

SINtendo

WHEE POP POP



[Signature]

The Breast Expansion Story Club presents: SINTendo Whee Pop

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SINtendo Whee Pop

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by **Kris P. Kreme**

The Breast Expansion Story Club

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Okay, so I know this is going to sound crazy. There are days where I actually think I might be crazy, like maybe I fell and hit my head last year and literally shook the hamster off the wheel as it were.

All I can say is that no matter how out there I sound, this is an entirely true story. I'm recording it here on my video blog because the coming weeks will mean a lot of changes in my life and I want to make sure the whole story or how this all happened at least, is recorded as a warning for future blog followers.

Do not play SINTendo Whee! It will change you, and not just temporarily. No, it's a threat to your entire way of life, no matter what kind of life you live, especially if you're a woman like me. I know that's a paranoid thing to say, but please hear me out. I'm lucky enough to even be able to relate the events of that day eight months ago.

You see, I was house-sitting for a family in my neighborhood. They were always a friendly group, very fun to hang out with at neighborhood barbecues. Lately, though, I'd definitely noticed some changes. They seemed different somehow. It struck me as strange that the kids in the family seemed to suddenly start getting along quite so well, spending a lot of times indoors together. The father also seemed to start taking much more lingering looks in my direction, but at the time I dismissed it as unintentional and simply my own mind playing tricks on me.

I guess I should describe who I am, though if you've been following my blog you should already know. If not and this is your first time checking my site out, then I have to say you stepped in at possibly the strangest moment in my life.

You see, I'm Kaitlyn Stewart, and until last year I was an average college girl, still living at home, working hard for my degree. I kept this blog as a personal diary, just recording my thoughts on what was happening in life, in the world, or just entertainment. If you'll notice, there have been no blog entries since my last one and in it I mentioned going to housesit while the family down the street was gone on vacation.

I can't say what made me decide to get out the SINTendo Whee I found in their closet. Maybe it was out of pure boredom. Maybe it was some sort of fate, meant to leave me as I now am. All I really know for sure is that the days tending to the houseplants, watching TV, and studying for college courses were taking their toll on me and I needed some sort of relief.

I only intended to hook it up, play a game or two, just unwind a bit. But something happened that I'm not sure even now I can explain properly. Let me just tell you, you're very lucky I didn't try to explain any of this seven months ago. I was a pretty dumb girl then.

If you've ever heard the stereotype that blondes are just airheads, well trust me, it became true for me then. I still can't recall why I was an airhead. I have my ideas, my own theories which I'll share in a moment. But at the time, I knew exactly how my ditzzy outer self was behaving. I could feel every sensation, see every action I took, but the real me, the me that finally has crawled back to the surface of my mind, was trapped and helplessly watching.

SINTendo Whee did that to me. I have no idea how it works or why it was ever manufactured, but it's not just some generic rip-off of a brand name game system. It's something much more

sinister.

So I had found the SINTendo Whee in a hall closet upstairs. I was putting away some laundry, towels and whatnot, when I noticed the red script lettering on the box. I pulled it down and looked at the picture. The SINTendo Whee surprisingly looked nothing like the system it seemed based on. It was square and boxy, almost like a little black and gray cube. It had bright green embossed plates bearing the name SINTendo Whee! Below that in modern font, the words Most Interactive Gaming System on the Planet were printed in red.

Naturally, as bored as I had been lately, I was curious. I figured what could be the harm in connecting it to the downstairs TV, seeing what was so special about this thing. It seemed harmless looking enough and the assortment of games I found inside the box seemed harmless as well. Most of the titles seemed like direct copies of more popular ones. I remember wondering at the time how it was legal to make such blatant rip-offs and actually be able to sell them.

I wish I had spent more time looking through the manual inside. There was a warning I never even saw, at least not until much later, months in fact, when my reading skills had come back. I mentioned before, I was pretty dumb after that afternoon.

The set up for the system took almost no time at all, and soon I was sitting there with the TV on, the SINTendo logo on the screen, and the assortment of games at my feet. I randomly picked one out, trying to go for one of the lesser obvious titles.

The game I chose was called SINTendo Whee Pop!

After inserting the game, a cartridge if you can believe it, I sat down on the couch and took hold of the wired controller, so far unimpressed with the interactivity of this system. If anything it seemed about as interactive as watching TV was, which let's face it, you can't really call interactive at all.

The loading screen seemed to take a long time and during that time I studied the small hand-held controller. There were hardly any buttons on the whole thing. I found it odd that other than a central joystick-like directional pad, there were only two buttons to either side.

The screen on the TV finally changed and I looked up, just in time to see a blinding green light that seemed to sweep across the room. I rubbed my eyes and noticed the words on the screen.

Player Preparation Complete

There was yet another loading bar below this and I rolled my eyes because this supposed cure for my boredom was becoming more tedious than anything else I'd found to occupy my time. The stupid green flash stayed with me too. It was like the game system just burned my retinas and I definitely remember thinking how I planned on emailing the company about that.

What I guess I didn't realize at the time but am assuming actually happened with that green flash was that somehow the game system changed something in me. I don't know exactly what it changed. But that's the only way I can explain what happened as the game started not too long afterward.



“Welcome to SINtendo Whee Pop!”

The robotic voice of the game system was pretty humorous actually. I remember grinning like a little girl as I watched the cheesy animation on screen and listened to the voice explain how the game worked.

“SINtendo Whee Pop is a game for one to four players and uses no controller. After you hit start, please stand in front of the system and begin play.”

I remember thinking that at least it sounded pretty interactive now. The controller seemed a useless feature if the game system could recognize movement, but who was I to question the designers of this thing? I listened as the game voice continued, showing an animation on screen as it provided play instructions.

“In this game, the goal is to avoid the bubbles. Don’t let them pop on your body or else consequences will be incurred.”

The animation showed someone ducking and dodging, leaning back and forth, side to side, even jumping as various bubbles floating towards them from outside the screen. I recognized exactly what it looked like and realized that even though I’d chosen a game that didn’t sound like a rip-off, this one still had a distinctly unoriginal feel to it.

Basically, it was Asteroids, but instead of blasting the incoming asteroids, I was supposed to avoid them and not let them blast me when they popped. It seemed easy enough and I was surprised the game system went into so much detail in explaining the rules.

“SINtendo Whee Pop will feature two additional challenge rounds, Moo Pop, and Pink Pop. To successfully complete the game, player must finish all levels, achieving as high a score as possible by avoiding the specialized bubbles.”

Again, the animation seemed bizarre and showed the nondescript player jumping around, looking like some ninja as they quickly avoided small cow-shaped bubbles and then a wide variety of pink bubbles, many large, and many tiny and in groups. I had to laugh as the screen changed to a big Warning, flashing in bright yellow.

“Warning, SINtendo Whee Pop is intended for mature players only. May contain adult themes. SINtendo is not responsible for any unintended consequences by using this game.”

“Huh?” I remember uttering, and really thinking about it. I mean, honestly, what would your reaction be? The game was some silly little children’s game and yet it was intended for mature players only? It never even occurred to me that maybe I should look back at the manual, try and figure out what this system really was.

On the bright side, even if I had, there was really no way I could have prevented what happened as I began playing the game. Nobody in their right mind would believe without seeing it, what that system or game was capable of doing.

I clicked on the start button without even hesitating. I was still grinning from the ridiculous warning screen and laid down the controller to stand up. As I stood there, I noticed that the

screen changed and became much more graphically enhanced. I was impressed really. I mean so far this game system seemed about as hi-tech or modern as a game system was two decades ago.

The background faded on the screen, then grew slowly clear. I realized it was showing me, literally me standing as I was in the living room. There I stood, same buttoned blouse, same sweatpants, same look in my eyes. Clearly the game system had some small cameras inside the case and somehow they'd activated and found me, centering me on the television.

I waved at myself and had to suppress a giggle. The game might have been a rip-off and rather unoriginal, but it definitely had some interactive features that made it seem like fun.

"Starting Round One!" The goofy voice onscreen announced.

I stood with my feet shoulder distance apart and stared ahead, getting serious as I saw the first bubbles begin floating at me from the top two corners of the screen. I easily ducked them, leaning back and letting one pass right by my chest, then jumping a little as the other nearly hit my ankle.

Simple, I thought, imagining this might just be the easiest game I'd ever played.

Of course the game wasn't as stupid as I gave it credit for being. Let's just say it was nowhere near as dumb as I became playing it. No, the game was just starting me out slowly, giving me a horribly false sense of security.

As the bubbles continued, they would enter from any side of the screen. I had to keep my eyes focused and always pay attention as I never knew where the bubbles were going to float in from next. I jumped, leaned, ducked, and bent over as the bubbles became more numerous. The top corner of the screen had a timer counting down. I presumed naturally that only when it was down to zero would I get a break from this.

Let me tell you, the game may have been simple seeming, but all that jumping around worked up some sore muscles. I was surprised how quickly my legs began quivering and how I began seeming more sluggish in my pace. What had started out incredibly simple quickly became frustrating as the bubbles only doubled in numbers, my eyes bouncing all over the screen, moving one arm or the other as I tried to maintain my perfect score so far.

It was then that I popped the first bubble.

Now I know this will sound impossible and it seems that way to me, even still. But as that first bubble popped, hitting me square in the chest, I felt it.

I know, it was only a game. Games can't make you feel the action, at least not without lots of equipment or some costume. But somehow, I felt it. All I can say is that when the bubble on screen hit my chest, I could feel the sudden pop and slight moisture beneath my top.

The weird thing was, as I jumped in surprise from the bubble popping, I immediately reached up to rub my shirt. It was dry. There was no moisture on the outside of my shirt. But inside, I could definitely feel it. I could even feel whatever it was running down between my breasts,

as though somehow the bubble had passed right through my outer clothing, even through my bra, and only popped when it hit my flesh.

I guess it makes me sound crazy to say that, but trust me it was true. It happened and I know from what happened as the game went on that I wasn't crazy. I'm still not. I mean, at least I hope not.

So anyway, the first bubble had hit my character and my score took a hit, the number on the opposite side of the screen as the timer counting down now rising at a much slower pace. I didn't have time at the moment to figure out why I seemed to feel the bubble popping on me, or why my chest felt slightly damp and tingly now. All I could do was continue jumping and trying to avoid the bubble onslaught that was continuing.

It was crazy how difficult that first round became as the timer neared zero. I missed two more bubbles, one popping again on my chest, the other surprising me as I backed into it and felt sudden dampness on my ass.

I reached back to rub at my sweatpants and naturally, they were completely dry outside. Only inside, beneath my panties, I could feel the sensation of a bubble having just popped on my skin.

"Round One Complete!" The game voice announced and finally I could take a breather.

I stood there, catching my breath as the score total climbed, the few bubble pops not hurting me all that much. But there was something strange. I could feel it right away as I stood still. All I can say is, it felt like my blouse was a little tight. Then I noticed as I moved, my sweatpants felt tight also.

I looked down at my chest, even pulled my collar out a little. There was definitely some tightness, and an almost ticklish sensation. I looked back over my shoulder as best I could and realized something. I could actually see my butt. Now I never was one of those girls with a cute bubble butt. But as I stood there, resting from Round One of this game, I saw that I did in fact have just a bit of a bubble butt.

I was just about to leave the room and head to a bathroom, to try and figure all this out, when the game voice came back. "Starting Round Two!"

I hardly had any thought, trying to ignore the oddness of feeling my clothes tighter. I simply got into the swing of things and was soon jumping from one side of the screen to the other, doing whatever it took to avoid the bubbles again flying at my character.

I remember thinking that this game would probably be an excellent way to lose weight. However as I occasionally missed bubbles this time and wasn't able to avoid them, all I felt was like I was somehow gaining weight.

Most of the bubbles seemed to strike me right around the chest. There was good reason for that too, I realized. I mean, moving my limbs out of the way was fairly easy, but my torso simply wasn't as limber. I couldn't fly through the air and manage to avoid popping at least one or two of the bubbles each time the screen was filled with more than five or ten.



The game began seeming rather merciless as I felt bubble after bubble pop on my skin. And I felt those bubbles. It was no different from if someone was actually blowing bubbles in the room with me and they were floating through the air and popping on my skin.

Somehow though, these bubbles were going right through my clothing, clothing that I now just knew was feeling tighter. The ticklish feeling of two bubbles popping on my nipples nearly made me double over as Round Two was nearing the end.

I managed to maintain control, ducking and avoiding a big bubble only to feel my ass popping a smaller one.

It was as I stood back up that I heard the ripping of fabric. I tried to keep focusing on the game screen but still managed a quick glance over my shoulder. My bubble butt was more pronounced than ever and had just split the back of my sweatpants.

My eyes were wide with fear as I saw this. It was like it just hit me all of a sudden. I knew what was happening, even if I had no idea how it could be possible.

My hands coming up to my chest as the round ended confirmed my suspicions.

“Round Two Complete!”

I stood there, hands lightly cupping my tits. See, I never called my breasts tits. It sounded crude to me. But standing there and feeling my bra dig into my shoulders more than ever before, I realized the swollen melons I was now carrying were not just breasts. These were tits. Any guy would probably be more than happy to confirm that for me.

I tried not to think of what a guy might do if he saw me there. I mean my blouse was showing stretch marks where the buttons were being pulled slightly apart. In between those buttons, I could clearly see my flesh, full and plump, nearly rising like dough out of my far too tight bra.

I moved a little, jumped, making sure I wasn't somehow hallucinating all this. All that did was confirm that yes, my tits were bigger. They felt slightly moist still from the imaginary bubbles popping on them, and my ass was feeling rather exposed as I clearly had a draft in my sweatpants now.

How was this happening? I asked myself this over and over as I simply couldn't stop staring down into my cleavage. It was somewhat hypnotic to see. I mean, how often does a girl just swell up like that? I had to get out of this game. I had to find some way of reversing whatever had been done.

The game voice interrupted my thoughts and suddenly I realized another thing I had to do. I had to prevent this from becoming worse than it already was.

“Starting Round Three!”

I began jumping and lunging around the room almost instantly this time. Fear or adrenaline was fully kicked in and taking over as I fought the soreness in my limbs and did everything possible to avoid popping anymore bubbles.

For the first minute or so I was doing surprisingly well. Then I tripped myself and fell forward, almost diving face first through a cloud of small bubbles. Luckily I managed to avoid them with my face, but my chest was not so lucky. I felt no less than four bubbles splat against my swollen chest.

As the remnant moisture from these bubbles gathered in my deepening cleavage, I nearly passed out. I could feel that ticklish sensation again, but this time I also felt an incredible tightness. I breathed heavily, gasping for any bit of air I could take in. My bra was pulled so tight now that I hardly had the strength to keep avoiding bubbles.

The game wasn't giving me any breaks either. As I bounded back to avoid several more volleys of bubbles, it happened. My bra simply snapped. I felt the slight pull on both my shoulders and suddenly it was loose beneath my blouse.

As I jumped around, unable to take a moment and mourn the loss of what had been a rather expensive silk bra, it worked its way from beneath my shirt and fell to the floor. I couldn't believe what had become of me.

The character I looked at on the screen looked like some braless slut. The blonde girl jumped around in time with my movements but her unrestrained tits both leapt wildly beneath her blouse. One big droopy tit would jump up as the other went down. All this freedom of movement made it much more difficult to time my jumps.

My ass took the next few bubble pops and my sweatpants were soon around my ankles, the waist band having been stretched until it no longer served a purpose. I couldn't believe what was becoming of me. I'd always been a slender but attractive girl. Now, I was becoming some cartoon busty version of my prior self.

Just when it seemed like I might finally be done, when the timer was nearly down to zero and I assumed the final round in this mess would be over, a big fat bubble floated on screen. I tried to jump out of the way, but my sweatpants wrapped my legs up and instead I tumbled forward splattering the bubble with both my tits.

I hit the carpet and lay there as the voice returned. "Round Three Complete!"

My chest felt sopping beneath my blouse. I could feel the sticky round splattered portion where the giant bubble had popped and then I could clearly feel something else, something inside my chest. I can't describe what exactly I felt. It was simply a pressure. All I know is I stood up to visibly see my breasts growing. They were filling my poor blouse to the point where my top button actually came undone.

I looked down into my cleavage, the character on screen looking no different from the real me did now. I was becoming some kind of blonde slut. There was no other way for me to put it. My tits were huge and as I reached up to confirm their size and weight, I realized my blouse was already showing tiny tears at each of my sides.

I quickly undid the buttons, figuring maybe I could save the garment. Unfortunately halfway through this process my massive tits simply exploded out and identical rips could be heard



from either of my armpits. My blouse was ruined.

I shucked it off and let it lie on the floor next to the sweatpants I'd been wearing and my poor destroyed bra. The image greeting me on screen was shocking. Were it not for my face and hair, I'd have sworn it was just some typically oversexed video game girl.

Standing there topless, with my panties straining to hold their shape on my suddenly dramatic lower curves, it occurred to me why the warning had mentioned adult content. It wasn't every-day that I played a game and saw a topless big-breasted blonde on screen. The fact it was me I was staring at felt somewhat lost in my mind at the time.

I guess you could say I was in a state of shock, unsure how this had happened and even more unsure what to do about it. But if you think my state of shock was bad then, seeing my probably E-cup tits jiggling obscenely and sliding hands down over the flare of my incredibly wide hips, you should have seen my reaction when the game voice returned a moment later.

"Main Rounds of SINtendo Whee Pop are now complete. Starting challenge Round One. In this challenge, please avoid the invading moo pops as they try and attack you."

I was in shock. I'd forgotten the challenge rounds and now I realized I had to jump around, looking like some slut on a late night porn movie, trying to avoid the little cow-shaped bubbles that seemed to instantly start flying at me.

Needless to say it wasn't easy. I managed to avoid a surprising string of the stupid little black and white cow bubbles, but my balance was off. You can guess why at that point. I mean I was jumping around, sending my suddenly big tits just flapping up and down wildly. They slapped so far up that I'd sometimes hit my chin, nearly knocking myself out as I landed.

And my ass wasn't helping things either. I nearly tripped some as my legs simply seemed to want to fold under, my new weight not helping me at all. Worse still, the game proved itself to be no slouch when it called this a challenge round. The bubbles were shooting directly at me, as though someone stood off screen aiming a small bubble gun at my chest.

Yes, they hit me in the chest. Eventually I just couldn't avoid it. And the feel of those small cow bubbles popping on my chest was incredibly erotic. I know, it sounds strange to say. But now that my blouse and bra were on the floor, I could not just feel the bubbles on me, I could see them hit the character version of me on screen.

As the bubbles popped, they splattered in a white little mess. But as I continued moving around, trying to avoid the next ones, this splash of white would simply absorb right into my flesh.

Luckily, I thought at first, the bubbles didn't seem to be making my tits much bigger anymore. At least I didn't think they were. However it only took a couple of mishaps resulting in splattered white moo pops before I saw what was happening, and felt it too.

My nipples began darkening, seeming thicker, and much more prominent on my tits. As the bubbles kept splashing into me I felt a distinct heaviness inside as I jumped around. There was a chill in me as well and it wasn't my own fear at what this game had done to me. No, the



Challenge
Round One
Complete!

chill I felt was definitely connected to the sudden sloshing I actually heard as I jumped around, ducked and continued avoiding whatever I could.

After the first challenge round was nearly half over, I first became aware of the moisture. It happened as one larger cow bubble splattered right on the upper swell of my probably F-cup tits. And the moisture wasn't from the bubble popping. If only it had been, but no, this moisture came from me.

I looked down, trying to maintain my concentration. My nipples were thick and sticking out prominently from my chest. As I jumped I began to see small white rivulets of fluid squirting out from them. I realized I was suddenly lactating.

I'm not sure if you've ever lactated before, but trust me, there's a certain degree of pleasure that comes from it. As I jumped and tried avoiding more moo pops, my tits slapped up and down, colliding with each other in midair and spraying thick streams of milk across the carpet in front of me.

I find it almost funny now that one of my first thoughts actually was that I'd have to clean up the mess I was making. After all, this wasn't my house. I also realized that I was going to have to drain these monsters this game had given me. Streams of white creamy milk were just dribbling over my hanging udders.

As the round came to a close, I realized just how bad I had done meeting the challenge. I was supposed to avoid popping the moo pop bubbles. Now, thanks to failing at that task, I was looking like a blonde cow standing there with giant tits leaking milk all over me.

"Challenge Round One Complete!" The game said.

I hardly paid attention as my score was tallied. All I was doing was running hands up over my tits. They were huge, not just in size, but in volume. I could lightly squeeze at my swollen nipples and thick sprays of milk squirted in all directions. Half out of my mind, I remember lifting one nipple up, aiming it at my face and squeezing. It felt like a warm moist shower head spritzing my cheeks and mouth. I even licked my lips, tasting of my lactation.

Why I didn't run from the room in between rounds, I can't quite say. All I know is there was one round left at this point and it would be the one that changed my life forever. It was a challenge round and as I recalled involved avoiding pink bubbles. I only wish I knew then what I know now. I would have made much more of a conscious effort to really focus in that round.

Unfortunately at the time, many thoughts were running through my head. I wondered how I'd ever explain this to my parents when I went home. How could I explain that the fat-titted cow that walked in their door was me and that I wasn't crazy? Worse still, how could I go to classes at school and let people see me? They'd think I had implants, or worse still, they'd think I was a freak. I especially realized that with all the milk just dribbling out of me, how would I ever go anywhere and not make a mess of whatever clothing I wore?

The game screen suddenly came back to life, the image of me standing there on screen, heavy hanging udders forming a puddle of milk at my feet. "Starting Final Challenge Round!"

The barrage of pink bubbles that came at me made me frown. I mean how on earth could I possibly avoid all of them at once, especially given my new measurements?

I quickly found that to even try was impossible. The bubbles seemed to home in on my head unlike all the previous rounds. I could duck, nearly lay flat on the floor, my nipples dragging deliciously across the milk-stained carpet, but the bubbles targeted my head.

Every one that popped on my skull felt warm and wet. My hair somehow remained dry, except for some dribbles of milk from where I'd splattered myself. But on my scalp I could feel the pink little bubbles compressing and popping, the moisture seeming to absorb directly into my brain.

I quickly realized exactly what these bubbles were doing. At first I was relieved to see my head wasn't swelling up like my ass and tits had. Unfortunately what was actually happening was probably much worse.

I tried to think clearly, to watch the screen and move in the direction I needed to. But with every pop of a pink bubble on my head, I seemed to lose my concentration. I lost focus and soon found myself standing there almost completely still, drooling slightly as bubble after bubble hit me in the face or on the top of the head.

I was giggling. I remember giggling almost madly as the bubbles continued attacking me. They were nonstop, soaring at me from all parts of the screen, popping in my ears, my nose, my cheeks, my hair. Every last pink bubble was soaking straight into my brain and I felt my thoughts dissolving into a wet dripping mess.

I stood there, idly stroking my big leaking tits, giggling as I watched my eyes grow dimmer. I knew what was happening to me. As I said before, the real me was inside, watching everything occur. I could see the goofy grin coming over my face. I could see the slight sway of my posture, and I could see the way my fingers were clutching my tits, letting thick streams of milk flow over them. I was becoming an idiot.

The pink bubbles were draining my mind, taking every intelligent part of my thoughts and simply melting them into a jelly that began oozing from my pussy. I looked down slightly, watching my panties drip. I thought about what I looked like now, how I was feeling.

It was then, when the round was barely half over, that I suddenly thought about how boys would look at me from now on. I'd never been one of those girls to simply go out and find a guy to have sex with. I'd never been what some girls became in college, a slut. But with the body I now had, and especially the mindless joy in my expression, it was like I had a new world opened before me.

The bubbles just kept on popping against my skull. My score was dropping on the screen, probably no different than my meager IQ was at this point. I knew what I had become and what I was going to be. I was becoming the stereotypical blonde with big tits and a tiny brain. Except I had the added benefit of tits which could feed a thirsty man for hours.

I pictured what I wanted to do, who I wanted to do, and just how I wanted to do it. I saw myself doing things I'd never done before because I'd had too much pride and respect for myself.



I giggled, feeling the words simply melt away as I fully became the most slutty looking ditz in town.

“Final Challenge Round Complete!” The game voice announced.

I just stood there giggling and milking my giant teats. I was pumping one tit with each hand, letting milk flood the living room, no longer even thinking about the mess I was making. I no longer had a worry in my head, only thinking of one thing, how I wanted to find some boys to fuck me. Fucking was all I seemed good at anymore. Every thought about education or current events or anything non-sexual had simply been popped away inside my head just like the pink bubbles had.

My final score totaled on the screen and I spent a minute or two looking at it, totally unable to make sense of the numbers there. I just couldn't read anything it said, so when it spoke to me one last time, I found myself fascinated with the complexity of the big words it used.

“Game Over!”

Now, I know what you're probably asking yourself. If I was a stupid little blonde bimbo, how am I telling this story now. Well, you see, the effects of the game slowly wore off over time. The pink bubbles seemed to keep me pretty stupid for over three months. The cow bubbles kept me steadily lactating for more than six weeks, and the bubbles that caused my tits to swell, well those still haven't worn off.

The worst part for me came from living trapped inside that body, trapped within the mind of a giggly moron, watching what she did next after leaving the living room.

You see, I was horny beyond all reasoning at the end of that game. It seemed to be the entire point of the game to get me worked up like that. I have no idea about all the other SINtendo games, but this one seemed purely focused on building an uncontrollable obsession in me for sex.

So I stretched a t-shirt over me and went outside. I was walking down the sidewalk, lost in idiot world, giggling at everything I saw, big tits jumping wildly in my thin top, dark nipples still squirting milk. I only made it to the corner of my street when the car pulled up nearby.

I looked over, seeing a bunch of inner city looking boys. They were listening to loud rap music and had the top on their car down. As soon as they saw a big-titted blonde looking as I did, they wasted no time in chatting me up.

I don't remember all of our greeting, only that they made some comments on what a fine looking whore like me was doing by herself. I giggled and invited them back to the house. Once there, we spent the entire night fucking all over the house.

One guy would bend me over and just do me bareback in front of all the others. Then several would do me at the same time. I took in so much cum I don't think I could stand by the end of the night. And trust me, as much as I'd played that SINtendo Whee game, these boys played me. They had so much fun stretching my holes, sending their cocks slamming into me again and again.

So, basically the rest of my time house-sitting was actually spent sitting on a cock, or multiple cocks. I became the whore I'd never even imagined I could be and trust me I now know very well how to define a whore.

My parents kicked me out after I eventually wandered home, but thankfully some of those guys who spent a few days shoving their cocks in me took me in. To help pay for food, I was shared with guys all over town, and it wasn't until my head started to clear that I was finally able to realize what had happened to me.

So, now I'm trying to get my life back in order. I've been lucky in some respects as of all the potential diseases or anything I could have gotten, the most permanent effect seems to be that of being an incredibly curvy girl. But trust me there are more things I will be dealing with in the next few weeks.

Here, I'll actually show you, since this is a video blog. Let me pan the camera down a bit, show you the worst effect SINtendo Whee had on my life. Yes, as you can see, I survived playing Whee Pop but ironically enough am now about ready to pop out the inevitable result of spending that much time being fucked silly by those inner-city guys.

So, you see why I'm trying to warn everyone, especially all you girls out there, about SINtendo Whee. Never play it; never even think about playing it. It will turn you into a whore. It will completely rid you of your independence and willpower. And you could easily end up a college-dropout bimbo like me who, let's face it, is as preggo as they come.

THE END

