted the final three objects in typical

Megan Hunt manner.

"Ha!" She shouted. "You have to throw more than a bunch of ass-shaped space debris at me."

That's when she noticed the camera click on and yet another twisted reveal came her way.

A picture of her bent over a ship appeared on screen, except her ass was huge. She closed her eyes, hoping that she had managed to avoid being sucked into the picture, but when she opened them, she found herself bent over the front of the ship with her ass in the air.

"Congratulations and thanks for piloting so well, or I'd be in your position!" she heard a woman say. A hand roughly kneaded her ass. "You don't have much back here. I mean, it's cute and taut, and I'm sure loads of guys love it and girls envy it. It's just not enough, though, not at all, especially with such big breasts!"

Megan turned her head to see the woman who was speaking. She was in a bright pink flight suit with a form smaller than her own, well, what her form used to be. She had a huge grin on her face as she held up two needles.

"And here we go!" she said before Megan felt a small pinch in her ass.

"Ohhhhhh..." Megan screeched. The expected pain from those needles sticking into her was far from what she experienced. It seemed like every nerve-ending in her body, especially those around her ass, were on fire with pleasure.

Megan collapsed over the ship, managing to catch herself with her giant tits. As they rubbed against the cool steel of the ship, Megan only orgasmed harder, feeling the rush of fresh juices coat her thighs. She could even feel her thighs swelling up enough to match her ass.

She knew what was happening. She'd seen it on the screen before closing her eyes. Megan was getting what happened to all those "ass"teroids. The needles plunged deeper into the firm tissue of her ass. They emptied their wicked drugs into her system and all that she felt was the thrill of elasticity as her skin stretched, her ass cheeks ballooning out into new territory.

Never again would Megan be able to wear her slim-sized jeans, the hip huggers she enjoyed. Never again would she be able to even walk down the street without the distinct chance of causing a car wreck. She closed her eyes, the woman behind her laughing as the needles emptied.

Upon opening them, Megan found herself on the floor in her living room. She was leaning over the couch, her massive tits having loosened enough from her top that she now freely dribbled fresh flows of milk all over the cushions.

She began to pull herself to her feet, but quickly felt a new shift in her balance.

"Ohhh wow!" Megan moaned. She reached behind her and felt how huge and bubbly her ass was. It wasn't fat, but given her dimensions, her curves now defied logic. She was turning into a buxom slut, and Megan began to get concerned that maybe this game system wasn't the best choice for her to review.



Standing up, Megan managed to stagger forward to the box of games. She pulled her bra back up over her fountaining nipples and felt the tingle of excitement that came from just realizing what had become of her. If her friends showed up now, they'd never recognize her. Still, she did have to give Sonix credit. The reward system in the games so far had been completely unique when compared to any competitors on the market today.

"What's next?" Megan questioned, her voice somewhere between concern and anticipation.

* * *

She pulled out a game and laughed. "Super Slut Fighter 2? I just have to try this." She put the game in and sat back down, feeling the squish of her ass beneath her. It was certainly a lot more comfortable, she could at least say that. It was also a bit more sensitive, which seemed counter intuitive to skin growing. She wondered if she should mark unrealistic as a negative or a positive.

Shaking her head, Megan turned back to the game. It had a decent leap in graphics. While the previous game had more depended on simple effects for its presentation, this one actually had decent character models of an entire cast of female fighters wearing skimpy outfits as well as a select few male players wearing fairly small shorts.

She selected a younger girl in a short oriental looking skirt that cut off right past her hips. It seemed she wasn't wearing any underpants from the long slit up one side. She hit the arcade mode and had her first bout against a sexy looking clown lady. The game had basic controls, quarter circle forward punch launched a fire ball, but after perfecting her first round, she realized what the game's appeal was. Her character's victory taunt was to stand over the other character and rub her crotch with her foot while the other character moaned in submission.

She blasted through the game, having enough practice on other similar fighting games that she could easily figure it out. There was some plot about becoming the best known slut in the world, but she wasn't paying as much attention. Stories in fighter games almost always sucked. The victory taunt remained much the same for all her rounds with the exception of the two male fighters she faced. For them, she actually blushed a little as her character on screen bent down and seemed to mock give them oral sex, continuing until a splash of white appeared over her onscreen face and chest.

The final boss was some communist babe with thigh high fetish boots and a whip. She lost the first match and was shocked to see her character change appearance. The oriental clothing was removed, and a tight yellow shirt that showed off the character's midriff and an obscenely tight miniskirt were put on her.

Megan furrowed her brow. She wasn't going to lose. She beat the crap out of the communist babe by taking advantage of the common weaknesses found with in-game AI. The congratulation screen popped up sooner than expected.

"Congratulations Megan! We knew you had a natural talent at fighters, so we expected you to win this one! You've unlocked two pieces of Pleasure Wear, a tight yellow skirt and a top to

match. They've been fitted for your new body. Not only that, but you'll love being looked at and get further sexual pleasure from your new adjustments! Congratulations again, and only a few more games to go!"

Megan blinked. The camera took another photo and her vision faded. It didn't remain out for long. When she came back to, she was still in her living room, but with new clothes on. The shirt was low necked and seemed to only go just past her breasts, and the skirt hardly hid her ass at all. The Virtuosity camera light was still lit up, and for some reason it was making her burn with arousal. She had to do something for the camera.

On the screen below the camera was the congratulations message.

"Biggest slut in the world." Megan read. Something about those words and the active camera made her squirm a little.

She reached up to her tits and gripped them through her new yellow top. She squeezed them hard, pulling the material out and reaching up underneath. Wiggling her hips, Megan kept her eyes on the camera. She wanted anyone watching to see. She wanted them to lust after her slutty body. She'd show them who the biggest slut in the world was. Megan was master of any game, always had been, and had achieved all manner of victories. Whether it was Professional Marksman in a shooter or Grand Champion in a classic puzzle game, Lilac was proud of her natural skill. Now, she had a new one to add to that list.

Dancing about in front of the camera, Megan lifted her skirt and flashed her wet pussy at the camera. In her mind, she saw gamers across the world all getting off to her teasing acts. She saw girls becoming ravenous sluts just because of the strip-tease she was performing, and she saw guys coming to her and fucking her senseless as she really showed what life was like as the 'biggest slut in the world'.

Megan moaned as she bent over, showing deep cleavage to the camera. She pressed her hands on either side of her tits and squeezed, forcing them up above the tight yellow top. As soon as the massive mammaries toppled above the yellow fabric, streams of white began spraying in jets from her nipples. The spray was wild and uncontrolled, just the way Megan was feeling looking at that camera.

She kept her eyes on the lens and squished her fat nipple, feeling a couple of squirts splatter against her chin and cheek. Megan flicked her tongue out, eagerly licking up her milk. She spun around and continued dancing, feeling more a slut than ever before.

"Damn..." She moaned, breaking into another giggle.

Shaking her curvy bubble ass in front of the camera, Megan closed her eyes. She reached back and gripped the material of her skirt, sliding it ever so slowly up until her dripping cunt could be properly displayed. Bending over, she stretched her fingers down each leg, whimpering in the pleasure of feeling up her white creamy thighs. Megan rotated her hips, doing things with her new curvier body that she'd never been able to do before. Her swaying tits still spattered the carpet in a white rain of fluid as she caressed her taut stomach and moaned even louder.

Suddenly the camera light flickered off and Megan realized exactly what she'd been doing.



Shaking her head, trying to clear the obsessive thoughts of being 'biggest slut in the world', she pulled her top back into place and let her skirt lower.

"Whoa, that was a trip!" Megan said. She giggled, feeling the thrill of being so naughty in front of a live camera. She had no idea who, if anybody, had seen what she just did, but somehow that only made it more arousing.

"Entertainment beyond just play time in the games. That's surely a plus in Sonix' favor." Megan said.

She walked back over towards the system, eager to see just how easy it would be to master whatever game came next.

To be concluded...

Megan had to admit, despite some unusual circumstances and side effects, Sonix new Pleasure Station was overall doing well in her review so far. Sure, she'd have to give them some fairly damaging negative points if these changes or whatever was happening to her were permanent, but even so, the Pleasure Station was impressive on a very basic level. Of course there were more games yet to come and she wasn't about to make assumptions yet.

It took a lot for Megan Hunt to sign off on something. Her blog readers didn't respect her for nothing, though respect looking the way she did and feeling the way she now was might be short lived. Lugging around giant tits with the constant and sudden fear of a lactation geyser might make her feel like a slut but it didn't take away her sharp gaming skills. If Sonix thought the distraction might make her easier on them, they had another thing coming.

Reaching into the box of prototype games, she pulled a colorful looking box out and looked at the title. Hexacube: Intelligence Tester, she read, frowning. Puzzle games were usually one of two things, either highly addictive or just terrible. The back of the box made the bold claim of making even the smartest of gamers feel stupid.

She could take that challenge. Looking over the instructions, it was just a game that dealt with spacial reasoning, and it was proven time and time again that video games increased spacial thinking abilities much better than most other activities. She loaded it into the console and was assaulted with the one thing she hated about cheaply made games, bloom. The harsh glowing of onscreen lights was just too much, especially for a company that had to know better.

"Fucking bloom," she said as she navigated through the menu. The game looked like it would give most games from about the last decade a run for their money, but with such a simplistic design, she didn't expect to see anything else but bloom and random lighting effects.

She started the game in time attack mode and noticed the one minute timer. She yawned and beat the first puzzle with forty-five seconds to spare. The game deserved a point for not wasting too much of her time with animation. She could plan everything ahead and not waste even a second. Most of these puzzle games weren't so nice. She kept burning through level after level, not running into a single road block.

The game ended quite suddenly and a congratulatory message popped up. "Wow! That's incredible! Most people can never blast through a puzzle game with the speed and efficiency you have, but your ridiculous gaming addiction must have made it a breeze. We're sure your head hurts just a little, so to reward you we're going to give you some time to relax and not think. Sometimes it's just better to giggle and go with the flow, after all."

Megan had a terrible feeling of what might happen next.

The colors on screen began spinning, spiraling in front of her until she almost felt she might lose her balance just sitting there. Suddenly, the Virtuosity camera light flickered to life, and Megan felt the darkness closing in on her yet again.

When her eyes widened and the lights came back on, Megan found herself sitting in the Hexacube game. The colorful shapes were behind her, and she felt oddly relaxed, more than she knew she should based on prior experiences during these games.

"What?" Megan muttered, her voice a little shallow and just slightly higher pitched.

The shapes floating around her seemed to hover right over her head. She looked up into the air, seeing hundreds of puzzle pieces, ones like she'd cleared in the game. Tiny little pink and yellow bubbles exploded from these shapes and soared right down at her head.

Megan froze where she sat, looking at the brightly colored bubbles firing right at her as though from some little child's bubble cannon. The first pink bubble splattered against her forehead. Then a yellow one slapped wetly onto her temple. Again and again, she was bombarded with the puzzle bubbles. Then she felt something new, something beyond the wet smack of popping bubbles. She could feel them seeping into her brain, moving around, playing with her thoughts, messing with her intellect, and readjusting her priorities.

Her math and reasoning skills began to feel hazy and foreign to her. She saw numbers in her head changing into happy little bunnies and fluffy little chicks. She giggled and swayed from side to side as the bubbles continued soaking into her brain. Loud sucking noises could be heard as new, brighter bubbles began emerging from her ears. The bubbles floated away, drifting off with part of her captured inside each one. Megan watched as these bubbles containing her skills and knowledge drifted away and popped. She felt only happy and slightly loopy as the puzzle game continued sapping her mind of all kinds of thoughts, shedding them in bright bubbles, only to have those bubbles explode in a rainbow of wetness.

Glancing down, a tiny bit of drool formed on her lips as she stared down at her cleavage and giggled. Titties. She liked titties; they were fun. And these were big ones. When did she get these big giant titties?

A new onslaught of pink and yellow bubbles sounded from above, forcing her to look up. That was right! The titties came from gaming. Gaming was fun. Playing with titties was funner. She furrowed her brow. Was funner a word?

The world around her glowed bright, the word bloom leaving her mind and popping as everything faded and she found herself back drooling slightly on her couch in front of the television. The camera was off and Megan realized she felt like everything around her was funner now. She had a brief thought again over whether that was the right word.

Giggling, she realized it wasn't all that important if it was a word. Thinking about whether it was made her brain hurt. Thinking about her titties and her ass didn't make her brain hurt at all. In fact, she was finding all kinds of new things to picture when she closed her eyes, kinky things, things she felt the old Megan would frown at.

Of course, who cared about the old Megan? The new Megan was having a blast. She marked a huge positive on the review. After all, games were about having fun, and she couldn't remember a time when she had more fun.

She crawled over to the box of games, showing her ass off to no one in particular. She picked out the next game; Call of Booty: Fun in the Hot Sun.

She turned the box over and looked at it. "Oh!" she gasped. The game was about two teams of



girls wearing white cotton shirts and shorts without panties or bras. The idea of the game was to soak the other girls down until their tits and pussies were showing. The losing team at the end had to suffer a makeover from the winning team and the winning team received a special reward from the guys who were spectators of the main game.

Megan giggled. That was such a silly game idea, and she loved it. She pulled Hexacube out of the console and put Call of Booty in. The game flashed on screen with really good graphics, nearly modern day and highly polished. The girls were all outrageously sexy in the overly curvy video game way, but Megan loved that! She looked like one of those girls.

She gasped as she noticed one of the optional players looked just like her! She selected the character and started off in the team game. She had to play with a bunch of computer controlled bots, but she didn't mind. It was just a test copy, after all. The game didn't have any pretentiousness, how did she still know that word, in its presentation. It was just what it was. A bunch of hot girls chasing each other with water guns.

Megan found that she was amazing at that. Her mind wouldn't focus on anything but sex, and that was a clear advantage. She heard the game call out "Double Soak!" in a sexy, if not slightly ditzzy, voice. Megan knew she had to hear it again.

There were sixteen girls on each side, and the soaks to win was 50. She just giggled, playing with a speed and skill that made her earlier gaming look like child's play. Apparently, it didn't take much intelligence to play a shooter.

Megan was giggling so hard that she wasn't sure how exactly she kept decimating the competition inside the game. She ducked and dodged wet assault after wet assault, spraying her opponents down more and more.

"Double Soak!"

Just the words seemed to leach into her brain, making her giggle harder. She was noticing more and more of the graphically enhanced girls on screen, their hard nipples and wet pussies flashing across the screen in highly detailed animations. The games just kept getting better, and she just kept getting wetter.

Sitting there mashing the buttons and moving the controller with a skill she wasn't quite sure of, Megan felt her thighs moisten as the opponents on screen turned her on. They were sexy just like she now was, and they became even sexier as they were soaked down to their non-existent underwear.

"Like, totally wet!" Megan squealed. She watched her soak counter climb to 50 and the game suddenly changed.

On screen, Megan's team all joined together in a wet, slutty looking hug. The characters all rubbed each others' bodies, squeezing their tits, shoving their animated tongues at each others' faces. Clearly, they were celebrating a triumphant victory.

Megan pouted, holding the controller to her chest. She wanted to be hugged and fondled. That wasn't very fair. She squirted those bad girls with water too. Why couldn't she get all squirmy

with her team?

Just as Megan was about to get up and approach the game system, the Pleasure Station logo appeared on the screen and a voice sounded across the room as the Virtuosity camera activated.

A picture of her in a salon chair, surrounded by her team, her clothes dripping wet and revealing her nipples and pussy, appeared on screen.

"Congratulations? We... didn't actually expect you to win this one. In fact, we thought you were going to lose. We were so sure that we almost didn't include a reward for winning, but win you did! In addition to the special reward from the guys, your team is going to give you a slutty makeover! Proclaim to the world how much of a giggling slut you are just by how much make up and jewelry you wear!"

Megan clapped ecstatically even as her vision faded. It cleared up with her surrounded by her team mates.

"As MVP, we're going to give you the best makeover ever. New hair, new nails, maybe give you some better lips and a cuter nose. Oh, and new lashes! We can't forget that! And makeup too! We have so much to do to you before the studs get to offer their rewards. Got to make sure your body hair never comes in again, too."

Megan giggled, looking past her teammates at the group of studly looking guys, shirtless and all sporting some rather massive packages between their legs. She shivered with anticipation, hoping those packages were part of her rewards.

The girls around her all cheered as if they were at a slumber party. "Oh yeah, she's so cute. I think she'd look great with a tattoo," a black haired girl with a nose stud said.

"Oh! And a sexy navel piercing!" a ditzzy redhead said.

"What about her nipples?", someone else said.

"No way, she'll never be able to keep that milk in her if we do that."

"So, isn't that a reason to do it?"

"Pssh, she'll be unable to focus on gaming! We can't have that."

Megan giggled; she loved the attention.

"Well, we're definitely going with a yellow theme. That's for sure."

The girls hovered over her with eyes filled with lust and desire to play with her appearance.

Megan giggled as soft, delicate hands wandered across her body. One of the girls grabbed a tray with makeup on it and began holding colors up to her eyes and cheeks. Another of the girls, the black haired one, moved out of her sight, and she heard a buzzing sound right as a

simultaneous tingle traveled up her right side.

"Oooohhh!" Megan giggled. "That tickles."

"Be still. You don't want me to make a mistake," the raven haired beauty said.

"This color is so nice, and it's sure to make your lips much fuller. Need them nice and full so every guy on the streets knows what a silly little slut you are." The girl holding the makeup tray moved in close, holding a bright red lipstick with little yellow flecks in it.

Megan gasped a little as the others held her still and the girl applied lipstick to her rather thin lips. They began tingling almost instantly, and when Megan looked straight down, past her button nose, she could see them swelling. They puffed up as the lipstick coated them, giving them a wet and shiny look.

"Ooohhh, oh, oh yeahhhh!" Megan groaned.

The lipstick had a taste to it, cherry, and it seemed to flood her mouth with fluid, washing all the thoughts that weren't about sex away. She giggled and looked up as one of the other girls began doing her lashes.

"There we go, cuter than ever." The girl said.

The buzzing suddenly moved from Megan's right side to her tummy just above her crotch. She giggled as it felt just like feathers tickling her. The intensity of the tattoo needle only made her warmer inside, a heat that was beginning to overwhelm her.

Megan giggled as her eyes rolled back in her head. The makeup, the tattoo, and now she felt a sudden sharp snap and she knew her navel had been pierced. Her hands were pulled away from her and Megan could feel the girls going to work on her nails. She was giddy with anticipation to see just what she looked like.

Opening her eyes, Megan got more than one surprise. She looked out at the world through thick lashes and glancing down noticed how sexy her upturned nose was suddenly. She also looked to each side and saw the wonderful yellow gloss they were applying to her nails. It was then that the black haired girl lifted her head up and smiled.

"All done. Now if you don't look like the cutest little slut I've ever seen, well... you won't get much closer."

Megan suddenly felt dizzy and nearly fell when trying to stand up. The girls were laughing and playfully reaching out to squeeze her tits as the men suddenly stepped forward. Megan cooed as they got closer, her thoughts melting nearly as fast as that special spot between her thighs.

None of the guys even looked at her teammates. Instead they all picked Megan up forcefully, then carried her off to the beach with them. In no time at all, Megan felt one of the studs grabbing her thighs and holding her out from him. She looked down and saw his shorts simply vanish, an erection bigger than she'd ever seen throbbing and being pushed straight up between her legs.

"Ohhhh!" She squealed at the very real sensation of that massive hunk of man meat being shoveled up inside her.

The musclebound man grit his teeth and fucked her harder than ever, harder than she could recall being fucked. Then the other men got their turn in, one leaning her way back so her spine was arched away from the one inside her cunt. This one shoved a thick erection straight down her throat. Then came the surprise rear entry of a third man working his way in from underneath. Soon Megan was feeling sensations like she never had as man after man humped into her, filling her full of cock.

It seemed like forever and then suddenly all of the men were bathing her insides with white hot cream, spewing loads inside her that seemed to fill her up, to the point she worried her tits might just swell up even more than they already had during this day. It was then that her vision began to fade and her head spun. Just about when she thought she was going to fall to the ground, the men vanishing from around her, her vision returned and she was standing in the living room looking at the screen.

Checking her face, Megan could already feel the changes, but when she skipped over to a hanging mirror on the wall, she nearly orgasmed with how perfect she looked. Her makeup was applied just thick enough to be slutty, the pink and yellow tones highlighting the yellow flecks in her lipstick. And oh, her lips! She'd never seen such perfect full lips. They nearly put the rest of her face to shame.

Megan giggled as she explored her body, feeling a tingle from her lengthened nails, the bright yellow gloss decorating them perfectly. She looked down, having to grab hold of her enormous milkers and move them out of the way. She was tattooed now, and weren't they the sexiest tattoos she'd ever seen?

One tattoo was larger and ran up her right side. It was a sexy clingy vine that curled and flowed over her skin, ending in little yellow flowers. The other tattoo was brazenly applied directly over her cunt and was certainly fitting. The Sonix Pleasure Station logo was nicely applied in shades of pink and yellow, branding her forever as a gamer slut. If there was one term that applied to Megan, it was gamer slut. She giggled and rubbed her new ink. No pain, the tattoos brought no pain at being touched. They did bring something else though.

She nearly collapsed to the carpet as rubbing the Sonix logo made her pussy moisten and rubbing the ivy along her side made her tits tremble. Her nipples stiffened and Megan almost lost herself in the reflection of such a hot fucking slut. What more could she have to do besides take this body out on a test drive? She wanted to get some real cock inside her and soon.

"Oopsy!" Megan giggled, looking at the Pleasure Station console and box of games.

How many of these games were left? Megan was near-permanently giddy with excitement. Realizing she owed all that she'd become to Sonix, Megan almost forgot to make her check marks next to the positive notes about the last game. Now what was next?

She looked in the box, giggling uncontrollably. She just felt so sexy and good! She was going to have to make a lot of notes about the positive feelings she was getting from the Pleasure Sta-



tion. Even if it wasn't as mainstream as other consoles, it was sure proving itself as a unique experience.

Megan finally pulled a game out and cooed. Definite Dream. She flipped it over and licked her lips. It was a role-playing game, but it warned that it wasn't complete. There was only one playable story out of five possible ones. She giggled. She was sure one story would last her long enough to get an impression.

She swapped cartridges and started up the game, gasping as the Pleasure Station emblem looked like it was popping out of the screen. The graphics made even the newest games look outdated. The game started with an amazing cut scene showing a cast of several different characters, but the one that stood out to Megan was the cute top heavy girl with the bubble butt wearing next to nothing. She hoped her path was playable.

Finally pressing start, Megan looked at the possible selected stories. She grinned when she saw the cute girl was the playable one. Gabby had lots of silly skills, and the game read that she used her sexiness, charm, and cuteness to subdue monsters.

Megan giggled. That was so perfect for her.

She pressed start and the game asked if she would like a tutorial. She selected yes and waited for the game to load. It asked her to enter a name for the main character. She replaced the name Gabby with her own.

It immediately loaded up a battle scene between her character and a sexy bunny-girl. The game explained the controls and options available. Apparently, Megan couldn't beat battles through brute force. Instead, she attacked the monsters resistance, and when their resistance was depleted, the monster would leave her alone or try to help her out. She was supposed to make sure her resistance wasn't broken and keep her health points from falling to zero or else she would get a game over.

The battle started with Megan having her base attack 'Look Demure' available. She clicked it and the camera turned on. She found herself giving a big wink and a little giggle.

"Ah! Neat, the game is interactive! That'll, like, help with the pacing an' junk!" She marked down a huge positive.

The bunny-girl's turn started, and she did a special move 'Steal Clothes'. The bunny-girl dashed across the screen and tripped Megan before forcing her stockings off her. Megan fell back while playing the game, huge breasts jiggling as she did so, and found her stockings being taken from her. She pouted and looked through her special skills, seeing one she really liked 'Transform: Clothes'.

She giggled, hoping she knew what would happen. Megan found her and her character both doing a little dance and blowing a kiss. A heart came from the kiss and hit the bunny-girl right between the eyes. She looked alarmed for a second before glowing brightly. When the light faded, a pair of cute yellow stockings with fluffy toes and cuffs floated in midair.

An option asked if she wanted to equip the stockings. She selected yes, and the Pleasure

Station announced a message. "Congratulation on your first piece of Definite Dream theme Pleasure Wear! The bunny socks will keep your toes and legs warm even in the coldest of temperature, but watch out, they'll alter your feet and might just make you eager to hump like bunnies do!"

Megan just blinked as she felt the stockings wrap around her legs. She sighed deeply. They were so warm and fuzzy. She kind of wanted to just start masturbating. Her balance was interrupted as she felt her feet changing, becoming arched and slender, her toes pointing inward. She struggled to stay standing, having to stand almost on her tip toes to keep her balance.

She wished she had some high heels around.

Almost forgetting what was happening on screen, Megan stumbled back into the game, her fuzzy mind losing focus as she found herself wishing some random neighborhood stud would come over and mate with her. She wanted to do it just like bunnies but for now there was a game to focus on. The game paired her up this time with a tall leather-clad woman holding a whip. It was explained that this battle was about resistance. Accept the most attacks without losing focus.

Megan grit her teeth and prepared for the worst as defeating the bunny-girl meant this time the opponent went first. The tall dark woman stepped forward on sleek black heels. Her move was a special one, a combo 'Fetish Focus + Thought Melt'. She looked angry and made a big Grrr face as she charged across the screen.

Megan felt the wind knocked out of her as her character bounced back, landing roughly on her big bubbly ass. The woman raised both hands and revealed two objects. One was an empty glass bottle, the other was a bright green bottle. She raised the bright green bottle over Megan's head and poured it right on her hair. She punched the empty glass one into Megan's swaying tits.

"Oooof!" Megan gasped as though she'd really been punched with the glass bottle.

Suddenly her thoughts seemed to scramble. She couldn't quite focus on the screen and herself. The real world began to blur and the game world began to blur. She felt abilities she knew she had slipping away. How to drive a car, how to operate a toaster, her own address, everything began liquifying as though her thoughts really were melting.

Then the soreness in her chest from where the one bottle had punched her sent ripples of pleasure coursing up into her brain. She found her mind focusing once again, though she still had no clue how to operate a toaster. She giggled as new thoughts entered. These were kinky ones too. Megan held the controller in one hand and groped her tits with the other feeling them swell even more than before, now entering into obscene territory.

"Milky!" She sighed.

Just the thought of being a lactating cow for anyone who wanted was making her drip with lust. She wanted to abandon the game, rip off her top, and squeeze her growing twin gushers until the room was flooded. Then she imagined calling all her friends over and playing cow with them. The girls could grab a pail and milk her while the guys fucked her little cunt. She



was so entirely focused on the fantasy that she nearly missed her turn when the leather-clad woman retreated.

She gripped the controller tightly, trying to temporarily push aside what she really wanted to do. Her enormous tits could wait until later, and thankfully it seemed her top was managing to still contain them. There was always time for milk. Now, she needed to come up with something really clever.

The options came up on screen, the tutorial highlighting what was recommended. Defeating the last opponent had opened up new moves, including her own combo. 'Look Demure' was now paired up with 'Frontal Assault'. She also had 'Asset Seizure' and 'Mental Focus'. She weighed her options, ready for the Virtuosity camera to click back on.

Megan picked 'Asset Seizure'. The camera light lit up and she knew just what to do. She rushed towards the camera, stumbling due to the stockings on her legs. Making her best pouty face, Megan waved her hand towards her own midsection.

On the screen, Megan watched her character mimic her moves and rush the tall dark woman. She snatched the whip from the woman's belt and retreated quickly to her side of the screen, holding it up and grinning.

The woman in leather made another Grrr face and charged at Megan. Halfway to her, there was a bright flash of light and when it cleared her enemy had been defeated. Megan giggled and licked her full lips. Another reward coming right up, she thought.

"Congratulations on maintaining focus. Your opponent lost her cool. You kept your head in the game and as such, you've earned two more bonus rewards. A trophy from your battle, brand new Definite Dream Pleasure heels, available in the featured black or any number of customizable colors. Please choose now."

Megan clicked through the options on screen and quickly selected a bright yellow that matched her slutty outfit and makeup. "Pleasure is right!" Megan giggled. One second she was standing there about to stumble. The next second, her feet were perched proudly on their toes, the sensual feeling of classy slut heels lifting her up.

As her back arched and her tits jiggled even more obscenely, Megan found her thoughts wandering back to having milky fun with all her friends. Maybe she could even give some girls she knew her own special type of makeover. First she'd spray them into submission with her tits, then show them the proper way of fucking their boyfriends stupid. If that wasn't a makeover, she didn't know what was. She almost forgot the game had mentioned two rewards.

"For defeating the second fighter, you have earned a fetish injection. Please select from the options on screen to further your character growth."

Megan squealed. Ooh, she thought, more yummy fetishes. She could hardly contain her joy at seeing everything from whips and leather on the screen to role-playing and public submission. She giggled, clicking on the role-playing one. After all, this was a role-playing game. Duh, Megan thought.

The screen filled with a description of her newly injected fetish. 'Character: Megan will now be subject to constant role-playing fantasies. She will submit to any whim and play whatever role others wish for her to play. Dressing up in bunny outfits, leather outfits, schoolgirl outfits, and more, will be a standard part of her week. Enjoy this new fetish and thank you for playing Definite Dream.'

Megan swayed on her heels, feeling all sorts of kinky ideas and costumes fill her empty head. Giggling, she realized while she might not know her address or what her last name was any more, she knew just what she was planning on wearing when she left her home next. She looked back at the screen just in time to see the words 'Boss Fight Loading' appear on screen.

Megan wondered what the boss would be. So far she had fought a bunny-girl and what looked like a domme, so it was likely going to be something sexy. She giggled and hoped the boss would milk her or something silly.

The game loaded and she saw male opponent this time, a vampire standing across from her character in probably the tightest black leather outfit ever. It was mostly a form-fitted costume that showed off how many muscles this vampire had as well as revealing he had an enormous lump between his legs. His thick and high boots as well as the cape he wore gave him some mystique and fearful toughness.

Megan was taunted. She drooled as she looked at the sexy vampire. She couldn't wait to see what happened. Her abilities popped up on a menu and she used 'Mental Focus'. She closed her eyes and felt a power surge within her, when she opened them, everything seemed a lot clearer.

The vampire just smiled and used 'Hypnotic Gaze'. Megan blinked a few times as she looked into the vampire's eyes.

"Bad idea, little girl," the studly vampire said. "Mental Focus makes you pay more attention to detail. You won't be escaping my eyes now."

Megan sank as she gripped the controller tighter. Her turn came, but her only available move was 'Stare'. She found herself selecting it automatically.

The vampire started to walk across the screen, the move 'Bite' lit up. He spoke with a thick accent as he reached her. "It's okay, though. This is a boss battle. It's pattern based. You really have to experience it a few times before you get the hang of it, or you can cheat. No cheat guides for you, though. You'll be mine to fill that head with whatever I like and fuck for all eternity."

He grabbed Megan and moved behind her. Quite by surprise Megan found herself in the game, the vampire breathing on her neck. Fangs pierced her neck, but it felt like pure bliss. She could feel her will fading away as the vampire's venom spread into her brain.

The words "Bad End" floated through Megan's head. She knew that bad endings weren't like game overs. You had to watch a bad end, where a game over let you just retry as if you never lost.

Megan caught herself giggling as her vision seemed momentarily doubled. She could see what was happening to her through both her eyes and those floating out in the real world watching the screen.

The vampire seemed to press in tighter, holding Megan's swollen thighs as she pressed her mouth deeper and wetter onto the nape of her neck. His strong hands began sliding up over the flare of her hips, caressing her freshly tattooed skin. He squeezed her belly tightly, continuing to flood her mind with whatever venom he had.

Megan was dripping beneath her skirt, moist folds enflamed as the vampire stroked her abs, thrusting fingers down and inside her. She grunted as the bite continued sinfully slow, making her numb with passion. Her body tingled from her toes up past the burrowing fingers and straight into her brain.

Suddenly, the wandering vampire fingers lifted her skirt up and pulled her by the waist sharply back at him. She felt that thick lump she'd seen earlier as it was thrust hard and sudden straight up into her pussy. It was a rapid and quick pace as the vampire continued sucking, injecting venom, and now fucking her hard all at once.

It really didn't hurt, Megan thought. Nothing hurt. She felt her thoughts slipping away from her, everything she'd been clinging to, every skill beyond the most depraved sexual wants and needs. Megan drooled slightly as the vampire grabbed her tits and squeezed, using the large pillowy masses as leverage to bite her harder, to fuck deeper.

Sprays of milk squirted up into Megan's unfocused eyes. She realized the vampire had tugged her top loose, sinking thick and powerful fingers in and gripping her puffy nipples. Sucking on her neck, drinking away all her intelligence, Megan giggled as she realized the boss fight actually had ended in her getting milked. She was just getting milked of more than fluid.

Her brain was being milked too, of all her prior knowledge on doors and how they worked, of all her skills at turning on a faucet, and of all her memories of any of her friend's names. She squealed a little as she still remembered the most important thing about her friends. She pictured who had the biggest tits, and who would get wet and dripping when they were touched here or there. She pictured who had the boyfriend she planned on letting fuck her first, and remembered exactly who she wanted to fill her with cum more than anything. Megan hoped to be able to see those friends soon. That way, she could show them exactly what skills she still possessed.

"Oooh... yesssss, make me your giggly fuck slave." Megan moaned. "Make me one forever!"

The vampire's rhythmic milking of her tits as well as the pounding of her cunt continued to grow until a peak was reached, a climactic explosion in which it felt her mind was simultaneously sucked out and fucked out, thick powerful jets of fluid surging up in between her legs.

Megan dizzily watched as the vampire pulled away, his cock dislodging as he still fondling her tits, allowing the creamy white fluid to cover his fingernails. He grinned, his mouth dripping not blood but something much pinker, and slightly fluffy looking. Giggling, Megan realized that was her intelligence. She now had only fluffy pink thoughts left inside her bubbly brain. All she was good for was fucking and milking, and of course playing the Sonix Pleasure Station.

She grinned. That was all she was interested in doing anyway.

Her vision faded, reverting to where she only saw through her eyes in the real world. Megan fell to the floor back in her room. The controller lay a couple of feet away and she had to struggle to stand up. She was not just dripping from her forever lactating tits, but also had streams of fluid running down her inner thighs. Standing was not exactly the most vivid thought in her head at the moment, and the tiny ache in the back of her neck was quickly fading.

Swaying sleepily, Megan stared at the game screen and noticed a new message appear on it. It took her empty head more than a few seconds to even realize what that screen was, much less what the words on it meant. Luckily a voice on screen read the words for her.

"This is your last chance. Do you want to rescind all your prior negative comments about Sonix gaming, or do you want to live with that body permanently?"

Megan blinked a few times. She didn't remember making any negative comments about Sonix gaming and the word rescind confused her to no end, so she had to select the option to keep the changes permanently. She couldn't exactly remember what those were, either.

"Well, that's too bad. You made it further play testing than we thought you would, but that's quite far enough. Yuragonna Seesumbigguns will be there to collect you soon. In fact, he should be pulling up right now. Try and let him in, though we imagine at this point you can't really operate a door. Thanks for playing!"

Megan giggled. Yuragonna Seesumbigguns was a fun name to say. She heard a knocking at the door and raced to it, but stood there dumbfounded. She had no idea how to open it. She blinked at it before giggling obscenely. For some reason, it was just the funniest thing ever.

Realizing that the door wasn't going to be opened from the inside, a Japanese man opened it and stepped inside. He was short with thick black hair. Megan figured he had to be Mr. Seesumbigguns.

"Well, my, my," he said to himself. "Tell me Megan, do you love video games?"

"Yeah!" Megan nodded enthusiastically. "I, like, love video games! Almost as much as fucking! I love fucking too!" She giggled, still nodding.

"Would you like to test all our new video games? I think you would be perfect for the job. We'll provide you with food, clothes, and all the fucking you could ever want. You can even stay with me." He smiled. "I'll even make sure you get milked every morning."

"Oh! That would be, like, the most best thing ever!"

"All right then, gather your... well, no, you won't really need anything," Mr. Seesumbigguns said while holding out his hand.

"Hold it right there!" Sid shouted, running up, still in his delivery man uniform. "I don't know who you are or what you did with Megan." He looked over at Megan, feeling just a bit guilty that the first thought to cross his mind was to jump the girl and fuck her brains out. "But you

can't just have her."

"Oh? And why's that?" Mr. Seesumbiguns asked.

"Because I want her, and I'll report you to the police if you don't let me have her." Sid blinked. He didn't meant to say it quite like that.

Mr. Seesumbiguns thought for a few seconds. He looked at Megan's happy face and to Sid's very pissed off one. "Well, fine, if you want to take care of her, that's okay, but there will be conditions."

Sid tilted his head.

"She'll be reviewing for a prominent gaming magazine we have ties to. We pay well, and you could probably take her to tournaments and get clean sweeps."

Sid narrowed his eyes. "Deal."

"Then she's all yours."

Megan just giggled as the men decided her fate. They were both hot, she wished they would just shut up and take her clothes off. She wanted to feel them fucking her from both ends and stuffing her full of thick juicy cream. Nothing was better after a long day of gaming.

* * *

Three Months Later

"Oh my god!" Amanda gasped.

Brandon looked up at his friend from the car magazine he was studying. "What?"

His friend's eyes were wide, her fingers rather tightly clenched along the outside edges of the magazine she held. "This, have you seen this review?"

"What review?" Brandon put the car magazine aside and moved in closer to his friend. He leaned his head next to Amanda's, taking momentary notice of how nice her hair smelled. The magazine she held was called Girls of Gaming Monthly.

"This one; it's the filthiest thing I've ever read. I can't believe they allow stuff like this to be printed."

Brandon took the magazine and held it up, reading the headline. "Sonix launches new game for the Pleasure Station - Sure to make girls cream their panties!"

He read it again and then looked over at Amanda. "Well, you're right. That is pretty nasty."



"That's nothing. Read the review."

Brandon brushed some hair from his eyes and settled in next to his friend. He pulled the magazine up and folded it over so he could more casually read it.

"Sonix Pleasure Station's new game, a combination strategy and third-person simulation experience will literally have gamer girls on their backs within minutes of playing. Bed Her and Writhe 2 takes the previous game in the series and turns it on its tail, while simultaneously making you gamer girls eager to get a guy fucking and thrusting into your own tail."

Brandon stopped reading and looked over at Amanda. "Bed Her and Writhe?"

"It's their take on Dead or Alive, just keep reading. It gets worse."

Brandon smirked and rolled his eyes. How much worse could it get?

"From levels such as Beach Ball Bouncing, which actually has your belly inflated to stretchy and oh so gooey round proportions by eager male players using nothing but their manhoods, to Beach Bunny Wrestling, in which you hop around the room interacting with fellow female players by knocking them down and sucking their titties, this game will have you ridding yourself of panties in no time."

Brandon stopped reading. "You have got to be kidding."

Amanda looked dead serious. "Keep going. It gets even worse. I thought it was a joke myself, but it's totally real."

"Speaking as a gamer girl, I have to give this game five big squirts of milk out of five. I barely got through playing it myself before I was on the floor rolling around, my tits being squished and played with as guys fought over who could stuff me full of cock the most. I recommend every girl reading this who has a pair of tits and a tight little pussy drop what their plans are and log on to SonixGaming.com and play the free trial level of Bed Her and Writhe 2. Doing so will not only get you giddy and giggly with your friends, it will also include a free bonus enhancement."

Brandon ran a hand through his hair and looked over at Amanda. "Is this for real? You're not messing with me?"

"I swear it's totally real. Just over a couple of months ago, this company began releasing mass-market gaming in America. They started putting out these reviews in Girls of Gaming Monthly and from what I've heard they aren't exactly stretching the truth in what they say."

"Really?" Brandon said sarcastically. "You expect me to believe they really offer online bonuses like..." He looked back at the article. "Titanic Titties: Grow three cup sizes instantly or Astonishing Ass: Grow a bubbly butt perfect for bouncing on and sticking a big fat cock in?"

Amanda simply nodded. "That's what I'm saying. It's filthy stuff."

Brandon looked back to the magazine. "But who reviews these games, and why do they rank them by squirts of milk?"

Amanda seemed to grow momentarily giddy. "Oh that's the best part, turn the page."

Brandon flipped the magazine over and looked at the picture of what had to be the sluttiest looking bimbo he'd ever seen. He leaned in closer, really studying the image as Amanda started up again.

"Her name is Megan. She's got the craziest measurements I've ever seen and always is featured wearing a fetish costume. This month it's a schoolgirl."

"I can see that. What's with the milk squirts?"

"That's how she reviews. If a game makes her nipples lactate enough, she gives it a squirt of milk. Five squirts means she flooded her living room."

Brandon looked up at Amanda. His normally reserved friend looked far too pleased all of a sudden. "You seem to know an awful lot about this Megan chick. I thought you said this was disgusting and they shouldn't print it."

Amanda smiled and looked down at her lap. "Well, Megan is kind of a hero of mine. She's a girl not too much older than us, and she's been going to all the gaming conventions for the past few months. You wouldn't believe what goes on during them. I even heard that one had to be shut down as it turned into one big orgy. Megan probably caused it. She loves groping fans when she meets them."

Brandon knew this had to be a joke now. "And I suppose you met this bimbo?"

"Oh no, I wish I could. You know my parents though. They won't let me leave the suburbs and Megan is always at the big tournaments and conferences downtown. Just look at her picture. Isn't she hot?"

Holding the magazine up, Brandon looked at the schoolgirl in pigtails hefting up a giant teat to her lips and appearing to actually suck the fluid right from her own nipple. It was disgusting. What was Amanda talking about?

He looked at the caption below the picture. The print was rather tiny and his eyes seemed to blur as he tried to read what it said. Leaning in closer, Brandon was overcome by the strangest and most aromatic smell he'd ever breathed in. It seemed to come right off the ink in the magazine.

Amanda grinned at him and placed a hand on his shoulder as the print finally became clear.

"Isn't she fucking hot?" Amanda said. She dropped one hand down to Brandon's lap and began groping a quickly growing erection. "And I never said it shouldn't be printed. I said I couldn't believe they allowed it to be printed. It's fantastic. It's the neatest stuff I've ever seen, and it's just so filthy!"

Brandon stared at the words on the page, feeling his friend undo his jeans and reach slender fingers in to squeeze his cock. He suddenly grinned and looked up at the girl.

Amanda spoke softly, her hand fully gripping Brandon's thick and growing cock. "Don't you just wanna get filthy with me right now. I wanna fuck you senseless and have you suck my big titties until milk comes out just like Megan!"

The words he'd read below Megan's picture flashed in front of his eyes. Those words said it all. 'I am a fucking-obsessed stud eager to play Sonix Pleasure Station'. Looking at his friend, he couldn't wait to throw Amanda on the floor somewhere and fuck her so hard she passed out. He bit his lip as his cock swelled even harder in her grip.

"Oh wow," Brandon said. "Yesss... I do."

Together, Brandon and Amanda fell into a sweaty pile on the floor, clawing at each other's clothing until rips sounded and buttons flew across the carpet. They kissed passionately, obscenely thrusting their tongues together in uncontrollable passion.

"Is there anything else you want?" Amanda asked, pushing herself up and staring at Brandon with predatory eyes.

Brandon chuckled and looked down between them. Amanda's large tits drooped down brushing against his chest. Every tiny fragment of contact made him shiver. Slipping his hand up in between them, he grabbed hold of his erection then looked up at his friend.

"I can think of more than a couple of things," He said, grabbing Amanda and planting her firmly rooted on his cock, driving deep inside her in one animalistic thrust. Together they rolled around on the floor, him grunting and her moaning in unbelievable passion.

"No, oooh, silly," Amanda said a moment or so later as he humped down between her legs. "I mean besides me, isn't there something else you wanna do, like, totally forever?"

Wide eyed and focused, Brandon grinned and looked over at the almost forgotten issue of Girls of Gaming Monthly. "Oh yeah," he gasped, simultaneously feeling Amanda clench tight to his pounding cock. "There totally is."

"Mmm..." Amanda moaned, biting at her lip.

Brandon grinned. "I wanna play Sonix Pleasure Station and see how much fun I can have enhancing you forever and ever."

THE END

