

PART OF THANKSGIVING KREME STUFFING MONTH



**SIN THE  
TENDO  
BUSTY BUNDLE**

SINTENDO WHEE 400

PETTING 400

SINTENDO GAMING ON THE GO

SINTENDO GAMING 2 GO

AVATAR ELLY

WHEE HEAR AND OBEY

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**The SINtendo Busty Bundle  
by Kris P. Kreme**

Part of Thanksgiving Kreme Stuffing Month

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters are 18 years of age or older

## **The SINtendo Busty Bundle** **by Kris P. Kreme**

The following tales have never been released bundled but as part of Thanksgiving Stuffing Month, enjoy this heaping helping of not one, not three, but six tales featuring the best name in gaming you've never heard of, SINtendo. Found within these tales is the long lost original tale, never before released... Whee Hear and Obey.

### **SINtendo Whee Yoo**

Kyle has the new SINtendo Whee Yoo, an adult gaming system like no other. Together with gaming girl Kelly, Kyle begins a game of YOO-miliated, a simple game where you snap pics of real people to use as characters. The twist, what they see is real, and they chose a couple of popular sexy classmates. Playing with others gets a new meaning, and with humiliation as a goal, gaming gets graphic.

### **Petting YOO**

SINtendo Whee began years ago with a kid named Kevin and now Kevin returns in an all new story that turns everything around. Kevin and his fiancée, Amber, are about to experience the pleasure and shock of SINtendo Whee YOO. Bored one day after rain spoils a trip to the petting zoo, Amber discovers Petting YOO, an interactive game that takes her desires for fun and adds a uniquely animal twist.

## **SINtendo Gaming on the Go: Pregnant Pauses**

Casey was set to spend the weekend gaming but when his older brother Heath insists on having the house to himself with his girlfriend Veronica, plans change. Wandering angrily along a sidewalk, Casey finds a SINtendo handheld gaming device in the trash and so begins a day like no other. Playing on this handheld proves pregnant with possibilities and as perverse as gameplay can come.

## [SINtendo Gaming 2 Go: Pregnant Pauses Plus](#)

Blaine never thought that crashing his skateboard into a trash can would be so rewarding. Of course, he never dreamed that he'd discover a real SINtendo gaming device. Now he has inherited a game, and even better, thanks to the previous player's skills, he has inherited a Bonus Round.

## [Avatar Elly](#)

Elly is a bored college girl with too much time on her hands and some unquenched longings. Will a simple free trial of SINtendo Whee cure both?

## [Whee Hear and Obey](#)

In this unreleased tale, a new family discovers the joys of SINtendo gaming at home when Jeff's wife Tammy makes an unusual find at the local second-hand store. Seeking something to better bring the family closer together, Tammy's thinking games, but the games the SINtendo Whee she finds in a dusty old black box plays are with the minds of the players.

## **SINtendo Whee Yoo**

**by Kris P. Kreme**

\* Warning, the following story contains the totally true story of what happens when playing the all new game system from SINtendo. Use it as a cautionary tale on just how serious and intense gaming has become and avoid suffering the same fate as those in this story. Or just go ahead and enjoy; this is after all only a warning.\* ;)

SINtendo, Kelly thought. She rolled her eyes beneath the red hoodie nearly pulling it tighter over her head at the sheer embarrassment of such a ridiculous name. Why was she even playing along with this? Why was her life so sad that she'd spend her only free day in the week, a beautiful sunny Saturday, cooped up over at Kyle's house humoring him about some new game system he claimed he had bought?

She looked down, idly running her hands up and down the zipper of her hoodie. It wasn't difficult to answer her own question, she realized. After all, what else did she have to do? She wasn't exactly Miss Popular with the others at school. Hell, she and Kyle were each seniors and as seniors one might suspect they had gained a group of friends, but nope, four years of suffering and the two of them were ending high school no differently than they began it, a pair of geeky friends who were into gaming.

Sure, Kelly thought, Kyle was nice, always had been rather excitable and genuine but he wasn't looking at her with those eyes a girl

sometimes liked a guy to cast her direction. He wasn't interested in her as a girl, but more as a gamer.

She walked down the sidewalk, turning the corner and heading up Kyle's street. The two of them had lived three blocks away from each other for as long as she could remember. They'd been close friends since the second grade and unfortunately for her, she just hadn't developed much since then.

Kelly was always sure that someday she'd be the one who easily caught every man's eye. She had the brilliant red hair that she saw on busty models, in magazines, even in cartoons. Redheads were always gorgeous and had bodies to die for.

As it was the only thing that died were Kelly's dreams of seeing that body or of getting any male attention. Here she was, eighteen and preparing for those final steps into the next chapter of her life, and what had she accomplished socially? Nothing, the answer was as clear as a zero score on a challenging video game.

She sighed and put her arms to her sides, letting the flatness of her chest fade from her thoughts as she attempted to smile, to force something positive. She was at least going to be doing something this weekend, though knowing Kyle this was probably just some elaborate joke.

Who the hell ever even heard of some company named SINtendo?

As she paused at an intersection, looking both ways down the busy street and waiting until it was safe to cross, Kelly placed a finger on her lip. Maybe, maybe she thought; maybe she had read something somewhere with that name, some strange little article that honestly didn't leap out at her as being anything important, anything recent, but most especially anything true.

All she knew was Kyle had sounded like a kid on Christmas over the phone. He almost begged her to come play the game that came with the system, said it was the best ever, that she'd love it. Then, nearly before she could even speak a word or two, he'd hung up.

Whatever, Kelly thought; if it was a joke, she still knew Kyle had the house to himself this weekend and he had tons of classic game systems. If they couldn't play this supposed great new system from SINtendo, she'd have fun passing the time with one of those. It was better than being alone at home, wading in her own pity about all the things which were out of her control.

"Well, well, look who it is."

The voice caught Kelly completely off guard. She'd been so caught up in her own little world beneath the hoodie that she didn't even notice she was walking straight towards a couple of girls her age. When she looked up and saw who they were, her heart sunk and she nearly tripped.

"If it isn't Kelly, the felly," Missy said, laughing.

Next to the deceptively delicate looking brunette was fellow cheerleader, Lana, the two of them inseparable it seemed and easily the two biggest bitches to come out of Lincoln High School.

"Missy, that name doesn't really work for her; felly sounds too close to filly and we both know little red Hoodie here never shows off her legs."

"True but it means fella, cause let's face it, who else is our age and has yet to develop boobs? Unless you're a fella, that is," Missy said laughing.

Kelly stood there on the sidewalk, the two girls blocking her path, Kyle's house literally within sight. She bashfully looked at the ground,

then up slowly meeting the two girls' eyes.

"Uh, listen, it's nice to see you both but I gotta, um... can I just get past?"

Missy and Lana each stopped their little chuckling, rolled their eyes in that practiced way they seemed so natural at, then folded their arms as they looked at Kelly. It was with rather contained frustration that Kelly saw how they each somehow managed to have large and yet still perky chests, how their maturing breasts bobbed quite obviously, jiggling just from their folding their arms.

As she let her eyes settle more on their chests than their eyes, Kelly knew it was just one of those days. It wasn't bad enough she spent her weeks getting humiliated in gym class with these two. Now she was getting the bonus round, weekend humiliation to add to her score of losing in life.

How did two eighteen year old girls get breasts like these two had, she wondered? It wasn't like either of them were just obscene, but she'd seen enough in the locker room at school to know that where these two had a rather ugly interior, their exteriors were near flawless.

Where Lana had the more naturally blonde hair, never coloring it, never doing much even in the way of makeup, Missy spent a lot of time on her appearance, wearing makeup just dark enough to give her a rather slutty sultry look, even if she was anything but. Missy also added highlights occasionally to her dark brown hair, the only highlight Kelly could think of with being confronted by these two. Each girl kept their hair long and lustrous, adding more bounce when they were getting tossed in their cheerleading routines, something Kelly had no doubt the boys at school enjoyed more than even the game on the field.

As Kelly was idly passing the endless seconds, wondering how long she needed to put up with the gawking and attempting not to concern herself with what comment was going to be lobbed her way next, she found herself curious about something. She wondered why girls with such full heavy looking breasts would choose to be cheerleaders. Sure they were popular and athletic, but up top they had some extra heft to them. Apparently though the two of them enjoyed letting their heft mesmerizingly jiggle for everyone else's benefit.

"Looks as though we've become a distraction for the poor little guy... oops, sorry, girl," Missy said, laughing.

"Sure does seem as though someone has a boob fetish here," Lana said. "Hey," she continued, waving her hands in front of her own chest, "my eyes are up here ya know."

"Uh, sorry," Kelly said, "listen, I just need to go. I have, um... plans and stuff."

Missy and Lana looked at each other, then turned and looked back behind them towards Kyle's house on the corner.

"Ah, so you're going to your little boyfriend's house, huh? You two gonna play dress up and pretend to be fully matured adults?" Missy asked.

"Oh wait, no, I got it," Lana jumped in. "The two of them are gonna watch some porn together. Isn't that what guys always do when their parents are gone for the weekend?"

Missy seemed to already have her added insult ready when Lana stopped speaking. "Nah, I know what the real purpose of poor little Kelly's visit is. Kyle's gonna inflate her like a blow up doll and probably spend the weekend fucking her little brains out."

Both girls laughed as Kelly let her jaw drop and felt her lip quivering a bit.

"Ha, yeah, it'll take one hell of a freaking air pump to give Kelly here any curves worth fucking."

Kelly lowered her head, wanting the hoodie covering her bright red hair to simply swallow her up. She wanted to shrivel away right here on the sidewalk, to forget the world around her. She may have done exactly that if all three of them hadn't heard a door shut rather forcefully at a nearby home.

"Hey there, hey Kelly," Kyle called out as he ran across the grass towards the sidewalk.

"Looks like your geek date is a little eager," Missy said, keeping her voice mostly soft enough to where only Kelly heard what she said.

As Kyle ran up, catching his breath, he ran a hand through his lanky brown hair and looked briefly over at the two cheerleaders from school.

"Um, hey guys," he said, offering them a short wave when he'd stopped breathing so heavy from his short sprint.

"Guys?" Lana said, rather mockingly. "You must mean Kelly here, because we certainly can't be mistaken for guys in these outfits."

Kelly looked Kyle dead in the eyes and widened hers, gesturing to the house, hoping he could just rescue them both from this situation. Kyle though was only smiling as he pulled up the device he was holding at his side. Kelly saw that it looked awfully similar to a video game controller, one of those fancier wireless ones with a large screen on the face of it and small little camera lenses on either side.

She briefly found her thoughts wandering as she began to question when the controllers of video game systems became more complicated than the systems themselves. It seemed a trend lately, and it wasn't merely the amount of buttons one would often find on a controller. Now apparently it was touch screens or high def displays, all kinds of techno-terms for the latest and greatest advancements, all for what essentially amounted to just a game.

"You know, you're both right," Kyle was saying.

Kelly shook off the wandering geek thoughts and looked over at Missy and Lana as Kyle held up the controller in his hands, aiming the back of it at them as though he was a photographer.

"Both of you look great in those outfits, very eye-catching," Kyle finished. He then nodded at the controller device he held and smiled. "Would you mind if I got a nice photo, ya know, for the yearbook staff?"

Lana and Missy were the most arrogant bitches in school, full of themselves, and if one thing could be counted on, it was that they loved being the center of attention. Kyle seemed to be playing his cards well, though Kelly still had no idea what he was up to, even if she just knew he had to be up to something.

"Sure thing, get a pic for all those poor slobs who drool over the yearbook. They deserve to see what real girls look like," Missy said, smiling.

Kyle grinned, held up the controller, and pressed a small red A button on one side. There was a flash and an electronic buzz as he took a second to look at the back screen and nodded. "Perfect, just perfect, thanks a bunch."

Turning to Kelly, Kyle seemed to look her up and down briefly, wink, and finally gesture back towards his front door as he moved past

Missy and Lana. "Come on, I'll show you what I was telling you about on the phone."

As Kelly lowered her head again, letting the hoodie block the emotion still showing through in her expression, she moved past the two sources of her weekly humiliation. The two were in fine form today though, lashing out with a final insult to strike at both Kelly and Kyle.

"Aww, that's cute, you hear that, Lana; sounds like they've been having some phone sex."

Lana laughed. "Don't worry, Kelly, I'm sure you might be able to find what he was telling you about. Here's a small clue, it's in his pants."

The two of them were still laughing when Kyle and Kelly reached the front door. Kelly turned back and glared at them as they began walking off down the sidewalk; Kyle only pointed for her to ignore it and go inside.

\* \* \*

Kyle couldn't hide the grin on his face as he walked ahead of Kelly into the living room. He literally couldn't wipe it away, no matter what those two bitches outside said, no matter how bad he felt that Kelly had suffered some humiliation.

No, regardless of how things might have seemed, they were all going according to plan. Kyle was a gamer at heart and games took strategy. So far the strategy seemed to be working flawlessly. He looked at the controller he held, studied the image he had captured on the back. It was perfect, he thought smiling; he couldn't have asked for anything more.

As he made his way over to the shelves of stereo and media components next to the large flatscreen, he turned to face Kelly for only the first time. He took more than an appraising look up and down her body. He knew she was practically as flat as the television screen and had the hips he probably would have wearing the jeans she did, but still, he couldn't stop grinning.

Everything would work out; he just knew it would. He'd done so much research on this new system that he was almost giddy about finally playing it. Kelly naturally was the only one he wanted to play with, and in the back of his mind he definitely hoped they played some intense bonus rounds this weekend.

"Okay, so what was that about?" Kelly asked, either unaware or ignoring the way Kyle stared at her.

"Sit on the couch there and let me get this thing booted up and ready. I'll tell you all about it, about everything," Kyle replied.

As Kelly pushed the hoodie back so that her vibrant red hair was no longer hidden, Kyle felt a slight shift in his pants. Redheads had always done it for him, as long as he could remember, but if things played out, quite literally, he'd have the best redhead in town right here with him. As for Missy and Lana, they'd be the key to having that result.

Kyle turned and momentarily laid the controller he was holding down, next to a similar one that was sitting on the small ledge the television sat on. He reached behind it, seeming to make a final adjustment to some cables, then reached over and pulled a small vertical standing game system forward so it was within a nice line of sight from the couch where Kelly was sitting.

"You know, you're gonna love the game that came with this, especially after dealing with those annoying cheer cunts outside."

Kelly rolled her eyes and leaned forward resting her elbows on her knees as she watched him shift things around a bit, then reach over and press a small button engraved with the letters SWY on the side of the sleek looking teal colored console.

"So you really did get a new game system," Kelly commented, "somehow I was sure you were pulling some kind of joke, at least until I saw that controller in your hands."

Kyle opened a game case, took out what looked like a standard blu-ray disc, and turned to nod at Kelly as he slid it in the system. "Totally not a joke, and yeah, pretty awesome controller huh? There's two of them, one for you to use also, though we'll need to sync them when the game begins."

"Sync them, what's that for?"

Kyle was already walking back towards the couch, carrying both controllers in his hands and looking near freakishly excited, his grin coming close to being quite literally ear to ear. He almost had trouble speaking, he seemed so worked up. "Oh, um, syncing is just part of how the game system saves, but mostly it's to get the photo I took on both controllers."

Kelly scrunched her brow and bit at her lower lip. "Um, you mean I have to be staring at a picture of Lana and Missy the whole time I'm playing whatever this game is?"

"No," Kyle said, handing her a controller and plopping down beside her. "It's much better than that; just hold on and let the game load. New system and highly advanced, but damn if it still doesn't have a hell of a load time."

"One nice thing about cartridges," Kelly said.

"Nah, I know you love the classics, but this... well this is something you probably never dreamed of."

"It must be if I'm going to actually put up with an image of Lana and Missy being on my controller here."

Kyle reached over and playfully batted her hoodie up. "Kelly, you know what, if I'm wrong and you don't enjoy this, I'll give you one of my classic cartridge systems, your choice."

Pushing the hood once again down to her back and reaching up to unzip just the top third of it, Kelly got a little more comfy and smiled at her longtime friend. "Oh really, well either this must be a hell of a game and an impressive system, or you just made my weekend a whole lot better."

"Trust me when I say this, Kelly; your weekend is gonna be awesome."

The television suddenly changed over from the rather bland loading screen to what appeared to be an overhead view of a rather vibrantly realistic city. There were trees and buildings, homes and businesses, even cars and people busily walking or traveling around. It took a few moments for the recognition to hit, but when it did, Kyle only nodded and smiled in Kelly's direction.

"That's... that's our town isn't it?" Kelly asked.

"It sure is, completely represented in full high definition, something even SIntendo never did before in one of their systems."

"I've still never heard of them, sounds like some cheap knock-off, but this..." Kelly said pausing, "this doesn't look anything like a cheap knock-off."

Kyle grinned proudly. "Nope, you can't knock-off quality; it's the real deal. That happens to be the setting of our game, and it's a first person perspective game also."

Kelly turned and looked at Kyle, serious expression suddenly crossing her face. "Wait, this isn't a shooter is it? Cause I'm pretty sure that'd be messed up to have us running around our own town shooting up the place."

Kyle laughed. "Oh no, we won't be shooting anybody... at least not with bullets." He broke up laughing, not wanting to give away whatever his hidden joke was. "Just look, the title is coming up now. It should help explain everything."

Suddenly a loud booming voice shook the entire living room, the speakers buzzing lightly. "Welcome to SINtendo Whee YOO, the only system to truly give YOO the power to control everything and everyone in your world."

Kelly looked at the screen, her eyes widening not just at the graphics and the impressive surround sound voiceover but also at the colorful title that floated across the sky arcing over the familiar town.

"YOO-miliated?" She read out loud.

Kyle was grinning even more, realizing that he probably was seriously beginning to look like some caricature of the Joker or something. Still, he just couldn't stop. He looked over as Kelly kept watching the screen. "The voiceover is a nice touch, just wait a sec and it'll explain the entire premise of the game."

Kelly briefly glanced over at her fellow gamer, then back towards the screen just as the words Player One and Player Two appeared beneath YOO-miliated. She looked down at the controller in her hands, then listened as the voiceover began once again, a booming deep voice that echoed around the entire home.

"YOO-miliated is much more than a game. It puts YOO in control of one character, competing against another in a free-roaming real-world environment where the goal is quite simple. YOO are seeking to out YOO-miliate your opponent."

"YOO-miliate?" Kelly asked, turning to Kyle.

"Shh... yeah, it's a silly play on words but just listen and I think you'll see what the pictures were all about."

Kelly looked back at the screen.

"YOO-miliated is a game of YOO-miliation, of embarrassment with the goal of shocking your chosen character. Any action is open to you, all with the one purpose of creating a public scene or drawing embarrassing attention towards your character. Points are awarded for creativity, extremity, and combination moves. When one or more players fills up the YOO-miliated bar on screen, scores will be totaled and a bonus between round spin will reveal a special skill to further the challenge of gameplay. The game only ends once both characters have been fully YOO-miliated."

"Okay, kinda a weird premise, but I still don't get the whole controller picture thing?" Kelly said.

Kyle just pointed at the screen.

The YOO-miliated title faded slightly and raised up to the very top of the screen as the image of a living breathing town also blurred slightly and the words Player One and Player Two lowered towards the bottom. Right in the middle came the large image of a controller with a sample image of several stick figures. As lines pointed out various buttons and images on the controller screen, the voice continued.

"In YOO-miliated, the real world is your playground, and real people are your characters. To select your character, simply take one of the controllers and snap a photo of them. Be sure and include all of them in the photo as best you can as that makes the character integration into the game that much simpler."

"You're kidding," Kelly began.

"Nope, makes your day a bunch better, huh?" Kyle said.

The voice continued.

"YOO-miliated, as with most SINtendo Whee YOO titles, uses a proprietary memory system to save. In order to both load and save your game you will need to select one player to be the memory, having that player click accept memory storage input on their controller before the game begins."

As it went silent and the image of the controller on screen faded, the town appearing again in perfect crystal clarity, Kelly looked over at Kyle. He was grinning and he knew he should try and play off the excitement a little more than he was. He simply couldn't control his feelings or anticipation, especially knowing what all he did about this system and the game.

"So, you're seriously telling me that we are going to play a game where the goal is to humiliate our characters, using Lana and Missy as the characters or whatever?"

"That's it exactly, " Kyle said. "See, didn't I tell you this would be awesome?"

Kelly nodded, but looked down at the controller slightly confused. "I'm still not sure I understand how this works. You mean to tell me the system can somehow take a flat picture and make it three

dimensional and somehow incorporate the person in the picture into the game?"

Kyle nodded. "Yeah, and even better, you will be fully in control of them, and I do mean fully. If you want Lana or Missy acting like a monkey, swinging from a tree with a banana in their hands, you can do that. You control every movement they make and from what I've heard about the skills that can be earned you can control much more, such as what they say or how they act."

Kelly laughed, almost nervously. "Okay, if that's true, you were absolutely right, this is the perfect game system. Though what was that bit about proprietary memory and one player being the memory for saving and loading?"

Kyle shrugged, keeping his lips tight at the mention of memory storage. He knew he couldn't go into too much detail about how that worked, not that Kelly would believe anything he said about it even if he did. "Um, that's nothing really, just means your controller is the active memory one. I was hoping you'd be fine with accepting that responsibility."

Kelly held up the controller, looked at the advanced but still rather simplistic design, then turned to Kyle. "Hey, if this game does what you claim, then whatever, it's worth even a potential slow down during loading screens it means I can mess around using a character that looks like one of the two biggest threats to my sanity each day in school."

"Good... good, I was hoping you wouldn't mind. So just press the end of your controller up against mine, facing it and we'll sync them up. That way we can choose who gets to be who and jump right to the fun."

"Sounds fine with me," Kelly said. She reached out her controller, pushing it at Kyle's just hard enough to where she felt some vibration

from the controller as they apparently synced up.

Sure enough when Kelly pulled her controller back, what had been a blank screen on it now showed the picture Kyle had taken of both Lana and Missy standing on the sidewalk. The words YOO Sync Complete were floating over the image.

"Now what?" Kelly asked.

"Now we choose who plays as who, and when we choose we simply slide our finger over that person's face and the game system will do the rest."

Kelly looked at the screen, pursed her lips slightly, shuffled back a bit more comfortably into the couch, and finally looked over at Kyle.

"Tough decision, huh?" Kyle asked.

"Yeah, it sorta is. I mean both of those girls have been nothing but thorns in my side since middle school. I have no idea which might be better to humiliate in this little game."

"Well, you have Missy, who's a straight A student, never even gotten a speeding ticket, body that looks as though she could be a smart version of a Playboy bunny, basically the very model of annoying perfection with an evil arrogance. And then there's Lana, the same perfection but a preacher's daughter no less, being her parents' perfect little angel even if she's nothing close to one when not in their sight."

Kelly looked at Kyle and nodded. "You know what, since you put it that way, I'll take Missy. It always has pissed me off she gets those straight A's, even though I bet she gets half of them by flirting her way into cheating off others or who knows, even batting her eyes at the teacher? She's such a bitch."

"Sounds cool with me, I can think of all sorts of fun ways of humiliating the supposedly virginal Lana."

"So I just rub a finger over Missy then?" Kelly asked.

"Yeah, should be as simple as that."

Both of them set their controllers on their laps and rubbed their index fingers across their chosen girl from the picture. Almost instantly the controllers vibrated slightly and the voice returned as the screen changed subtly.

"Player One and Two chosen, processing character creation." After only a few seconds. "Processing complete. Please select memory storage player."

Kyle pointed over at Kelly. "That's you, just press the action button, that's the reddish pink A button that is on one side of your controller."

"Oh," Kelly said, looking from the television to her controller, "okay, got it."

As soon as she pressed the A button, Kyle could see the slight shock on Kelly's face. She actually appeared to shake all over for just a second. He decided he had to play it up as though he wasn't expecting such a reaction.

"Something wrong, Kelly?"

She took her finger off the button, looked at her finger, then glanced over at Kyle. "Um... not bad really, but I think it shocked me or something."

"Oh?" Kyle said. "I might check that after this game, make sure it's not something loose in the controller. It should be fine for now though."

"Yeah, it's... it's okay. Just surprised me, that's all."

Kyle pointed towards the television and Kelly joined him as they both watched the image onscreen tilt to an angle and shift. The overhead arcing view of their suburban town blurred slightly as it zoomed in on one particular section of town, a very recognizable part of town, just outside the local shopping mall, only a short distance from right outside Kyle's home.

Sure enough there were Missy and Lana, currently standing at the corner of an intersection on the sidewalk, about to cross over when the light changed. They seemed headed in the direction of the mall.

"Wow, that's so real looking," Kelly said.

"Check out your controller's screen," Kyle said.

As Kelly looked down, Kyle watched and saw that jump of surprise he would have expected. He knew he felt nearly the same, the sudden realization of just how real all of this was, although Kelly here never would guess how truly real the things she was seeing were.

"This is so wild, it's like I'm looking through her eyes, seeing everything she sees."

"You move her with the analog stick on the left. The one on the right controls where her eyes look," Kyle explained.

Kelly moved her right thumb over to the analog stick and shifted it up. Immediately on her little screen, Missy tilted her head down to look straight into her rather obscenely perky cleavage. It felt obscene from this angle, but with the buttons on her blouse up, it wasn't really all that exposing to anyone else, just a very tightly fitted top.

"This is incredible. How the hell can the system know what that stupid bitch's boobs look like up close like this?"

Kyle laughed. "No idea, but it really is pretty fun huh."

Kelly looked up at the television screen, showing an overhead, though zoomed in tight view of just those waiting to cross the street. Currently she noted that Lana was not only doing as Missy was and looking down into her boobs, but she also had one hand up and was appearing to caress and squeeze them.

"Whoa, how are you doing that?"

"Easy," Kyle said, "just use the back trigger buttons to control the hands and the analog stick where you look will help dictate to the SINtendo on what action you are wishing to take. In this case, I just had to see what it would look like if the preacher's daughter was eagerly feeling herself up in public."

"Ha, that's pretty humiliating for her, ya perv."

Kyle laughed. "Hey, humiliation is practically the name of the game and all's fair here. Perv or not, I already am racking up a few points. Heh, get it, racking up?"

Kelly looked up at the main television screen where the Player One and Two emblems were. Sure enough, Kyle, through such simple manual manipulation on a public crowded street corner, was earning some points. It was nothing outstanding but it was more than Kelly was earning by simply having Missy look at herself.

"All right, now that you explained the basic controls, I think I see how this all works. All we gotta do is embarrass those two and trust me, I have been saving up more overdue humiliation for those two than you can dream of, my pervy pal."

Kyle winked at Kelly, and just nodded towards the television. "Then let the game begin and remember, it's a free roam world. You can interact with anyone or anything in it to further add to the humiliation for your chosen character. So let's make sure Lana and Missy never forget this day."

The traffic was already slowing, the crosswalk light about to change, as Kelly began pressing both trigger buttons slightly, causing the view on her controller screen to change to one where each of Missy's hands raised up and cupped her tits, lightly pressing into her buttoned up blouse.

"If only this was for real; I'd just love to see the look on their faces if this was not simply one hell of an awesome game."

\* \* \*

Meanwhile at the very same intersection represented on the television screen in Kyle's house, two very confused high school cheerleaders were still standing there when everyone else began walking across the street, a number of the men pausing to stare at them, even smiling and offering a subtle leer as the girls stood there, not moving, only holding hands up against their tops.

"What the hell are you doing, Missy?" Lana asked.

She stared at her best friend just lightly squeezing each of her tits through her form fitting blouse.

"I don't... I don't know, what the... well what are you doing?" Missy replied.

Lana looked down and stared at her one hand continuing to fully grope at her tits, almost squeezing hard enough to where it hurt. She

could feel her nipples hardening, an unwanted reaction to such stimulation as she had unfortunately chosen not to wear a bra today.

"I... I really don't know. It's like... like I can't control my hand."

"Hands, you mean, mmmm..." Missy said, her voice devolving into moans as both of her own hands literally crushed her tits as though she was trying to milk them.

Lana leaned a bit to one side and looked down where her other hand was playing with the frilly edge of her short skirt. She noticed how her fingers gripped the fabric and occasionally flipped it up as those crossing the street moved past her.

"Oh my god, this is so wrong," Lana said. "What the hell is the matter with us?"

"Mmm... ooh... I don't know but it's... ooh, not stopping," Missy said, "and I can't even seem to make my legs move to get across the street."

"Me either," Lana said. "Oh fuck... ooh, sorry, I mean... dammit, this is so wrong."

Men and women passed by, several women raising their noses, looking disgusted at such odd and rather intimate behavior from the girls. Men seemed to slow down and keep their eyes firmly locked on Lana and Missy's tits, enjoying the bizarre self groping that each girl was continuing, noticing the conflicting looks in the girls' eyes but mostly just smiling at such nice creamy flesh being presented in such a blunt manner.

"Oh... oh wait, I can move my legs," Lana said.

"Me... mmm... me too," Missy said, as each girl began awkwardly taking steps out onto the crosswalk. They were moving slower than

everyone else and the crosswalk was already empty by the time they reached the middle of the street. Lana still had one hand on her right tit, pulling the fabric of that side of her top down more and more, the frilly neckline getting closer and closer to a near full tit flash as she idly kept flipping her skirt up, allowing those in the cars nearby a rather intimate view of her pale blue panties.

"Oh... oh no..." Missy said, and Lana turned to look at her friend.

Missy was lagging a bit behind Lana and currently had stopped moving right about the exact middle of the crosswalk. As Lana stared, she watched Missy grab her blouse in rather clenching fingers and hold her arms out to either side, clearly getting ready for something.

"Wait, what are you doing, Missy?"

"I don't... I don't know, Lana, help me, it feels like I'm about to..."

Missy couldn't finish the statement as she ripped her blouse open, pulling it to each side, popping the buttons loose all down the front and letting her big teenage tits barely contained in a lacy black bra spill out to the clear enjoyment of the man sitting in his truck waiting for the light to change.

The blouse was ruined instantly and Lana watched as just the slightest sign of a tear rolled down Missy's cheek, her face one of utter humiliation at exposing so much of herself to a complete stranger, not to mention those on the sidewalks nearby who'd stopped and held up cell phones, recording both of them.

"What is happening to me?" Missy pleaded with no one in particular.

The arrogance she normally wore quite easily was almost as stripped as her upper body felt when she shrugged off the ruined blouse and left it laying in the middle of the street. She completely

ignored it, beginning to sexily continue her walk across the street, passing a stunned Lana who stared at the way Missy was continuing to grope herself and now kept slipping fingers underneath the cups of her bra, poking into the flesh of her large tits, stimulating them until her nipples were thicker than ever.

"Oh god..." Lana said, as she too began walking again.

They reached the other side of the street when suddenly Lana felt herself lowering.

"Wait... what are you doing now?" Missy asked, watching her attractive blonde friend seeming to desperately want to cover herself but seeming incapable of it.

"I... oh shit, I don't know," Lana said.

Lana knew she wasn't sitting but she was lowering down, kneeling a bit, and then she realized exactly what she was doing as her hands each left their respective embarrassing acts and instead focused on one task together. She flipped up her skirt just a bit, reaching fingers beneath it and the next thing either friend knew, Lana, the perfect little preacher's daughter, was sliding her panties down her thighs, keeping her feet together until at last she could step right out of them.

"Oh wow, this is... this is..."

"Fucked up," Lana finished for her friend. "This is so fucked up."

Missy only nodded, standing there on the street corner in front of the busy mall, people still passing by, noticing the two teenage girls, one wearing a very tight bra as a top and the other now standing there in a short breezy skirt, her discarded panties laying on the sidewalk.

As Missy and Lana were attempting to run away, attempting to regain control of their own bodies, a couple of kids, not much younger than them ran up, grabbed the pale blue panties and waved them in the air like they'd just won a prize.

"Awesome, check it out," one of the kids said, lifting the panties to his face.

"Mmm... that's sweet huh," the other kid said. And then they both waved at Lana and ran off.

The humiliation was overwhelming, striking deep inside both Missy and Lana's minds. They couldn't move, and even if they could, they couldn't seem to control their own movements.

\* \* \*

"Wow, that was a pretty impressive way to begin the game, huh," Kyle said.

Kelly looked over from her side of the couch and nodded, offering him a rather devilish smile. "Oh yeah, I mean I wondered if the rating on this game was mature. Guess I answered my own question."

"Yeah, having Missy rip her top off was epic, seriously, I mean were I not controlling sweet little Lana, I'd have taken some private time for that show."

Kelly rolled her eyes. "Typical guy."

"Hey, you saw her tits as much as I did in that tight little bra. Seriously, those things are fuck melons if I've ever seen em. Besides, she's a bitch so in this game she's just an object for us to use."

Kelly grinned. "Hey, I'm just getting back for years of torture. The bitch deserves this in real life, but I'll take the simulation any day."

Kyle nodded and each of them looked back at the television screen.

"Calculating scores," came the booming voice from the SINtendo Whee YOO.

"I so bet I beat you on that round," Kelly said, "I mean your actions were fine and all, but having Missy almost put on a strip show in front of the cars at that intersection was perfect humiliation."

"We'll see, we'll see," Kyle said.

The numbers all counted up and finally the current score showed brightly below their Player icons on the screen.

"Shit," Kelly said.

Kyle laughed. "Hey, you forget, I already earned some points early on. Besides, our totals are both very close and we filled up our first YOO-miliated meter. That means we each get a bonus."

"Sure, I mean I guess, but damn, I really went all out once I realized we could actually have them do anything at all. Besides, you know my competitive nature."

"Sure do, Kelly, but this time the game is in a whole new playing field. I might just finally win."

The television screen changed to what seemed a short loading screen and suddenly Kelly's controller began a steady vibrating.

"Ooh... hey what's with my controller?"

Kyle glanced her way, then looked at the main screen. "Oh, that's just the system accessing the memory to save our progress and scores."

"It... it feels strange in my hands."

Kyle shrugged and watched the television screen. Kelly meanwhile could feel the vibrations, almost the warmth of the controller as it seemed to shake and tremble near the same as she had trembled herself when confronted by Lana and Missy out in front of Kyle's house.

She felt her mind wandering a bit, back to all the thoughts she had been having on the walk over. She recalled all the problems she had, the annoyances and frustrations. She felt her mind fading, only slightly, but the memories of those thoughts going soft, lightening until she almost couldn't even remember what all had been on her mind. As she finally shook off the confusion, Kelly realized that Kyle was staring at her.

"Wha... wha's tha matter?" Kelly slurred.

"Nothing," Kyle said, "nothing at all." He grinned and gestured back to the TV. "Just uh... ready for the next round."

Kelly felt very loopy for a moment, gripping the controller, feeling her heart pound beneath the t-shirt she wore under her hoodie. Oh yeah, she thought, the game. She'd almost forgotten the fun they were having when the game chose to save progress.

"First though, we each get to spin for a bonus since we filled our YOO-miliated meters."

"Mmm... goody!" Kelly said, sounding a bit more silly than she intended.

On the television screen a wheel appeared with all sorts of prize names, mostly blurred out as the wheel was constantly spinning. The voice then returned.

"Please press the Action button to stop the YOO-miliation Wheel. Whatever the needle points to on your controller, you have won that bonus to build up even more YOO-miliation in the next round of gameplay."

Nearly at the same time, Kyle and Kelly pressed the small A button on their controllers. The wheel on screen slowed and on their smaller controller screens the bonus prizes were revealed.

"Awesome, just what I was hoping for," Kyle said.

"What'd you get?" Kelly asked.

Kyle grinned holding his controller up. "I got Player Interaction. It's a challenging one since it potentially could benefit your character points as well but it pretty much means I can press and hold the Action button at any time and it will allow my character to interact directly with yours, touching or doing whatever. I'm going to enjoy that when the time is right."

"Oh, wow, that sounds pretty fun," Kelly said.

Kyle nodded. "So, what did you get?"

Kelly tilted her controller where he could see it. "It says I got Speech Control."

"Oh wow, that's a really great one," Kyle said. "It basically means at any time you can press and hold the Action button and then speak through the built-in mic. Whatever you say, Missy will say in her own voice and that means she can truly say something humiliating."

Kelly thought it over for a moment, still shaking away the cobwebs of slight confusion as Kyle turned to the television. "Oh look, we can continue," he said.

"Great," Kelly responded, smiling, "I can't wait to push the limits of decency on this game, really see what humiliating things I can have Missy doing before it's over."

Each of them laughed and gripped the controllers, ready to continue their entertainment at the two cheerleader's expense.

\* \* \*

"What's wrong with us?" Missy asked, still standing where she had been for the last seven minutes.

"I don't know, I really don't," Lana said. "It's... it's so scary. I feel like I just can't move. I mean I can talk, I can breath, but I can't walk or move my arms."

Missy wanted to nod in agreement but she couldn't. For seven minutes, the two high school beauties had stood on the street corner like mimes pretending to be statues. They were almost locked in place and each of them was more than just embarrassed.

At least Lana wasn't half naked, Missy thought. Granted she had lost her panties, but the skirt still covered everything up. Missy was feeling eyes on her every moment, whether people walking past, driving by, or just looking across the extensive mall parking lot and seeing a busty girl standing there in a bra and tight jeans.

She knew her tits were mostly exposed as this was one of her skimpiest, laciest bras. In fact she'd intended on shopping for new

ones at the very mall she stood near. She'd matured steadily over the years and showed no sign of stopping anytime soon. Ordinarily she loved having guys drool over her tits, but this was far too extreme, and not in her power to control.

"I... oh, I think... yeah, I can move again," Lana said.

Almost as her friend said it, she felt it as well. Missy suddenly began walking, heading across the parking lot in the general direction of the mall. It was an awkward feeling, to be walking so casually, arms now at her side, but to internally feel so controlled, so manipulated by some otherworldly force.

Lana it seemed was still playfully flipping her skirt around as she walked along nearby. Missy wanted to warn her that if she wasn't careful she might have everyone seeing how neatly she shaved her pussy, something Missy only knew from the showers in the locker room after games.

Missy realized there was no use warning her, not if she was as helpless to control her own movements and actions as Missy herself was.

There were a group of older guys standing beside a large pickup truck not too far from the entrance to the mall. Missy noticed them looking towards her and Lana as they got closer. She could hear the guys talking about the upcoming Super Bowl, typical guy talk. Of course that typical conversation died when all three of the men turned and stared at the two teenage girls walking their way.

Lana skipped rather happily in front of Missy, her face nowhere near as happy as her pace.

As Missy watched, Lana reached up and grabbed her blouse, stretching the neckline wider, leaning back and purposely allowing the men to just gawk right at her fat white flesh. Missy had never

seen Lana act this way, but also had never imagined such a sudden and simultaneous bulging of three men's pants. Each of the men seemed completely lost in the lust they showed.

Lana frowned, trying anything to stop herself, especially when she released the top edge of her blouse with one hand and worked that hand down across her belly. She pulled the top she was wearing loose from where it was tucked in, then tugged it up, exposing her firm flat tummy, caressing fingers across it, nearly tickling herself as she almost laughed but contained the reaction, simply jiggling her teenage tits rather obscenely before the men.

"So uh... what are you girls, ah... up to?"

Missy looked at the one man brave enough to speak up. He was an average guy, decent looking but far too old for her to really think about in any other way. It was as this one man asked his question, while Lana was arching her back and pulling her blouse into new heights, almost exposing the bottoms of her heavy tits, that Missy felt her voice lock up.

She simply couldn't talk, couldn't say a single word for more than a minute. During that minute she tried to say something, tried to say more than Lana seemed capable of, her own tickling of her tummy caresses seeming to prevent much speech from passing her rather full lips.

Then the voice came, but what Missy was saying was not what she was thinking at all. In fact it was like someone had re-recorded her voice, from innocent things she may have said at one time or another, but was spilling out the most raunchy wrong things she ever heard, something that resulted in her speaking with very wide shocked eyes.

"Mmm... hey there studs," Missy said, roaming her own hands up to her bra. "We're two super slutty whores just wandering the area

looking for guys to do all kinds of naughty things with."

The guys mouths were gaping.

"Yeah," Missy continued. "We're soooo horny, we just wanna find a big strong man to do whatever he wants with us. You wouldn't know where we could find those, would you?"

It was silent for a moment or two. Besides the distant noise of people leaving and entering the mall, of those driving around looking for spots, there was only the subtle sounds of the two girls each feeling themselves up, doing all kinds of obscene motions with their hands and bodies.

"You gotta be kidding," the one man finally blurted out.

Missy wanted to scream but no, she simply walked forward until she was practically tits to abs with the man, then she looked up and watched as her arm reached away from her body. She grabbed his hand and tugged it, pulling it towards her tits, slapping his meaty fingers down on her left breast and feeling his subtle instinctive groping that began almost immediately.

"Does that tell you I'm kidding?" Missy asked.

The man's mouth seemed to dry up slightly as he stared where his hand was, feeling up some complete stranger, and a hot teenager no doubt. He glanced over at his buddies, then back to Missy, looking her in her rather startled green eyes, then looking down at her bra-clad tits, the poor tight bra not hiding a single feature of her enormous pair.

"Well... um, I guess you aren't kidding, are you?"

Missy moaned, much louder than she wanted to, sounding like some porn star trying to fake an orgasm. She then nodded her head and

reached a hand up to squeeze her right breast as he continued now eagerly cupping the left one.

"Mmmm... oh no, not kidding at all. Do you like my tits, Mister, mmm? Do you? Would you like to suck on my big fat nipple, like to just suck it all in and see how good it tastes? I know that's all I really want. I want you sucking my tits so hard... mmm, soooooo incredibly hard."

Suddenly Lana was moving over next to Missy and before Missy even had a chance to internally voice her concern, she saw Lana reaching up to her right tit, the one she currently fondled. She wanted to ask what Lana herself asked next.

"What... oh... what am I doing?"

Lana gripped the cup of Missy's bra, the friend she had served on the cheer squad with for nearly four years. She grabbed the edge of that tight black bra and she simply yanked on it, pulling the cup down and instantly exposing one of Missy's nipples, thick and firm and begging for attention.

The man was near gasping in his own breathing as he continued squeezing Missy's other tit, all the time watching what Lana was doing.

Missy felt her cheeks blush, knowing she was standing next to some stranger's pickup truck in the middle of the mall parking lot, getting groped by some older man as her best friend now leaned in and latched her lips onto her nipple.

"Ohhh... mmm... yeah," Missy said, not wanting to say anything even close to what left her lips. "Yeah, that's it, you fucking slut, suck my goddamn tit, suck that little teat."

It was pure humiliation to the core, Missy thought. The man was so rock hard she could actually feel his erection brushing against her bluejeans and now her friend, the preacher's daughter no less, was leaning over sucking and fondling one of her tits, sending pleasurable sensations deep into her brain.

Lana continued to make muffled moans of complaint, clearly seeming as though she wanted desperately to stop, but continuing all the same. She wiggled her hips the entire time she was leaning over and suckling and that's when Missy heard the most vile words yet leaving her lips.

"Mmm... oh yes, unhhh, hey guys, " she said, gathering the other two men's attention, "you know she's a total fuck whore; she's not even wearing any panties. Why don't you both tag team the little slut while she sucks my fat tit? Just lift up her little skirt and you'll see everything."

Missy heard Lana almost shouting the word no into her right nipple but she couldn't stop herself from saying any of it. She simply was a puppet for whatever force was controlling her. The worst thing was, she was starting to enjoy the feelings she was having. Her tits were sore slightly, especially the left one that the one man was now crushing in his grip, having tugged her other bra cup down so she now stood basically topless getting one tit squeezed and the other sucked on.

Never before had Missy imagined anything this perverse, this wrong. She was standing there getting almost willingly assaulted while announcing and in fact begging for her best friend to get fucked hard by complete strangers.

The only possible thing that could be worse was what happened when she looked again over at the two men she had just spoken to. One of the men was looking around the parking lot, the other man

was opening the back door of the quad cab pickup truck, a door that opened backward instead of forward.

The man squeezing Missy's tit saw what the other two were thinking and he grinned, nodding as he reached behind him to open the front door as well.

Together the two doors being opened actually gave a slight amount of privacy behind where Lana was now bent over, fervently sucking and practically inhaling as much of Missy's right breast as she could. The men scooted Lana a bit back, grabbing her around the waist and forcing her to hunch over just a bit more.

They then looked at each other and did something rather silly, something that might seem innocent enough except Missy knew exactly what they were thinking while doing it.

The two men began rock, paper, scissors. It was perverse and wrong but Missy couldn't help what left her mouth. "Yeah, mmm... Lana, you're about to get that tight little virgin cunt of yours fucked sooooo hard. Mmm... maybe they'll fill your slutty little ass with cum too. Mmm... cum is sooo tasty isn't it?"

Lana's eyes were huge, her mouth still sucking away, groping at her friend, feeling her own pleasure, no matter how unwanted, rising at just the thought of what was going on behind her.

"All right, paper covers rock, I get her first!"

Missy looked over at the man who'd won first use of her friend. She was horrified at the fact she'd just encouraged such a thing, but more so she was humiliated beyond imagining at what left her lips next.

"Mmm... don't worry stud," she spoke, pointing at the man who had lost. "You can step over here beside me and I'll give you a hand job

while you wait. Mmm... I loooove a big fat cock whether it's in my hands, my mouth, or my tight little cunt. Maybe you can even fuck me if you want, though first I gotta take care of my main man here."

Missy was seeing stars, her mind being blown apart by the realizations of what she was saying and doing. She knew that Lana had never been fucked before, and she herself was no experienced pro at it. High school guys were just no fun and that's all she and Lana had been around, hence why they both were plotting to party it up next fall in college.

Neither of them ever saw the thrill that somehow seemed forced on them at the moment, a thrill of getting stuffed with cock in the middle of a parking lot at the mall, barely shielded from others seeing what was happening by the two side doors of a large pickup truck.

Mere moments later, Lana momentarily lifted her mouth off of Missy's thoroughly sucked nipple, drool escaping as she screamed out a moan that Missy immediately used one hand to stifle.

Missy winked and nodded at the man behind Lana, the older man who'd just shuffled in behind the virginal teen and flipped her skirt up over her back. As Lana almost pleaded Missy with her eyes, Missy wanted to say something supportive or more to do something supportive. All she said was a degrading dismissive retort.

"Lana, better get that mouth back on my fucking tit, and just enjoy that big ole cock getting shoved deep into your little body. After all, you're just like me, a fucking needy cum whore wanting her next filling."

Lana moaned and closed her eyes tightly as the man shoved his cock inside her, slowly but forcefully opening her up.

"Oh damn, fuck... she's sooo tight," he grunted.

His friend just slapped him on the shoulder. "Hurry it up, fucking cops might see us and I still wanna get my meat inside her too."

Missy motioned for the man to step closer while his buddy fucked her friend's brains out. As soon as he was in arm's reach, Missy was quickly unzipping his jeans and reaching in, managing to expertly free a thick and ready cock. She began jacking him off, up and down, letting the friction of her hand drive him into an even harder state as all of them listened to the squelching slaps of Lana's cunt getting finally fully stuffed with throbbing man meat.

The man who had been content squeezing Missy's tits was no longer as easily sated and scooted his way around behind her, managing to create a nice shelter so the girls practically were invisible in between the truck doors and the men.

Missy felt the man reaching down to her jeans. She realized he was reaching around her and unzipping her skintight jeans, reaching fingers in and quickly moving past her panties, to find a somewhat undesired dripping cunt, one more than ready for the same treatment her friend was getting.

"Oh fuck... mmm... yeah, fucking finger me, finger my fucking clit. Stuff your whole wrist up inside me; I don't care. Just fuck me anyway you can."

Missy moaned and it wasn't just a fake moan this time. No this time it was real, her body responding to what she was feeling as the man fingered her harder and deeper, more bravely tugging her jeans down so they fell around her ankles. She looked at Lana's face, eyes pleading but seeming clearly dazed with pleasure as she continued sucking and grabbing at Missy's chest.

It was a tightly contained orgy where all three guys were around the girls, men old enough to nearly be their fathers, but none caring about that, at least on the outside. Inside, Missy felt the horrible

nightmare of becoming some complete and eager whore right here in the parking lot of her favorite place in the world.

So many memories of good times at this mall were being squashed by this one, being suckled by Lana as she jerked one guy off and had another guy reaching down her panties and ramming thick fingers up inside her. She realized Lana probably wasn't any better off and she'd have been right.

At that exact moment, Lana was almost climaxing non-stop, her pussy getting pounded harder than she ever had fantasized about, the man containing his grunts, remaining as quiet as he could to avoid any observer from seeing what they were doing. He gripped her hips and thrust like a rabbit, quick jerky leaps into her, stabbing her tight little pussy as fast as he could, no concern for anything she might care about.

As soon as the man behind Lana began making little gasps, Missy knew what was happening. She knew exactly what because the man's friend was currently spattering her bare side with a literal white rain of fresh semen, grunting as she continued to jerk him off.

She looked at the man behind Lana and said something even more embarrassing than she ever thought she was capable of saying. Regardless of her friend, Missy had no control over the words leaving her mouth and those words only made the man inside Lana doubly hard.

"Mmmm... ohhh fuck... yeah, do it to her, fucking cum inside her. Fill her all up with fresh creamy loads, just stuff her tight little belly until she can't even walk. She doesn't care; neither of us do. We're whores, teenage whores who love getting used!"

Missy went silent as the man fingering her really hit a sensitive spot and her mouth opened, her eyes rolling back in her head. Lana wasn't any better off as she felt the man stab faster, faster, and even

faster, finally pounding into her so hard she almost would have fallen if not for Missy's tits in her face.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck, ohhh yessssss!" The man cried out, reaching up to clamp a hand over his mouth as he momentarily forgot their rather public surroundings.

Everyone knew what he was doing but only the man and Lana truly felt the first huge thick blast of sperm rocket out his thrusting cock and fill her up. Only the two of them felt the several additional ropes of seed splattering her womb, dribbling back out from his pistoning cock as he nearly slumped over her back.

Eventually, after a few endless minutes during which Lana felt all that cum resting heavily in her battered cunt, the man pulled out and fell back to sit inside the truck. The man who Missy had already given a hand job to seemed building towards another quick erection and gently grabbed Lana and pulled her off Missy's tits. For just a moment, Missy and Lana exchanged looks, only their eyes telling the real truth of how they felt.

Lana seemed too hoarse to speak and the only words that left Missy's lips were definitely not her own. She looked at the man over her shoulder, and motioned toward the truck.

"Come on, stud, time to fuck me hard. Bend me over and gimme that thick creamy load I just know you got."

It turned out the truck with both doors open provided just enough cover the way vehicles were parked. Both Missy and Lana were bent over facing the interior of the truck where the one man rested and smiled with a rather glazed expression.

"Aw, man, you really made a mess of her pussy," the one man said, looking down at Lana's widely opened up and used cunt. "Oh well, she has another perfectly usable hole back here."

And with that, the man didn't even speak a word to Lana, simply pressing his cock in towards her ass and grunting as he began stuffing it up inside her.

The girls barely contained the gasping moans as they were fucked side by side. Somewhere during the fucking, they each realized their bodies felt limp once again, but this time those limp bodies were being thoroughly used, used no different from the whores Missy had eagerly proclaimed them to be.

\* \* \*

"Holy shit," Kelly said, dropping her controller to her lap for the moment. "That was so intense."

Kyle was almost shaking he was grinning so big. He also seemed as hard as the men in the game were, Kelly noted, almost licking her lips as she looked at his lap, her mind still a little floaty.

"I swear it's the best system ever, right?" Kyle said. "And YOO-miliated came free with the system. What a great bonus."

"It's so lifelike. I swear it almost seems like we're watching a video of those two bitches," Kelly added.

"In a way it is, I mean it's high def and all. That's what's so awesome about it. Man, can you believe we actually had Lana not only fucked hard by some stranger but fucked up her ass. She always has been a tight ass and if her daddy could only see her now," Kyle laughed.

"Yeah, well speech control was great. I actually imagined I was Missy when using that, getting to announce how much of a whore she is. She deserves it. I only wish I could do even half as much in real life. She's earned it more than anyone knows."

Kyle grinned and Kelly wondered just what thoughts were behind such a grin.

The screen showed their point totals for the second round of play and not surprisingly this time Kelly had passed Kyle. She knew all the humiliating things she had Missy saying, how she had Missy whoring her own friend out and then herself would be benefiting to her.

Kyle's score was very close though, even still, since Lana felt obviously nothing but humiliation at getting fucked by some older guy and filled with his sticky cum. Kelly grinned deviously, realizing how nice this was to be gaming and working off the anger and frustration on some incredibly lifelike characters at the same time.

"Memory re-allocating, more storage needed," the game voice boomed suddenly.

Kelly looked at the controller in her lap and suddenly shivered all over, feeling what felt like tiny tendrils of electricity flowing inside her every nerve.

Kyle was simply watching her, not doing much other than smiling.

"Mmm... ohhh... wha... wha?" Kelly whimpered closing her eyes.

She leaned back slightly on her side of the couch, squeezing her thighs together. Her mind felt as though it was getting fried from the inside out, her thoughts a jumbled mess, like a lint ball that was getting wound tighter and tighter.

Speaking of tighter, Kelly thought, opening her eyes. She looked down into cleavage, actual honest to god cleavage that she never before remembered having. Of course at the moment her mind felt a million miles away.

As soon as the voice boomed forth from the screen once again, Kelly felt the wave of rather pleased confusion stop. She giggled.

It was about the only reaction she could clearly think of to have. She looked at her partially unzipped hoodie and saw decent sized tits, nothing as obscene as those two whores in the game, but definitely larger. She poked one, and then the other, almost as though making sure they were real.

Had she always had tits? For some reason part of Kelly wanted to say no, but then she had to, otherwise where would they have come from? She dizzily looked around the room, first watching the way Kyle seemed to lazily sweep his eyes up and down her body, then looking over at the television screen where the bonus spin was coming up.

"Wow," Kyle said, almost feeling his pants shift to new uncomfortable levels. He looked up at Kelly's eyes, listless, near empty, then he looked at her perky tits, tits that had simply swollen up, from nowhere.

"Bonus spin, wheeee!" Kelly said, pushing the Action button on her controller. Almost belatedly Kyle pressed his as well.

"I got... mmm... I got a..." Kelly began, looking confused as she studied the small screen on the controller. "Uh... wha's that word mean?" She held the controller over for Kyle to look at.

Kyle glanced at his own bonus prize and then leaned over, trying to avoid staring down Kelly's top as he instead saw what she was having trouble with.

"Heh, that says Personality Permanence. It means that your character will now permanently be what she has become in her most recent action."

"Oh, uh... okie," Kelly said, seeming completely confused.

Kyle rolled his eyes and smiled. "Basically it means, Missy is now a complete whore. Even if she doesn't want to be she can't resist it. It can be both good or bad for you. On the one hand, it makes your humiliation of her even better since she'll be willing to do or say things on her own that cause her more humiliation. On the other hand it means you'll have to push her further to actually humiliate her since she subconsciously will accept her whorish actions."

"Ohhh, okay, neat," Kelly said, bouncing around on her side of the couch, her bouncing making the tits she seemed to just grow jiggle in deliciously slow motion. "So like, what'd you get and stuff?"

Kyle held his controller up. "I got Intimate Thermostat. It pretty much means I can choose when I want to slowly or quickly amp up Lana's desire. I can make her horny at the most inappropriate times or I can just send her into uncontrolled heat definitely making her humiliated at her own actions."

Kelly nodded and even her simple nodding made her look rather vapid.

"Well, maybe the next round will decide a winner, so we should get back to it," Kyle said, pointing to the TV.

Kelly gripped her controller and seemed to shake away some lingering stupidity that ran across her like a wave. "Oh, oh yeah, I can't wait to totally fuck with Missy. She's a whore now and she's gonna be a happy one when I'm done. This is, like, such a fun game and stuff."

\* \* \*

At the local shopping mall while Kyle and Kelly's game progress was saved, the two unknowing participants of that game had managed to regain enough control to quickly escape the parking lot. They left behind their eager older partners who seemed to wear permanent grins as the high school seniors each ran with obvious subtle limps from the roughness of their fucking.

Internally, Missy was trying to make sense of this, trying to fight the complete loss of control, and more than that, was trying to retain her sanity. She felt like this was a living nightmare, living only because she knew that were she going to wake up from such a nightmare, getting bent over and fucked as hard as she was just fucked would have definitely shaken her from even the deepest sleep.

Lana was in worse shape and Missy could tell. They'd managed to regain some control, completely unaware that a certain advanced game system was merely re-allocating more of Kelly's body for memory storage, the now busty redhead gamer's mammary storage to be specific. However, since regaining control and rushing into the mall, Missy hadn't heard a word from Lana.

Sure, she thought, as they left the separate stalls of the women's restroom, Lana had made many slight whimpers or moans, some hoarse attempts at speaking. But nothing had really been formed, no coherent sentences had left the prior virginal girl with the long no longer as pure looking blonde hair. She was in pretty bad shape all things considered and Missy knew they had to figure out what was happening before it happened again.

"You... um, well you okay now?" Missy asked, noticing that at the very least like herself, Lana had cleaned all the streaming remnants of thick sticky cum off her thighs. As the two of them had run in the mall, not only had people stared at Missy only wearing a bra and jeans, but more than a few had quickly taken note of the obvious fucked appearances on their faces and the cum dribbling down Lana's already creamy white thighs.

"I... I... what are we here for? We should... we should have just run somewhere else, somewhere without people," Lana said.

Missy walked over and stood beside Lana. "Think about it, at least you still have your blouse and skirt. I'm not going anywhere else walking if I don't have a top. I just need to find a cheap top here and maybe we can call for a ride, get someone to pick us up and go where we can think and figure out what's happening to us."

"But those... all those things you said, you seemed to enjoy saying them." Lana said, nearly beginning to collect her thoughts, to become angry.

"It wasn't me," Missy said. "It's like... well, like someone was speaking for me. Now are you okay?"

Lana looked in the mirror, the two of them thankfully having this restroom to themselves. She ran a hand through her long silky hair, then looked sadly at her stretched blouse, the plunging neckline showing off her large natural breasts, still slightly blushing pale skin where the men had enjoyed squeezing her tightly.

"I don't know."

Suddenly Missy felt it, felt the control slipping quickly away. It was sudden, very sudden, and she wasn't even capable of warning Lana, though it quickly became apparent that Lana too was slipping back into the manipulated state she had been in before.

"Oh come on, Lana," Missy said. "You at least got your tight little ass fucked. I only got some doggy style humping and a short little hand job."

"What?" Lana said, as she seemed to suddenly stand up more proudly in front of the mirror, reaching up, squeezing her tits, pulling the top lower so she could playfully twist her own nipples.

"You heard me, slut," Missy said, "you got both your little holes stuffed with sperm. I want me some of that, after all, we both know I'm a much bigger whore than you."

As she said this and as Lana seemed incapable of turning to look at her suddenly insulting friend, Missy walked up, her body moving on its own, her hands raising up and then hooking fingers underneath the back of Lana's blouse. As the two girls stood there for a moment, each looking in the mirror, Lana moaned, but not from any desire to. She looked down and saw Missy's hands clutching each of her tits, moving around underneath her blouse, squeezing and groping her with rather lingering enjoyment.

"Mmmm... no wonder those guys came so hard inside you. You're soft and squishy in just the right places, tight and firm in others," Missy whispered. She leaned in closer to Lana's ear. "Now come on, let's go and get ourselves good and fucked, maybe even somewhere public. Everyone deserves to see our tight little bodies bouncing on whatever cock wants to fill us up, isn't that right?"

"No, I just wanna get out of here, go home or somewhere safe," Lana said.

Even as she said it, Lana joined Missy and eagerly the two girls left the public restroom, heading back into the mall where they would see what awaited them.

Over the course of the next ten minutes or so, Missy and Lana wandered the mall, getting stares often, flashing a tit or two even more often. Missy found one thing most disturbing about all of this. The real disturbing realization she came to slowly accept was not about not their behavior but more about her own lack of embarrassment. She was more in control and she knew it.

It was as though yes, someone was controlling her movements, but no, they had no control over her thoughts and what she said. Sure, the occasional word found its way into her mouth, but for the most part, Missy had to admit, she was saying what felt natural, as though she were always some skanky whore that wandered around in hopes of finding some guy to fuck her up the ass.

The embarrassment was still there, she realized, the humiliation this day had brought in more volume than poor Lana had cum up inside her. It was just the humiliation of realizing she was actually enjoying this now, that a portion of her was eagerly looking forward to sucking on a cock, any cock, just sliding down on her knees and blowing the hell out of some complete stranger.

"Please, Missy, mmm, can't we just call someone and get a ride?" Lana asked, her voice the only part of her she retained control over.

Missy stopped walking and looked over at her friend. They each stood outside a large electronics store, fancy high definition televisions in the window that faced the central part of the mall. She stared at those inside the store, noticed a few of them exiting looking over at her, the gorgeous brunette with several streaks of highlights wearing only a tight black bra and jeans. She knew the thoughts on their minds and she only arched her back, offering them an even better view of her tits.

Smiling, Missy turned to Lana, an idea suddenly occurring to her. "Sure, okay, we'll go in here. I'm sure they have a phone we can use. But, we'll call your dad to pick us up."

Lana had wide horrified eyes, likely having not even thought about her dad during all this. "Why him?"

Missy grinned. "Simple, his church is right down the street, and who knows, maybe he can exorcise whatever is controlling us."

Everything she'd said, Missy knew was not her speaking. Whereas she fully accepted many of the whorish and downright slutty things she had said in the past ten or twelve minutes, that thought about Lana's father had come from somewhere else.

Lana seemed to sigh, realizing she eventually would have to face her father anyway. At least she was still dressed for the most part, even if her panties were missing. "Okay, we can call him, but please nothing else until he gets here."

As both girls began walking into the electronics store, Missy regained control of her own voice but that control didn't help her say anything reassuring to Lana. "Nothing else, ha," Missy said, "maybe nothing else for you, but I'm gonna get me some lucky stud to fuck my ass while we wait. Hell, maybe I'll find a couple of em and they can double stuff me with sticky cum. Mmm... wouldn't you just love to be fucked by two dicks at the same time?"

"No!" Lana said, almost raising her voice too much as everyone turned and looked their way.

The electronics store was a typical place, televisions occupying nearly the front half of the store, several aisles of stereo equipment along one wall, a decent sized section of blu ray and DVD movies, along with some computers and peripherals. The store wasn't all that crowded at the moment, but there were enough people, guys mostly, that two attractive teenage girls with more than just revealing clothing certainly earned a few looks.

One man, a middle-aged man who appeared to be the store manager clapped a hand over his mouth as he saw Missy, particularly the fact she was only wearing a bra. He instantly dropped what he was doing behind the main checkout counter and approached the two young women.

"Excuse me, miss," he said rather closely, speaking in low tones that only Missy and Lana could hear, "but you can't be in our store dressed, er undressed like that."

Missy smiled, even if she wanted on some level to do anything but smile. It felt natural to her, even if her hand rising and pressing lightly on the store manager's chest was fully out of her control. "Yes, see that's what I was hoping you could help us out with. See, we're stranded here at the mall and as you can see, I lost my top. I was hoping you had a phone I could use to call my friend here's dad. He could pick us up."

As Missy playfully ran a finger across the man's chest, she could tell he was struggling. His eyes continually darted from hers down to her tits, up and down, dancing with the instinct to just stare blatantly. He was nervous, almost sweating when he finally bit his lips and then spoke quickly.

"Okay, but not here, there's a phone in my office in the back. You can use that one."

Missy grinned and thinned her eyes as she looked him up and down. "Mmm... sounds nice and private, I'll have to thank you for being so helpful."

Lana stood there watching, looking somewhat abandoned as Missy turned and tossed her a quick wave of the hand. "Be right back," she said, "don't worry, I know the number for your dad's church. You just find something, or someone, to entertain yourself with here."

Glancing around, Lana knew that she wasn't imagining things. People were staring and not just because her friend had been wearing a bra as a top. No, this was more than that. Lana could feel her posture stiffening, her every movement seeming solely intended to do only one thing and that was to draw their looks.

As most of the customers slowly went back to what they had been doing, browsing the aisles, wandering the displays, Lana suddenly felt an entirely new sensation, the very last sensation she was ever prepared for.

She was getting turned on.

It wasn't as though she was looking at anyone or thinking of anything to bring her into this state. No, Lana realized, it was worse than that, stranger than that. She simply felt her desire being turned up, as though she were having some rush of hormones that she in no way could prevent.

She thought about the guys in the parking lot, the men who had enjoyed feeling her up, who had enjoyed her soft flesh against them, who had mostly enjoyed stuffing their big hard cocks up inside her.

Mmm... she thought, licking her lips. Why did that thought suddenly not horrify her? She'd been used, used like some cheap slut, right there in the parking lot. It was wrong, and yet as turned on as she was, she couldn't help but think how fun that was.

Missy was probably getting just what she wanted, Lana thought, getting to be a little whore for that manager. Lana felt the heat inside her turn up even more, to new higher levels, higher than she'd ever felt before.

Why should Missy be the only one to have any fun here? Lana smiled and walked over to a nearby aisle, subtly moving closer and closer to a couple of guys not too much older than she was.

Meanwhile in the back of the store, Missy had only just hung the phone up from talking with Lana's father. She knew she'd been a bit flirty in her tone, had even called him a real sweetie for coming to help out. She had acted like a naughty girl, a sinful one, and now she thought, she intended to be one.

"Mmm, thanks sooo much for letting me use your phone back here," Missy said.

"It's... ahem, no problem ah..."

"Missy, my name's Missy."

"Missy," the man acknowledged. "So if you don't mind, uh, how did you lose your top?"

Missy grinned as she looked at the photos on the man's desk, leaning over enough so that she could feel his eyes dropping into her drooping full tits. "Oh you know, teenagers messing around. I'm just so cum dum sometimes."

"Huh?"

Missy knew the man was only half paying attention, his eyes firmly planted in her ever so slightly jiggling breasts as she laughed and continued looking at the photos on his desk.

"Cum dum, it means when a girl is so stuffed with thick potent baby batter she gets kinda stupid, dim in the head."

The man suddenly looked up into her eyes, the realization of what she'd just said hitting home. "What are you talking about?"

Missy laughed, purposely giving her tits a shake as she stood up and walked around to stand right in front of the man. She looked down at

his name tag.

"Nothing at all, mmm... Walter, I like that name. So tell me, Walter, is this your wife in the photos here?"

He was blushing at being so close to her. Glancing over at his desk he nodded. "Yeah, that's Sherry."

"So, you mind if I ask you something?" Missy said, playfully running fingers up to her bra, tugging lightly at the edge of it, knowing her hard nipples were all but exposed to the man.

Walter simply swallowed hard and shook his head.

"Good, cause I have a really important question to ask."

"What's that?"

Missy grinned, and even if a part of her felt horrified at what she was becoming, a new and stronger part of her personality demanded it, even if it was so very very wrong. "Has Sherry ever let you fuck her up the ass?"

Walter nearly passed out, cheeks turning bright red, facial expression tightening to something between anger and severe shock. He seemed incapable of voicing a response just yet as Missy moved in a bit closer, pressing the very tips of her hard bra covered nipples against his chest. She ran a hand down and boldly pressed her fingers against his crotch.

"Because she should, you know," Missy continued. "Mmm... I know I would."

Outside on the sales floor, among the aisles of DVDs and movies, Lana had finally boiled over with heat, feeling like she was becoming as bad as Missy sounded when she spoke this last little while. She

was turned on more than she ever could remember, thinking about what those men did to her and only wanting more.

She felt addicted, somewhat appropriately addicted to dick. She wanted more, many more, inside her, on her, but mostly she just wanted cum. It was such an intense sensation to know she had so much cum stuffed inside her tight little body. Now she wanted to get some more, but she wasn't sure how.

The guys she had been approaching were finally beginning to glance at her. They'd been discussing some comedy movies, apparently trying to decide between an R rated college comedy and an Unrated comedy parody. As Lana moved close enough to playfully bump her hips into one of them while pretending to bend over and reach for a movie on a low shelf, the two guys stopped talking about movies.

"Oopsy," Lana said, smiling at them, feeling the heat wash over her in waves now, amped up to new extremes.

"Er... it's cool, we can move," one of the guys said, both of them smiling and looking Lana up and down, noting her short frilly skirt and her tight low cut blouse.

"Oh no," Lana said, "don't move at all. I like you both right here."

The guys looked at each other, then looked at Lana. "You do?"

Lana licked her lips. "Mmhmm, I do. You know, this probably is gonna sound strange... but, well..."

She stopped, thinking, trying to rationalize anything she was about to say, about to question. Her mind was so confused, so simultaneously humiliated and horny. She wasn't sure what to say.

"Uh, what?" The other of the two guys asked, each of them standing up straight, seeming a bit more open in their looks down at her body.

"Well," Lana began, "I was just... well, I was wondering what you guys thought."

They looked at each other, then back at Lana. "Thought about what?"

Lana smiled and arched her back a bit, feeling the heat between her thighs burn hotter. "About me, like do you think I have nice tits?"

The guys almost laughed, nervous chuckles, confusion definitely filling their faces.

"Uh sure," one guy said, "very nice."

Lana smiled. "Thanks," she said, jumping slightly in a rather bubbly manner that really just succeeded in revealing her lack of a bra underneath the top. "And what about my lips, ya know, my mouth. Is it nice too?"

The guys looked at each other and then at Lana. "Yeah," they both said in unison, "why?"

She knew it was so bad, so wrong, and so against her nature, something only a real slut would even think of. Lana still was just too turned on to care at the moment, her desires quickly overwhelming her rational mind. She looked at the boys she had found, the college age studs she was boldly asking such questions to. She looked at them and she slowly dropped to her knees before them.

Looking each way, making sure the aisle was empty besides the three of them, Lana looked up. "Because I wanna wrap my fat tits around your cocks and make you cum in my mouth."

The guys stared at Lana, each of them shifting to obviously adjust to a natural reaction each experienced at seeing such an attractive

teenage girl quite suddenly proposition them as she did.

As Lana grinned up at them, raising her hands and lightly squeezing the sides of her tits, she saw them both begin to grin, their own desires overtaking logical thought, just as hers had.

In the back of the store, Walter was finding that the double insulation in his office was finally being put to the ultimate test.

"Ohhh, ohhh fuck yessss! Fuck me, Walter! Mmmm... fuck me up the ass," Missy shouted.

She was bent over the store manager's desk, her jeans once more on the floor around her ankles. It had taken surprisingly little persuasion to get Walter here to forcefully bend her over. It had taken even less persuasion to get his big fat cock stuffed inside her tight little underused ass.

"Ungh... ungh... yesssss, oh fuck yes," Missy cried out, gripping the desk which shook violently with every deep penetrating lunge of the middle aged man behind her.

"Damn, you're ungh... you're so fucking tight," Walter grunted.

"Mmm... loosen me up, stud, fuck that dick inside me. And ungh... ooh, you know what?"

Walter stabbed deep into the tight teenage brunette, watching her hair sail forward over her face, nearly knocking the picture of his wife Sherry over as she took the pounding he gave her. "Ungh... what's that?"

Missy tossed her head back, arching her back enough to where she could tighten and clench her muscles, trying to pull Walter in even deeper. "Ohhh... mmm... I want you to fucking cum inside me. I wanna feel it all inside my fucking whore ass."

Walter grunted and began pulling her hips back even harder, stabbing her rough, fucking the little teen slut like she wanted, giving her every last bit of aggression he had left inside him.

"Ohh... ohhh fuck!" Missy screamed. "Yes, yessss oh fuck, better than Sherry ever was, huh? I'm such a good little whore aren't I?"

Walter grit his teeth and drove in and out, faster and faster, fucking Missy like he'd never dared with his wife. "Ungh... fuck, yeah, you're such a good little whore."

As Walter reached up and began pulling at Missy, bringing her more upright against him, sliding his fingers up and lifting her bra, freeing her tits and then clamping down hard on them, Missy realized just what was happening to her.

Yes, she was being violently fucked in the ass by a man she only just met, a man who she'd ordinarily never have even teased or flirted with, much less begged to stuff his dick inside her. Yes, she was being controlled, manipulated by some unknown force, her arms and legs moving just as her torso did, as her head did. She was a puppet on unknown strings, but something much more significant was happening. She was losing control of herself, the her on the inside.

Missy was becoming the whore. She actually liked it. No, she didn't just like it, she thought, she loved it. This is what she was always, somewhere deep down. Whatever was controlling her, it wasn't controlling her enjoyment and she loved it.

She loved how deep Walter was slamming his cock inside her, how much she was cumming just thinking about him spilling a load deep inside her from behind, treating her like some little willing skank to just bend over and stick it to. She loved it all.

"Ohhh... ungh... oh fuck!"

She knew it was going to happen soon. Missy knew that Walter was building towards a major climax and soon she'd be fully stuffed with cum, stuffed and loving it.

Out on the sales floor of the electronics store, two lucky customers were taking chances they ordinarily never would take.

The store wasn't all that crowded but that didn't mean that there wasn't a complete chance of being caught, not when Lana was on her knees topless fucking one guy's thick cock with her tits as she leaned over and licked the head of the other boy's.

"Ungh... oh fuck," the guy she sucked on mumbled, holding a fist up against his mouth to keep from crying out.

The guy stabbing his cock forward into her tits grinned and grit his teeth, rocking his hips forward at an awkward angle due to the way she was positioned. Her tits were held tightly as she squeezed them with both hands, enjoying the delicious friction of her soft chest against his hard rigid shaft.

"Oh... mmm..." Lana said, popping her mouth off the boy's dick, looking at the other one slicing up through her cleavage and diving down on it.

She shifted and swapped places, allowing the one from her tits up towards her mouth, leaning over so the other guy could now take a better stance to begin fucking her tits.

"Mmmm... mmpphhh..." Lana moaned, feeling her own desires flood her body so much that she was near constantly cumming, forming a pool of juices on the floor beneath her.

She wanted this, Lana thought, whatever was controlling her body, giving her such coordination to hold her tits for one guy as she

eagerly sucked off another, it wasn't just humiliating her. It was helping her satisfy her needs. Right now, she needed this more than anything.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck, mmm... fuck," the guy stabbing her tits with his thick cock grunted.

He grunted slightly louder than intended and a man and his wife stepped around the corner at the end of the aisle. They both gasped, shocked beyond words. The man's wife swung around, slapping her purse into a display of video cameras, a couple of the cameras knocked from their display and now hanging slightly loose, aimed down the aisle at the perverted activity taking place.

None of the three even noticed this, their little threesome titty fuck and suck continuing on at an increasingly frantic pace.

Lana wanted to try something, her desire overwhelming her. She dropped her mouth from the one guy's cock and shoved it between her massive tits. She then watched as there was a slight moment of awkwardness, both guys having their dicks as close together as they could. She realized they were beyond caring about such a thing and so she grabbed her tits with renewed strength and began fucking their cocks, squeezing them between her tits, squishing the soft flesh around them.

This is it, Lana thought. This is what she wanted, what she needed. Hormone rush or not, she had to have cocks, right now, and one wasn't enough. She moaned and trembled with every touch of those cocks shoved between her big tits. She never had been as happy to have large natural tits until right now.

Out in the mall, a crowd was gathering, people shocked and some admittedly thrilled to watch all the televisions displayed in the window of the electronics store. No one inside the store possibly knew what was being seen by those outside. The cameras that had been

knocked slightly off angle continued to transmit though, and unknown to Lana, she was now becoming a star.

Everyone watched as Lana eagerly licked the tips of those two fat cocks, looking like a complete and degraded whore. Everyone crowded in and wondered who the girl was that was such a slut. Most probably thought that it was just some porno that someone accidentally hooked up to the feed for those televisions.

Only one man stopped on his way into the store and nearly had a heart attack.

Lana's father wondered what the problem was. He'd gotten the strangest call from Lana's friend, Missy, the fellow cheerleader who often spent time over at his home while the girls were growing up. It had been a strange call indeed, no information given other than they really needed a ride, and that they were at this electronics store.

Now, as he fought through the oddly thick crowd outside the store, Reverend Jim suddenly felt all the breath leave him. He stared, eyes as wide as his mouth suddenly was, muscles tensing up so tightly he almost collapsed in a heap.

There, on the screens of those fancy large televisions, was his sweet baby girl, though what was going on was certainly not sweet. He actually watched for a moment, unable to react. He watched Lana squeeze her big tits around those cocks, watched her eagerly lean over and lick her tongue across them, even watched the way she had such a wicked look in her normally innocent or playful eyes.

Shaking away the shock as best he could, he shoved a few men aside and marched into the store.

"Oh... mmm, give it to me, give it to me," Lana cried out, no longer caring who heard her.

She leaned back, squeezing her tits together and up, staring up as the two college guys jacked off their cocks, still pressed in close to each other, aiming them down at her face. She was so turned on she was practically buzzing, feeling the vibrations of pleasure in her knees on the hard floor of the electronics store.

And then, quite suddenly it was gone. The heat inside her turned all the way down and she was back to normal, back to her usual logical and responsible self.

"Huh?" Lana asked, feeling a sudden severe feeling of shame at what she'd just been doing.

She looked up just in time to get a face full of cum.

"Oh, fuck... yeah!" One of the guys groaned, slapping his hand up and down and aiming his erupting cock across her face and down towards her fat exposed tits.

The other boy was directly behind his friend, splashing thick squirts of white up into Lana's hair, and all across her chest.

As the spatters of sperm dripped from her hard nipples, dribbled down from her eyes to her cheeks, Lana felt complete humiliation.

However, as she reached up to wipe away the cum from her eyes, Lana saw her father standing there at the end of the aisle, still wearing his black and white reverend's collar, staring at her with a hand over his mouth.

She blushed as much as she could blush and both boys turned, saw the man, and took off running, nearly tripping as they pulled their pants up.

Lana sat there on her knees, the cum of two boys she didn't even know covering her face and chest. She realized what she looked

like, how depraved and slutty she seemed. Considering her father's profession, his exclamation was oddly ironic.

"What the hell?"

\* \* \*

"Awesome," Kyle shouted from his side of the couch, "I totally dominated in that round. Lana is more humiliated than ever. Serves the little daddy's girl right considering how bitchy she has been all these years in school."

"Mmm, that was like super hot," Kelly said.

Kyle glanced over at Kelly as the television screen showed the score being counted for this previous round. His best friend was looking much more curvy and as the screen shifted to a saving screen, he actually could see the inches being added to Kelly's burgeoning chest.

Every time the game saved, it was using Kelly as storage for that save data. Bio-electric storage the manual had called it. Whatever SINTendo wanted to call it, he enjoyed how it worked, forcing flat little Kelly into the massively endowed if somewhat moronic babe she was becoming was well worth the cost of the system.

Knowing that they were playing around with two of their classmates was even better.

Kelly giggled as the saving screen continued to occupy the screen. She glanced over at Kyle and grinned, flashing her perfect teeth,

licking her pink lips, letting some of her vibrant red hair fall down over one eye.

Kyle could already tell she was losing any intelligence she had once had. All the knowledge she had learned in school was being slowly replaced with game knowledge and since this game consisted of purely slutty whorish knowledge, sweet little Kelly was going to come out whether she won or lost the game, a much different girl.

Her hips were even swelling, tightening into her jeans enough to where Kyle almost swore he heard threads popping. The zipper on her red hoodie was being forced lower and lower, her tits wobbling and shaking almost as though they were twin bags of popcorn, plumping up more and more as the game continued to save everything from this last round of play.

"You know, Kelly, you really hardly used your controls in that round; it probably hurt the score."

Kelly giggled and looked at Kyle rather dimly. "Um, like well, Missy's such a whore I totally didn't need to do much."

Kyle nodded. "That's true, you know the Personality Permanence bonus can actually come back to bite you if you aren't careful."

Kelly looked momentarily confused. She then looked down and reached her hands up, pushing in her huge tits. "Uh, ya wanna bite me, Kyle?"

Her fellow gamer laughed. "No, Kelly, well... not right now. No, I meant the bonus can be a penalty sometimes. Since the goal is to humiliate them, it becomes more difficult when they are becoming the way we make them, on their own."

"Oh," Kelly said, seeming to understand but clearly looking as though she didn't get anything Kyle said. "So like, uh, you won that

round?"

"Yep, looking forward to my YOO-miliated bonus for the final round."

The television screen suddenly brightened and showed a message as the booming voice spoke the same words.

"Warning, memory player nearing capacity, final round of YOO-miliated will be shortened to avoid loss of game-save data."

Kelly was rubbing her tits as she leaned back on the couch, eyes empty, slight drool appearing on her lower lip. Kyle just laughed and got ready to press the A button on his controller when the bonus wheel began spinning on the screen.

"Um, like speaking of full, you mind if I take off my t-shirt," Kelly asked.

Kyle grinned. "Go right ahead, though why would you do that; is it bothering you?"

Kelly nodded, actually shaking her head up and down so much she appeared dizzy when she stopped. "Yeah, it's too tight. I think I outgrewed it."

Laughing, Kyle lowered his eyes to the titanic fun bags she now had, the jiggling sloshy orbs nearly causing him to forget the game on screen. "Oh yeah, sure looks like you may have done just that, babe."

Kelly giggled as she momentarily took off her hoodie. She stripped her plain white t-shirt over her head and tossed it to the floor, paying no attention to how Kyle leered at her massive tits, particularly seeming to focus on her large erect nipples. She then slipped the hoodie back on but left it unzipped and took the controller back in her hands.

"So, um... time to play?"

"You bet your fuckable ass it is," Kyle mumbled, suddenly shaken from his thoughts as he realized they still had a game going on. "Oh... uh yeah, lemme see what my bonus is."

Studying his screen, Kyle grinned and looked over at Kelly, actually doing his best to look her in her bright, though clearly dim, blue eyes.

"Well, this should make it an easy final round, no matter how short it is."

"Wha'd you get?" Kelly asked, pulling her legs up under her and shifting, causing a jiggle that made both her tits completely exposed, the tight stretched pale flesh looking oh so inviting.

Kyle avoided giving in to what he wanted to do, especially given what their game had shown them the past hour. He simply nodded and pointed towards the screen. "I got Speech Control now, meaning I can finally make Lana's mouth as dirty as the rest of her is becoming."

"Ooh, that sounds super fun," Kelly said smiling.

"Then let's get this round over with and see who the winner is," Kyle said. He then paused for a moment and thought of something clever. "Say, why don't we make a wager on this, Kelly?"

She looked confused. "Wager?"

Kyle could see the previously smart gamer girl no longer had a clue what that word meant. He rolled his eyes and smiled. "It means a bet, like the winner gets something."

"Ohhh," Kelly said, "oookay, so what does the winner get?"

Kyle thought for only a second or two, staring at Kelly's body the entire time, feeling his pants tighten so much he almost wanted to just take them off.

"How about the winner gets to fuck the loser stupid?"

Kelly giggled and clapped her hands together, bouncing a little more than she knew she could, her tits swinging wildly. "Ooh, goodie, okay, I like that prize!"

Heh, Kyle thought, it certainly wouldn't be a challenge to fuck her stupid after this game. She was already two-thirds the way there.

"Then let's play and see whose character ends up the most YOO-miliated."

\* \* \*

Missy and Lana sat silently in the car of Lana's father, Reverend Jim. Each of them had felt any influence or control leave them as soon as he had arrived to pick them up. For Lana it was much more humiliating as apparently, Missy discovered, Lana had been quite eager for a facial, and not the type they usually went to a salon for.

No, it seemed that Missy wasn't alone in having an inner whore at heart. Lana apparently displayed herself to half the mall by letting two guys jack off all over her tits on camera. Missy wondered if they had a tape of that happening. Part of her would really like to see it.

She wasn't sure why she was less embarrassed than Lana was about the whole incident. After all, she'd been caught as well by Reverend Jim just moments after he collected his daughter from the

floor in the movie aisles. Missy almost grinned thinking about all that thick frothy cum that flooded her tight little ass as Lana's dad walked through the doors into the back.

She loved it, and it made her cum harder than ever to know she was being seen, being witnessed getting fucked so hard by Walter, the friendly and quite well-endowed manager of the store.

Whatever the case was, with her body back in her control, Missy felt like she'd run a marathon today without actually running it. She was exhausted and yet still couldn't stop thinking about men, more particularly about certain parts of men.

Lana was slumped in the backseat, unsure what to do. She'd already wiped away much of the cum from her face and hair. It left her usually silky hair a bit matted and sticky but that was really the least of her problems. For some reason she'd let some crazy wave of desire get the best of her. And now, she wasn't sure whether her dad was driving them somewhere to dump them off like the whores they had become or whether he was containing his rage by being silent the entire ride so far.

When they pulled into the church parking lot, Lana knew that at least she wasn't getting dumped off like the gutter trash she felt she was now.

She'd done so much today, so many depraved and sick things, and worse she had enjoyed some of them. Missy, it seemed, had enjoyed all of them.

Missy was looking over at Reverend Jim, but not looking up into his tense and angry eyes. No, Missy was staring at his pants, looking at the slight bulge she could make out, wondering how good that bulge might feel shoved down her throat. She wasn't even questioning her thoughts now. She'd worked through the confusion and accepted that whatever controlled her, she enjoyed at least part of it.

She was a whore and always would be.

Parking the car, no one moved for nearly a minute. Reverend Jim turned off the ignition and slowly looked down.

"What am I going to tell your mother, Lana?"

No one said a word, Lana just looking ashamed and staring down at her lap. "What am I going to tell your parents about all this, Missy?"

Again there was silence but Missy felt her hand moving and realized that the control was back, she was doing things she didn't even have control over and yet as she spoke she had every bit of control and just no longer cared about what humiliation or embarrassment it might bring her.

"Mmm... you don't have to say anything to them, Reverend Jim."

Saying this, Missy laid a hand on his leg, then slowly squeezed her fingers a little. He looked down at her hand, jerked his leg slightly, and then looked up into her eyes.

"What's gotten into you, Missy? I mean, you've always been intense, a bit dominant with the cheerleading squad, but basically you were a good kid."

Missy smiled. "I grew up, Reverend, and ya know what?"

He sighed as she continued lightly massaging his thigh, leaning over towards him. "What?"

Missy looked back at Lana, the girl's pleading eyes doing nothing to stop what Missy wanted to say. She leaned in closer to Reverend Jim, slipping her seatbelt over her head and pressing her face in next to his.

"I grew into a hungry little whore."

Reverend Jim jerked away, nearly slapping his head over into the driver's side window as he turned and looked at Missy.

She was now moving her fingers up his thigh, over towards the bulge in his pants. Whether he wanted it or not, that bulge was quickly growing and soon Missy was rubbing it as she looked into his eyes, her long silky hair swaying with her subtle movements.

"What are you doing?" Reverend Jim asked.

Lana finally spoke up from the back seat and she leaned forward to better see what Missy was doing, something it seemed clear she didn't really want to see. Her body was once again being controlled as well, Missy realized.

"What are you doing to my dad?"

Missy grinned. "Oh come on, Lana, the game is up, we're whores. We might as well take it all the way, right?"

"Huh?" Lana said, and suddenly it seemed her voice got stuck in her throat. She almost appeared to gasp, but suddenly smiled as her eyes widened and words she clearly wasn't expecting left her slightly cum-speckled lips.

"Mmm... she's right, Daddy, we're just a couple of fucking whores. Mmm... don't you like us, Daddy? We're good little whores. I bet you like Missy, right?"

Missy was squeezing and cupping Reverend Jim's balls, moving her other hand over to unzip his pants, to unbuckle his seatbelt. "Yeah, Reverend, I bet you have some big heavenly balls all stuffed and ready to feed me, hmmm?"

Reverend Jim was sweating, his resolve fading but mostly his will seeming broken by the sudden harshness of his own daughter's words. He looked back at Lana, confused, frightened almost, then he looked down at Missy, his own arms frozen at his side, unable to fight what the girl was doing to him or for him.

"Mmm... now this looks appetizing," Missy said a moment later as she reached in and tugged slightly at the reverend's briefs, immediately releasing a thick cock that only hardened and grew with her nimble touch.

He moved a hand finally but it wasn't to stop Missy. No, all he did was reach his left fist up to his face, rub his chin and then bite down on it to keep from crying out as the teenage cheerleader began sliding her fingers up and down his growing hardness.

"Oh yeah," Missy said, looking up at him, then lowering her head, "this is soooo tasty looking."

Lana couldn't help herself as she stared over the back of their seats, watching her best friend flick her tongue out and lick the tip of her dad's cock. She couldn't help but stare and worse still she couldn't help what she said, feeling a humiliation that ran up her entire spine as she did.

"Oh wow, Daddy, you never mentioned what a fucking huge dick you have. Mmm... now that's what I call a blessing."

Missy laughed a little and licked more of his cock, lowering her head and opening wide as she simply swallowed the first few inches. As she slurped tightly on it, Reverend Jim groaned and seemed to lose more of his fight, to lose all of his tension. Missy pulled up off his now wet cock, slight string of drool escaping her lips.

"Now that's what I like to see; Reverend Jim, I'm gonna suck so much cum out of you, you may just see it squirt out my nose."

"Oh yeah, do it to her, Daddy," Lana said, "fuck the little whore's mouth until she can't breathe, fill her with your cum."

Lana couldn't believe what she was saying but more than that she couldn't believe what her father said next.

Reverend Jim seemed to stop biting his fist as he closed his eyes tightly and then suddenly opened them, an intense expression crossing his face. He seemed to have snapped, to have broken loose from whatever mental restraint was holding him in place.

"Dammit, just do it, just suck that dick you little cunt."

Lana had never heard words such as these from her father, but equally she'd never said words as she did next. "Mmm... so forceful, Daddy, you're making me jealous. Maybe I should get a snack myself while we're at it."

Lana wanted so badly to clamp a hand over her mouth, to fall down into a pile and curl up, hoping this was a nightmare. She wanted to, but all she did was remain watching as Missy grinned and began bobbing her face up and down, sucking the reverend all the way to the balls and moaning like a whore the whole time.

Reverend Jim grunted, leaning back in his seat, listening to the sloppy wet slurping sounds Missy made as she sucked his cock. He leaned back, adjusting, letting her have easier access, even placing his hand on the back of her head, fucking her face as hard as she was fucking it herself.

During all of this, Lana lost the best view of what was happening. She felt her body taking control and was powerless to resist as she

turned to the door and opened it, climbing out of the car and walking up beside the driver's side door.

Lana didn't want to but she did. She opened that door and stood there leaning over and looking down at her father getting his cock sucked.

Missy was a pro it seemed, whether she had been before or suddenly became one today. She was going up and down, gagging herself, nearly choking on the fat cock that belonged to Reverend Jim.

"Oh wow," Lana said, not wanting to say a word, "that's so fucking hot. Mmm... it seriously turns me on."

Reverend Jim glanced over at his daughter, eyes listless as he scanned her up and down, then he looked back down at Missy's head. "You both are whores," he said, almost as a partial statement, partial question.

Missy mumbled a response, refusing to stop her sucking even for a moment, enjoying the sudden blow job more than anything in her life so far.

Lana said perhaps the final words needed to make her humiliation complete. "Yeah, we sure are, so why don't you get your hands on something while your dick is down Missy's throat?"

As she said this, Lana grabbed her top and lifted it up, exposing her big fat tits to her father. She'd never experienced any moment quite so humiliating as this, at least not until her father groaned and reached his left hand up, grabbing her nearest tit quite suddenly and fondling her.

Reverend Jim was leaning back in his car, grunting, fast approaching a climax in Missy's sweet little mouth, currently squeezing away at

one of his daughter's tits as she leaned in watching what her friend did. It was simply all too much, too much for all three of them.

Missy tightened her lips, going all the way down, opening up her throat. Reverend Jim tightened his hand around Lana's tit, pulling it hard towards him, leaning his mouth in that direction, stretching her nipple until he could lightly suckle on it. Lana was moaning and saying horrible things.

"Mmm... fuck, oh yeah, stretch my tight little nipple, pull it, suck on it, mmmm yessss!"

With a white hot heat that flooded up through Lana and made her only want so much more than just a fondling suckle, Reverend Jim seemed to feel the same heat and blasted away several thick ropey strings of sperm directly down Missy's throat. He breathed heavily, Missy swallowing every last drop. For a moment there was silence, just three individuals whose passion had lost all sense of morality or reason.

Then they quickly left the car and headed towards the church. As they walked along, Reverend Jim refused to allow Lana to lower her shirt, keeping his hand firmly on her tit, squeezing away. He did the same with his other hand on Missy's chest, escorting both high school girls in towards his office.

The girls both felt the control slipping back to where only they were in charge of their actions. However, they went right along, eager to see what happened next.

Lana knew that whatever her father planned to do with them in his office, it certainly wasn't going to be holy, unless it involved either of their holes.

\* \* \*

The large words GAME OVER appeared on the screen as the final scores added up from this last shortened round.

Kyle was harder than he'd ever been in his life, not just from seeing the action through the unique first person perspective on the Whee YOO controller but also from having a hot as hell gamer like Kelly sitting on the couch next to him.

He grinned as he set his own controller down and looked over at the cute redhead, the girl with the red hoodie who now barely fit in that hoodie, much less seemed interested in keeping anything hidden by it.

She'd always been shy, rather embarrassed, and certainly far short of the sexy vixen she now was. Kyle knew that none of that mattered anymore. Kelly was fully filled up with memory from the game, meaning now she was not only the perfect gamer babe, she was as much a whorish slut as they'd made Missy and Lana. Better still, she was a complete airhead.

Bimbos often came in blonde, but Kyle preferred redheads and going by the score on screen he had a certain redhead to fuck stupid now.

"Aww shoot, you won," Kelly said, squirming on her side of the couch.

Kyle nodded as he saw the final score, Lana and Missy each humiliated more than anyone could imagine but definitely Lana taking the lead at the end.

"I guess so, and speaking of shoot," Kyle said, winking at Kelly.

She looked over at him confused.

Kyle simply rolled his eyes and pointed at her. "I think we had a bet on who would win. Looks like I won, so speaking of shoot, I'd say I better bend you over fast cause I got one hell of a big load to shoot up inside that curvy little body of yours."

Kelly giggled and played with her long red hair as she looked at Kyle. "Mmm... I think I'd like that."

There was a short scramble and moments later, Kelly was bending over the back of the couch, Kyle behind her, sliding his thick and far too ready cock inside her. He grabbed her hips, feeling how wide they were, how tight her skin had been stretched, somehow only making her already perfect pale flesh even purer looking. What he planned to do this weekend while his parents were away was anything but pure, Kyle thought.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck yeah, Kelly," Kyle grunted, slamming her deep, penetrating the little bimbo no differently than all that game memory had.

Kyle planned on doing things no less pure than he imagined Missy and Lana were doing right now in the church a mile or so away. He planned on fucking Kelly into a brainless pile of goo, then letting her rest up and fucking her all over again.

They'd been friends far too long for this to be a one time thing, and with the way she looked, Kelly was gonna see a huge popularity boom at school. He had no doubt by the time they graduated in a few months, Kelly would be the hottest girl to get that diploma.

Too bad she wouldn't get much use out of it, Kyle thought grinning.

He reached around and grabbed her tits, pressing his fingers in, feeling how deliciously soft and stretchy they were. He gasped as he fucked her harder and harder, jackhammering into her like he had a time constraint to meet.

Time was something Kyle had plenty of, and while he enjoyed playing SINtendo Whee YOO, nothing compared to the sensation of playing with Kelly.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck, Kelly," Kyle groaned.

"Mmmm... oh yes... yes, do me like a slut, mmm... like fuck me harder!" Kelly cried out, her voice slightly higher pitched, every syllable sounding like an orgasm spoken.

"Like a slut, nothing," Kyle shouted, "you are one, and I'm gonna make you the best one out there."

Kelly gasped and leaned over further, nearly parallel with the floor, her tits drooping so much that they almost grazed the seat of the couch, slapping lightly against the fancy new controllers for this video game system she stopped by to play.

"Mmm... oh yes, ungh... yeah, I'm such a slut!"

"All the girls who play SINtendo Whee YOO are," Kyle said. "It's my favorite gaming system... ever!"

He grunted and slapped harder and harder into Kelly, watching her red hair fly with every thrust, hearing her fat tits bounce and slosh around, listening to her constant orgasmic moans. Finally with a huge thrust and an exhausted grin on his face, he buried himself deep inside the girl who had not so long ago been his intelligent, small-chested friend. She wasn't that way anymore and small certainly didn't describe what Kyle did, exploding in a climax like none other in his young life.

"Oh... fuck," he sighed, "favorite system... ever!"

As Kelly felt the seed spraying so deep inside her she felt a warmth all the way to her chest, she listlessly looked up at the television screen. Missy and Lana were both there, character representations showing them now as horny sluts, no different than she felt getting her brains fucked out by Kyle.

Stamped over both of their character images were the large words Fully YOO-miliated. And below that it simply read Thank you for playing SINtendo Whee YOO, the only gaming system to truly give YOO the power.

**The End**

**Petting YOO**  
**by Kris P. Kreme**

"Babe, are you really sure about wearing that to the petting zoo?"

"Of course I am; is it really too much for your fiancée to look all cute and sexy to see the little fluffy animals?"

Kevin grinned at the girl he planned on spending the rest of his life with, a gorgeous blonde who by all the laws of nature he still felt he had no rights being in the same room with, far less if that room had a bed in it. He let his eyes wander down over the dress she'd chosen to wear today. It was a skimpy dress that not only revealed some plunging cleavage that honestly looked in danger of suffocating any little fluffy animals that got too close, but also cut off well above her knees leaving her perfect legs exposed for any of the more human male animals to raise an eyebrow at.

"You know it's never too much to me if you wanna look sexy, not that it takes much work," Kevin laughed.

His fiancée of four months, Amber, walked over to him, swaying her hips, thinning her eyes and leaning in to kiss him on the cheek. "Mmm... flattery might just get you everywhere," she whispered in his ear.

A smile crept across his face as he walked over and took his jacket off the back of the chair. "Babe, we've known each other since graduation last year; by now I think you know it's not just flattery."

"If you're sucking up, remember that's my job," Amber said, licking her lips. "Though I'll have my protein shake a little later, thank you." She laughed, loving the games she played with Kevin's mind.

Kevin looked at her again, taking in the vision of perfection that Amber was in his life. She was just shorter than his height which in his mind put her at the perfect size, her body was just fit enough not to be overweight but not scrawny, having wide hips and nicely large breasts, perfection in his personal opinion. Even better, her mind was playful, dirty one minute, innocent the next.

If there was one thing Kevin knew a lot about it was the art of playing with minds, perhaps the one categorization to apply to his sometimes awkward youth and young adulthood. The wedding was only a month away and he still had yet to hear from his older sister, Melissa. Things hadn't been the same in years, not since the infamous gaming situation.

He shook his head, letting memories of the past fade away as he focused on his future. Amber knew nothing about the past and he aimed to keep it that way. She was perfect without need for manipulation or games. If anything she played the games in this relationship, insisting they spend their Saturday at a petting zoo then dressing hot enough to make him think more like a little animal himself.

"Come on, stop staring and let's go," Amber said, licking her lips in a very purposeful manner to further mess with Kevin's head.

Kevin nodded and walked up to Amber, hugging her and looking down into her eyes. "You're right, the faster we go pet the animals the faster I can get home to pet you."

Amber playfully slapped his hand off her hips. "Hey Mister, you know my rules until next month. We may have moved in together but the serious fun has to wait until I'm wearing that white dress."

Kevin knew the rules quite well. Amber was teasing and playful vocally but actually doing things, she was old fashioned. They'd

done a lot while dating, actually almost everything short of the wild passionate sex he had no doubt she could thoroughly enjoy. Now though, the closer it got to the big day, the more traditional and reserved she became.

"I know, I know," Kevin joked, "though believe me, you better not have too many attachments to that dress because I think I'm gonna just rip it right off you as soon as we're done with the vows."

Passing through the living room of their small rental home, Amber giggled and grinned up at Kevin, twisting her body in just such a way that he could see directly down her neckline, easily seeing the fullness of her breasts. "I'm not sure Mommy and Daddy will like you tearing my clothes off in front of the church just to bend me over the pulpit and screw my little brains out."

Kevin's eyes widened at that comment. Even for her it was over the top and he had to admit devastating to the fit of his pants.

"Damn babe, you're an animal sometimes," Kevin sighed, opening the front door.

"Mmm... you'll find out soon enough, won't you?" Amber grinned, a wide and very playful grin.

Swinging the door inward, Kevin turned and looked out, immediately frowning. For a moment Amber and he both just stared past the screen door, out into the pouring rain, the clouds thickening up even as they looked out, the sky growing blacker by the second.

"Shit..." Kevin said very softly.

"Aww... no," Amber said, slumping her shoulders like a kid who'd just missed Santa Claus.

Kevin sighed and looked around, leaned out and looked up into the sky. "Babe, damn... I'm really sorry, I just think the petting zoo plans might have to wait. This looks like a real downpour and probably not one that's just passing through."

Amber nodded reluctantly, standing there in her sexy little dress looking out into the chilled wet day. "Yeah... yeah I understand; but darn, I was really looking forward to it."

Kevin nudged her in the side playfully. "Hey, don't worry we can do it another day; and besides if you'd like to spend some quality time petting a warm little animal, I might have one you can play with all day."

He winked and gestured toward his pants, Amber laughing as she looked down at the obvious bulge then up into his eyes. "Ha, I'd be careful about calling it little, stud. A girl likes to think she's getting a healthy adult animal in that department."

Kevin rolled his eyes. "Alright, ha ha, very funny, babe." He looked around, then started to remove his jacket, tossing it to the nearby sofa. "Well, I don't know about you, but I think I'll go in the garage and work on the lawnmower. The way this rain is coming down, I'll likely be doing some cutting soon."

Amber nodded. "Alright, I'll just find something to do around the house."

Kevin looked into her eyes again. "Hey, Amber honey, I'm really sorry about the petting zoo. Don't worry, we'll get there soon."

She nodded and smiled. "Just get out to the garage and do man work, Kevin. Be my soon to be stud of a husband."

Kevin winked and turned to walk away, leaving Amber staring out the open front door, past the screen door and into a drizzling mess of a

day.

\* \* \*

Nearly an hour had passed and Amber could hear the constant sounds of tinkering out in the garage, Kevin probably disassembling the entire lawnmower if she knew him well enough. He was definitely the man for her but sometimes he went a little overboard with machines, insisting on taking them apart and finding every little piece of them, believing himself to be improving the design somehow by merely putting them back together.

She smiled and looked down over her dress she'd chosen for their date today. She admitted that her number one reason for choosing such a revealing dress was to draw some attention. She figured men might enjoy seeing her body that she jogged regularly to maintain and Kevin might get a little jealous of their looking.

Amber loved messing with Kevin's head, always had, even on their dates. She was spunky that way, she supposed, just playing with him and giving him those hinted glimpses of their life once they took that trip down the aisle.

Staring out the window for the fifth time in an hour, Amber realized days like this made it seem like a month away would never come, that time was slowing down the closer they got to the big event.

She had to admit, though never would let Kevin in on it, that even she was getting quite antsy for some action, eager to test out the bedsprings of their new mattress as man and wife. She hated to even think too long about what that first week probably would be like.

Amber had a very healthy sexual appetite and she easily imagined they'd be doing as much as they could all throughout the day. Looking down at her dress, she pressed her hands against her tummy. Who knows, she thought? If Kevin was as wild as she imagined he might end up being, she might get a little bonus to her burning little oven.

She bit her lip thinking of it, trying not to let her fantasies run away with her.

As she idly stared out the window, towards the front stoop near the screen door which knocked against the house every now and then in the howling wind of a growing storm, Amber suddenly noticed that there was something there.

Walking around to the front door and swinging it open, Amber stared and widened her eyes a little as she saw the brown paper wrapped package, the ink smearing a bit from the constant downpour.

She looked over towards the side door where she still could hear the hammering and clinking of metal, the distant music playing on the radio out in the garage as Kevin worked. Nah, she thought, she wouldn't disturb her man while he was doing man things.

She opened the screen door, reached around and managed to drag the heavy package inside before getting too wet.

Sitting on the sofa beside it, Amber leaned over and stared down at the label on the top. The name was smeared but part of Kevin's first name was clear enough as well as the scribbled message on one corner of it that read 'For your upcoming wedding, Enjoy'.

Amber wondered who it was from, what was in it. The shipping stamps were all over one corner of it, colorful images on the stamps but what seemed to be possibly Japanese characters. As she

thought back to anyone Kevin might know in that part of the world she suddenly sat up.

"Oh," she said, thinking back to what Kevin had told her about his high school and college days.

She recalled Kevin mentioning a rather troublesome uncle overseas in Tokyo. His uncle apparently had a lot of money and liked to send him expensive if somewhat unique items, games she thought she recalled him saying.

Amber scooted the box around, pulling it closer as she bit her lip lightly. Kevin hadn't told her specifics, had been oddly secretive about that part of his life. She wondered what might be in this package, and as she looked around thinning her eyes, Amber wondered if he'd mind her opening it.

After several more endless minutes of listening to both the distant hammering in the garage and the thunder rumbling outside, Amber couldn't resist. She had to do something to pass the time and she was getting far too imaginative as to what this mysterious uncle of Kevin's might have sent him.

Ripping open the paper, tossing fragments of it as far as the doorway to the garage, making a real mess of the living room, Amber revealed the large box underneath the wrapping. For her it was like Christmas morning, though admittedly she'd certainly not been as curvy the last time she tore into a package quite like this.

Getting down onto the floor, sitting next to the large box, Amber wiped away some of the tissue packing paper that covered the sides of it. She read the English words which were written in smaller letters underneath some very vibrantly colored Japanese characters.

"SINtendo Whee YOO, Elite System, complete with assorted games."

She sat back and looked at the various photos on the side of the box. Raising an eyebrow she realized what it was, though found some of the images to be a bit extreme for any ordinary video game system.

Amber rotated the box, looking at images of Japanese women, girls really, all of them appearing somewhat undressed, though creatively covered by Japanese characters advertising some feature of the game system. She felt almost conservatively dressed by comparison and she realized sitting there on the floor made her legs nearly fully exposed so that was actually saying something.

Amber grinned as she began reading the titles of the included games. One of those games certainly jumped out at her.

"Petting YOO," she read. "Have you ever wanted to be the star of your very own petting zoo? Experience the fun life of a simple animal and have all the petting YOO can handle, with Petting YOO, exclusively for the SINtendo Whee YOO."

Amber knew she probably shouldn't be messing with a package clearly intended for Kevin. She realized Kevin might get onto her later about even opening it. She also knew Kevin was a sweetheart, and he'd be fine with her looking through something silly like a video game system. She smiled and reached up to the flaps that would open the box. He'd especially be fine with it, she thought, when he saw that she only wanted to play a little game about a petting zoo.

Less than a half hour later, Amber had managed to remove all the packing materials and get the game system set up. She realized Kevin might even be proud that she'd managed to connect all the wires to the television, even kept them mostly hidden as she set the main console on the table next to it.

Kevin liked to think he was the big smart man of the house but Amber hid a few skills up her sleeves, she thought, casually realizing the dress she was wearing didn't actually have sleeves. She sat back, pulling her dress up a bit on her pale white thighs, resting and looking at the very modern game controller.

She recalled reading about the new system that had a controller with a screen on it. While she wasn't all into video games and the latest news, Amber was nearly positive this wasn't the actual system those articles had been talking about.

Oh well, she thought, if it was a knock off, it was a good one. She managed to find where the game disc went and took out the one she'd been quick to set aside, Petting YOO, the petting zoo simulator that made for very heavy petting, according to the label.

Inserting the disc, Amber double checked the connections, made sure she had the television on the right input and kept the volume low enough to where she could still hear Kevin out in the garage. It currently sounded as though he was beginning to put the lawnmower back together, an occasional crash of him likely dropping a part or two.

Kevin was cute, Amber thought, but sometimes he got in over his head.

The screen blazed to life quite suddenly and as it did, the game controller screen in her hands did as well. She grinned and widened her eyes, taking in all the brilliant glowing colors, finding herself not just impressed but nearly mesmerized by the graphics of simply the title screen.

Some words appeared on the screen of the controller. 'Scanning Player'

After a few seconds and some warming of the controller in Amber's hands, the words changed. 'Scanning complete, player preparation commencing'

Amber felt oddly lightheaded as she stared at the bright colors flowing across the screen. Her head felt rather loopy, similar to how a few glasses of wine made her, though much more aware. She clenched the controller a little tighter as she closed her eyes.

When she finally did reopen her eyes, Amber noticed the screen on the controller had gone blank, only the television screen lit up. She worried that something she'd done had messed up the controller until she looked up at the large screen of Kevin's television, seeing the words 'Controller not needed to play Petting YOO'.

Amber put the controller aside, laying it gently back on the box the entire system and games had arrived in. She felt oddly shaky as she did and started to stand up to head back to the sofa. As soon as she started to push up from where she sat, Amber felt the tightness in her muscles, her legs either cramped or stuck, stiffened in a manner that simply wouldn't let her stand.

The best she could manage was getting up onto all fours, crawling somewhat slowly back towards the sofa.

She felt silly crawling on the floor in her dress, the low cut of it meaning her breasts shimmied from side to side freely inside. Amber realized she probably should have worn a bra but then her goal had been to mercilessly tease Kevin a bit while enjoying the petting zoo.

Now she was cramped from all this game set up and apparently the game didn't even seem to work.

She stared at the screen, unsure what the message at the bottom meant. The background which was faded a little, showed a petting zoo, not unlike the one she'd intended on visiting. There were lambs

and bunnies, cute little animals all fluffy and waiting to be pet, she thought. Of course something strange was the vaguely Asian looking girl who was pictured crawling on all fours, looking a bit like herself at least in how she was dressed, skimpily and leaving not all that much to the imagination.

Kevin would get a kick out of this, Amber thought, trying to reach up and brush some of her long blonde hair out of her face. Here she was looking as sexy as she'd intended but crawling around on the carpet like some animal.

It didn't help matters that her arms seemed somewhat cramped as well, making it oddly difficult to grab at her hair. She felt like she was pawing at her face like a dog, sitting back against the side of the sofa, unable at the moment to even jump up onto it.

The screen message wasn't making her feel any better, saying only 'In Petting YOO, YOO are the pet'.

Amber wasn't sure what sort of game this was supposed to be since nothing was even happening on the screen. She was about ready to crawl back over and turn the system off when suddenly the doorbell rang.

Dammit, Amber thought frustrated. She tried to get up, knowing the doorbell didn't ring out in the garage and from the sounds of it Kevin was very busy with the power wrench, tightening or doing whatever it was he did when reassembling lawnmowers. She rolled her eyes, feeling her legs give way, leaving her on the floor, on all fours, looking and feeling rather ridiculous.

"Kev..." she started to shout, finding her voice somewhat hoarse. She coughed a little and then tried to shout to him once again. This time she didn't even get the first part of his name out. Amber wrinkled her brow and raised a hand up to her mouth, covering it as

she tried to yell for his attention and only managed to let out a strange howling noise.

"Aroooo!" Amber shouted, shocking herself as she realized she sounded like some sort of dog.

Something wasn't right, Amber realized. Her voice was not simply gone, not just faded like she had a sore throat. It was different, the words she intended not coming out, or coming out with animal like howls instead. She crawled over towards the front door as the doorbell rang again, this time twice in a row.

She hated that she couldn't pull herself up off the floor, feeling incredibly stupid crawling towards it unable to speak. Whoever it was, she just hoped they didn't think her crazy for how she was dressed and what she was doing.

Pulling at the door which fortunately she hadn't pushed shut fully, Amber managed to swing it open, the darkness of the sky outside brightened by the occasional flash of lightning. Rain still poured and as Amber lifted her head up, letting some of the long blonde hair fall off to one cheek, she stared at none other than Kevin's father, Jim.

Jim first looked into the house, through the screen door, probably wondering who had opened it, Amber realized. She made a noise, intending to just say his name or get his attention, succeeding in making a low howl once again.

"Arrrooooo!" Amber moaned, sitting back and looking up at Jim.

"Amber," he said, peering in through the door, looking down at her. "Is that you, are you alright?"

Amber tried to shake her head, but was shocked when all she seemed capable of doing was wiggling her hips and letting her tongue roll out.

She panted a bit as Jim quickly opened the door and stepped inside. He kneeled down next to Amber, looking her in the eyes. "Oh my gosh, Amber, honey, where's Kevin; are you okay, did you fall down or something?"

Amber wanted to say anything, to explain, her thoughts becoming strangely more muffled as she looked up at Jim. She gestured back towards the television and Jim stared past her for a lingering moment, his eyes widening as he saw the contents of the screen.

"What? Oh no..." Jim said.

And those were the only words he managed to say before Amber heard the game system spinning to life, disc inside seeming to again be loading something, the words on the screen changing. She read everything there, feeling entirely fine except for her inability to pick herself up off the floor and her troubles speaking.

The words definitely were not what she expected.

'Preparing new player for Petting YOO. Player one is now in heat and desires to be pet heavily, player two enjoy.'

Amber looked from the screen back at Kevin's dad. Her eyes widened as she saw how he was now looking directly at her. Something had changed, something quite easily noticed, especially given how she knew she was dressed.

Jim stared at Amber, kneeling down next to her, lightly raising a hand from her shoulder up to the top of her head. He lifted his fingers and lowered them, ruffling her thick blonde hair, gripping her head and tilting it back as he smiled at her.

"Well hello, Amber," Jim spoke, his voice oddly more forceful than Amber ever recalled hearing before. "Aren't you just the cutest little

animal in the zoo?"

Amber raised her eyebrows, wanting to pull away, wanting to shout for Kevin. All she did though was curl her lips into a smile, sitting back and shivering as Jim lowered his eyes to her dress. Her cleavage was more exposed than ever before thanks to her awkward crawling around on the carpet.

"Nice little tits you have there, Amber," Jim said, reaching both hands down and lightly rubbing his palms over her breasts, pressing in and cupping each of them. "But what's a stupid little animal like you doing wearing clothes?"

Amber almost shrieked but merely let out a low moaning howl as Jim grabbed her dress tightly, gripping it at the shoulder straps and pulling. He yanked the material strongly, ripping her dress straight down the middle, tearing it apart and letting her full perky tits flop out into the open. Jim instantly forgot all about the fabric of the dress and grabbed onto her spongy soft exposed flesh.

"Oh fuck, Amber, I always did think my son found one hell of a hot little animal, just never realized how fun you'd be to slide my hands all over," Jim groaned, rubbing his fingers down between her tits, squeezing each one, pinching her nipples.

"Mmm... aaaarooooo... ooooooohhhh!" Amber cried out, leaning back, letting Kevin's father openly and eagerly molest her.

She moaned, feeling the pleasure of firm hands fondling her tits, rubbing down past them towards her tummy, pushing the dress more and more down until she had it settled around her ankles where she sat. Amber closed her eyes as soon as Jim began petting her warm little pussy, thrusting his fingers down her panties, enthusiastically thrusting those fingers inside her.

"Oooh... ohhh, mmm..." she whimpered, breathing heavily.

Suddenly Jim stopped petting and fondling, pulling Amber up until she realized he was repositioning her. She opened her eyes, pleasure coursing through her veins, her mind unable to even make sense of exactly what was happening. As she looked up towards Jim she realized how he wanted her, and she put her hands down to the carpet, raising up onto all fours.

Amber stared at Jim, flashing her eyes quickly over to the screen. The words there had changed and she was finding it difficult to read them now, her mind dripping in so much unwanted enjoyment. She squinted as Jim sat on the floor beside her, trying to read what the words on the television screen said.

Something about cow, she thought, her mind only able to make sense of that much. Jim's words to her in the next moment or two made it all too clear and she widened her eyes as he scooted in close to her side.

"Oh Amber, what a cute little cow you are..." Jim said, hesitating and smiling as he slapped her on the ass, her nude body perfection in his eyes, his motives quite clear. "Well, what's a cute little cow without some milking?"

No, Amber thought, no... he couldn't could he?

She looked to the side, watching Jim rub his hands together, bending them back and cracking his knuckles like a man about to get to work. As he reached underneath her, she felt him grab hold of her perky tits, rubbing them softly, wrapping his fingers around them and squeezing ever so lightly.

He tightened his grip as he began to pump them in each of his fists. Jim then grinned rather madly as he wrapped his hands tightly around them and squeezed, stroking from where they met her chest

down to the nipples, pinching hard, repeatedly doing this over and over.

The pleasure was too much, the groping too extreme, Amber thought. She was intending to spend her day at a petting zoo and somehow here she was on her living room floor getting her tits crushed by the hands of her soon to be father in law. It was just insane.

Amber widened her eyes and almost screamed, her voice merely drawing out into a somewhat recognized sound.

"Mmmmmooooo!" Amber moaned and Jim began to chuckle.

"Ah... there we go," Jim said, grinning wildly and looking down as he repeatedly squeezed Amber's tits, finally managing to crush some thick juicy sprays out of her nipples.

"Oh... oohhh... mmmmmoooo!" Amber moaned, feeling her tits pulled and stretched, her nipples plumping up, the incredibly pleasurable sensation of having milk forced out of them.

Jim squirted and squeezed, milking Amber like he was desperate to empty her, frantically tugging on her now heavy teats, drawing more and more white fluids out of her. He was making a saturated puddle on the carpet in the middle of the living room, loving the way Amber moaned and trembled with every thick spray.

"Oooh..." Amber moaned nearly losing consciousness, feeling any resistance she'd still had fade away as she looked down and back, watching as Jim pressed his fingers tightly into her tits, grabbing them one at a time and squeezing, forcefully milking her like some slutty cow, creating new depths of pleasure even her playful mind had never come up with.

In the back of her mind she still could listen to the sounds in the room, the thick squirts of milk hitting the carpet, the enjoyed comments of Jim as he did so much more than simply pet her like some animal. Most of all she could hear the radio and machine noises out in the garage, Kevin apparently testing out the lawnmower, the noise when combined with thunder outside probably blocking out any of her cries.

Finally Jim seemed satisfied with the milking, allowing Amber to sit up and rest.

She couldn't believe what he'd done to her, she thought looking down at her tits. They were a mess, no longer perky at all. They were heavier, fuller, sloshier, and now they settled lower on her chest, nipples wide and somewhat purple shaded, thick white trickles of milk still dribbling down in streams, spattering slowly against her thighs.

"Nice udders, Amber," Jim said. "Always thought you looked tasty," he added, reaching a finger over and rubbing some of her milk on it. As he raised that finger to his lips, Jim slurped and grinned. "Yep, very tasty."

The SINtendo made some noises and Amber turned to look at the TV, mind hazy with strange senses of pleasure and simpleness. Her long blonde hair was wild, giving her the appearance of the animal she seemed to be for this game. As she tried to make out the words on the screen, she quickly gave up, realizing she just couldn't read them.

Just like Amber understood she couldn't get up and walk on two legs, she realized speaking in full words and reading were leaving her with every passing second. She still understood the words when spoken though and Jim made it all too clear what the game had shifted into now.

"Nice, looks like the petting is over, Amber; time to get some serious animal action going here," he said, grabbing her by the hair and leading her over to the coffee table in front of the sofa.

Amber allowed him to lead her, using her hair as a leash, to forcefully push her until she got the hint and raised her hands up and put them on the table top. She then resolved herself to the fate that seemed inevitable now, Jim standing for a moment and unzipping his pants.

She stared past the sofa and out the window, the rain still pouring, rain that had ruined the plans for a real petting zoo and somehow seemed to lead her into this perverse gameplay she now was trapped in.

As much as she didn't want to admit it, Amber thought, she was enjoying the game.

Jim settled in behind her, pulling her legs apart, caressing her thighs and rubbing milk damp fingers up over her curvy ass, finally resting both hands on her hips.

"Time to fuck you like an animal, Amber," Jim said, grunting and wasting no time as he simply stabbed his cock forward, thrusting right into her already dripping cunt from behind.

"Ohhhh... aooohhhhhhhhhhhroooooo!" Amber howled, bucking and gripping the table as best she could.

She could feel Jim slicing right inside her body, deeper than ever before, deeper than she'd ever dreamed anyone would fuck her. Her cunt clenched instantly, grasping onto his throbbing member, grabbing it repeatedly as he pulled out and thrust back in, building up a quick pace.

Jim rocked Amber's hips against him, fucking the girl harder than he'd ever fucked before, using her like an animal, content to fuck hard and dump a load fast, only interested in the animalistic act of mating, no longer even thinking of this as simply sex.

He grunted, released one of her hips and reached forward to grab her swaying blonde mane. As he grasped it tightly, Jim yanked back, pulling her head towards him, lifting her hands away from the table, shaking her fat tits all over and soon succeeding in sending little spritzes of milk shooting all over the sofa in front of her.

Amber moaned in a steady stream of pleased orgasmic cries, her mind shorting out, melting in complete chaos as she took the punishing drives of Jim's thick cock slamming into her womb. She couldn't feel anything but pleasure, couldn't hear anything besides his grunts and groans, his slapping hips smacking against her curvy ass.

She barely kept her eyes open, sensing the wet spatters of her own milk covering the sofa in little droplets of white. Her climax became nonstop, one long endless orgasm that never ended, even as Jim began bucking into her harder and more sporadically.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck, Amber, ungh... I'm just gonna fuck you so damn full of cum," Jim grunted.

He grabbed Amber harder, tighter, ramming his hips forward into her, feeling his cock swell as he recognized the familiar sensation overcoming his entire being.

"And I only, ungh... stopped by to give Kevin something. Guess I ungh... have a lot to give you too, huh, Amber?" Jim growled, closing his eyes tightly and slamming in deep, stuffing his entire length inside Amber's little cunt and blasting her full of his seed.

Amber felt every splash, the incredibly animal act she was involved in reaching a climax. She felt the powerful ropey sprays of cum splattering her insides, pooling in the warmest tightest spots of her pussy. She also felt Jim never slowing, never stopping, and surprisingly never softening.

Jim breathed steadily, thinking about slowing, thinking about stopping, but never following through. He stared at Amber, the tight little animal slut he wanted to fuck a litter into. He grinned and thinned his eyes, feeling his cock actually harden, and not just thicken but grow inside her.

Amber moaned harder than ever before, feeling Jim's dick thicken, but not in any usual way. No, she thought in her brief moments of actually being able to think. His cock was growing far too large to be normal.

Jim glanced at the screen, seeing the words he almost couldn't believe, but knowing when it came to something like SINtendo, anything seemed possible. He grunted as his cock formed a knot inside Amber, locking the two of them together, keeping any of his cum from escaping her tight little overpacked womb. He smiled and began thrusting once again, fucking Amber with more energy than before. He had her doggy style and now that term had taken on new literal meaning to him.

\* \* \*

Kevin was rather pleased with himself this afternoon. He'd managed to not only completely take apart and reassemble the lawnmower, he found out how to get more power out of it and even enhance the cutting blade. He was definitely born to be a handyman, he thought laughing.

He hadn't heard much from inside the house since turning off the equipment and lowering the volume on the radio. He turned out the lights to the garage and figured it was time to go check on Amber. Hopefully she'd found something fun to do since the weather ruined their day out.

As he stepped in through the door, Kevin instantly noticed the scraps of paper on the floor. He bent over and picked one up, only making out some smudged ink. Picking up another one a few inches away, Kevin's eyes widened.

It was a stamp, or part of one, and he'd only seen a stamp like this once, years ago, back when he received a certain package from a certain unmentioned relative overseas.

"No..." Kevin mumbled slowly lifting his eyes and looking across into the living room.

Amber was currently bent over the coffee table, head pulled back, mouth open in passionate pants, drooling a little as she was fucked hard by someone behind her. He stepped forward slowly, getting a better look at Amber, stripped nude and looking more than slightly different from the last time he saw her.

Kevin gulped, feeling the lump in his throat, and unwanted lump in his pants.

Amber's tits were sloshing up and down with the frantic pace of her humping, but more than that, milk was spattering out from her thick nipples, covering not only the sofa but dribbling down the window behind the sofa.

Her body was undulating and writhing in only the most sexy way he'd ever imagined, her hips flexing as the man behind her gripped her body and thrust deep inside again and again. What was perhaps

most disturbing and drew his eyes almost instantly, blocking out everything else in the room, was Amber's belly.

Her tummy was pronounced, rounding out it seemed, sloshing no differently than her tits did. Every thrust seemed to make that tummy puffier, her sexy flat belly no more, her body having clearly taken more than a few heavy loads.

Kevin approached slowly, neither Amber nor whoever it was fucking her looking his way. Part of him wanted to scream and shout, to freak out and definitely flip his shit.

He was stunned, stunned and silent, slowly looking from Amber over at the man who currently rutted into her grunting like some animal in the zoo.

"What the fuck?" Kevin suddenly shouted, recognizing the man. "Dad!"

Amber moaned and turned to look at Kevin, her eyes empty and dulled, her face one of simple pleasure. She smiled a dopey grin and leaned back, letting Jim grab hold of her hair, yanking on it as he grunted and fucked yet another load inside the slutty little pet.

Jim looked over at his son and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, hi there, Kevin."

Kevin nearly passed out, breathing deep, feeling his heart pound, watching as his dad pounded his fiancée like a hammer striking a nail, doing who knew what to her once perfect body. He angrily grit his teeth and looked back at his father.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Dad?"

Jim shrugged and continued gripping Amber's hips. "I'm just playing SiNtendo Whee YOO; geez, I'll let you play later."

**The End**

**SINtendo Gaming on the Go: Pregnant Pauses**  
**by Kris P. Kreme**

## Part One: Getting Game

Sibling rivalry has always been common, though in the household Casey had grown up in, rivalry wasn't the right word. It was a slaughter, plain and simple.

Casey had often kidded himself that to ever beat his older brother, Heath, he'd need a cheat code for life, a way to skip all the obvious advantages that a rival like Heath had, such as strength, size, and popularity. It seemed as though life had the winners and the losers and as Heath constantly reminded him, Casey was the latter and never would win at anything but the lame video games he spent his every waking free moment playing.

The weekend his parents left shortly after Casey's high school graduation would prove to be a rather typical standoff between brothers, though would end anyway but typical. The older Heath was home from college and trusted with looking after the house and everything in it. Naturally, that included Casey, even though both brothers knew he was perfectly old enough to look after himself. As Casey had grown up, become what he and the world considered an adult, Heath had only pressed the thumbs down harder, ruling every moment the two of them were in the same room, excusing his constant degrading of his brother as character building and toughening him up for life's stresses.

Casey never stood up to Heath, simply wasn't the type of kid to pick a fight, even when the fight was his to win or lose. Heath may have always been wrong, gone the caveman brute way of genetic development, but Casey just wasn't going to inflict any more pain on himself than absolutely necessary in life.

It was all in the breeding, Casey assumed. Some guys were meant to be the tough good looking studs of this world. Others were meant

to be Casey, or everything but the studs of this world. He was happy with his choices in life, perfectly satisfied to spend the weekend at home, on the couch, doing some marathon gaming with one console or another. The only thing was, Heath wasn't satisfied with that plan at all, and in a manner typical to Heath he'd very soon let his little brother know just how little a chance of happening that plan had.

"Off the couch, twerp," Heath grunted, walking in from the kitchen.

Casey looked over at his brother, watching him pop the cap on a beer bottle and immediately take a swig. "Why?"

Heath raised an eyebrow and walked over, leaning down to grab Casey by the shirt. "I said off the fucking couch, loser; you hard of hearing now?"

Casey sighed and set the game controller down on the coffee table. He rolled his eyes and brushed some scraggly brown hair out of his eyes, sitting back slump-shouldered as soon as Heath released him from his vice gripping fists.

"Come on, man, I just wanna play some games. I'll keep out of your hair, I promise," Casey pleaded.

Heath grinned and chugged back more beer, plopping down next to him on the couch.

"This really how you plan on living your life, bro, sitting here doing nothing at all with actual people? What a loser; grow some balls or something."

Casey shrugged and turned back to the television screen, currently showing the title animations for the latest first person shooter. "Hey, gaming is pretty big these days; this one's already a best seller, pretty popular with plenty of jocks I know from school."

Heath laughed. "Fucking loser ass jocks these days at that school, huh. You wanna know what I enjoyed playing with when I was your age? Pussy, plain and simple. You get yourself some of that and there's plenty of games you can play." Heath drank some beer and looked off out the window, seeming to smile. "Of course you'd have to not be a complete pussy to play with some. You'll be lucky if you ever get close enough to even see a real live boob up close. Shit... now that's a way to spend the weekend."

Casey started to reach out to the controller he'd laid down. "Here, I can show you some pretty hot NPCs in this game. Graphics are crazy good, lifelike and everything."

Heath turned and reached a muscular arm out, slapping the controller to the floor. He glared at his younger brother. "Freak, you can show someone who cares your Nerdy Pussy Club or whatever, I got my own interests."

"Non playable characters," Casey corrected.

Heath sat up and leaned over, face to face with Casey, eyes almost glowing as his facial muscles twitched. "Listen loser, I don't give a fuck about your little game world you live in. That's your problem, the characters are non playable, meaning you got no game. I'm the real player in this house right now and like I said, I have my own interests."

Casey just looked back at the television, then at the controller on the floor.

"Don't even think about picking that back up," Heath said. "I have plans involving a real live girl, probably too much for your geeky mind to handle, so like I said, off the couch."

"But..."

"No buts, freak, unless you mean my foot kicking yours so hard you taste the gum on the bottom of my shoe. Now beat it, out of the house until later."

"Later?" Casey asked, standing and looking sadly over at the game he'd intended on playing.

"Yeah, lame wad, later, as in go take a hike or something. Veronica is on her way over right now, be here any minute, and you know I'm gonna be getting me some of that. Neither of us needs some loser hanging around drooling over our own kinky little games."

Before Casey could even speak up, there was a light tapping at the front door, the clear knock of a young woman.

"There she is now, scram will ya?" Heath said, jumping up from the couch and nearly spilling his beer all over Casey as he shoved him out of the way.

"But I... that's not..." Casey said, walking defeated behind his brother towards the front door.

Heath swung the door inward, offering a fading glare in Casey's direction as he turned and beamed his chiseled jaw smile at the girl on the other side. "Veronica, baby, looking so sweet today."

Veronica was only the hottest girl at college, a girl even Casey had heard about in high school, most of the more brainy guys he hung around having posters of the brunette cheerleader for the college team that nearly won championships annually in recent years.

Even Casey could appreciate what Heath saw in her as any guy with half a brain knew there wasn't much short of perfection that Veronica embodied. She stood on the front porch smiling at Heath, letting him reach out and grasp her petite shoulders, ushering her inside.

Casey had to admit she was definitely stirring other interests in his mind besides gaming. Veronica was wearing perhaps the tightest jeans he'd ever seen on a girl in person, at least not some digitally enhanced game girl with painted on clothing. Her top was pretty much lingerie, at least by his own definitions which defined anything lacy without clear indications of a bra underneath as lingerie.

As Heath tugged her forward and towards him to hug, Casey widened his eyes and stared. Veronica's tits nearly spilled right out, barely prevented from doing so by Heath's chest pressing into her. She was definitely dressed for one purpose only, to get men to stare. That was one thing she easily succeeded in, as both brothers were staring with near equal interest at the college coed whose regular street clothes were somehow even more revealing than the cheerleading outfits she wore at the games.

"Mmm... hey there, handsome," Veronica said, pulling back from the hug, adjusting her lacy tank top which impressively made her already large breasts look even larger, verging on obscene. She brushed some dark hair out of her eyes and then cut those eyes towards Casey with a frown. "So what's with the audience?"

Heath abruptly stopped staring straight down into her cleavage, eyes intensifying as he looked over at Casey. Before he'd even managed to look up at his brother, Casey felt the sting of a heavy smack right on the back of his skull.

"Eyes off my girl, freak," Heath said, then turned to Veronica. "Sorry, baby, don't worry about the lame loser of the family here. He was just leaving."

Casey backed up as Veronica walked in, rolling her eyes away from him and offering the look so many girls had given him throughout high school, the almost pitiful expression of both annoyance and sadness that showed exactly where a guy like Casey ranked in most girls' minds.

"But I... um..." Casey started.

Heath glared at him. "You were just leaving, weren't you?" He asked through tightly gritted teeth.

"Yeah," Veronica said, rather bubbly as she pressed in next to Heath, bumping him playfully with her hips, rubbing a hand up and down his chest. "Go outside and play, kid, mmm... we got adult things to take care of."

She giggled, both a heavenly sound to Casey's ears and the cackling of a witch, though the word he'd use to be more accurate would definitely have begun with a B.

As Casey watched Veronica clinging to Heath's side and flirting her way into complete control of his meathead mind, he found himself shoved rather forcefully out onto the front porch. He never even got another word in as the door slammed and the turning of the deadbolt could be heard, girlish giggling fading as Heath no doubt led Veronica into the living room where he'd make better use of the couch than Casey ever would have on his own.

Turning and shaking his head, Casey realized he'd not only lost another brotherly battle, another regular defeat in the lameness of his life. He'd also been insulted by the hottest girl at a school he technically would be attending come fall.

Looking around, Casey realized he may as well just take a walk, head on downtown or something. Fortunately they lived in a small enough town where most of the places one could want to go were within walking distance and maybe he thought, just maybe the walk would let him blow off some steam he had towards Heath ruining his plans for the day.

Setting off down the sidewalk, Casey vowed that somehow he'd still have as good a time as Heath was having. Stupid Heath he thought, realizing just how unfair the game of attraction really was. Women went after brawn not brains and unfortunately that resulted in kids that grew up getting by on their looks. Breeding was only making the human race dumber and duller, he thought.

Of course knowing Heath as he did, Casey figured there was a decent chance that Veronica was only manipulating the dimwitted dummy. If there was one thing a gamer understood, it was that sometimes you were the player and sometimes you just got played.

\* \* \*

The day was sunny, but not too sunny to keep people indoors away from the heat. There were big puffy clouds drifting along slowly and the wind was just strong enough that almost everyone seemed to be enjoying the beginning to a great weekend.

Everyone was enjoying it, that is, except Casey. Casey grumbled and kicked at every rock or piece of trash he could find as he trudged along sidewalks and curbs, not even paying much attention to the perfect day around him.

He just couldn't get over the insults tossed his way as he was quite literally tossed out of his own house. It wasn't even Heath that got to him the most. With a brother like Heath, Casey had long since accepted the things that left his mouth. Sure they were insulting and moronic half the time but they were the usual, no less than expected with someone like him. It was Veronica who'd managed to insult Casey more than he would have expected.

Every guy in town knew Veronica, and not just for her cheerleading at the local college. Naturally a girl like her got plenty of attention and that attention included the media. She'd been on the local news a number of times, bubbly and perky, talking about the college, being a liaison for the cheerleading squad which due to the team's championship runs recently had made headlines nearly as much as the players had.

Veronica was perfect in every man's eyes no matter what age, but her attitude clearly wasn't, nor were her tastes in the opposite sex if Heath was her current interest. Still, it was her words that got to Casey the most as he turned a corner and began walking through a more upscale neighborhood, not far from downtown.

He barely paid attention to the expensive cars parked in the driveways of the homes, hardly even acknowledged the gated entrances several of those houses had. Casey was trapped replaying that one sentence, the most insulting thing he could have imagined leaving such a sweet and incredibly sexy mouth.

"Go outside and play, kid; we got adult things to take care of," Casey mumbled under his breath.

He fumed a bit, eyes thinned with his own infuriation. Regardless of what she thought, he was a damn adult now. He'd graduated and was only a couple years younger than her, maybe three at the most. He wasn't some stupid little kid. Sure, he wasn't the buffets guy in town, nor was he tall or super handsome, but dammit he was no kid. He kicked a rock that had rolled out into the sidewalk, launching it at flight speed through the air, crashing into a trash can ahead.

Veronica had insulted him and that was what really ruined his day, something Casey simply could not avoid letting eat away at his every attempt at more pleasant thoughts.

Sighing, he looked around, pausing in his angry walk just long enough to at least take stock of his surroundings. There were the sounds of people laughing from nearby backyards, the sounds of dogs barking, even a couple of lawnmowers running. Everything seemed happy and good for the residents in this nice neighborhood.

Down the street he saw where the neighborhood met the main road and he knew that beyond the canopy of trees there lay more interesting places for him to go, possibly places that could at least take his mind off his brother and that stupid slutty girlfriend of his.

As he was looking back to where he walked, Casey caught sight of the rock he had kicked, a larger one from a nearby lushly landscaped yard. He'd put a decent little dent in a metal trash can at the street in front of one of the nearby homes.

"Ha," he laughed, grinning. Taking out a little aggression definitely helped his mood, something he knew was likely the only genetic link between him and his brutish brother.

It was as he looked closer at the top of the trash can that Casey suddenly stopped grinning and had his thoughts shift from anger and resentment to an almost wide-eyed curiosity that drew him closer to it.

"What the..." Casey started to ask, slowing his walk and stepping over to the dented trash can.

He looked at the lid which had been knocked askew by the impact of the rock he kicked. He then looked just inside the top of that old metal trash can. He had to be imagining things, Casey thought.

He stopped and looked around, mostly up towards the home this trash can belonged to. The driveway where the can was sitting ended abruptly in a gate not ten feet away. The gate was partially open and inside were a number of cars.

It wasn't the cars so much that caught Casey's eye, as the obvious occupants of those cars who had gathered up near the front porch, enough distance away where none of them saw Casey and he couldn't hear anything being said.

He imagined that somewhere beyond all the women he saw there was a man of the house, a man currently overwhelmed by hormonal women who seemed oddly attentive and talkative all at once. Still, even that wasn't as strange as the simple fact that every single one of these women was pregnant.

Some were further along than others, some were barely showing at all; but all of them, no matter the age, seemed pregnant.

Casey looked back at the main interest for him, putting aside the bizarre goings on at this lavish home. As a gamer he knew all about retro gaming, the origins of modern video games and how before consoles had truly taken off, handheld gaming had been a good market.

The little handheld games were always just one game built in, not changeable cartridges or discs or anything. The games typically had poor graphics in black and white on a primitive LCD screen that hardly was worth anyone's interest these days. Still, Casey loved gaming and so he was definitely quick to spot any sort of gaming device.

Maybe it was the simple fact that gaming had been on his mind, or maybe it was the bright red and yellow colors of the small device. Whatever it was, Casey was drawn to the little handheld gaming device sitting right there in the trash, gleaming under the sun and looking like anything but trash.

"Oh wow, cool!" Casey said to himself as he reached out and grabbed the little square gaming handheld and picked it up.

It was nothing he had ever seen, and for a dedicated gamer like Casey that was saying an awful lot. The little handheld was also nothing primitive, the sleek casing of it being modernly produced, at least within the past ten years, nowhere near as old as the thirty years he'd been half expecting given the style and look of it.

There were two little buttons on the front, one on the left, one on the right. The small screen was actually impressive as well and while it was currently black, Casey somehow knew it was a full color screen, not just a little black and white LCD. This was no junky cheap gaming device; it was something much more.

Looking around, making sure the owner of the home or his odd crowd of women hadn't spotted him, Casey pulled the mysterious handheld up to his side and walked off down the sidewalk, heading to the main road and quickening his pace until he was a house or two down from where the trash can had been. He then slowed and brought the gaming device up to get a better look at it.

The title of what he assumed to be the game this handheld played was smudged a little under some ketchup or mustard, probably from being in the trash can. The red and yellow smudges at first had blended rather seamlessly with the colors of the handheld but now as he rubbed a thumb over the words, he managed to see that other than that, this gaming device looked nearly new.

"Best of Breed 2," Casey read, clearing the title enough to read it. He pushed a little more dried ketchup off one side, then wiped his hand clean against his jeans as he stared confused at the complete title. "Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses?"

He was certainly confused about what sort of game would have a title like that. It seemed vague at best, though his first thought was that it was possibly a horse racing game, maybe something to do with derby racing. Of course the second part of the title seemed

more like some grammar challenge, a dull game about sentence structure and whatever pregnant pauses were in writing. He remembered hearing the phrase before but wasn't sure how it would possibly be incorporated into some handheld video game.

Turning the device over, Casey looked at the back of it, searching for a manufacturer, maybe something that might clue him into who made or sold a strange little game like this.

He stopped in his tracks as he found the one word that he'd assumed he'd never see on an actual gaming peripheral much less a handheld.

"SINtendo..." Casey said, ignoring the background noises of happy people enjoying the sunny day, blocking out all sounds of people driving by in cars, or even the couple that nearly ran into him as he stopped walking on the sidewalk.

"It can't be..." Casey spoke softly to himself.

He flipped the game back over, stared at it, then looked up and smiled.

Every underground gamer had heard the word SINtendo. It was almost a myth, a legend now, something joked about but never taken seriously. It was the dark underbelly of gaming, the mysterious urban legend of video games.

SINtendo supposedly made adult games, very adult. They only dealt with the most depraved and crude concepts and word was, they put the SIN back into gaming, taking video games and twisting them, perverting them into something purely extreme in a way that even the word extreme wasn't descriptive enough.

Casey had heard the rumors and had even read the friend of a friend tales about someone supposedly finding a real live SINtendo

product. One thing he'd never heard of, even in all those stories, was a single game handheld that was made by the mythical company.

Staring at the screen, the modern construction, the sleek contours of this little squared off handheld, Casey wondered if this were possibly some sort of joke. No, he thought quickly, who possibly would play a joke where it depended on someone finding a game in the trash?

He wondered why anyone would throw away what could easily be the rarest collectible out there for gamers. More than that, Casey started to wonder if there could possibly be some sort of connection between the people he saw at that house and the game title he now stared down at.

"Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses," he read quietly again.

Every woman outside that home had been pregnant. Was it even possible they somehow were affected by this little handheld?

Nah, he thought, it was crazy. But then... he couldn't quite put the thought out of mind, the sheer kinkiness of even imagining that. If the games SINtendo made were always sexual and always perverse, what could a title like this be all about?

Casey reached to one side and found the power switch. He hadn't even thought to check the batteries, to see if this thing had any inside, but given the weight of it, he felt sure it had some in there, whether they worked or not. Casey was slowly forgetting all about his brother and Veronica ruining his day. He was putting all other thoughts aside as he flipped the little switch and heard the familiar buzz that accompanies an electronic device being successfully turned on.

His eyes widened as the screen glowed to life, a few wavy lines running up and down it, then clearing away as he saw the title screen of a game system he thought couldn't possibly exist.

"Welcome to SINtendo Gaming on the Go," Casey read, almost feeling his fingers shake as he held the game device tightly.

He couldn't believe it. This was real; it was actually real. He thinned his eyes and felt a grin forming. Now he just wanted to see if the other rumors he had heard about SINtendo products were equally as real.

Casey glanced around, then started walking towards the main road, keeping to the side to avoid anyone else he might pass by. He definitely had something to occupy his day with now. This handheld would pass the time nicely; he just had to see what the game was all about and how it worked.

He widened his eyes as he read the scrolling text on the screen. While the screen was rather primitive compared to modern touch screen gaming devices, the technology was the least of Casey's interest. The short explanation of how this game played was just insane, crazy and yet crazy hot to a red-blooded teenager like him.

Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses is a single player game to manipulate and control, Casey read. The object of the game is to get through three rounds of play. Each round has unique challenges and in each the player will have to choose those they use as game pawns. The ultimate goal to complete the round is achieved when one or more of their selected pawns are fully impregnated. SINtendo Gaming on the Go is for adults only and must be used with caution.

Casey read the words twice more, each time finding his mouth dropping open when he got to the end. No way... he thought, no way.

Could it even be possible? Normally he'd discount it as a joke, or possibly try to find alternative meanings for the word impregnated. Still, those women had been pregnant, the women outside that

house. Was it even possible this little innocent looking handheld gaming device had anything to do with it?

Casey shook his head, fighting off the chills that passed through him just holding the SINtendo game. It was amazing to even be close to something he never actually thought existed, but as he licked his lips, he realized it would be even more amazing to actually play through a game he never imagined could exist.

Even if it didn't do a thing in the real world, even if the laws of reality proved completely impossible to challenge, as he honestly expected was most likely true in all this, Casey still wanted to play the game. For one thing, it was gaming and that had been his plan the whole weekend anyway. More importantly though, it was adult gaming and that was what he needed to shut the repeated echoes of Veronica's insult from constantly keeping him upset.

Looking around, Casey bit his lip and pressed the button on the front which corresponded to the large red START on the screen.

The handheld buzzed a little in his hands, the vibrations tingling up and down his arms somewhat as he stopped and stood at the corner where the main street towards downtown was. Cars passed, people walked by, and Casey simply stood staring at the screen, watching as it flickered to some static and then suddenly hummed back into complete clarity.

"Whoa... cool!" He gasped, staring at an overhead view of himself, the top of his head clear as well as all those in his immediate surroundings.

Casey had never imagined the rumors had any chance of being true, but technology like this just didn't exist, being able to show the gamer himself and where he was from somewhere high above.

It was like a zoomed in satellite feed, directly showing him a slightly distorted view of where he stood. The street corner, the cars, the trees a short distance behind him blowing in the wind; everything was there, all details, and now Casey couldn't wait to see exactly where a game like this took him today.

A brief message scrolled onto the screen, hardly enough to explain the point of the game but definitely enough to create a severe tightness in Casey's pants as he stood there staring. He almost couldn't believe how perversely turned on it made him just reading what this strange little handheld said.

Round One, he read. Welcome player, please select two pawns to control by moving the floating arrow to them on the screen and pressing the select button. Once selected, these two pawns will desire to mate. Your challenge is to keep them focused on successful impregnation, using the action button whenever prompts appear such as distractions, fears, inhibitions, or embarrassment. Watch the top of your screen for percentage points. When and if you reach 100% the round is over and you move on. Good luck, player.

Impossible, Casey thought, and then smiled. But what if it wasn't? He smiled even wider as he looked around, stepping over next to a small retaining wall some distance behind a bus stop bench. Looking from the occasional passerby to the screen on the game device, Casey watched as little icon arrows appeared above their heads.

He couldn't imagine it and yet here it was, an actual SINtendo game complete with perverse goals and real life interactions. He scrolled the left button around, watching the selected arrows change as he thumbed it up and to the right and left.

All he had to do to see whether this worked or not was select two pawns to use in this round of the game. It was a strange situation and one he usually might have been a bit more cautious about jumping right into. Veronica calling him a kid echoed in his mind,

quicken his decision to choose his pawns and get this game started.

Casey first thought about the man sitting on the bus stop bench. He was a guy who easily looked like he could be the future version of Casey himself. Thick glasses, lanky hair, typically thin and non-muscular body; he wasn't ugly, just a loser in the game of life.

Maybe Casey could change that, he thought grinning. He scrolled the arrow over top of this middle aged man and then pressed down on the button.

Pawn one selected, please choose his mate, Casey read on the screen.

He looked around, down the main sidewalk in either direction, then back at the cars passing by.

When he'd first walked up to the area there had been more people. Currently it was just him and the man on the bench, an older couple that was walking past that bench, and some teenagers who were goofing off back around the corner. There really wasn't anyone obvious to choose, especially not if this game even remotely had a chance of playing out as real.

That was when he suddenly saw her. At first, Casey just saw the overhead view of her on the little handheld. Her hair was a sea of red, bright vivid red shining under the sun. As he looked up and off down the street behind him, the neighborhood he'd passed through, Casey saw an even better view of this incredible young woman.

She easily looked to be in her twenties, much younger than the man he'd selected, but then that really didn't matter and in fact given the goal of the game might make things easier. She was jogging, wearing a green outfit which consisted of a rather revealing tank top and tightly cut jogging shorts.

Casey nearly caught himself staring as she jogged right up to the corner and paused, keeping her feet moving in place as she reached up to check her pulse. Her legs were amazing, smooth white, perfectly creamy looking, glistening lightly from her exercise. Her breasts were nothing huge but enough to jump just slightly as she jogged in place.

She was hot, definitely approaching Veronica level of hotness if a little bit older than her. Her long cascading mane of red was held back in a ponytail and bounced right along with the other pleasing parts of her as she paid no attention to Casey staring from over near the small retaining wall.

He grinned and looked down at the screen, pushing the button so that the select arrow was right above her brilliant red hair. "Here goes nothing," he mumbled to himself, pressing the button and seeing the confirmation on the screen.

Pawn two selected; prepare for mating challenges. Use Action button when prompted to achieve a higher score.

Casey leaned back against the wall and bit his bottom lip, unsure of just how prepared he might be for whatever happened next.

\* \* \*

Becca always enjoyed her weekend jogs, a regular routine she had maintained for over a decade, keeping not only her health at tip top performance but her looks, a quality she admittedly considered her one fatal flaw in life.

Women often had that flaw, she realized, jogging in place, mentally counting her heart rate, pressing two fingers to the side of her neck. They often focused a lot on how they appeared, how the world saw them, dedicating time and money to keeping that appearance at the upper end of a ranking from one to ten.

Men had probably come up with the numbers, saying a girl was a six or an eight or rarely a ten. Becca considered herself a very healthy nine and she was proud of it not because of how the world saw her but more because of how she saw herself.

It was important to see what you wanted in oneself, Becca thought, huffing and puffing a little from her hill sprint to this intersection.

She barely paid attention to her surroundings during the weekend jogs, mostly looking out when crossing a road. Currently she noted that the traffic was fairly light on the main drag towards downtown, a bus due by in a matter of minutes but only one man waiting for it.

She felt strangely sorry for the man, not because he was alone, but mostly because he looked as though he might not be the type that cared about his appearance. He was older, possibly her dad's age, maybe not. It was difficult to tell with his unshaven face which seemed sparse of hair but what remained being overgrown by at least two days. He was wearing glasses that magnified the sunlight cutting down through the clouds.

It was right as she was pulling her fingers away from her neck, satisfied she'd gotten her heart rate where she needed it, that something caught her eye.

Maybe it was the glint of reflection from the man's glasses as he glanced her way somewhat nervously, likely afraid of being caught staring. Maybe it was something else entirely, Becca thought. All she knew was something about him caught her eye and she had to

pause, stop her jogging in place, rest for just a moment and really look at him.

She ran a hand up through her long red hair, back to where it was clasped into a ponytail. She almost thought about undoing the ponytail for some reason. Becca wasn't even sure what she was thinking really as she knew it was more practical for her jogging to keep her mid-back length hair tied off behind her shoulders.

Running her fingers down below the ponytail, Becca felt the small hairs on the back of her neck stand up. She felt the chill of the air from some unseen breeze passing over her; it made her tingle all over and for some strange reason she found herself smiling at the man on the bench.

Her heart was beating faster, faster, ever increasing as she stared at this strange man. She recognized the feelings but couldn't for the life of her figure where those feelings were coming from. She recalled the last time she'd really had them, back in school when a handsome professor looked her way. She knew quite well what these feelings were; Becca knew what desire felt like. She simply had no clue why she suddenly desired this man to look more her way.

He was old and not attractive, Becca thought. He wasn't even a five if men had the same number scale as women did. To put it bluntly, she thought, he was clearly not in her league. Still, something about him seemed to just magnetically draw her eyes to every inch of his body.

Becca stepped closer, almost wobbly on her feet, feeling her movements more as though someone else controlled them. She hesitated and looked at the man, currently turned back to face the road. He had no idea she was staring, was ogling him like he probably had been her. His body was slump shouldered, his hair somewhat greasy looking. He wasn't the kind of man any women just swooned over, if that was still even a word used these days.

She breathed in, more and more, pulse rate reaching new levels and no fingers needed to check that rate. Becca couldn't understand what was coming over her. She reached up, touched her neck, ran a few fingers down over her shoulder, and found those fingers tugging at the thin straps of her tank top.

No, she thought... no. She couldn't be trying to show off for a man like this. Why was she acting this way? What was happening to her?

Becca considered that maybe she'd been out in the sun too long, but then the day wasn't too terribly sunny. It was just the perfect day, great temperature, nice breeze, nothing at all to leave her delirious as she must be standing there behind the man on the bench, stroking her fingers down her upper arm, pushing the straps of her tank top down with every subtle touch.

It was wrong, no other word for it. Becca knew it was wrong to stand there in her tight little jogging outfit, clothing which already showed off every curve of her toned and fit body, and make more of that body available to view. She knew it was wrong; and yet she continued pushing her straps down until they remained around her elbows, her top low enough now to where her breasts swelled with every breath she took, the plump white tops of them pulsing with her heartbeat.

She breathed deeply, nearly trying to inhale the man's scent from where she stood several feet away.

He wore cheap cologne, dressed in a cheap suit, likely heading to some cheap location. All this did was make Becca close her eyes and press her hands against her hips. She trembled in place, imagining that she was cheap, just a cheap piece of ass for a man like this. She squirmed, feeling the unwanted pleasure at such a terribly wrong thought.

Why was this happening, Becca wondered? And suddenly the world around her blurred, only the man on the bench coming into focus. She breathed deep, licking her lips, reaching behind and rubbing at the back of her neck, arching her back and leaning towards him.

It was wrong and yet Becca felt herself quickly losing all understanding of what that word meant. As though under some spell she reached down and tugged at her jogging shorts, pulling them slightly below her waist, enough to expose the top edge of her panties. She slipped a finger down those panties and stood there, leaning in towards the back of the man who still hadn't noticed her staring.

She needed him, Becca realized. No matter if that was wrong or not, she needed him, though maybe her true needs were more specific.

\* \* \*

Carl sat there waiting on the bus, waiting as he always did on Saturdays, waiting for the meaningless dullness that his every waking moment was in life.

Carl wasn't the top of anything, the best at anything, not even the smartest despite his brainy appearance. No, he realized, some people were meant for great things and some were just meant for helping others with their own greatness.

That was Carl, the lackey to an accounting firm, the office worker everyone avoided and certainly the man no women looked at twice.

As sad as life had been, he accepted it. Middle aged and middle class, he was destined for middle success in life. Though his success with the opposite sex had proven bottom barrel over the

years. No wife, no girlfriend, and no prospects for either, that was Carl.

He'd noticed the girl jogging. He thought of her as a girl only because that was what she was in comparison to him. She was very attractive, likely in her twenties, young enough to be too young for him to look longingly at, and yet he had for a few moments.

Carl definitely had a thing for redheads. He'd always been attracted to them, just because of how mysterious and fiery they could seem, both strong and gentle, intelligent and simple. This girl who had jogged up behind him was definitely all of these and more, perfect shape, perfect hair, perfect smile.

He had stared until he noticed her looking back and that was when Carl turned to face the road again, to stare at the occasional car passing by on the rather quiet beginning to a pleasant weekend.

Work was all he could see even as he stared at the road. Numbers and a bland computer screen were in his future, and yet Carl found his mind remaining somewhat fixated on the redheaded jogger, the girl who even now he still felt staring at him from behind.

The feeling was far too strong, he realized, that connection that she was still there, still looking his way, possibly even closer than before.

Carl found his thoughts wandering. He rarely let them sink into low levels of morality, trying to keep his head at his age, not letting the old fantasies his teenage self once had. Still, something was different; he was feeling different ever since he turned and looked away from the cute girl.

Cute, Carl thought, no that wasn't strong enough a word for her.

She was wearing a green jogging outfit which left hardly anything to the imagination and he did so love how green contrasted the red of

her vibrant hair. Cute was definitely not the word, he realized, pondering it for a moment.

Hot, maybe that was the right word. The redhead was hot, definitely very very hot.

Carl shifted on the bench, feeling just what a hot girl like that could do to a man if he focused on her too long.

Hot wasn't enough, he thought, not for her it wasn't.

Carl thought about it, thought long and hard about just what this redheaded jogger was, what word best suited her.

It flashed into his mind as though someone else had placed it there, a word Carl had never thought too much about. It fit though and he smiled, licking his lips just picturing her back there behind him. The redheaded jogger was fuckable. Yes, that was it. She was truly fuckable.

Carl wasn't sure why his thoughts were sinking like they were. Maybe the dullness of his life had finally hit rock bottom and that was where the depraved thoughts he was now having about that girl dwelled. Whatever it was, he was actually starting to enjoy what he thought about her.

She was tight, hot, fuckable, succulent, her pale white flesh just begging for a man's strong hands on it, pawing roughly at her tits, squeezing her hips tight, slipping her clothing loose enough to get to her most private of parts. That's what she was, Carl realized. Whoever that redhead was, she was a hot fuckable slut, just waiting for a man to screw.

He licked his lips and shifted almost nervously on the bench, still feeling her eyes on him.

She deserved it, probably needed it like oxygen; she was a slut who needed to be fucked. Carl grinned, reaching to push his glasses up on his nose. Yes, he thought, she needed a heavy fucking, but maybe... maybe it was more than just that.

Yes, he thought, she needed much more than any mere fucking. What was it? He struggled to find the words, to figure out where his mind was leading him, where in the most debasing perverted thoughts was he traveling as he sat there waiting on his bus.

He grinned quite suddenly, his pants tented prominently and no longer bothering him in the least. That was what it was, he realized. She was a slut, a redheaded little whore, and she deserved to be fucked until she was so filled up with cum she'd be the most knocked up little whore on the streets.

Carl turned his head suddenly, shifting to look back, wanting another look at the girl who'd slipped right into his fantasies and taken those fantasies on a spin to the dark side.

\* \* \*

Becca almost stopped breathing when the man turned and looked at her. She was standing only a couple of feet behind him, rubbing one hand up over her flat tummy, oddly wishing that tummy wasn't anywhere near as flat.

Her thoughts had been diminishing since she first began rubbing fingers beneath her panties, leaning there and wanting desperately for him to look at her one more time. She pictured herself doing so many things, so many wrong things, and yet she wasn't sure where these thoughts came from.

They bothered her less and less with every passing second, the constant desire overwhelming her brain, making her body twitch with needy impulses to do something drastic right here and now.

As soon as he looked up at her, she had to act, to speak, not even fully aware of just what she was doing or saying.

"I need you!" Becca almost shouted, lunging at the man and wrapping her arms around his neck as she practically hugged him from behind.

His height sitting on the bench pressed his face right into the smooth abs she had worked so hard to maintain, her pert breasts brushing the top of his lanky hair.

"Mmpph..." the man replied, and as Becca released him from her sudden grip, he reached up to fix his glasses and grinned at her before repeating himself.

"Okay," Carl said, licking his lips.

Becca quickly walked around and sat on the bench with him, leaning her face in and breathing of his scent. "Oh fuck... oh god, I need you soooo bad," she whimpered.

Carl boldly reached out and laid his hand on her thigh, the smooth flesh so warm and inviting. He squeezed lightly and then looked into her eyes, finding his normally shy voice surprisingly settled and calm, though the words he spoke much more aggressive than he'd ever had before.

"You can have me, you dirty little slut, though I plan to plump you right up."

Becca nearly came right there, hearing such completely crude words from a crude looking man like this, a man who was probably twenty

years her senior and yet so indescribably attractive to her at the moment. She melted when he squeezed lightly at her thigh and slowly moved his hand further and further up, under the edges of her tight jogging shorts.

He wanted to plump her up, Becca thought. It was so wrong, so against her every desire and yet right now her desire seemed to be amped up the exact opposite of how she normally thought. She was so turned on she almost failed to notice how he'd addressed her. Then it hit her as she looked up into his eyes, her breathing heavy enough to where her breasts pushed the already lowered tank top down a bit lower, nearly exposing herself.

"I am... I am a dirty little slut, aren't I?"

Carl nodded and licked his lips. "You're just a fucking body I plan to use. Oh shit, I'm gonna use the hell out of you."

Becca squirmed and leaned closer to him, reaching up and tugging at her top, feeling immense pleasure as her bra was revealed and even more pleasure as she latched onto that bra cup and managed to pull it lower, revealing just the upper half of one of her pink little nipples.

"Use me... oh fuck... yes... do it. Do what you want to me!"

Carl couldn't believe what was happening, what he was saying, or what he was doing as he reached up and clamped a hand fully over her left breast, squeezing lightly, then palming it hard and rough, making little milking motions as he watched her wince in slight pain.

"Damn..." Carl said, feeling his words build up inside him as though from somewhere else entirely. "Oh fuck, you little whore, I'm gonna leave you so damn pregnant when I'm done with you."

Becca gasped and not from the shock of hearing such completely perverse words, not even from the disgust such words would normally have on her, especially from someone like this man. She gasped imagining exactly what he said, feeling that needy longing inside her to do just that.

As wrong as it was, Becca suddenly realized it was exactly what she wanted. She wanted this stranger inside her, fucking away, hammering at her tight little cunt, thrusting deep and so impossibly hard that all his sperm just blasted her insides and did nothing short of completely knocking her up.

"Mmm... oh yes... mmm... do that... fucking do that to me," Becca nearly squeaked out, finding it difficult to speak with Carl already manhandling her tits so roughly.

Carl couldn't care less about the honking horns of a couple of cars that passed, the fact there was some kid playing a video game or something not ten or twelve feet back from the bench. He couldn't care that anyone around might see him. All he had eyes for was this sweet hot little jogger who'd walked up and proved just what a complete slut she was.

He yanked both her top and her bra down in one motion, popping her surprisingly perky little titties free, bringing yet another pleased gasp from her open mouth.

She looked so damn whorish sitting there on the bench right next to him with her knees together, her thighs clenching tightly as one of his hands pressed inward between them, driving fingers towards the warmth he felt growing.

"Come on, slut, let's go somewhere more private," Carl said, grabbing her hand and starting to stand up.

Becca suddenly felt a strange stabbing inside her mind, as though the very idea of leaving this spot, this completely open and public corner of a street was wrong, so very wrong.

"No... no," she begged, standing up and quickly pressing in beside Carl, reaching a hand up and crushing one of her tits in her clasping fingers. "No, please... mmm... fuck me right here... right now!"

Carl stared at the girl, the little slut he'd thought merely cute for some reason, a girl he'd actually imagined was out of his class. Whether she was too young for him or not, he really couldn't care less. She'd just proven how much of a complete slut she was. The only question was, could he actually do what she asked?

After a brief moment during which his own morals seemed to boil over and steam away inside him, Carl grinned and turned to face Becca, reaching down to grab her jogging shorts.

"Fine, bend over the bench you little fuck slut, I'm gonna douse your insides white with cream."

"Oh yes... mmm... yes do that to me. Fill me soooo full!" Becca screamed, no longer caring about the possibility of others seeing her behave this way.

Carl yanked on her jogging shorts, Becca quick to assist as she reached down and pulled both the shorts and her panties, quickly revealing just how damp her shaved little pussy was. She stepped out of them and lifted them up, holding them briefly before tossing them out into passing traffic. Neither her nor Carl paid attention to the squeal as a car braked to avoid getting those discarded clothing right against their windshield.

Honking horns faded from Carl's mind as he grabbed Becca and spun her around, pushing her upper back forward until she fell hands first to the seat where he'd been so recently waiting on the bus.

"Mmm... come on, please... fuck me... fuck that big cock inside me!" Becca gasped, tossing her hair to one side and trying to look back at Carl.

Carl grunted as he reached down and unzipped his pants, dropping both his pants and boxers in one swift move as he pressed in behind her. Her thighs were so toned, perfectly plump enough to enjoy and yet smooth and silky enough from years of exercise. He stared at the juncture where those thighs met her open and dripping pussy. Licking his lips, Carl pressed the head of easily the largest erection he'd ever achieved inside that most intimate of spots.

"Oooh... mmmm... fuckkkkk!" Becca moaned. She could feel every inch of it, every single inch of that surprisingly fat cock as it slipped right up inside her. Her thoughts were driven away as she let the man begin using her, begin humping her like some animal, only knowing that he was unprotected and planned on fucking her pregnant.

Carl grunted, grabbing tightly to her wide hips, feeling those hips buck back at him, knowing the little slut was just as desperate as he was about getting herself all nice and filled up.

Somebody shouted out a passing car, horns honked, and yet Carl didn't care. He grinned like a mad man and kept right on fucking, again and again, driving deep inside this sweet little cunt, this sweet little redhead who was as eager to fuck as she was to jog down the street wearing such a hot little outfit.

"Ungh... unghh," Carl grunted, reaching forward and leaning way over the girl so he could grab hold of her swaying ponytail. As he managed to grab it, Carl yanked it back, bringing her upper body up slightly and holding her long red hair like the reins of a horse. He fucked harder into her, slapping his waist into her tight curvy little

ass, slamming his dick straight up into her womb, as far and as thoroughly as possible.

"Oh yes... yessss... ungh... fuckkkk meeeee!" Becca cried out, her voice echoing throughout the entire area.

People were coming out of their homes from the nearby neighborhood, cars no longer merely honking but slowing down. The world was taking notice of the desperate slut Becca had become for such a homely looking older man that now aimed on flooding her belly with seed.

Carl grunted and felt it happening; he felt his cock getting ready to blow, balls tight and swollen, ready to blast an impressive amount of cum inside this sweet little redhead. "Ungh... oh damn... fuck, here it comes," he shouted.

Becca closed her eyes and thrust her ass back at him, driving him straight up into the furthest reaches of her womb. She felt him pulse inside her, his already large cock seeming to grow even larger. Then she recognized the warm dampness of thick endless sprays of cum blasting away in her pussy. This was it... this was it, she realized.

"Oh yes... yessss," Becca shouted, orgasming so hard at just the mere thought of this man fucking her pregnant, this man whose name she didn't even know, who she wasn't even attracted to. She wanted him inside her forever, fucking babies into her belly nonstop, just ruining the figure she exercised so hard for.

She felt all the cum inside her womb, thick full and potent cream saturating every portion of her insides, making her imagination run as wild as her libido, visions of her waddling along with a fat pregnant belly and big udders full of milk. She wanted this so badly she almost couldn't control her screams and moans.

\* \* \*

Casey couldn't believe how awesome this game was. He'd been almost unable to keep his eyes off the action taking place just a matter of feet away, a real live porn show on a public street corner.

Thankfully the gamer in him had maintained enough focus to keep one eye on the screen of the handheld, watching when prompts appeared marking any obstacles or challenges to succeeding.

He'd been quick to amp up their thoughts of sex, getting rid of the old responsible moral ethics they each had, fighting the potential conflicts they felt about public affection and then redefining affection to mean crude animal-like mating.

He leaned back against the low retaining wall, staring at them, watching as Carl thrust his big fat cock a few more times down into Becca, seeing the thick white streams dribbling down her curvy thighs, dripping in little spatters to the ground beside the bus bench.

Becca was definitely pretty damn hot, Casey thought. He'd ordinarily want to do her himself but he was the gamer, the controller, keeping the pawns of his game in line. Besides, it was as much fun to watch as it would be to get involved.

She and Carl had gained a small audience, though most were a distance away, allowing the two an easier time at the perverted public fucking they'd just enjoyed. People gasped in shock from nearby yards. Guys in cars appeared to be pulled to the side of the road, hands otherwise occupied as they enjoyed the real life porn movie that seemed to have played out.

Unfortunately the beeping of the small SINtendo gaming device alerted Casey to something he hadn't thought much about.

A flashing message on the screen said it all. "Probability of impregnation only at 60%. Round not yet complete," Casey read to himself.

Damn, he thought. He hadn't considered that she wouldn't just be knocked up already after such a thorough fuck as Carl had given her. Then he realized something else, and he smiled. He was still in control and this game offered all sorts of options when it came to controlling the pawns he had selected.

It was right as he was selecting these control options with the action button that the bus finally pulled up, traffic having obviously kept it a bit late.

Casey only smiled and looked down at his game.

\* \* \*

Becca heard the hiss of the brakes as the bus pulled up and yet more than anything she heard, she felt the sudden thickness of the man's cock inside her. It was growing, and rapidly, inflating once again with complete fullness.

As much as she wanted to escape and get out of such a public place, feeling the eyes of those shocked passengers looking out the window, Becca only smiled and looked over her shoulder at Carl. "Mmm...go ahead, stud, you gotta make sure I'm completely knocked up."

Carl grunted and only briefly glanced over at the driver of the bus who had opened the door and now stared at him with an open mouth that seemed somewhat comical in appearance.

"Ungh... you redheaded whore, I'll fucking knock you up with triplets..." Carl spoke sharply, yet pulled his thick cock straight out of her cum stuffed cunt.

Becca wondered what was going on until Carl stepped around beside her and directed her to stand up. As she did and momentarily balanced on wobbly unsteady legs, she watched as the older man took off his jacket and tie, then reached down and grabbed a briefcase she'd hardly noticed before.

Carl took his briefcase and lay it on the bench, then folded his jacket and tie and lumped them right on top of the briefcase, keeping his leering eyes all over Becca the entire time.

The voices of the crowd on the bus, the honking of horns from cars behind that bus, everything sank away as he focused on Becca's breathing, her heavy labored breaths that told him just how horny she was and how much he'd already fucked her.

"Lay down on your back, slut," Carl said bluntly.

Becca looked at the makeshift cushioning on the bench and immediately knew what he was going for. She bit her lip and felt her pussy clench in anticipation, quickly reaching a hand back and undoing her long red hair. She briefly looked at the bus driver, smiling and shaking her tits for his amusement, then giggled and lay down on her back, bringing her hips up right over the briefcase so that her pussy was elevated at least six inches.

"Good, you got the point, fucking little whore," Carl said, grunting like a man twice his size as he grabbed her legs and moved in between them. "I'm gonna stuff you with cum, fill your belly so full you'll not only be pregnant but look it. Got it?"

Becca nodded eagerly, her mind a pleased mess of its former self.

Everyone on the bus gasped as did those watching from nearby as Carl squeezed a tight hold on the young redhead's thighs and pulled them at him as he thrust forward, clearly driving his thick cock straight back up inside Becca.

"Ohh... ohhh yes... fucking do it!" Becca screamed.

Carl grinned and began bucking, in and out, in and out, again and again, faster and faster, building up his pace until he was a blur, jackhammering the girl through constant orgasms.

"Ungh... ungh... stupid little baby maker!" Carl shouted.

"Mmm... yes, yessss, fuck babies into me, make me stupid with all your... unhhh... with your cum," Becca cried out.

Even the bus idling there couldn't hide the slapping noises of flesh on flesh, the wet squelching noises of Carl's fat cock slicing through Becca's already cum filled pussy, eagerly building up to yet another eruption that would eclipse the previous one.

Becca's tits slapped up and down, exposed to all the crowd, her long red hair draped back across the bench. Her eyes were closed and her lips were tightened as a pained pleasure overtook her contorted face.

"Unghh... fuck, oh damn," Carl grunted only a matter of minutes later. He grabbed Becca by her hips and stabbed her repeatedly with his cock, brutalizing her tight little form, driving so deep inside her belly his cock could almost be seen distending her tummy.

"Oh... oh... ohhhhhhh yessss!" Becca screeched, clawing at the bench next to her, arching her back up off it and keeping her hips elevated as thick eruptions of cum absolutely blasted her insides white.

Everyone stared including Carl as he kept right on cumming, his climax enhanced by something he never could have imagined, much less understood. Only a kid playing a video game nearby seemed unsurprised at how much seed Carl poured inside young Becca, literally plumping her belly just slightly.

After nearly two full minutes, Carl finally slumped his shoulders in exhaustion and pulled out, leaving a sticky wet trail dribbling down Becca's inner thighs. He breathed heavily, heart rate likely double what hers ever was during any of her regular weekend jogs.

Becca stared at her elevated midsection through worn out weary eyes. Her bloated belly was only one sign of how distended her womb was. She could literally feel the packed pussy she now had, the tight little fullness that warmed her to the core and only made her grin as she lay back, sweating and thoroughly satisfied.

"Mmm... you did it!" Becca gasped, catching her breath and only casually looking around at the people who'd witnessed her getting pounded so raw.

Carl laughed weakly. "You bet I did, slut."

\* \* \*

Indeed he did, Casey thought, looking down at the screen of the game he'd been wearing his thumbs out playing. Carl knocked Becca up fully and quite successfully.

The screen flashed the message Probability of Impregnation at 150%. Congratulations player, move on to round two.

Casey realized the game was asking if he wanted to move on to round two and he held off pressing the select button just yet, wanting to take a moment and enjoy the chaos he had caused. It sure burned off some of his frustrations he thought, but he grinned and realized he still had plenty yet to rid himself of and the day was just getting going.

Taking a nice lingering look at Becca laying back on the bench with her formerly trim belly ruined and her next nine months definitely sure to ruin it more, Casey turned and started walking towards downtown, unsure where his walk would take him next but never doubting that the sweet redheaded jogger would be probably far from the last girl to end up enjoying such a fate before this game was over.

## Part Two: Virgin Ground

Casey hardly paid attention to where he walked, choosing instead to do most of his own navigating by looking down at the amazing handheld someone had for some reason chosen to toss in the trash. He couldn't imagine why anyone would ever tire of a game like this, even if it would get rather repetitive over time.

Watching his own overhead view, Casey steered around the occasional other person and walked down the side of the main road through town. The trees shaded him overhead and on the game screen the contrast increased, adjusting as the natural light did, showing just how advanced whatever technology SINtendo used truly was.

He'd only walked a little while, taken a breather between rounds, when he just couldn't resist pressing the select button and choosing to begin round two of his perverted pregnancy play.

"In round two, the challenge is similar to round one, but now no control over a male pawn is required. Player must select no less than three untouched pawns and using the action button when prompted make them so fully touched that they are at least 100% impregnated. Enhancements and options will appear throughout gameplay," Casey read out loud to himself.

He almost couldn't stop grinning as he stared at the words on the screen, the instructions somewhat vague but to him they were perfectly clear and clearly perverse. He'd wanted to do some gaming and now he had the best game in town, if only Heath and Veronica knew just how much chaos they'd set in motion by kicking him out of the house.

If not for them, he'd be playing the latest major console release. As it was, he was about to find some untouched pawns, or virgins he assumed, and make sure they were touched all over and stuffed quite full. He laughed and thinned his eyes, looking up from the handheld and shifting his almost predatory look as he glanced around where his walk had led him.

"Perfect," Casey muttered to himself, "absolutely perfect."

He only had to look at the entrance to a large parking lot, the banner swinging lightly in the breeze strung up between the two opposite trees over this entrance. There were tents and the noise of people all over the parking lot and only the ringing bells of the old tower beyond this parking lot gave hint at what sort of place this was, at least other than the words written on the banner.

"Church Carnival, today only," Casey read, almost eagerly walking off towards the many tents and people.

If there was any place in the small town he would find several hot little virgins it was a church carnival, the one event sure to attract younger crowds and definitely sure to have uptight religious types who feared every little sin. He looked down at the handheld, checking the above view and watching the select pawn arrows appear over each one he passed. He was about to introduce a whole new sin in the form of SINtendo to a few lucky girls at this carnival.

Unsurprisingly it didn't take long as Casey wandered the moderate crowd, passing by booths where carnival games took place, wandering past small carnival rides which had been trucked in and set up, operated by happy church men who seemed far too overly polite for Casey's tastes. Most tended to ignore him, seeing just another young person playing some little video game. If only they knew that they were the pawns in his game.

The three girls Casey had zeroed in on were perfect, absolutely perfect for his game. Each of them looked young, though he recognized them as soon to be seniors at the high school he'd only just graduated from. That put them around eighteen which as far as he was concerned was perfect for what he needed, mostly because he knew that the little blonde girl with a tight baby tee on was the leader of the school's Abstinence Club.

Casey scrolled the arrows over all three, the blonde and her two brunette friends, pushing select for each one. Things were about to get interesting at the church carnival.

\* \* \*

"This carnival's going really well, don't you think?"

Hannah looked around the area, noting how many church members had showed up, mentally counting through the ones she didn't recognize from regular attendance. She made note of the ones who seemed to be enjoying themselves, the families mostly, only a few individuals seeming to have come alone. Turning back to Alicia, she nodded.

"I guess so, seems standard crowd mostly; I was hoping maybe we'd attract some new ones."

"You're never satisfied are you," Alicia asked, walking over and leaning against the back of a large tent they had set up for a small theater production later in the afternoon.

"She's just a perfectionist," Lindsay said, pulling her long dark hair back over one shoulder, idly smoothing it down and looking around as much as Hannah did.

Hannah laughed a little, a flirty tone that showed she wasn't too serious. "I'm just looking forward to next year, you know. I mean we're going to be the senior girls here and that means next year we'll have to be in charge of attracting new crowds."

Alicia looked from Lindsay over to their blonde friend, noting how tightly her baby tee was and that her jeans were pressed in on every curve the maturing teenager had. "Dressing like that, I'm surprised you haven't drawn a crowd yourself."

Hannah looked from the passing wanderers out in the main little strip between tents and rides down to her shirt, then over at Alicia. "Huh? I just wore what I always wear to these events."

Alicia smiled, then rolled her eyes over towards Lindsay. "You tell her, Lindsay."

Lindsay stopped stroking her long dark hair and glanced at Hannah, then blushed a little. "She's saying you're filling out the same old clothes in new ways these days."

"Admittedly we all are," Alicia added, "but wow, Hannah, what size bra are you wearing these days?"

Hannah turned red and moved over away from the main opening where everyone else wandered by. "Hey, not so loud, sheesh... you think I want to share that with everyone?"

Alicia shrugged. "Sorry."

"It's fine, and yeah, I know... I'm not really wearing a bra yet. I still haven't gotten used to it," Hannah said, lowering her head a little in shame, letting her lengthy blonde mane fall into her eyes.

"That would draw a crowd all on its own," Lindsay said, laughing.

Both Hannah and Alicia stared at Lindsay. "That's... that's not very funny," Hannah said.

"It's true though," Lindsay mumbled, grinning.

All three of them felt strange having this conversation, but as the conversation had drifted from carnival success to more personal information somehow they'd each just accepted it, slowly allowing the dialogue to dwindle into places the three friends had never dared before.

"I guess..." Hannah said, looking straight down at her bulging top, shifting a little so it became more obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, her spongy teenage breasts shimmying and shaking from side to side.

"Wow, wish I could do that," Alicia said, grinning.

"Do what?" Hannah asked, still moving a little, wiggling her upper body just enough to keep the strangely mesmerizing movement going inside her baby tee.

Alicia blushed almost unsure where her words had come from, still finding the answer quite easily flowing over her tongue. "Get that jiggle you have going, it's kinda hot you know."

Lindsay spoke up before Hannah even could respond. "I can when I'm not wearing my bra; wanna see?"

Hannah looked confused but still didn't protest the conversation any further, instead staring down into her cleavage, the two pale fleshy orbs contained within her top shifting next to each other, shaking up and down as she made more and more movements to cause such shaking. She glanced over at Lindsay as did Alicia and both of them

simply nodded, their eyes slightly listless, their bottom lips pulled in a bit.

"K, watch me, it's really bad I know, but I've kinda liked it, ya know, how it feels and all," Lindsay said.

She stood up in front of her two friends, tossed her long dark hair back over both shoulders, and reached up underneath her shirt. After a few movements during which she stared off, concentrating on what her fingers were doing beneath the shirt, Lindsay pulled her unsnapped bra out around her waist and tossed it to a nearby stack of folded chairs.

"See, watch me," Lindsay then said, immediately beginning to jump up and down.

"Ooh, wow..." Alicia gasped lightly.

Hannah just stared for a moment, watching as Lindsay jumped only enough to send her large virginal chest flying, her breasts looking near obscene, like bags of jello attached to the teenagers chest, flopping up and down enough to where they nearly appeared to slosh right into her chin.

"That's... that's just wrong," Hannah said.

As she looked down at her own chest, not quite as obscene as Lindsay's but seeming to be maturing in that direction, Lindsay only huffed her response, working off some energy with her bouncing. "Hey... it's... fun though, unhh... I mean it feels so... good."

Alicia was sitting back, resting against the side of the large tent, all three of them now ignoring anyone passing by in the main part of the carnival. She looked down at her own breasts and brought a hand up, lightly squeezing, pressing her fingers in through her own t-shirt.

"Mmm... I bet it does. You know, if you really wanted to draw a crowd next year, we could just wear no bras and jump around a lot. That would beat this year's crowd wouldn't it?"

Hannah stood and began bouncing, tentative little jumps that sent her blonde hair slapping up and down on her shoulders. "Yeah... mmm... maybe," she said.

Lindsay stared at her friend bouncing, then looked at the other one feeling herself up. "We kinda look like those skanky girls at school, don't we, ya know, the cheerleaders who jump around and get everyone looking at them?"

Hannah nodded. "It's probably wrong, we... we um... should stop, right?"

Alicia moaned a little, drawing their stares. She was now reaching both hands up under her shirt, clearly groping herself as she cupped her little titties and pinched and prodded, biting her lip.

"Why stop, it's just some innocent fun?" Lindsay said.

Hannah for some reason wanted to disagree, but no, it was just the three of them, just touching and moving. It couldn't be wrong to do something like that. She bounced a little more, slowly lifting her hands up under her own shirt, feeling her swelling flesh smack into her fingers as she quickly grabbed hold of her left breast and squeezed.

"Ohhhh... mmm..." Hannah whimpered, not expecting anywhere near the pleasure she felt.

"Careful," Lindsay laughed, currently lifting her top so she could openly pinch and tug on one of her nipples. "The crowd might see you."

Hannah looked past Lindsay at the families and individuals wandering the area, the rides and other noises having blocked out most of her voice so no one seemed to be looking her way. She felt strangely upset that no one was looking at her, that all three of them were alone here.

"Hey, um... ya know what might be better than this?" Hannah asked, not even entirely sure where her words came from, just knowing that she needed to say them.

"What's... mmm... that?" Alicia asked, still squeezing away at her young tits, squishing the little flesh all over her chest and moaning near nonstop.

"If someone else were doing it for us," Hannah responded.

All three girls were momentarily silent, a stillness overcoming them as they seemed deep in thought at the very idea.

"You mean like we feel each other up?" Alicia asked, removing her hands from below her shirt.

Hannah shook her head. "No, but that probably wouldn't hurt. I was just thinking that what would really draw a crowd like never before next year would be to just let guys come in and... and ya know..."

"Squeeze our tits?" Lindsay finished.

Hannah blushed but nodded. "Yeah, they'd like that right? It'd be like a kissing booth but more... um... fun."

Alicia was quick to speak up. "They'd probably wanna do more than just feel us up if we let em do that much."

Hannah thought about it for a moment, her thoughts very floaty as though she was just letting go, releasing the tension she normally felt

she'd have. "Maybe we could let em do more," she replied.

Lindsay stopped pinching her tits and stood there staring, her top pulled up to where it rested just against the tips of her thick nipples. "Are you serious? I mean what if they wanna you know... do it or something?"

Hannah shivered at her friend's words, then looked at both her and Alicia and smiled. "We could let em, yeah... instead of a kissing booth or even a feel us up booth we could just have a tent and let the guys come in and... and... do us."

"Oh wow... really; I mean what about what's right and all? Aren't we supposed to not do stuff like that before getting married?" Alicia asked.

Hannah grinned, feeling her entire outlook shift, her hands still rubbing fingers across her sensitive little nipples, nearly clenching her thighs each time she did so. "Mmm... well, maybe kinda, but we'd be doing it for the church. That's... that's gotta count for something right?"

Lindsay nodded slowly. "Actually it sounds... kinda hot. Mmm... so the guys just line up, come in and do us. Should we limit the number of guys that can... uh... you know?"

Hannah shook her head. "Nope, it might be a little rough but if we just let as many as wanted come and uh... do whatever they wanted to us, then the church carnival would be a bigger success."

Alicia moved in near her two friends, each of them having more and more crazed expressions, eyes wide, constantly licking their lips as they thought about what they were discussing. "Yeah, it'd be the biggest crowd ever I bet. Though I guess we would need to have well... you know, protection and stuff."

Hannah looked at Alicia then thought for a moment, feeling up one of her tits as she did. "Yeah... I guess you're probably right. If we let a ton of guys just do us we'd likely end up pregnant or something."

"Mmm..." Lindsay moaned, tugging lightly on her long dark hair. "That'd be really wrong... but kinda hot."

All three girls giggled lightly, feeling strangely giddy at the way this conversation was shifting. "Okay, then it's set," Hannah said. "Next year when we are in charge of organizing some of the carnival, we'll have a tent where guys can come and... and do us, but we'll have to get a condom machine and set it up outside the door."

"Wow, that sounds so... fun," Alicia said, grinning.

"I wonder how much it costs to rent a condom machine?" Lindsay asked.

"No idea, but I guess we have all year to think about it," Hannah said, shrugging her shoulders, feeling her tits shimmy and slosh just from her movements.

For several moments the three fell back into silence, looking around, noticing the light crowd. It was Hannah who finally spoke up again, seeming almost reluctant to say what she did but sounding no less into the meaning behind her words.

"It's too bad we can't help out this year," she said.

Lindsay and Alicia looked at their blonde friend, the three of them all exchanging looks and smiling simultaneously.

"Why can't we?" Lindsay asked.

"Yeah, who said it was some rule we waited a year to... to get guys doing us?" Alicia added.

Hannah thought about it for a moment, then felt her thighs trembling and tingling, her hands slipping up over her curves to her upper body, instantly cupping and squeezing her swelling breasts. "Mmm... maybe we... uh could do something."

Lindsay stepped over and reached up, pinching one of Hannah's nipples through her tight top. "We can do everything, Hannah. Can't you imagine it? We can save the carnival, draw bigger crowds and get exactly what we'll enjoy too."

Alicia was thinning her eyes, making nearly a whorish little expression, a needy look of a girl desperate for something the young virgin had never even imagined before today. "What about the tent; where will we do this?" She asked.

Lindsay pointed to the tent they'd all been leaning against for the past little while. "Right here, it's all set up for the theater show later tonight. It's gonna be empty until then right?"

Hannah nodded. "That's true, we could easily get guys to do us all over that tent, just get bent over and... and..." The word failed her, her mind knowing it but her mouth refusing to voice it.

"Fucked," Lindsay said, licking her lips.

"Mmm... yeah," Hannah nodded, smiling. "I think maybe we all wanna get... get fucked."

The three of them straightened their tops up slightly, walking together around the corner and quickly slipping inside the tent, looking out at the passing crowd, the wandering visitors to the church carnival they had every year. Each of the three eyed a man or two, staring at the men who walked with their families, the ones who occasionally passed by alone, the younger ones who were still in school and mostly stopped by for the games and prizes.

"Wait," Hannah suddenly said, thinking for a moment. "What about the condoms?"

Lindsay and Alicia looked down, thinking as well, all three seeming to reach the same conclusion at the same time.

"Oh well, if they knock us up, they knock us up. It's more important that we'll be helping out the church, right?" Lindsay said.

All three of them laughed and ran eager fingers across their young bodies, looking out the door of the darkened tent and watching for the guys they knew would be willing to initiate them into the perverse carnival attractions they were quite suddenly desperate to become.

It was Hannah moments later that spotted them first, but the others immediately took notice. "There," Hannah said, pointing.

Lindsay saw the three boys, all three of them in the college group at their church, and usually all three of them the most well behaved and respected of their age group. She grinned and wondered just how well behaved they might be in a darkened tent with three horny high school girls.

"Let's go get em," Alicia said, walking right out the tent opening and beginning a not too subtle strut which presented every inch of her in only the most aroused and carefree light possible.

Hannah and Lindsay nodded, licked their lips, and joined their less busty friend. "For the church," Hannah said.

Lindsay laughed. "For me too," she added.

\* \* \*

Casey was amazed at how much more challenging the round had played out so far, just getting the girls to go along with their desires taking all sorts of combos and special actions on his part.

He'd instantly begun the round by eliminating their inhibitions, making them perfectly comfortable discussing and displaying their own enjoyments, their own physical pleasures. He'd then met with resistance from each in different amounts.

Hannah had proven more difficult to break through the barriers of her own responsible and mature nature. However, once that barrier had been broken, she'd been easier than any of them to get into manipulation mode, using the action button as each possible conflict arose, driving them from merely considering letting some guy touch them to eagerly anticipating getting done by those guys and more.

This round seemed to be all about breaking through barriers, and not just barriers in the chosen game pawn's minds. No, Casey thought, looking up from the SINtendo handheld. This was about breaking the most basic barriers of all and fortunately he had a front row view of the conversation that would shift this day into high gear for these three girls.

\* \* \*

"Mmm... hey there, boys," Hannah said, strutting right in front of Alicia and wiggling her perfect curvy ass as she raised a hand up to her face.

"Uh... hey Hannah," one of the college guys said.

Hannah licked her fingertip, then traced that finger down over her chin, along the side of her neck and ended with a short tug downward of her neckline, the baby tee already tight enough but causing an immediate shift in her full chest as she did so.

"So, why don't you boys come with us to our tent, see what we're doing for the carnival this year?"

One of the other guys scratched his head, looking at how strangely Hannah was behaving. He then stared at Lindsay who looked up at him, flirting quite obviously with a huge grin on her face. "Uh... I thought you girls weren't doing anything until the play later tonight?"

Alicia rolled her eyes at her two busty friends being so coy. She stepped right up to the third boy and grabbed his hand, pulling it towards her chest and pressing his fingers against her small pert little breasts. "Does this feel like we aren't doing anything? Mmm... come on back to our tent over there and we'll do whatever you want."

The boy coughed and nearly choked on his own words as he jumped, yet kept his hand right where she had pressed it. "Uh... fuck, you gotta be kidding."

Hannah shook her head in response, reaching up to grab the bottom of her top. She looked around, making sure no parental figures were watching, and then lifted her shirt, quickly flashing just the undersides of her young tits. "Does it seem like we're kidding?"

"But you... you all are... vi... virgins, right?" The nervous guy standing right in front of Hannah asked.

She nodded. "We are now, though maybe you can take care of that for us. See, today we're running like a kissing booth here," Hannah explained.

"Except instead of sticking your tongues in our mouths we're more interested in another part of you stuck somewhere else," Lindsay said, pulling her boy's hand right down against the outside of her warm jeans, right in between her legs.

"Uh... shit," one of the guys said, looking at his two friends.

"Mmm... so what'll it be, boys? Should we just go find some other men who might be interested in using us today?"

Nothing seemed more bizarre than Hannah, head of the Abstinence Club, asking guys whether they wanted to use her and her friends, but of course these were normal college guys, church goers or not. They still had desires and those desires were easy to tempt beyond caring about how out of character a girl was behaving.

"Fuck... yeah... okay," the guy said, allowing Hannah to grab his hand and lead him off towards the currently empty theater tent.

Lindsay and Alicia quickly followed along, stroking their exploring fingers all over the two guys they had selected, boldly thrusting those fingers between the boys' jeans and abs, diving in to feel their hardness that only grew as they entered the darkened tent.

Separating from the guys, Hannah only had a few words of instruction for them, seeming completely accepting of the situation, of their plan, of the imminent loss of her virginity. "We're all yours, and you can each do us as many times as you like. We only ask that if you leave you tell others about us and send them here to do us also. We wanna be filled full of your seed, filled full of every guy who wants us seed. Mmm... now hurry up and fuck me, someone!"

The guy Hannah had led to the tent instantly grabbed her, pulling her to him, kissing her face, then squeezing her around the waist. "Oh fuck... mmm, Hannah," he groaned, kissing his way across her face,

down her neck, letting her throw her head back and toss her blonde mane down towards the floor as she arched her back.

He kissed down over her shirt, pressing his face into her jiggly chest, crushing the pale virginal flesh up until it nearly spilled out from the top, the too tight top preventing any complete exposure. Grabbing her shirt, he lifted his head away and pulled, stretching the fabric, ripping several threads, nearly tearing the shirt off the high school girl.

"Oh fuck, you're so damn hot," he grunted, grabbing her jeans and unbuckling them, unzipping them and nearly knocking her to the floor of the large tent as he yanked her free from them. He panted and gasped like an animal, sitting back on one of the folding chairs that had been set up for the performance later that night. Hannah realized standing there before him, nude except for her panties, that he was about to get a much better performance.

Lindsay had been quick to strip off her top as soon as they entered the tent. She squished her tits up and down, even leaning down and latching on to one of her own nipples, suckling at it like a baby as she gave her chosen guy the most perverse grin she could imagine.

He'd dropped his pants in moments and stood there before her stroking his hand up and down a very thick cock, an erection that only grew as she turned and bent over at the waist, up near the stage, resting her full tits against the platform as she wiggled her ass in his direction.

"Come and get me, stud," Lindsay called out.

Alicia had taken the direct approach and simply dropped to her knees upon entering the privacy of the tent. She'd undone her boy's jeans, reached in and pulled out a surprisingly hard cock, then opened wide and just jammed her mouth right down over it, sucking

it like she'd sucked cocks all her life, as though this was something she was born to do.

The boy was harder than ever, nearly squirting his thick cum all inside her throat, but as soon as she sensed such an impending explosion of seed, Alicia grasped his cock around the base and pulled off.

"Nuh uh," she demanded, "not until you have this right here." Saying this, she stood up and dropped her jeans and panties in one move, revealing her very tight and already dripping cunt to his hungry eyes.

"Oh... OHHH FUCKKKK MEEEEEE!" Hannah screamed, so loud even the carnival noises outside may not have disguised it.

She no longer cared, couldn't imagine anything more to care about at the moment than the sheer intensity of the pleasure her no longer so virginal body was receiving. She'd dropped her panties and hovered for only a few seconds, floating a bit over top of the guy's cock, looking down at him sitting there in that chair, his thick pole so ready, so engorged and just pulsing with life. She wanted that life inside her; she wanted him feeling her body close in around that fat cock, just sucking all his juices into her, feeding her hungry little cunt until it no longer had any room left.

"Unghh... oh fuck, oh damn baby," the guy grunted, leaning back in the chair, nearly toppling backwards as Hannah rode him, up and down, over and over, harder and harder, driving him straight up into the deepest recesses of her punished womb.

"Oh yes, yes... oh fuck," Lindsay moaned, battered little pussy taking a brutal beating as she was fucked doggy style over the stage.

The boy fucking her was taking no chances, showing no fear of cumming too soon or of letting her change her mind. He was driving his hips like a machine, slicing his thick cock straight into her and

reaching up with one hand to grasp at her long dark silky hair, yanking it back as he slammed the teenage girl full of his college meat, fucking into her over and over.

"Ungh... oh damn you're so fucking tight," he moaned, closing his eyes, clenching his teeth.

Alicia banged her head into a folding chair, laying flat on the ground, getting literally fucked across the enclosed space until her head smacked into the legs of the folding chair, not four feet from where Hannah rode her guy. She loved getting banged so hard, getting her little pussy fucked like some biblical whore. She knew all about the whores of Babylon and now she was imagining she was one, acting out her own little role in this theater tent at the church carnival.

"Ungh... oh fuck," the boy grunted, slamming his dick up in between her legs, filling her belly, watching her repeatedly smack her head on the chair leg.

"Mmm... oh... unhhh... do it, fuck my brains out," Alicia moaned, feeling already loopy just from how hard he was smacking her head back with his actions.

Hannah screamed out once more, clearly discovering that she was extra sensitive when it came to getting fucked, a true screamer that these boys were sure to enjoy. "Ohhhh yesss! Yesssss!" She screeched, thrashing violently around as she flexed her thighs over the guy's lap, nearly losing her balance and falling backwards, held up at least partially by the thick cock she was impaled on.

"Ungh... oh damn, oh baby," the guy beneath her grunted, and that was when she felt it.

Hannah opened her eyes wide, her jaw dropping and tongue lolling out to one side in near silent orgasm, her mind spinning as she

clenched her tight inner muscles around his thick throbbing and now erupting cock.

"Oh... ooh..." she moaned much more quietly, feeling the simultaneous chill and warmth of thick hot sperm spraying rather wildly inside her womb.

"Ungh... oh fuck, oh fuck, there's... more," the guy cried out, closing his eyes and leaning back, creaking the chair and testing its resolve to continue holding them both.

Hannah felt several more thick splashes of cum blast her deepest recesses. She squirmed uncontrollably, clenching her thighs over him, holding him deep within her, moaning a low and steady climax that slowly built into a pleased shriek.

Lindsay violently shook, her entire body lunging back to meet the boy who thrust into her over the stage. Her tits slapped wildly beneath her, actually smacking her in the face whenever she looked back underneath in an attempt to witness his thick driving cock stuffing itself directly into her womb.

He was grunting, muttering mindless little noises that reminded her more of animals in the wild. She knew he was close, but never imagined just what she would get when finally he began to grow even more erratic in his pace.

"Ungh... fuck, take it... oh fuck... take it all!" He shouted, stabbing Lindsay deep, grabbing her by her hips and yanking her hard back into him, stuffing every last inch of his climaxing cock deep within her perfect teen form.

"Oh yes, oh... oh... unhhhh!" Lindsay gasped. She felt the flood of fluids inside her and more than that she felt that spray continue, just keep right on flowing, stuffing her tight little pussy until it felt almost painfully full.

Alicia was getting just the same as her two friends, her back arched, her head wedged partially under the folding chair she'd literally dented with her skull, her expression one of almost comical stupidity, tongue out, pleased grin now vapid and mindless as the boy screwing her reached forward and grabbed her little tits, crushing them in his fists as he drove down into her and fucked her full of his seed.

All three of them were getting stuffed with cum, the boys somehow not even sure where the energy or stamina they had came from, only knowing that every touch of their flesh against the no longer virginal flesh of these high school girls made them more and more eager to fuck them, to use them, but mostly to fill them with every last ounce of cum they could possibly produce.

Hannah bounced like a rag doll, nearly laughing she was feeling so intensely happy. Her cunt leaked some of the juices already poured into it, the boy growing harder already, getting set to fuck right through yet another major climax, his cock spitting new loads what seemed every few seconds now.

Her tits jumped and bounced wildly, and she found herself staring at them, looking past her blonde hair which already shone with the perspiration of wild uninhibited sex. She recognized how she had matured in recent years, how her tits had grown so much larger. She grinned and moaned through another thick filling spray of cum as she imagined her fat teen tits filling with milk, getting all dripping and juicy as her body was fucked pregnant.

"Mmm... yessss..." Hannah cried out, her cries joined by those of her friends.

All three girls were done again and again, the boys hardly even shifting positions, just keeping their cocks safely enveloped in the tight little quickly cum saturated wombs of the girls, three once

faithful virgins who now found themselves indistinguishable from desperate sluts.

\* \* \*

Casey grinned as he stood in the doorway to the large tent. The noise from the carnival, the music, the rides, nothing compared to the music of these girls' orgasmic cries, the thrill of the rides they were taking through orgasm after orgasm into a blindly fucked stupor.

He occasionally looked down at the SINtendo handheld, watching as all three of their percentages rose, the probability of impregnation soaring past 80% for each of them and rising every passing minute.

It was Hannah who seemed to pass 100% first, Hannah the cute blonde head of the Abstinence Club, a club she no longer could claim membership of as now she was addicted to the feel of getting a cock slammed home inside her womb.

She'd been the clear winner in a non-game related contest Casey had enjoyed. Hannah had easily been the most orgasmic of the three girls, a hair trigger if there ever was one. Lindsay might have come in a close second, but it was hard to tell as poor Alicia was fucked nearly unconscious by the boy banging her little brains out, knocking her silly against the chairs he slid her across the floor into.

All three percentages rose, thanks in part to the quick fingers of Casey on the action button, managing to enhance their touch so every boy who intimately laid a finger on them would only last and last, much longer than any normal partner would.

The bonuses in the game were simple but effective, Casey thought, and fortunately he was skilled with the controls and managed to

make fairly quick work of round two as the three percentage points rose past 120% and just kept on rising.

"Heh, guess my fun here is over for now," Casey thought, wondering exactly how long Hannah, Lindsay, and Alicia would continue getting fucked before someone discovered them.

It would certainly be a scandal for the church carnival if it came out that the most popular ride was actually three teenage girls who'd decided to let every guy do them until their bellies almost rounded out full of sperm.

He laughed and turned away from the tent, content to leave this round and the girls, wondering more and more about the final round of this game. He wondered whether it would prove to be any more of a challenge or just another chance to show he was a great gamer, and to prove Veronica wrong in showing those gamer skills with such an adult game.

Congratulations player, move on to round three, he read silently from the small screen. Walking out, past the people entering the carnival, down the sidewalk under the trees and past the rising church in the background, Casey realized he was having a pretty damn good day for still feeling the pangs of anger at his brother Heath and that stupid college slut he was somehow lucky enough to date.

He idly wondered what sort of reward this game might have if a player managed to get through all three rounds. Smiling, looking down at the screen as he watched himself walking along, Casey vowed that he would find that out, and in record time too.

## Part Three: The Mother of all Challenges

Making his way further downtown, towards the center of the small town shops that usually drew the most crowds, Casey pressed the select button and started round three. He'd had a day so far like none other and this being the final round only reminded him just how quickly that day seemed to have flown by. One thing he knew was that he had proven beyond any doubt that he was more the stud than Heath ever would be.

His older brother might have the looks and the attitude but he could never claim to be responsible for knocking up three virgins and a hot jogger all in one day. Technically, Casey knew it wasn't him that had the fun part, but controlling those around him, making every individual in town the pawns in his very own video game, was just as awesome and in his mind, equally as fun.

He stopped near a light post at the corner of a small strip mall. Reading the screen on the handheld, Casey only nodded, grinning as he saw that this wasn't going to be all that challenging a round after all, just a bit different from the others.

"To complete Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses, player must select from limited available pawns as shown on the screen. These pawns will be mature previously impregnated pawns and must be accompanied by at least one child over the age of eighteen," Casey read to himself, wondering just where this might be going.

He breathed easier when the text scrolled and he read the real challenge of the round. "Player must control only the one pawn and achieve greater than 100% probability of impregnation while simultaneously achieving at least 100% humiliation for the child over eighteen."

Easy, Casey thought, so basically he just had to manipulate feelings and actions of some hot little mother around here and get her knocked up in public where her child can witness it and be fully humiliated. It might seem perverse and difficult, but Casey was up for the challenge. He thinned his eyes and grinned looking around, attempting to spot possible targets for his game.

The strip mall was popular with families so it wasn't all that difficult to spot plenty of mothers. The main problem Casey was having as he walked along the front of the various shops was that none of the women were his taste. Sure, some looked decent enough and all, but usually it worked out that those weren't available to be selected when he glanced down at the screen. They either had no children currently with them or were accompanied by too young a child.

He was beginning to see the challenge of this round, looking down at the screen and watching the tiny overhead view of where he stood. That was when someone ran right into him, nearly causing him to drop the SINtendo handheld.

"Hey... watch where you're..." Casey started, stopping as soon as he saw who it was.

The boy who'd run into him was certainly no stranger, and the look in that boy's eyes wasn't either as he dusted himself off and stared right back at Casey. "Well well, I didn't know they sold geek supplies around here," Hunter said, stepping closer to Casey and smirking down at him. "They must though since you're here."

Casey wanted to just punch him, to lash out at the bully who'd made his four years in high school a living hell. It was bad enough having a brother like Heath; having someone like Hunter every year in his classes had been a nightmare that he never woke from.

"Just leave me alone," Casey muttered, looking back at the screen of the SINtendo.

"Yeah right, I think I might be doing everyone a service by exterminating the geek population at the mall before it grows out of hand," Hunter said, balling up one fist and smacking it into the palm of his other hand, grinning as he stood imposing over Casey.

"You should... just go away or something," Casey said, actually nervous about what Hunter might be willing to do.

"I should huh..." Hunter said, seeming close to snapping, his usual bullying tactic of terrifying him before actually striking a blow.

Casey looked down, watching the screen, staring at the top of his head and the top of Hunter's, hoping that looking away made Hunter decide to just go away. It was in the next moment as Hunter seemed ready to lay a hand on him that someone else walked out from the shop nearby and approached Hunter from behind.

"We're all ready to go, honey, oh... well who's your friend?"

Casey looked up and actually dropped his mouth open slightly, staring past Hunter at a vision of hotness like he rarely saw. The woman was blonde with tumbling curls in her hair which smoothly fell down over her shoulders, several strands of it blowing in the breeze. She wore a dress which seemed light and silky, the neckline low enough to show just the hint of a very impressive set of breasts, and what Casey found most enjoyable about her appearance was actually as simple as the ring on her left hand.

He knew a wedding ring when he saw it and that meant only one thing.

"He's no one, Mom; let's just go," Hunter said.

Casey grinned and glanced back at the screen of the SINtendo handheld. Sure enough, a small arrow with statistics about Hunter's mom was glowing on the screen. She was not just an available option for him to use, seeing as how the round would involve humiliating her son, she was the only option, Casey thought.

He said nothing as Hunter walked off into the parking lot, his incredibly hot mother following and offering a short friendly wave at Casey. She was absolutely stunning, a woman who could pass for thirty but had to be in her forties. Her body was pure lust on legs, her face one of almost motherly sweetness which probably meant she'd spoiled her son into his bullying ways.

Whatever the case was, Casey was about to add some spice to her sweetness and make sure Hunter needed a good dose of therapy to get the images he was about to witness out of his mind.

Pressing select over top of the arrow above her head, Casey read the small message that popped up.

Pawn selected, Christine Stone, age 44. Preparing pawn for round, eliminating birth control methods, heightening fertility. Player ready for action controls.

As soon as the screen message faded, Casey looked up to see Christine stopping midway across the street. He realized this round was giving him even more freedom. He actually could direct her with the select button, could literally move her around like a character in some third person adventure game. The fun part, he thought smiling, was that this adventure was strictly rated AO for Adults Only.

\* \* \*

"Mom, what are you doing?" Hunter asked, turning and looking at his mother who stood in the middle of the road, actually blocking the traffic that ran along in front of the strip mall.

"I... I'm not sure," Christine said, dropping her shopping bag to the pavement and feeling a strange assortment of sensations.

"Huh, what are you talking about, get out of the street," Hunter shouted, turning to walk towards her.

Christine found her voice quite suddenly, though in her mind she imagined several options for what she could possibly say, seeing those options as though they were bubbles. When one of the bubbles popped she spoke up, almost as shocked as her son was at what came out of her mouth.

"No, wait there, I wanna show you something sexy," Christine said.

Hunter widened his eyes and stared, unsure exactly what was going on. He watched his mother kick the shopping bag with his shirts she'd bought him towards a car that had pulled up and was currently honking. Then he watched her do something that nearly felt like a kick in the gut for how bizarre and completely wrong it was.

"Hey you," Christine said, waving to the man in the car. "You want some of this? Come and get me, stud."

Christine nearly felt embarrassed as she reached up to her shoulders and pulled her dress down each arm, pushing it down lower and lower, arching her back so her full milky white tits billowed up and outward, the underwire bra she wore providing plenty of lift to nearly expose her to this complete stranger. She realized as quickly as the impulse to feel embarrassment had appeared, it felt as though it popped no different from the bubbles of speech options in her mind.

Instead of feeling any sense of shame, Christine felt incredibly turned on, almost eager to not only show off her tits to the stranger in the car, but to have her son witness it all.

The man stopped honking and just stared out his windshield, as did several others walking along the sidewalk in front of the shops and even a few pulling into parking spaces, who nearly had wrecks rubbernecking to look back towards the attractive blonde mother.

"Come on, baby, check out these sweet floppy udders," Christine said, smiling and licking her lips. Every point she said something she didn't want to say, her mind suffered a strange jolt, as though someone or something was controlling her. As much as she may have struggled internally, a part of her quickly began to enjoy the control, the manipulation.

"Mom!" Hunter shouted, finally tearing his eyes off her big tits, pushed up by a thin silky bra and nearly fully exposed as she lifted her hands away from her dress which now hung around her waist. He tried to ignore her actions as she began fondling her smooth flesh.

"Mmm..." Christine said, turning to look Hunter's way. "What a great idea, baby, mmm... I think I'm gonna give you a real show here."

She then turned away from the shocked and horrified expression on her nearly nineteen year old son's face and shouted out loud, instantly stopping everyone in the area no matter whether they had yet noticed her or not. Her words made it quite clear what she wanted and what the suddenly half stripped milf was desperate to follow through on.

"Who wants to fuck a baby in me, right here and now?" Christine shouted, rubbing her fingers up and down her sides, tugging at the bra and managing to pop each of her tits up and over the cups,

letting her thick long nipples bobble in the cool breeze and harden as she played with them.

"Come on, do it... anyone here can just bend me over a car and fuck their big hard cock inside me!" She shouted.

Hunter practically looked ready to puke, his face turning colors as he stood there momentarily stunned into complete immobility.

"Mmm, how bout you, cutie," Christine said, approaching the car that had been honking, crawling up onto the hood, leaning down and smashing her big tits into the warm metal surface. She looked up into the driver's eyes and gave him her sluttiest expression, a look she hadn't given a man in many years.

"Get out of the car, climb up here behind me," Christine moaned, "slip that fat cock you have inside me and screw me full of your yummy man juice. Mmm... oh please... please just fuck a baby in me!"

The man swallowed and stared, fingers gripping the wheel, eyes wide. Just as Christine backed down off the hood, doing a little spin for him, reaching underneath her dress and slowly sliding her panties down to her ankles, that was when Hunter suddenly shook off his building humiliation and ran in nearly tackling his mother.

"Stop it, Mom, just stop doing whatever the hell you think you're doing!" Hunter shouted, grabbing her by the shoulders and holding her against him to hide her exposed tits as he pulled her along towards the parking lot.

Forgotten was the bag of shirts now getting run over on the street in front of the shops and completely forgotten was his encounter with Casey who even now followed along some distance behind him. Hunter only knew something was very wrong with his mother, and something was truly fucked up about him having to hold her against

him topless as she now was and moaning like she seemed to constantly be doing.

"Mmm... no.... mmm, stop," Christine whimpered.

"Mom, stop it, just stop it," Hunter said, walking and practically dragging her towards her car. He ignored everyone around him, the many people who'd witnessed her strip show and shouts of depraved desires. He ignored everything and everyone but her and the car he approached.

"Mmm... no, honey," Christine suddenly said more clearly. "You can't fuck a baby in me; as much fun as it might be for you, I need someone else."

Hunter released his grip on her and nearly jumped back, shocked at her words. "What... the hell?"

"Mmm... yeah, I know you probably like your mommy's big tits," Christine said, reaching up to squeeze one of her tits up towards her lips, thinning her eyes as she opened her mouth and bit lightly on it. "Mmm... and I bet you'd love to slam your cock up inside me, but nope... has to be someone else right now," Christine said, giggling.

Hunter felt anger and frustration explode inside him. He wanted to shout and scream, to pitch a fit worthy of a two year old, and yet he found himself staring, blushing, feeling the most panic and anxiety he'd ever felt in his life. He was about to tell her to shut up, to grab her and force her in the car and drive her home to where hopefully his dad could shake some sense back into her. Just as he was about to though, some familiar voices rang out from somewhere nearby.

"Where you taking her, man?"

Hunter looked away from his mother with her dress lowered to her waist, her bra now fully undone, and her tits exposed and being

fondled by her own slender fingers. He turned and looked at the van directly across from where her car was parked.

He recognized the band that had played at his senior prom, two of the members being friends of his from football.

"Guys, something's wrong with her... I just... gotta get her home or something," Hunter said, embarrassed by the way his two high school buddies were looking at his mother, to say nothing of the other three band members he knew were in college.

"What's the rush, man," one of his buddies said, "why not give her what she wants?"

Hunter's other friend in the band nodded and looked back at the older guys who stepped out from the back of the open van, shaking out their hair and winking at the topless milf who seemed to melt under their appreciative gaze.

Hunter paused every thought and action he'd been planning and just stared at all of them. "What; are you serious?"

"Serious as a *Heat Attack*," his fellow football player said, incorporating the name of their band which was painted along the side of the van he gestured back towards.

"She wants someone fucking her, we all wanna fuck her; I'd say it works out well for everyone involved."

They all laughed and walked up, surrounding Hunter and his mom, none of them paying much attention to Hunter, instead looking at the blonde hottie who seemed ready to fuck right where she stood, still stroking away at her big fat tits, licking her finger and thinning her lust-filled eyes in their direction.

"Mmm... take me away, fuck me sooooo full," Christine moaned. "Just make sure you dump that cum inside my tight little pussy. Mmm, I want Hunter here to see his mommy getting made into a mommy again."

"No... no way, guys, come on; something's wrong with her," Hunter said, feeling queasy again.

One of the college guys with long hair, currently smoking a cigarette, spoke up. "The only thing wrong with her, I'd say, is that she's not in the back of our van getting passed around like a cheap joint."

He flicked his cigarette off to the pavement and stepped forward, grabbing Christine around the waist and picking her up.

"Mmm... oh yes, come on, everyone can have a turn with me," Christine moaned. "Yes, just fuck me... fuck me into a sloppy mess right there in your dirty van!"

The other four band members walked along behind her as the one carried her back towards the van, smacking her on the ass. "Hey, our van isn't dirty," he said. "You are, you skanky slut!"

"No... no stop, stop it," Hunter shouted, trying to push his way past his old buddies, attempting to muscle his way up to the guy who now carried his mother.

"Back off, Hunter," one of the two said, looking at their friend and winking. "You can have her when we're done. Hell, you can fuck her if you want, if that's your thing. Right now, it's our turn and we aim to give the milf just what she needs, don't we?"

There was a simultaneous shout affirming just that and Christine let out a gasping cry as the one carrying her tossed her down onto the plushly carpeted floor of the van. "Mmm... oh yes, come on... someone stick their cock in me, fuck me! Pleeeeeease!"

Hunter stood there in shock. He watched as the college guy with the longer hair unbuckled his belt and stared in at his mother. Christine was laying on her back, legs spread, pussy dripping, dress bunched around her middle. She idly fondled one of her tits as she grinned right up at him.

"You ready, babe?" The college guy asked.

"Mmhhh... fuck that monster inside me," Christine growled, gritting her teeth and feeling him crawl over top of her.

Seconds later the van began rocking, shaking from side to side and forward and back, the springs creaking with every thrust of the college guy sinking his thick erection inside her mature blonde pussy. He grunted and groaned, grinning at her the entire time, then turned to look at the others.

"Ungh, ungh... well, what're you guys waiting on... oh fuck... she's got three holes and two hands. She can handle all of us."

"Oh... unhhh, yesss... yesss fuck me, mmm..." Christine shouted, suddenly aware of what the one had just said. She grinned as the other boys all crawled in around her. "Unnh... just, oh... just make sure you all cum in my wet little cunt. I wanna be all knocked up for my son there!"

They looked back at Hunter standing outside the van, staring in through the open doors, as shocked as everyone else who seemed to be gathering in the parking lot. "Sure thing," the college guy fucking Hunter's mom said. "We'll make sure to give him a real show."

Hunter couldn't look away, his mind snapping somewhere along the line, mouth dropped open and yet horribly unwanted thoughts flashing through his every moment as he stared at his mom, a

woman he never saw as a woman, and watched her getting gang fucked in the back of a van.

"Unnnnhh... yes, yes, mmm... mmmpphhh!" Christine shouted, only briefly taking her mouth off one boy's cock as she felt the one flooding her belly with seed, felt her muscles clench and draw him in only deeper, ensuring that every last drop was saturating the deepest recesses of her womb.

"Ungh... ungh, fuck!" One of the boys shouted, bouncing up beneath her, fucking his long dick straight up into her ass, grabbing her around the waist and slapping her down on him. As soon as the one who'd just filled her pussy pulled out, he quickly lifted her up, pulling her tight little milf ass off his dick and slamming her back down, this time stuffing his cock inside her already cum dribbling cunt.

"Ohhhh... yes... mmmm, fuck!" Christine shouted, pulling the one cock from her mouth so she could breathe as the boy who'd just been fucking her ass unleashed yet another thick flood of man cream straight up into her pussy.

From there, it continued for Christine, being bent and folded in every way imaginable, always having at least a couple of cocks fucking away at her, each member of the band *Heat Attack* doing the best they could to hold off cumming until they got their turn at stuffing her right between her outstretched thighs, fucking load after load inside the eager to be mated mother.

Hunter heard the crowd that passed by, the disgust and the lust of everyone who looked into the open van and saw his mother getting used like a groupie, getting fondled and fucked for what felt hours on end. He just stared, unable to look away, his tough exterior melting as he watched with complete and utter embarrassment what his mother was becoming.

"Mmm... mmmphhh," Christine moaned a while later, on all fours rocking forward into one cock and backwards into another, feeling the thick caked cum streaming down her thighs, dribbling over her chin.

The slap slap slap of the guy behind her echoed inside the van, seeming louder than it actually was, her wide hips trembling with every hard thrust. He grabbed her thighs, slammed deep, and began unleashing inside her once again, watching her blonde hair leap forward as she sucked and slurped at his fellow band member.

"Ungh... damn, she's sooo freaking hot," one of Hunter's former friends said, climbing down out of the van, pulling up his pants and only winking at Hunter.

"Mmm... who's next..." Christine shouted, as soon as the one she'd been sucking off moved around to add his sperm to the reservoir that now was her not so tight pussy.

The cycle continued, Hunter witnessing it all, his mother begging for more when these guys seemed to have a near inexhaustible supply of seed, even her belly looking slightly full by the time the last of them just couldn't get it up any more.

Christine remained no less desperate, licking at their cocks, doing her best to harden them for more riding, for more humping, and as far as she was concerned, for more baby making.

"Your mother... is fucking... awesome!" One of Hunter's former friends gasped, breathing heavily as he lay back against one side of the van, Christine lowering her head between his legs and slurping all her own juices off his dick.

Hunter let his eyes roll up and just passed out, falling in a heap on the pavement outside the van. Barely anyone witnessing the freaky fuckfest in the parked van looked at the passed out teenager. Most

had much more pleasing places to enjoy, places all over the screwed silly mother with an appetite for cream pies.

\* \* \*

Casey stepped away from the crowd he'd been a part of, the gawkers who mostly consisted of horny bystanders that enjoyed the humiliating show the hot mother was putting on in the back of the van.

He grinned more than ever, looking down at the screen on the SINtendo handheld. It wasn't even the 170% probability of impregnation and 110% humiliation rate that entertained him. It was the scene as shown from above, Christine's legs currently swinging out from the back of the van, her thighs plastered so white they appeared ghostly, her motioning hand pointing at bystanders and inviting them to have sloppy sixths or sevenths or eighths or whatever it would end up being.

Casey loved not only completing the final round of this perverse little game but finally making an actual strike back at a bully, showing that bully how it truly felt to be humiliated beyond all imagining. Now though, he realized, now he had a reward to look forward to, a prize for winning the game, and he couldn't wait to see what that prize was.

As soon as he'd walked back as far as the sidewalk on the main street through town, Casey found a shady corner under some trees and pressed the select button to see what the game had in store for him now, what the results of his successful gameplay would be.

The message began scrolling and he started reading it aloud to himself.

"Congratulations on winning Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses. As a reward for impressive skills and unending dedication to the game, player has won a pawn of their very own. Simply select the pawn within range on the screen and they will be the player's to control and enjoy. Only one rule to remember; in order to keep them, they must be successfully bred. Happy breeding and thank you for playing SINtendo Gaming on the Go, the most advanced handheld gaming device on the planet."

Casey grinned more than a kid on Christmas morning. He stared at the screen for several moments, imagining just what he was about to enjoy. He'd won, and unlike most games, this one wasn't merely granting him some achievements he could brag about to friends. No, this game was going to reward him with something every nerdy gamer always dreamed of, the real life girl of his choice. He could do whatever he wanted to her, and the only requirement to making her his would be knocking her up.

It was just too good to be true, he thought, especially considering the fun all began because someone actually tossed this handheld into the trash. He laughed and started walking down the sidewalk, realizing their loss was his gain and he had only one last thing to gain today.

He passed by gorgeous women, tight little virginal looking teenagers, older looking babes, plenty of options, plenty of choices, but Casey knew exactly the one he was going to choose.

His older brother Heath had been an asshole to him for the last time, had acted like some arrogant prick for the final day. Today, Casey intended to show Heath just who the better brother was, and to do that he'd need only one thing... Heath's girlfriend, Veronica.

She was the hottest cheerleader at the college he would be attending in the fall. If anything set him on the right path in life and

made up for years of being a loner it would be having Veronica for his own personal pleasure.

She'd insulted him, dismissed him as a kid. Casey laughed. Now he'd be the one giving her a kid, and he didn't intend to take it easy on her. No, she'd earned what she had coming, and he planned to fuck her no less than her words had fucked him.

## Part Four: Rewards and Consequences

As soon as Casey strolled back in the front door, he heard the confirmation of what he'd assumed about Veronica. She was a tease and his brother was an idiot to think she'd do anything more than flirt him into nothing but gifts and compliments.

He stood in the entranceway quietly listening to the conversation in the living room, Heath and his hot girlfriend still sitting on the couch.

"Of course I'm sure, baby; your top doesn't make you look fat at all," Heath said, sounding somewhat frustrated but maintaining a tone that seemed to be nearing desperation.

"I'm not sure, I mean it feels a little tight on me," Veronica said, obviously leaning back and moving so Heath could see the fit of her lacy tank top.

"Damn, Veronica, it is tight, but in all the right ways. It makes the only parts of you I think should be seen as fat look amazing," Heath said, laughing and leaning in next to her, attempting to wrap his arm around her shoulders.

"See... you see," Veronica said, quite sharply, pushing Heath's arm off her. "You said it makes part of me look fat."

Casey peeked around the corner, nearly laughing out loud as he saw Heath sighing and rolling his eyes. His brother leaned back and managed to restrain his usual hair trigger temper.

"Sheesh, Veronica, I'm not talking about bad fat, I'm talking about... you know... it makes you look good," Heath said.

Veronica rolled her eyes. "If I looked good, you'd want to take me out somewhere. They're having a carnival down the street, and I heard the shops downtown are drawing a crowd this weekend. But you just wanted to sit around here all day," Veronica said.

Heath re-attempted to wrap an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a side hug. "Babe, I was thinking we could have a little fun, you know... just the two of us."

Veronica seemed to know exactly what Heath was hinting at, actually seemed to be in full manipulation mode, a behavior Casey had witnessed many times by attractive girls who felt they controlled every male around them. It was ironic, he thought smiling, that she was about to be on the receiving end of that control. He looked down at the SINtendo handheld, watching an above cutaway view of the home and seeing both himself and the two on the screen. How this SINtendo technology worked, he would never figure out, but who cared when it provided the perverse enjoyment it certainly had done for him today?

"We made out," Veronica said, coyly. "What else would you have wanted?"

Heath seemed to stutter. "Baby, we... uh... you know, adult interaction... why we sent my lame brother on a hike."

Veronica shook her head. "Nuh uh, you have to earn that mister. And besides, you called part of me fat."

Heath put a hand up over his face, leaning back, seeming about ready to scream. Casey decided he'd seen enough and heard plenty. It was time to step in and show Veronica what adult interaction truly was.

"I think my brother was calling your tits fat, Veronica," Casey said, walking out into the middle of the living room with confidence.

"You, what the fuck, I thought I locked the front door," Heath said.

"Used the key under the pot, genius," Casey said. "Now as I was saying, Veronica, my brother meant that the top you're wearing makes those fat succulent fuck bags of yours look even bigger, even more juicy than they already are... and I gotta say he was absolutely right."

"What? Why you little..." Veronica started to say, Heath interrupting. "Dude, what the hell is your problem?"

Casey grinned, stepping closer on the opposite side of the coffee table from where the two sat on the couch, neither looking very comfortable anymore as Heath's eyes thinned in anger and Veronica reached up to cover her chest from Casey's smiling stare.

"I don't have a problem, Heath, but you do it seems. You thought having a super hot girlfriend meant she'd be super hot in the sack didn't you? Looks like that plan bombed, but hey, what she said is true. They are having a carnival today and you'd have seen more action there than here; that much I can guarantee. Oh, and the shops are definitely drawing a crowd but I think a van in the parking lot was even more popular."

"What are you talking about?" Heath asked, Veronica still stunned from what Casey had said about her tits.

Casey grinned and held up the SINtendo handheld. "I'm talking about sex, Heath, the best game in town. You thought kicking me out meant I wouldn't be able to enjoy some gaming. Trust me, I never had a better time in my life and the game was so fun I almost hated for it to end. Of course now I get my prize for finishing the game and you know what that prize is going to be?"

Heath started to get up. "A broken nose?"

Casey laughed a little but backed away, around the table more towards where Veronica sat witnessing this little brotherly argument. "No, something much better. You never went much for gaming but you always went for girls like Veronica. Isn't it ironic that I'm the one she'll be moaning under soon enough?"

"What the hell?" Veronica suddenly shouted.

She fumed, looking as angry as a woman likely ever had looked. Casey merely glanced over at her and smiled, holding the handheld up where he could see the overhead view of her still sitting on the couch. "Oh don't worry, Veronica, you'll have a change of heart in a moment. What was it you said about having to earn some adult interactions with you? Trust me, I played through three rounds and you're my prize."

Heath was still moving around the table, shocked at his brother's nerve but even more at his words.

"Heath, hold on a minute there, just watch and learn," Casey said, pressing the select button and choosing Veronica on the SINtendo handheld.

A small beep from the handheld confirmed Casey's choice and quite suddenly Veronica dropped her hands which had been up covering her cleavage. She sat up straight, stared rather blankly ahead, and then closed her eyes for just a moment.

Casey looked at the screen and saw several slide bars which he could scroll over to the right with the action button. He read each of the titles above the slide bars, Arousal, Fertility, Sensitivity, Obedience. Grinning, he pressed the action button quickly for each one, amping the bars until they were full and Veronica suddenly began to move and moan on the couch.

"What the..." Heath started to say, shaken from his intended pummeling of his little brother by Veronica's voice.

"Mmm... ooooooh, ooh mmmm..." Veronica moaned, rubbing her hands up over her belly, pressing in beneath her large tits, squeezing her lacy top tighter and only tugging it lower, revealing even more of her perfectly formed tits.

"Feels good doesn't it, Veronica," Casey said. "You know what would feel better though, don't you?"

Veronica opened her eyes wide and cut them across the room, looking directly at Casey. She nodded and licked her lips. "Mmm... yes... oh yesss, I do!"

Heath was scratching his head, actually backing away towards the television. "Huh... how the hell," he started to ask.

Casey ignored him and set the SINtendo handheld down on the lamp table at one end of the couch. He walked up closer to where Veronica was seated, stretching her legs out in front of her at an angle, practically laying back on the couch as she stared at Casey and ran her hands all over her tight curvy body.

"Tell me what you want, Veronica; if you're extra nice, I just might give it to you," Casey said.

Veronica's eyes thinned as she reached one hand up to her top, hooking a couple of fingers right in the deepest part of her cleavage. She pulled down, forcing her tight top to stretch, popping it over her unbelievably thick nipples as she moaned her response.

"Unhhh... I need you to... mmmm... fuck me soooooo deep!"

Heath nearly fell over, backing into the television and stumbling as he nearly knocked over a plant on a shelf nearby. "The fuck?" He

cried out.

Casey glanced over and rolled his eyes no differently from the dismissive look his brother had given him many times before. "Hey, couldn't have chosen a more fitting word myself, Heath; guess I better give your girlfriend the satisfaction you couldn't."

Turning to Veronica, Casey practically dove on top of her, bouncing against her pillowy flesh, clawing at her top, managing to rip the lacy tank top free and toss it back in the direction of a stunned Heath. Casey latched onto one of Veronica's nipples, sucked it hard, slurping and drooling all over the hot college cheerleader. He felt his cock pressing into her gut, hardening with every movement of his tongue across her chest, fattening even more as he thrust his face at hers and began making out in only the most passionate animalistic moves.

"Oh... mmm... yess, ooh fuck yes, Casey," Veronica moaned. "Oh hurry... hurry and stick it in me!"

Casey shifted on top of her, reached down and grabbed her belt, undoing it and making quick work of her zipper, peeling the skintight jeans low enough to where he could grab her panties between them. A few frantic squirms on the couch and both Casey and Veronica paused, feeling the moment where he connected with her, where Casey lifted up and shimmied his own pants down, pressing his thick cock straight up inside her.

"No... NO!" Heath shouted, seeming too shocked to make a move, simply watching from across the room as his little brother began fucking his girlfriend.

"Yes... YESSS!" Veronica screamed, clawing at Casey's back, arching up off the couch, squishing the two fat funbags Heath had been obsessed over right into Casey's chest as he drove deep inside her again and again, staring her in the eyes the entire time.

"Ungh... ungh... fuck, oh damn this is the best way to end a game ever!" Casey gasped.

"Oh fuck, oh yesssss, do me, fuck me, use me... I'm yours, Casey, YOURS!" Veronica cried out.

The couch made thumping noises as Casey humped between Veronica's spread legs, fucking her at a rapid rabbit pace, determined that cumming fast didn't matter when he'd be cumming in her for a long time to come, filling her little pussy so full she'd be packing on more weight than cheerleading allowed.

"Unh... unhh, mmm yessssss!" Veronica groaned, writhing underneath him, widening her eyes with every deep penetrating punch of his cock straight up into the very back of her womb.

Heath watched and couldn't believe what he was seeing. The part of him that wanted to violently lash out was being shrunk down no less than his ego. He couldn't believe it; he just couldn't believe it.

Casey grunted, his voice fading and replaced by guttural gasps as he fucked faster and faster, slapping his hips so hard between Veronica's thighs that the flesh on flesh noises filled the room almost louder than her orgasmic screams. She was so aroused, so sensitive, and so uncontrollable that he watched her eyes roll back into her head, her brain frying under all the pleasure he was providing.

"Ungh... unghh, oh fuck," Casey grunted, driving deep into her one last time and then holding himself there, feeling the climax that had been building inside him, growing with each and every perverse act he had witnessed today.

"Yesss, ooooooh, ohhhmmmm!" Veronica screamed, tightening her thighs around Casey, hooking her legs in the air behind him,

pulling him even harder into her body as he came again and again, flooding her pussy with everything he had.

Casey felt rope after thick creamy rope of hot seed splash deep inside Veronica, the girl who'd called him a mere kid. He grinned and lifted up, keeping his dick inside her, staring down at her sweat tinged tits, her vacant look, the emptiness in her over-satisfied eyes. He felt her hungry little cunt sucking up all his juices, her body at the very peak of fertility thanks to SINtendo and the options he had selected.

"Now that..." Casey said, looking over at Heath, then down at Veronica's clenching belly, her orgasm still continuing. "That is how you make a girl like this really fat."

"Huh?" Heath mumbled, seeming a shadow of his former self.

Casey grinned and felt his cock already hardening for more action, the tightness and unbelievable body of Veronica doing more to renew him than any pills could ever possibly achieve. He glanced over at Heath. "Oh, didn't I mention? I'm not just fucking your girlfriend here and making her mine, I'm gonna knock the slut up, fuck her into a plump pregnant little whore."

Heath stared, then swore under his breath. He tossed up his hands, nearly punched a wall, and just stormed straight past the two on the couch.

"Where ya going, Heath; don't you wanna watch the fun? Don't be a lame loser about all this," Casey laughed, hearing the front door slam shut.

"Oh well," he said, looking back at Veronica underneath him, "where was I?"

Veronica grinned and looked as worn out and lightheaded as Casey imagined she ever had been. "Mmm... you were gonna fuck more baby juice inside me," she said almost excitedly.

Casey nodded. "Right, well let's flip you over. Always dreamed of doing you like a little bitch."

Veronica was quick to flip over, Casey grunting as he stabbed back into her sloppy cunt, finding new energy as he once again began fucking her like he'd always imagined. He enjoyed the violent thrusts, the bouncing slosh of her tits, the audible sounds of pure lust that burst forth from her mouth.

For hours on into the afternoon and evening, Casey fucked Veronica like a porn star. He screwed her every way possible and dumped more cum inside her belly than he'd imagined himself capable of. Chugging down fluids between bouts probably helped but Casey simply couldn't get enough of her tight body. Of course in time that body would loosen up and by the time he finally pumped his last thick and creamy load of the evening into her bloated midsection, he was just positive she'd have trouble buttoning her jeans.

"Mmm..." Veronica moaned, laying back on the floor in front of the television. She stared up as Casey pulled his pants back on, smiling with a rather dim looking expression.

Casey watched and almost felt a miraculous surge of blood flow back to where his hormones told him he needed it most. He smiled as Veronica ran her hands up over her rather distended looking belly, her legs smeared in streams of white.

"Does all this cum make me look fat?" Veronica asked, voice weak and sounding rather simplified.

Casey laughed. "You bet your ass it does, baby."

The doorbell interrupted any further talk on the subject and Casey was content to let Veronica rest. He'd fucked her near stupid and had all weekend here without his parents to continue his breeding fun. What he didn't get was why his brother must have already forgotten there was a key under the pot on the front porch.

He passed through the entryway, checking himself in the mirror, patting down his hair where it was messed up and buttoning the top few buttons on his shirt.

"What is it, Heath; you finally stop moping out there and decide you wanted to watch the fun?" Casey asked, swinging the door wide open and nearly passing out at what he found on the other side.

It wasn't Heath, that much was obvious, but the individual, or more correctly individuals at the door, were easily the last Casey ever would have expected to see.

"Mmm... hey there, are you Casey?" Becca asked, playing with several strands of long red hair.

"Yeah... we passed your brother and he said you were the one playing video games," Hannah said, reaching up to squeeze at her tits, rubbing hands down over her plump little knocked up belly. Her two previously virginal friends, Lindsay and Alicia giggled and moved in closer, all three of them seeming to enjoy the closeness.

"Um... huh?" Casey managed to say.

From the opposite side of their little gathering, Christine stepped forward and grabbed Casey's shirt. She leaned in, smelling him, breathing in deep and sighing. "Oh fuck... he even smells like cum. Mmm... yes, you're the one we're looking for, sweetie."

"What?" Casey shouted, backing up, all five pregnant pawns of his game today stalking forward into his home, touching him, smiling,

pressing their bodies against him.

"We need you, stud; you're the only guy for us," Becca said, rubbing her swollen belly, shaking her tits at him, attempting to pull him in her direction as the three teenagers grabbed him and pulled his hands to their tight young bodies.

"No more school, no more learning, mmm..." Hannah said, "just endless fucking, endless baby batter into us!"

"Mmm... ohhh yes, honey," Christine said. "I'm leaving my husband and my job for you. I just wanna be on my back morning noon and night for you."

Casey backed up, struggled to pull free, and nearly ran back into the living room. He grabbed the SINtendo handheld off the corner of the lamp table and stared at the screen. His eyes struggled to focus on the words scrolling repeatedly there.

"Congratulations player! Upon end of game, all pawns must return to player until next game is played. Game Over," Casey read, swallowing hard, feeling his pulse quicken as Veronica suddenly wrapped her arms around him.

"Mmm... who was at the door, stud?"

Casey jumped back and looked at Veronica. He then looked over at the women crowding in from the entryway to his home. All six looked only at him, their eyes showing nothing but lust and need.

"Come on... you can fuck more babies into us, can't you?" Several of them said at once, their voices almost in harmony, the very unsettling tone anything but arousing.

Casey was almost terrified as he backed up, and right into Veronica.

They surrounded him, Christine dropping to her knees, grabbing the boy's pants and unzipping them, reaching in and taking out his cock. Hannah moved in next to him, leaning up and kissing him on the cheek, licking her tongue down to his neck as Lindsay echoed the same on his opposite side.

Behind him, Casey felt Veronica pressing her tits into his back, squeezing him at her, even pressing her rather stuffed belly into his backside. He wanted to say something, to protest their actions, but Becca removing her top and revealing her large tits shocked him into silence, a silence only ended by Christine's mouth swallowing his cock whole and bobbing up and down like the most eager whore in town.

When Heath finally did come home, he was fully emasculated passing by the orgy that was Casey's new life, the six hot women of various ages all dripping cum from practically every hole. He had no idea who most of them were but easily saw how dedicated they appeared to fucking no one besides Casey, hovering over and around him, keeping their pussies stuffed and even laying back with their hips elevated as though by some impossible feat his little loser of a brother had started a harem without him knowing it.

Casey wanted to reach out for help, to crawl away from the women who never seemed to tire, who only wanted to be fucked fuller and fuller. He wanted to get away because this game had gone on too long. The one convenience of a video game was hitting the power switch and turning it off. These women never were turned off and this was one gamer who was being played into exhaustion. He ended up passing out, eyes aimed over at the lamp table where the SINtendo handheld sat.

One thing was sure, even as consciousness faded, Casey knew exactly where that handheld was going as soon as he could manage the energy to walk again.

\* \* \*

A few days later, a couple of teenagers on skateboards skidded up and nearly ran into the trashcans outside Casey's house.

"Whoa, man, watch where you're going," one of the kids said, stopping and checking his board where he'd bumped into the curb.

"Sorry, dude, just was distracted... I mean check out those babes."

His buddy turned and looked up towards the front porch of the small family home, watching as Casey took a lecturing from his mother who seemed in an outrage over the six other women who fawned all over her son. As Casey took the brunt of the shouting and yelling, he seemed in a state of severe sleep deprivation, merely staring at the floorboards of the porch.

"Damn, those are some hot sluts; almost all of em' look pregnant," the one kid said, content that his skateboard was fine.

"Yeah man, never seen a group of hotties like that," his friend replied. "Heh, wouldn't mind helping a few ladies get that way, if you know what I mean."

The other skateboarder turned and looked at him, rolling his eyes. "Shit, fat chance of that, dude; come on, let's hit the park."

As his buddy skated off, the one who'd been staring at the strange chaos on Casey's porch started to turn away, then something caught his eye. He stepped over closer to the trash cans they'd nearly run into. Something was sitting there, something shiny that caught the light at just the right angle. Reaching in, he grabbed it and pulled out what looked like a small handheld video game.

"Cool," he said, pocketing it, and turning to skate off after his friend.  
"Hey dude, wait up; check out what I found."

**The End**

## **SINtendo Gaming 2 Go: Pregnant Pauses Plus** **by Kris P. Kreme**

"Hey dude, wait up; check out what I found."

Jeff skidded to a stop near the corner of the block, looking back at his buddy. "Hurry up, dude; you know the assholes from Highland High will probably be taking over the skate park by the time we get there."

"Yeah, but... but you should see what this is," Blaine spoke up, skating up beside him, hardly even paying attention to where his board steered. "It's..."

"Unless it's the ultimate skaters book of tricks, I'm not really into it at the moment, man. Besides, those hotties at the house there have my juice all flowing wrong if ya know what I mean. Gotta focus if we wanna score some real chicks of our own."

Blaine continued staring at the little handheld game he'd rescued from the trash. He heard everything that Jeff said; he even understood the reasoning behind it too. Something about this gaming device was different though. He knew it from the very moment he turned it over and saw the word SINtendo printed on the back.

As Jeff punched him lightly in the arm and kicked off, skating down a side street towards the infamously popular weekend destination they always went to, Blaine licked his lips and smiled. Maybe there were more ways to score chicks than just impressing them on a board.

The weekends were the worst time to try and find room for a couple of skaters who weren't from Highland High. That's why Jeff had

decided that midweek was the best time to head over there. During times like these when the kids were out of school and the vacations were beginning weekdays were light, much fewer crowds, but still just enough of the hotties from whatever high school to impress with whatever tricks they'd managed to pick up.

Blaine had never been the one who led in these schemes to get the girls, letting Jeff be the one who insisted they try everything from working out to taking up sports. Where sports had failed and working out had just been a pain, skateboarding seemed to be worth the effort.

As Blaine nearly ran off the road following Jeff, he kept one eye glued to the little handheld gaming device he'd found. Maybe there was a better way to get the girls.

That kid's house had been practically covered up by smoking hot tail. Sure, almost every girl there looked pregnant and ready to pop, but not so secretly as Jeff could attest to, that really turned Blaine on.

It wasn't so much the pregnant thing as much as it was the thought behind how they got that way. Blaine fantasized constantly about fucking some babe until he just spewed cum all up inside her and she never bothered to complain, the two of them knowing that the more they did it the greater the odds she got all knocked up.

It was a branding of sorts, branding her not only with his mark but branding her for the world to see, everyone to know she was some horny slut who needed a cock in her so much she'd take the results gladly.

Picturing all those girls on the porch was easily giving Blaine some off-balance stiffness which nearly caused him to trip up and fall off his board before they even entered the skate park.

Even the milf who'd been shouting at that kid seemed to inspire fantasies his mind could only drive down ever more perverse paths. Hell, in his mind, Blaine even saw himself walking up to break up the argument, pulling the milf off to one side and fucking her right then and there, screwing her harder than was humanly possible and dumping so much cum inside her she was just as big as those other knocked up sluts had been before he left.

Blaine was definitely an introvert with extroverted fantasies, extroverted and perverted. Of course what was the crime in having fantasies?

"Dude, are you gonna keep up?" Jeff asked, turning and looking back, expertly weaving from side to side and avoiding the street signs as they each skated up from the road to the concrete entrance to the skate park.

Blaine shook his head. "Nah, go ahead man, I think I need to check this out for a few."

Jeff kicked the board up and stopped so suddenly, Blaine nearly ran into him. "Are you serious? Dude, it's just some trash you found. You really wanna check out trash?"

Blaine laughed. "Man, we check out enough trashy girls all the time... what's the diff?"

Jeff rolled his eyes. "The diff is that this ain't some trashy girl we're scoping. It's a little plastic box, some game or something. Probably doesn't even work, ya know," Jeff said, turning and pointing at the half pipe. "Anyway, when you're done, join me and maybe we'll attract some truly trashy girls' attention."

Blaine shrugged and kicked his board up, to stop skating. He grabbed it and walked over past some other skaters to the more wooded and hilly edge of the skate park. Finding a small bench out

of the way but with a good view of the half pipe and various other concreted landscapes for skating and doing tricks, he took a seat and stared at the little device he'd found.

"SINtendo," he whispered out loud to himself.

Every kid who reached the age of eighteen knew that name. It was almost like a rite of passage, a sign that a gamer had reached adulthood. The rumors and myths of SINtendo were as varied as the supposed tales of their games.

They made knock-off games, at least that was how the oldest rumor Blaine knew of started. In truth though, he supposed they actually made knock-up games. It seemed like more often than not, SINtendo created games that somehow did much more than rot the players minds, like every adult since the stone age had been worried about when it came to video games.

No, Blaine thought, SINtendo apparently rotted the morals and inhibitions and whatever kept someone from acting on their base animal urges. And more than that, Blaine had heard rumors that SINtendo didn't use programmed graphics and fictional story lines, incorporating real people into the gameplay by some magic that even he couldn't imagine fully.

Was it even possible, he thought turning the handheld game over? Was it even imaginable that those pregnant babes on that porch were crowding around that kid because he used SINtendo to get them that way?

"Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses," Blaine read out loud to himself, the word breed leaving his mouth like a stuttering whisper.

His hands shook as he reached to the small power button on one side, hoping this little device still worked even though it had been in the trash can.

If this powered on, Blaine knew he may have finally found the holy grail of guaranteed methods when it came to getting women. For a second or two his finger hovered over the button, pulse actually making his finger jump just a little.

Blaine glanced around the park, trees covering the end where he stood, spaces opening out as the various half pipes, quarter pipes, and more extended about fifty yards in front of him.

There were surprisingly few skaters actually using the park for its intended purpose at the moment, a perfect day for Jeff and him to be here. There were even a few potential babes at the opposite end, hanging out not far from the park's Snack Shack, a popular food and beverage vendor who ran a kiosk there.

Blaine pressed the button, hearing the tiny little pop as the screen came to life.

The pop was louder than he'd expected but as he looked back down at it, Blaine couldn't help but smile. It worked... he thought, it really worked.

The screen scrolled a few lines of static up and down but rather quickly cleared to a shocking clean look, so crystal clear in the graphics it almost looked like a window. The thing that surprised Blaine the most was exactly what it showed on the screen.

"No way..." he said, leaning back on the bench, looking up into the partly cloudy sky above.

The screen showed a view looking down on the very skate park he was sitting in, from far enough above that he could see the shapes of the concrete landscape, the trees at the end where he sat, and even the tops of the heads of those cute girls watching the skaters at the opposite end.

The title came scrolling up, and with it a message that Blaine wasn't sure about.

Welcome to Best of Breed 2: Pregnant Pauses, he read. Congratulations on your High Score. Are you ready for a Bonus Round?

Blaine was actually shaking as he thought about this, what it could mean, what it could potentially do. He'd heard enough rumors for those rumors to be confirmed regarding SINtendo, at least by what he'd seen at that house and what he now saw on this screen.

The screen was showing a video image practically, a true to life hi-def image of him as the view on the small screen slowly zoomed in, past the clouds, past the trees.

Clearly, the kid he'd seen had played this game. More than that though, if that kid had somehow fucked with all those hot girls Blaine and Jeff witnessed on the porch then the powers of this little innocent looking handheld were far more than anyone would suspect.

Grinning, Blaine looked around, as though anyone at any moment might take this new toy away from him. He felt around on the rather simplistic controls, seeing how they responded when he ran his thumbs over them.

Moving the little select cursor over the bold YES underneath the question about Bonus Round, Blaine pushed down and watched the words shatter and melt away, new words appearing in place of them.

Best of Breed Bonus play is much the same as your previous rounds were, Blaine read. You choose the pawns to be your pregnant pawns and the gameplay for that pawn concludes when they have been fully impregnated using any manner of options. In Bonus play

however the goal is to chain together a series of successful pregnant pawns, each one rewarding you more and more with brand new interactive abilities.

The text continued scrolling up the screen, nearly too fast for Blaine to keep up with. His mind was going a mile a minute at the very implications of what this game was telling him. He found his grin spreading cheek to cheek as he continued reading.

Please maintain contact with your SINtendo Gaming on the Go device to properly receive bonus abilities and rewards. You will be prompted both before the rewards are initiated and when options for your chosen pregnant pawns are available.

This is a speed round, meaning the effects and activities are faster as the round continues, Blaine read, then grinned as big as he ever had as the next few words came up along with a blinking option.

"Are you prepared to begin Best of Breed Bonus Round: Pregnant Pauses Plus?"

He reread the question several times to himself, hands shaking, palms nearly beginning to sweat just from imagining what this might do. He'd dreamed of having such perverse powers, had watched movies of this kind of thing, had read so many stories online where the geek got the girl in ways such as this. Never had he suspected he might stumble on anything real that came close to the dreams.

Looking at Jeff, currently skating up and down the half pipe, Blaine wondered if he should get him, show him the game handheld and let him see what all it apparently could do. Grinning, he squeezed his finger on the little controls more. Jeff could play later, Blaine thought. Right now it was his turn to be the stud, and there were so many potential playthings to use and enjoy, pawns as the game called them.

Pressing the button to confirm that he was ready to begin brought up a very unexpected screen, one that overlaid the image of where he sat and the surrounding skate park as seen from above.

"Oh shit..." Blaine said, reading the message on the screen and seeing the flashing red warning. Shakily he read the message aloud to himself.

"Warning, SINtendo Bonus Play includes graphic sexual content and is only intended for adults. Please confirm you are over the age of 21 by way of credit ID scan."

Fuck, Blaine thought, fuck fuck fuck. He was eighteen; wasn't that a fucking adult? He couldn't believe the game was demanding something like a credit ID to prove age.

Maybe it was just the bonus round that asked this, he thought. Maybe he could back out of the bonus play and just try a regular play through. After all, that kid with the crazed knocked up babes outside his house definitely looked to be the same age as him, nowhere over the age of 21.

"SHIT," Blaine shouted, watching the warning message remain and the small additional text Cannot Back Out of Bonus Play appear when he tried to somehow return to the main menu.

"Yo, Blaine, what's up?" Jeff called out, skating over to one of the curved concrete structures nearby, doing a small jump and waving back at some girls who seemed to be watching.

"Uh... nothing," Blaine said, realizing how loud he'd just shouted.

"Whatever, dude, have fun with your handheld. I'm looking to get some action my own hands don't need to be involved in, if you catch my drift."

Blaine forced a nod and smile. "Yeah man, I know it..."

"Say, why don't we get some pizza later; your dad still let you keep that emergency card? We can let him treat."

As Jeff didn't even wait for an answer, choosing to turn and skate off, full speed to a small ramp between him and the girls at the opposite side of the small park, Blaine's eyes widened.

"Yes... fuck how could I forget?"

He nearly dropped the SINtendo device to the ground struggling with his jeans. After fumbling around in a back pocket he pulled out his wallet and opened it up. There it was, the perfect solution to proof of ID.

"Now, how does it work?" Blaine asked, holding up the emergency credit card his dad had given him.

Sure, Blaine thought, it was only for emergencies. If getting him access to a bunch of hot little pussy and getting every cutie he could find pregnant wasn't an emergency he didn't know what was.

Pressing the face of the credit card to the screen seemed to do the trick as a small little scanning line of very bright green light seemed to slide up and down it. As he removed the card, the screen message changed.

"ID verified, age 44, male, confirmed. Please enjoy your Bonus Round and remember that you are limited only by the maximum number of combos and chained pregnant pawns," Blaine said, feeling his voice catch in his throat.

This was it, he thought, SINtendo, what he'd thought only existed as an online rumor, an underground 'SINsation' was real, and he was going to enjoy the rewards. He didn't even care that he was playing

a bonus round to someone else's achievements, that he'd used his father's credit to confirm age. All Blaine cared about was having fun, seriously kinky and perverse fun.

"Bonus Round Begin!" a small voice from the device said, shaking Blaine from his thoughts not only by the voice but by the jolting shock of electricity that ran through his fingers touching the device.

A message scrolled on screen.

Select any pawns you have in range, by selecting them they will become obsessed with being pregnant, the more you touch their visual image on screen the more turned on and uncontrollable they become. String together a successful series of impregnations and you will be rewarded with Pregnant Pauses Pheromones. Warning, Pheromones will be powerful. Use with caution.

Blaine couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe how powerful he felt. Instantly, he scrolled the above image of himself over towards the girls who he'd seen in the distance.

They were all girls from Highland High, a rival school that usually brought only annoyance and frustration to Blaine and his friends. Currently those girls were bringing him much better than annoyance, as his pants bulged quite a bit just getting such a nice above view of them.

There were five girls there, two chatting away with each other, two watching the various skaters, the final one actually primping in a small compact. They were by far some of the hottest girls Blaine had stared at in recent memory, every last one of them having cute little figures, trim little tight and toned bellies, bellies he just knew were about to be loosened up and swollen, packed with lots and lots of sticky sperm.

He grinned rather madly as he touched the top of one of the girls on the screen, then stretched his fingers out, highlighting every last one of them. The game verified that all five girls were of age to be participants in the game, all of them usable pawns.

As he stared at the tops of the girls, he got an interesting view, seeing them from directly above. While he couldn't make out all the details of their faces, he could see their hair and how it shined in the filtered sunlight, a couple of brunettes, a redhead and two blondes. He pushed his finger on the redhead just to see what happened.

"Oh wow, cool," Blaine gasped, seeing the image of her visually rotate upwards so he could better get a look at her.

The words below her on the screen read, Touch anywhere to stimulate and begin this pawn's descent into pregnancy.

Blaine wasted little thought and pushed both thumbs onto her tits, massaging and rubbing as though he could somehow actually feel her through the little gaming device. At the same time, across the skate park, one of the five girls began moaning and leaning back, forgetting all about the skaters she'd been watching, drawing more than a few stares from the other girls nearby.

\* \* \*

"You okay?" Sandy asked, brushing her blonde hair back and putting away her compact as she looked over at her friend.

"Mmm... oooooh.... ohhhh fuck," Jillian moaned, leaning back, feeling the phantom fingers touching her tits. She looked at Sandy, glanced over at the other three girls nearby, then closed her eyes, biting her lips.

"What the fuck is she doing?" Rebecca asked, leaning over and nudging the girls next to her.

"No idea, uh... Jillian, babe, you're kinda drawing some stares," Sandy said.

Jillian began rotating her shoulders, arms behind her, hips actually thrusting a little as she bounced her chest up and down, feeling the intense assault of invisible fingers, fingers which groped at her heavy tits, squeezed and crushed them, pinched her nipples.

"Oh yes, yes, ohhhh fuck yes... mmm... yeeeeesssss!"

Everyone in the area was looking and Sandy, Rebecca and their two friends were definitely getting embarrassed to be sitting so close to the increasingly verbal Jillian.

"Ungh... oh fuck," Debbie, one of the brunettes said, eyes wide, body tightening upright quite suddenly.

"What is it?" Sandy asked, whipping her head that direction, sending blonde hair slapping back over one shoulder.

"I don't... ohhhh... don't know, it's ooooooh..." Debbie said, leaning back and nearly mimicking Jillian as she reached up to feel her tits, smaller and more perky but no less enjoyably bouncy.

Guys near the Snack Shack and of course the man who ran that Snack Shack were staring, definitely losing interest in all forms of snacks besides the delicious view these girls were offering.

"Ohhh, oh yess... yesss, mmmmmm..." Jillian screamed, thrusting one hand down between her legs, clenching her thighs on either side of it and beginning to rock.

"What the fuck, stop it!" Sandy shouted, standing up, watching as Rebecca joined Debbie in similar actions, reaching up to massage her tits, tugging and pulling at her top until one shoulder strap tore and left her with half her bright green bra exposed to everyone in the small park.

"Can't unghh... can't stop... must fucking have... ungh..."

"Have what? What the hell are you all talking about?" Sandy shouted, realizing now all four of her friends were moaning and rubbing at themselves, even watching as Jillian tore her panties out from between her thighs, sopping wet little pink strips of fabric she violently ripped from under her skirt and tossed off into the nearby grass.

"Unghhh..." Rebecca whimpered, tossing her long dark hair forward and back, instantly giving her a wild and uncontrolled appearance. "Must have, unhhhhh... fuck I need to be fucked right NOW!"

Sandy was in shock, watching as one by one her friends stood up and danced practically, a wiggling jittery stance that shook their young tits and swayed their hips, all of them managing to get rid of their panties, even Rebecca and Debbie dropping their jeans, sliding the slim fitting garments off and forgetting them as they thrust wildly enthusiastic fingers between their legs.

Perhaps the most shocking of all was Holly, the fourth of her friends and most virginal girl she knew. Sandy watched Holly smack her own tits like she was paying a bongo drum, literally beating the tits until they turned red and seemed swollen, jumping around and moaning like she'd just been possessed.

"Stop it, what the fuck guys?" Sandy said, feeling a strange sensation all of a sudden.

As she watched her friends fondle themselves and leer at every male who watched, Sandy realized her own tits felt strange. She'd always had large breasts, maybe even the largest in her senior class at school. Currently those tits felt like they were weightless.

It was only for a moment, but she swore it felt as though someone had just lifted them up and let them drop. The feeling was intense, more intense than she could possibly be prepared for, what with her friends all seeming to act like strippers and sluts all of a sudden.

"Unhh... oh fuck," Sandy whimpered, shaken a little off balance as she stood up with her friends.

Guys were cheering, the owner of the Snack Shack actually holding up his phone and videoing them all. Sandy noticed with one hand the man was holding up the phone, but his other hand was buried down the front of his pants.

"Unghhh..." she moaned, feeling her nipples pulled, stretched out until she saw her shirt actually lift up, then watched it drop, feeling the little sparks of electricity inside her body.

"Ohhhh shit," Sandy moaned, wracked by a powerful orgasm, as it seemed the others frequently were now.

She looked around at the guys watching, then back at the man who owned the Snack Shack. "Oh fuck... I need that!" she shouted quite suddenly, feeling the pulsing of her body shaking and trembling.

Without even paying attention to what Jillian was now doing, the spicy redhead in their group now on her hands and knees, clenching the thighs of one boy as she sucked his cock right there in the park, letting another boy his age press against her ass and slip his thick cock right up inside her, Sandy walked away.

She barely hesitated at stepping over Rebecca, the brunette now on her back with her knees up, screaming out as loud as she could for the guy who fucked inside her tight little pussy. "Knock me up, fucking do it, yessss! Fuck a baby in me!" Rebecca screeched.

Debbie was apparently already on her way it seemed to enjoying the same fate as she thrust her hips up off the ground, thick spatters of cum already spraying and dribbling from the juncture of her cunt with some inexperienced boy's thrusting dick.

Even the sight of Holly, the virginal blonde who'd never so much as dated a boy as far as she knew, didn't sway Sandy from her goal.

"Ohhh yes, do me, fucking pack my pussy, pack it sooooo full!" Holly shouted, sounding nothing even remotely pure as she rocked back and forth between two guys who'd abandoned their skateboards and chosen to double team the little eager slut, both boys somehow managing to get their cocks shoved into her virgin little hole.

Sandy grinned as she felt so complete, an eager little whore, ready to be fully fucked. She reached up and stripped her shoulder straps down onto her arms, bringing her tank top down so she could heft her impressive boobs for the man who owned the Snack Shack.

"I want you," she said, grabbing his hand from his pants, licking his fingers.

"You... you what?" the man said stunned, hardly looking at the surrounding chaos.

"Mmm... I want you..." Sandy repeated, jiggling her chest for his amusement. "I want you to fucking knock me up... right now!"

The man seemed to lose any resistance to action at those words and nearly attacked Sandy to the ground, quickly flipping her over onto

all fours, raising her skirt and ripping through anything that blocked him getting his cock inside her.

"Oh ohhhh fuck yesssss!" Sandy screamed as she rocked back and forth, fucked harder and harder every passing second by the man who ran the Snack Shack.

She looked around at her friends, all five of them together in one small area, all of them stuffed with thick irresistible man meat. As she felt the punching of the man's dick battering her young womb, she watched as Jillian got plumper and plumper, the impossible seeming matter of fact as the boy fucking her blew more than any normal load.

"Ohhh fuck, yes yessss, make me a fucking pregnant cow!" Jillian shouted, her tits actually swelling along with her formerly flat abdomen, tiny trickles of milk growing into little spatters and sprays as the redhead was fucked through the fastest pregnancy ever.

Sandy watched as Rebecca and Debbie, the always sensual brunettes turned from sensual to slutty, taking loads in and on them more than she'd ever imagined. Young nubile thighs were wrapped tightly around the boys or men who enjoyed those two girls, bellies ballooning in slow motion, boys only seeming to find more and more stamina as they continued fucking and fucking.

Finally Sandy glanced at Holly, the girl who'd been the shyest and now took three cocks at one time, apparently all three of those cocks blowing their not insignificant loads. For a moment Holly looked as though she was some blowup doll, getting blown up by the constant pumping of two cocks in her pussy and one in her mouth, sperm liberally dribbling from where the two boys in her pussy thrust.

Sandy knew it was her turn when the man from the Snack Shack slammed into her extra hard, his cock driving through the deepest part of her with a force that nearly made her forget her own name.

"Ooooooh, yesssss..." she whimpered, losing her voice entirely as she clenched her eyes shut, feeling endless ribbons of cum rocket into her womb, flooding it like some dam had burst and she was taking the full force between her legs.

"Unng.... fuckkkkkk yes, make me sooooo fucking knocked up!" Sandy screamed so loud that neighbors in nearby homes had to hear her.

She felt faint, though had no interest in stopping anytime soon. She was so fucking turned on she probably never would want to be without a cock inside her, Sandy thought. Looking at her plump pregnant friends, she realized she was in good company too.

What a day to spend at the skate park, Sandy thought, grinning and drooling a little as the man began fucking her once again.

\* \* \*

Blaine was struggling not to toss the game aside and just run to join in the fun, or at least to free his sizable cock from his pants. He couldn't believe how amazing that little chain of fuckings had gone. He'd taken five girls from his rival school and just by way of stimulating their tits turned them into desperate little whores, sluts who now were easily knocked up if their bellies were any indication.

Of course the words on screen said it all.

"Five successful pawns simultaneously, congratulations player," Blaine read, relaxing his thumbs from the controls. "Prepare to receive Bonus Round Reward of Pregnant Pauses Pheromones."

Blaine was just about to question what that might mean when the small handheld gaming device vibrated in his hands, shocking him as little visible sparks of electricity burned into his fingers.

"Ho-ho-holly shit..." he cried out, nearly dropping the device.

As the sparks vanished and the vibrations died down, Blaine shook his head, smelling what seemed to be almost a burning smell in the air around him. He read the little message on the screen.

"You have been given Pregnant Pauses Pheromones. From now on, every female over the age of eighteen you come in contact with will instantly be turned on and lose any and all inhibitions. They will only desire that you impregnate them and be willing to do anything to have that happen," Blaine read aloud, voice shaking and smile forming.

"No way... no fucking way," he said, standing up from the bench he'd been playing the game on.

The game system beeped and he looked back at it. Continue Bonus Round for more rewards.

Blaine grinned and looked down at where Jeff was, currently his buddy seeming to have forgotten all about him. He couldn't blame the guy, not considering the tight little redhead he'd just fucked a few loads into and the blonde friend of hers who was eager for some of the same.

Turning and walking out of the park, Blaine even forgot his skateboard, figuring there were much better ways of getting to wherever he decided to go next.

It was at the intersection of two roads nearby that he first got to put the reward he'd received to the ultimate test.

"Hey... HEY!" he waved, flagging down a car.

As soon as the sedan pulled over a bit and the woman rolled down the window, Blaine had to grin.

She was cute, older, probably mid twenties, but she was definitely cute. Her dark brown hair spilled in waves over her shoulders as she leaned out the window a bit, seeming concerned.

"What's wrong?" she asked, suddenly hearing the distant screams of orgasm from those pregnant little Highland High girls in the skate park. "Is everyone alright, what's going on back there?"

Blaine nodded confidently, feeling the control that he knew came with holding a SINtendo device. "Don't worry about them," Blaine said, noticing the woman sniffing the air as he got close.

"I... I... okay... mmm," she said, sniffing and breathing in his scent, her confusion changing quite quickly to infatuation. "So... uh... you need a lift?"

Blaine grinned. "Sure thing, babe, so what's your name?"

The brunette reached up to brush a few strands of hair behind her ear, licking her lips, subtly pulling at her tank top so more of her very full breasts could be seen. "I'm Annie, and you are?"

Blaine walked around to the passenger side and got in, instantly reaching a hand over and groping the girl, pressing his fingers down her top, pinching and prodding at a fat juicy nipple he found already covered in a fine sheen of perspiration.

"Blaine," he said, "but you can just call me the guy who's about to fuck you pregnant."

Annie squirmed in her seat and grinned, eyes dropping to Blaine's pants as he sat there fondling her, groping at her tits, pulling one tit up so it was fully exposed. "Mmmm... okay."

It was only just down the block and around the corner that Blaine saw potential to keep playing the bonus round, Annie currently parked and with her head buried in his lap, sucking his cock like a vacuum cleaner.

"MMmphh... mmmm... mmmpphh..." she moaned, lifting her face off his dick. "You taste soooo good," Annie moaned, sucking off the kid she'd just picked up near the skate park.

"Good, then keep on sucking, you fucking slut. Otherwise I might not wanna cum inside that fertile little pussy of yours later."

Annie looked suddenly really concerned, lip quivering as she immediately dove back down and began sucking his fat erection.

Meanwhile, despite the overwhelming distractions of having the hot twenty something's face on his lap, Blaine looked out the windshield at the group gathered in the small alley between buildings.

There were a number of them, possibly ten or twelve, and at least half were girls. The guys looked like typical college guys, though most of them wore fraternity letters on their shirts or jackets. The girls though ranged from younger, around Blaine's age, to a little older than the guys, and they appeared to be more the punk type. Several of the girls had colorfully dyed hair, a few of them had pierced noses, one of them wore black lipstick and all black clothes, even fishnet stockings.

They were definitely up to no good, the guys seeming to keep watch while the girls shook spray paint cans, the one in the black with fishnet stockings already painting the side of the nearby building.

Perfect, Blaine thought, smiling as he felt yet another load get coaxed out by Annie's skilled little tongue. "Let's get those girls interested in having something sprayed inside them, why don't we?"

Annie hardly mumbled a confused response, keeping her lips tightly wrapped around his spasming dick, eager to get as much cum from this incredibly attractive guy as possible.

Pressing his thumbs onto the buttons of the SINtendo gaming device, Blaine rest it on the back of Annie's head, the bobbing of that head only a minor distraction as he got right to work on controlling his little selected pawns in the alley.

\* \* \*

Kara grinned as she spray painted the obscene message on the side of the building, licking her lips and flashing her tongue stud to the guys keeping watch.

"Wait'll those fucking townies get a look at this."

"Yeah girl, you show em'," one of her best friends Lena said, moving in behind her to survey the graphic words.

Kara checked the coloring, making sure the bright pink contrasted really nicely with the black. She might be vandalizing this stupid building, the store she worked all through high school and where she was constantly harassed for her unique style but she wasn't short of taking pride in what she did.

"Perfect, lame ass Joe will probably shit himself when he reads what everyone driving by can now read."

The words Joe Turner has a tiny Dick in giant bold letters was written along the side of the building, the hardware store he owned and ran with several other town folk in this community. Generally it was a good little small town atmosphere but girls like Kara drew too many comments.

She'd hated not being free to express herself, after all she was an artist, and an artist believed in self expression. If anything was second to oxygen for an artist it was the freedom to express themselves.

Kara had chosen the way she dressed, the piercings she had. Somehow Joe and the others never respected that expression, making fun of her nearly to her face, calling her a freak.

She shook the can again, moving to another high visibility area of the building. Kara grinned, an idea popping into her mind as she began painting.

"Yo, babes, might wanna hurry it up," Doug said, walking over near the gathered girls, all art majors at the university where their frat was. "I got a call about something going on in the park nearby, police might be passing by."

"Just a few more seconds, Dougie," Kara called out.

"Dougie?" both Doug and about three of Kara's friends including Lena said at the same time.

Kara laughed, though it was more a giggle, very unlike the goth girl who eagerly vandalized her old workplace.

"There!" she said, pulling back the two spray cans and dropping them to the pavement. She stepped back a little to look up at what

she'd written, the words very big and ornate looking but the message quite strikingly clear.

"Holy shit," Doug said, catching the other guys' attentions as they stopped talking among themselves and looked over.

"Girl, what the hell were you thinking... that's... well that's just weird," Lena asked, standing beside Kara and speaking a bit lower towards her.

Kara grinned and licked her lips, running fingers back through one side of her dark black hair, tugging the bright pink streak down into her eyes and lowering her face. She shivered all over as she reached up rather blatant in her sudden groping of her hips, sliding both hands up and inward to the tiny waist her corset contained, then up to the large lifted up tits she suddenly couldn't resist touching.

"Mmm... I think Joe might like it... if only he was here to make it happen," she said, trembling a bit.

"What the..." the others all asked, a few laughing, mostly just staring at the message Kara had skillfully and quickly written.

KARA SAMSON IS A CUNT WORTH KNOCKING UP was written in giant letters, crude and very visible.

Kara turned and looked at her friends from college. They all stared like she was a stranger. "What? You guys think I should have said I'm a worthless cunt instead?"

Lena looked at the building then walked up close to Kara, whispering to her so the others didn't hear. "Honey, what the hell? You wanna write your whole name up there and talk about being knocked up?"

Kara nodded and lowered her groping hands to the trim little tight belly she had. "Mmhmm... I wanna get fucked so bad!"

One of the guys overheard that and nearly coughed as he looked her way, managing to form an awkward smile as Kara saw him. She looked at the others, then back at Lena. "Ooh, I know what we can do next," she said excitedly.

"What..." Lena asked, still wondering if her friend had gotten some sort of drugs in her system or maybe if the spray paint fumes were finally getting to her.

Kara smiled and stood upright, swaying her hips as she pointed at her belly. "We can all get pregnant, ya know, have the guys here make us that way."

Several of the frat guys were nodding and standing awkwardly, slight attempts at hiding the enormous erections just hearing her say that created.

"Are you insane? We came here to teach that Joe guy a lesson, do a little spray painting," Lena said.

Kara nodded. "Mmm... wouldn't it be nice if Joe was here? He could fuck me into a cum stuffed little whore and make sure I was all nice and knocked up. Then he could do you; would be totally bad ass."

"Your girl's gone nutty," Doug said, speaking with a hand in front of his mouth towards Lena.

Lena tossed her head back, sending a mane of reddish brown hair sailing over her opposite shoulder as she looked from Kara to Doug. "Listen you idiot, something's the matter... just let me handle this."

Kara was rubbing her belly, lifting up her shirt, pushing the corseted bra aside as she pushing fingers into her tight toned flesh. Her pale skin contrasted so sharply with the black she wore as she leaned back into the freshly painted wall. She no longer cared about getting

back at Joe, didn't even think twice about whether the paint might still be wet. All she knew was that she was wet, wetter than she ever had been in her young life and now she wanted to get some spraying of her own.

"Mmmm... you wanna get pregnant too, you know it, Lena!"

Lena felt a strange sensation as soon as Kara spoke, her own belly twitching slightly as she turned away from Doug and looked back at her friend. "I... I don't."

"So what's the matter?" Doug asked Lena, ignoring Kara for the moment, "and what are you gonna do to handle it?"

"Guys, we really should be getting going, I heard that whatever the fuck up in the park is, it's getting worse. Cops and more are on their way."

Kara moaned and reached up, untying the little knots in her shoulder straps, the top she'd made herself coming undone and falling down over where one hand still pushed at her belly, rubbing the tiny belly button.

"Mmm... fuck I'm soooo horny," she cried out, writhing against the wall, everyone watching as she freed both of her tits, the nipples dark against her pale flesh.

Lena turned and stared right at Doug with somewhat flaming eyes, her stare quite different from the last he saw it. Her lips curled up into a grin as she reached up and began grabbing at her top, pulling the t-shirt up and over her hair.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, Dougie; the problem is you guys are too busy worrying about cops when you should be copping a feel. You're too busy talking about some fuck up at the park when you should be fucking up our needy counts. Mmm... and you should take

a cue from Kara here and hump us like goddamn rabbits, breed us, make us so fucking pregnant we can't waddle away if the cops do chase us."

Saying all this Lena stepped right into Doug and rubbed her slender fingers up and down his chest, squeezing his muscles, looking into his eyes so he knew how serious she was.

Kara was already pointing at the other girls, somehow each one she pointed at feeling a punch in their gut, a punch to the womb, a stirring that began with a simple twinge and quickly escalated into a madness which overtook them all.

"Fuck me..." Kara said quite bluntly.

She reached down, lifted her black mini skirt and tore a hole in her fishnet stockings, dropping her panties as well and stepping free of them. Turning around to face the wall, she leaned over and braced her hands on it, thrusting her cute little ass out and wiggling it.

"Come on," she called out, looking over her shoulder. "I said fuck me, and whoever does don't you even think of pulling out. I'm not on any fucking pill and I wanna soak up all your baby batter like the needy bitch I am."

The guys seemed to be staring at Doug, awaiting the senior frat brother's decision. All of the girls, Lena and Kara particularly, were stripping, fondling themselves, putting on a show and demanding one thing. They each wanted to be screwed senseless and fucked into pregnant sluts.

"Shit..." Doug whispered, letting Lena wander her wanton hands all over his body, finally staring at her as she began unzipping his jeans. He looked at the others, then over at a car parked near the edge of the alley.

For a half a second he couldn't believe what the kid there was doing, but then he smiled and looked at Lena. Well... he thought, why the hell not?

"Fuck the police, let's give the girls what they want," Doug said, immediately throwing Lena to the ground, rolling her over and spreading her thighs.

As two guys seemed to break into an argument behind Kara, she turned and watched Dougie slam his thick cock straight into Lena, the girl being pummeled into the pavement right there in the alley. She bit her lower lip, the piercing on that lip quivering as much as every inch of her body did leaning over and facing the wall.

"Mmm... stop fucking fighting, both of you can screw me at the same time. I can take it!" Kara screamed.

The guys still seemed to argue briefly but soon enough Kara felt first one and then two blunt cocks pushing at her backside. As one of the frat guys settled a somewhat frantic pace into her pussy, the other managed to pull her to one side and somehow work his own dick into her ass.

"Hey!" Kara shouted, feeling her ass open up for the first time in her young life.

"What?" the guy asked, making no attempt at slowing his pace, beginning to butt fuck the horny little goth girl like she was some cheap hooker.

"Unhhh... unhhh, fuck..." Kara moaned trying to find her voice. "You can screw any unhhh... any hole you like but ya gotta unhhh... gotta dump all that sperm up inside my pussy. Mmmm... wanna be all knocked up!"

The frat brother who screwed Kara's pussy laughed. "He can have it when I'm done, I'll fuck you into whatever prego princess you wanna be, baby."

The goth girl giggled and shook her head, sending a mane of black hair and one pink streak back into both guy's chests as they met together humping her harder and harder.

Lena screeched as Doug plowed her so hard she slid across the pavement, the backs of her thighs no doubt getting rubbed raw as her cunt swallowed up just the first of his loads, his cock never softening as he squeezed her tits.

"Ohhh unnghhh... load number one, slut," Doug growled, moaning and pawing at every inch of her tight little body.

Every one of the girls was getting just what they all suddenly felt the need for, none of them caring about distant police sirens approaching the general area, none of them concerned about any of the normal concerns they'd held before about unsafe sex or public indecency.

Brunettes against dumpsters, blondes bent over with their face near the dirty pavement, all the girls were discovering that this was one spray painting where they were the ones painted, and white was the popular color of choice.

Kara giggled as she was shaken as hard as the spray paint cans she'd been using, as she looked from the prophetic message about knocking her up on the brick wall over to the end of the alley where some kid looked to be having some fun of his own.

What a day to get some cum inside her cunt, she thought, what a day.

\* \* \*

Blaine looked over at the SINtendo Gaming on the Go device sitting next to the windshield. The entire car hood rocked each and every time he thrust between Annie's legs, making the little game system move slightly.

"Fuck yes... another twelve pawns," he grunted, watching the score add up, waiting for the reward he knew he'd get for yet another successful run in the Bonus Round.

"Ungh... ungh oh fuck, Annie," he snarled, reaching up and grasping her tits, pinching and prodding them as he squeezed her flesh like little stress balls. "Ungh... I'm gonna fuck you so damn pregnant!"

Annie was moaning, near incoherent babble leaving her mouth as she arched her back, wrapped her legs around him, leaned back denting the hood of her car and caring only about getting more of his delicious seed slammed home inside her.

"Mmm... yes... ooooh yes oh fuck yes!" she cried out, eyes wide as Blaine crushed her tits up towards her throat, mauling them like an animal.

Blaine loved every second of this day so far, not even caring that apparently the chaos in the skate park had drawn the authorities, hardly paying attention to the orgy which had broken out in the alley.

He wanted nothing more than to fuck Annie all day, to screw her like all the girls were being screwed, all his pregnant pawns so far.

A beeping from the SINtendo device caught his attention as he reached over and took hold of it with one hand, keeping his other flat

on Annie's smooth belly, feeling her muscles contract as he rocked into her.

"Congratulations on stringing together a new record combo," he read. "Prepare to receive Pregnant Pauses Plus Sized Power. You will now have the ability to control how much and how hard you climax. This is a plus sized power you can enjoy however you choose."

"Perfect timing," Blaine said grinning. He released Annie but continued fucking her, holding the gaming device up in both hands, pressing his thumbs to the controls.

"Oh whoa!" Blaine groaned as the little surges of electricity zapped into his hands once again, coursing quickly throughout his body, settling into a building warmth right around his balls.

After several spasming seconds, Blaine shook his head and cleared his vision, dropping the gaming device to the hood nearby and resuming a very powerful thrusting into Annie's nubile body.

"Ungh... oh yeah, fuck babe, I'm gonna dump a load inside you that you wouldn't believe," Blaine bragged, feeling the power inside him, almost visualizing how much and how hard he was about to climax.

"Oh ohhhh oh yess, YESSSSS!" Annie screamed, her voice even overpowering the girls back in the alley.

Blaine brutally slammed his cock up inside her, holding her hips with one hand and laying his other on her flat little belly. He grinned feeling his orgasm begin, knowing that tight little belly was about to get ruined.

"Ungh... unghh.... fuck yesssss!" he hissed, feeling one long steady flood of cum leave his body.

"Oh... ohhhh fuck... oh yessss... knock me up, knock me fucking up!" Annie shouted, squealing and nearly losing her voice as her hips shook, her tits sloshed up and down and her belly began to expand.

Blaine stared at her body, laying prone on the hood of her car, quivering as he heightened his own flow to rushing river speed, holding her hips tight, watching his hand on her belly rise up, the flesh billowing out like rising dough.

"Ungh... oh shit... take it all!" he growled, having imagined things like this so many times but never having dreamed it would be possible to happen so real, so intensely.

Blaine grinned and felt sweat rolling down his cheeks as he sprayed several more ropey strings of seed, thick powerful floods each time, Annie's belly appearing to bubble up into a tightly taut round pregnancy, her tits looking smaller and smaller by comparison to the dome his hand pressed down on.

Rocking his hips several more times, Blaine finally released her hips and pulled out, still climaxing, spraying white splotches of streaking cum all over her body, all over the hood.

"Fuck yes," Blaine moaned, lowering the power of his most ultimate climax imaginable as he glazed Annie from head to foot, covering the babe who now looked no less than eight months pregnant and probably was good and truly knocked up with gallons of creamy cum swimming around inside her.

Zippering up his pants, Blaine laughed a little at how dim the look in Annie's eyes was. She looked like she was dumber than a box of condoms, something she'd never care about seeing again.

"Thanks for the ride, babe," Blaine said, winking at her and enjoying the double meaning of what he said.

Taking the SINtendo device, he decided that this was just too fun and tempting to pass up. The lights from police cars were around the corner and he just knew that the skate park was probably still a chaotic mess. Something convinced him he should definitely check out that park and see what all was happening since he set the perverse wheels in motion earlier.

Blaine had to suppress a laugh as he walked up and saw several patrol cars outside the front entrance to the skate park, noticed reporters climbing out of various news vans, witnessed the chaos he'd caused playing a simple game.

As he stood across from the already blockaded park, a number of policemen standing around keeping everyone clear, the real fun somewhere behind them through the trees, Blaine saw something that definitely piqued some renewed interest in the game he held.

"This is Wilendra Wilkens, Channel Six News. I'm standing outside the local Skate Park where just under an hour ago reports came flooding into the station about an uncontrolled public orgy. I'm being kept outside the park by local authorities as you can see behind me, but perhaps I can get a statement from one of the local men in blue handling the scene."

Wilendra Wilkens, Blaine thought smiling. He'd always had a thing for the top reporter in the field. She was a striking beauty as his father put it. To Blaine, she was a smoking hot babe, a woman who might be closer to his father's age but still had the body to make guys his age weak in the knees.

"Let's see how you can really bust this story open for the viewers," Blaine said, thinning his eyes and looking down at the SINtendo game.

As the Bonus Round had continued, he'd gotten more and more perks with every consecutive combo string. After the dozen girls in the alley, a new ability had appeared and this was one Blaine couldn't wait to exploit.

"Pregnant Pauses Puppetmaster," Blaine read, feeling so powerful just standing there in the shadows of the buildings across from the park.

With the puppetmaster perk, he could now physically control whatever pawn he chose, and not only that, he could manipulate their voice to say whatever he wanted them to say.

"Well well, Wilendra, time for me to tele-prompt the real story of the hour to you... or is that through you?"

\* \* \*

"Excuse me, yes you, Officer..."

The man took his hands briefly off his belt and straightened up as Wilendra Wilkens motioned her cameraman behind her and walked up to him.

"It's Lieutenant Leland," he said, "and I'm afraid we can't let anyone past this line."

Wilendra shook out her always gorgeous chestnut hair, smiling and standing at perfect posture to show off a physique that most celebrities would kill for. She worked very hard everyday to maintain her look, to stay one step above the new twenty year olds who tried to put her in the shadows.

"I understand Lieutenant but can I just ask you a few questions for the viewers at home? This is after all a breaking news story taking place in this small town."

The policeman briefly made eye contact with the camera, then looked back at Wilendra. "I'm afraid orders are to be tightlipped about this until the chief arrives. If you have to tell your viewers anything, please advise them to stay clear of the skate park and that there are no injuries at the moment, so no need to concern themselves at home."

Wilendra turned and briefly faced the camera, offering her beaming smile as she typically did, making sure every viewer who wasn't as interested in the actual news got caught in their interest in seeing the perfect curves and attractively intelligent features of Wilendra Wilkens, ace reporter in the field.

"Can you just tell us about the rumors surrounding why police have quarantined the park? Is it true there was some sort of orgy going on, quite decadent and perverse from notes I have?"

Lieutenant Leland waved his hand and seemed nervous, reaching up with the other hand from behind his back, tugging slightly on his collar. "Ma'am, Miss Wilkens, I'm afraid this is an on-going investigation. At present I can only confirm that the situation is of a highly sensitive nature and yes, some of what you say can be substantiated by the evidence."

Wilendra smiled as she looked at the stiff-postured Lieutenant. Raising the microphone to her lips and swaying slightly as she felt quite unbalanced all of a sudden, she said what she intended as a final quick question. What came from her lips caught not only her but the cameraman and Lieutenant completely by surprise.

"Thank you, Lieutenant Leland. You're very handsome, perhaps you can offer a demonstration as to what sexual perversity has been

taking place. Please feel free to use me if it helps."

She clamped a hand up, quickly trying to shake off the shock for the benefit of being on live camera. The cameraman simply looked at her, raised the camera on one shoulder and aimed it at Lieutenant Leland who had dropped his jaw just a bit.

"Er... ma'am, I can't show you something like that... as I said, please just uh... advise viewers to stay clear of the area."

Wilendra turned away from the Lieutenant, blushing as she shook off the strangeness she'd felt about even looking at the man and faced the camera. Her intended sign off of the story for the moment took a very big turn when she went to speak.

"Wilendra Wilkens always gets her story... and my viewers know that if you can't watch Wilendra getting the scoop, you can probably imagine her scooping out her big fat tits and sucking on her nipples."

Saying this, Wilendra dropped the microphone to the ground and reached up, standing at perfect posture, reaching straight down into her low cut blouse and roughly fondling her breasts, squeezing and massaging them as she brought them up and out over top of the neckline.

"Holy fuck..." the cameraman whispered, slapping a hand over his mouth as he kept the camera up and aimed directly at a now topless Wilendra Wilkens, fantasy to many men who'd ever tuned in to Channel Six News.

"Ma'am, Miss Wilkens, I'm going to have to place you under arrest for that act. This isn't some media circus here where you can get the story by doing something extreme... er... as unexpected as that was of you."

Wilendra turned to the Lieutenant and wanted to cover herself, desperately wanted to stop smiling the way she was. Inside she was struggling to control herself but everything felt as though she was quite literally outside her body, watching a recording of one of her interviews. None of those interviews came close to being like the actions she saw herself taking, the words she heard leaving her mouth.

"Oh come on, Lieutenant, we both know that the rumors are lots of girls decided to get themselves fucked here today," Wilendra said, stretching out the word fucked as she stretched and swayed with each step closer to the policeman.

"Those girls," she continued, walking right up to him, stroking a finger over his big belt and up his chest. "Those girls just wanted what any self-respecting woman should want and that's a big man pumping away between their legs, just sliding his fat hard cock up in their tight little cunts."

Lieutenant Leland clearly was at a loss for words, struggling to fight the touches of the ever beautiful and still breast baring Wilendra Wilkens.

"The real story is those girls wanted more, isn't that right, Mister Policeman?" Wilendra said, speaking very girly and acting more than just flirty as she turned and pressed her back against the Lieutenant, rubbing her ass up and down his bulging pants, feeling more than his gun touching her.

Wilendra smiled at the camera, reaching up and squeezing one of her tits, leaning down, licking it, smacking her lips as she grinned like the biggest whore in news history.

"They... they wanted, er..." Lieutenant Leland said, losing control a bit, appearing flushed as the reporter rubbed so hard against him,

her tight curvy body filling out every inch of her news reporter attire to the most flattering degree.

"Mmm... I bet I know what those girls wanted," Wilendra said.

She bent over at the waist, pushing back against Lieutenant Leland, lifting a hand up one leg until she could tug her skirt up, wiggling her hips a little as she exposed more and more of her pristine pale legs, smooth silky skin, and curvaceous ass.

"Those nasty little sluts wanted to be fucked... mmm... but they also wanted to be filled... stuffed tight with thick spewing cum, used like little cum containers. Isn't that right, Lieutenant Studly?"

"I... I can't... ahem... substantiate... er, Miss Wilkens; I'm really going to have to insist..."

"Insist what? Mmm... are you going to have to insist on demonstrating for my viewers what stuffing a tight wet little cunt is like? Are you going to have to rip my panties off and thrust that big bulging night stick in your pants inside me? Mmm... tell me, Lieutenant, are you gonna have to shoot your load again and again until I'm planning my maternity leave from reporting?"

Wilendra wiggled her ass against the policeman the entire time, bent over with her chest drooping, tits swinging back and forth, head cocked up and to the side, swishing her long perfect hair across her back.

The cameraman stood there frozen, mouth dropped, pants open, one free hand inside massaging his own erect cock with every word that left Wilendra's mouth. Despite all of this, he held the camera still, getting every angle of Wilendra Wilkens, fantasy realized for many viewers.

Lieutenant Leland seemed to hesitate, looking around, noticing that besides some kid who watched from across the street, the entrance to the skate park was empty. The other officers were handling the scene inside the park which still created a stir now and then with loud moaning female voices. The chief was on the way and that alone was why Leland stood there waiting.

Staring at Wilendra Wilkens, he licked his lips and felt something much greater than a sense of duty and civic pride take charge of his actions. He gave in and placed both hands on Wilendra's curvy backside, running fingers down to the sides, then up onto the small of her back.

"Oh mmmm... that feels nice already, Lieutenant," Wilendra said, winking at the cameraman and motioning him closer. "Why don't you show the viewers what's happening at the skate park, mmm... what should be happening everywhere in town?"

"I... I don't know..." Lieutenant Leland said, a part of him fighting the temptation.

Wilendra bucked back into his thick erection, the pants not hiding anything at this point. "Mmm, you know what, Lieutenant, you should know everything because you're a big stud. I'm just a silly little female reporter. Oh yes... mmm, you better show me that all a female is for around here is fucking."

She looked up with her rich intelligent gaze and winked into the camera, the cameraman setting it down and taking off his headset as he followed Wilendra's motioning finger towards her.

"Go ahead, Lieutenant... fuck me stupid. Mmm... drive that fat cock in me and do what you know all those others are probably doing in the park. Unhhh... they're fucking girls pregnant, making them all big and fat with cum. You know you wanna do it to me... every guy at home does every time they turn on the news."

Lieutenant Leland resisted only for about as long as it took Wilendra to snake her hand into the cameraman's pants and begin licking the tip of his cock. As soon as she began bobbing her head against the cameraman, Leland gave up all fighting the base urges exploding inside him.

"Ungh... fuck... okay fine," Lieutenant Leland said, almost sounding reluctant as he reached down, slapped Wilendra once on the ass, then began hastily undoing his police belt, fumbling with his pants and dropping them where he stood.

"Mmm.... mmmphhh..." Wilendra moaned, slurping up and down the full length of her cameraman's dick. Somewhere inside, hidden away for good, the old professional reporter she used to be curled up and died. She wasn't around anymore, the only part of this woman left being the sexual being that had awakened with madness in her eyes.

Lieutenant Leland, grabbed his thick cock and jacked it a couple of times, firming it up into diamond hardness, sliding it up and down over her panties. "You want this, Wilendra? Ungh... you want all of this?"

Wilendra sucked and slurped at the cameraman, then briefly brought her face off his crotch as she smiled over towards the camera. "I want more than that, stud... mmm... I want every last drop of cum you can stuff inside me. Mmm... I wanna be Wilendra Waddling when I waddle away, nothing but a knocked up cum slut whore for Channel Six. Maybe they should just call it Channel Sex, at least by the time this story is over."

"Fine, ungh... filthy fucking cunt," Lieutenant Leland snarled.

He grabbed at her panties, tightly, pulling them straight back, ripping the material with one sudden move, shoving his cock forward in the

next. "You have the fucking right to remain bent over," he said, slamming into Wilendra Wilkens the way every man had likely fantasized in secret.

"Oh fuck... unhhhhh," Wilendra moaned, licking her lips and attempting to dive back onto her cameraman's cock.

"You have the right to be hammered harder than a fucking nail," the policeman continued, grunting with every deep penetrating thrust. He slapped his hips into her ass, rocking steadily, paying no attention to the cameraman she tried sucking off or his camera with the little red record light still blinking.

"Oh... ohhhh yesssss!" Wilendra popped off the cameraman and shouted. She clenched her entire face in climax, her cunt sucking on the policeman's dick as he talked so dirty to her.

"Unghhh... and finally you have the right to be pregnant," Leland said, leaning down as he pounded her tight little cunt. "If you cannot afford to be pregnant... then fuck it, I'll make you that way right now!"

With a heavy growl and after barely a few minutes of thrusting, Leland cut loose, spraying his load liberally up inside Wilendra Wilkens, never slowing down his pace and never going soft as he only continued to thrust, to fuck the news reporter like she was nothing but a sex toy for him to abuse.

"Unhhh, ohhhh unhhh, yes, yesssss!" Wilendra screamed at the top of her lungs, managing to look straight at the camera as the cameraman's substantial cock bobbed inches from her face.

"That's unnhhh... the story from the small town unhhhh... skate park. If you're watching... come on down and you can unhh... be part of the story. I'll fuck every one of you and you can stick your unhhh... oohhhh... stick your dick in any hole I have!"

She paused, bobbed her head right to the base of the cameraman's slick cock, then popped her lips off it one more time. "I'm Wilendra Wilkens, knocked up slut for Channel Six News."

Not too far across town was a familiar household whose door was still constantly being knocked on by various knocked up young women. As Vera watched the news feed get cut off quite abruptly, the words Technical Difficulty appearing on the screen, she took the hand away that had been covering her mouth. She was shocked by what she saw as she imagined anyone would be, but more than that she was in a state of disbelief.

She ran a hand through her dirty blonde hair, pressing down the full length dress she wore, feeling flushed, embarrassed, nervous all at once.

Her disbelief wasn't based purely on the impossible seeming to happen down at the local skate park, nor was it over the inexcusable slutty immoral behavior by a news woman she used to look up to.

No, Vera thought turning and looking into the living room where her son Casey sat. She was shocked mostly because maybe... just maybe, he'd been telling her the truth about that supposed game system.

Walking into the living room, Vera put her hands on her hips, still beyond enraged at what she'd come home to, what her younger son had been involved in. "Casey... tell me what that little game system looked like."

Casey glanced up from where he'd been idly staring into space, still incredibly worn out from Veronica and the other women who fought for his attention even now with only a door as a barrier.

"The one that... the one you didn't believe me about?"

Vera shook her head angrily, pacing for a moment. "Yes, Casey, just shut up about that and tell me, what did it look like?"

Casey shrugged. "It was little, handheld you know, had red and yellow coloring on a lot of it, a screen with two main buttons. Why?"

Vera pressed fingers against her temple, gritting her teeth. "And you threw it in the trash?"

Casey again shrugged. "Yeah, why?"

"Because someone has it down near the skate park... and dammit... maybe you were telling me the truth."

With those words, Vera turned and marched out of the room, heading down to the garage to avoid the crowd of pregnant sluts at the door. She knew what she had to do, had to stop before more of this insanity happened.

Vera screeched out of the driveway minutes later, one destination in mind. She had to find whoever had that stupid little game. She had to destroy that thing once and for all.

\* \* \*

Blaine grinned at the famous Wilendra Wilkens on her knees before him, eyes somewhat blank with pleasure, no longer the intelligent depth to her gaze. She moaned and grunted each and every time she slapped her fat tits up and down his cock.

"Ungh... ohhh fuck, babe," Blaine said, preparing himself for a climax she'd never expect. He glanced over at the worn out cameraman currently fumbling with the camera, Lieutenant Leland

passed out beside the barricade, no word yet from the officers in the park handling the scene.

"Guess your story's over, ugh.... right Wilendra?" Blaine asked, thrusting at her as she squeezed her tits tight around his dick. With a dimly aware smile, Wilendra Wilkens nodded, licking her lips as she stared at his cock, still occasionally sniffing the air the way she'd done since he approached them both.

"Don't ugh... worry your pretty cum dripping head about it... ugh. I've got one last big breaking piece of news for you to soak in."

"Mmm... lemme have it," Wilendra moaned, drooling a little cum down onto her chin as she smiled and shook her hair up and down frantically, practically jumping with the pace of the titty fuck she gave the boy.

Blaine winked and concentrated on just how much of a load he wanted to give the woman, more than ever before, more than anyone would be capable of without the SINtendo bonus abilities he'd been given.

"You asked for it, fucking news media whore," Blaine said, grinning.

Wilendra bounced her tits once more against Blaine's waist, fat flesh looking so perfect just like the rest of the news reporter. Her nipples were as hard as stone, rubbing against his skin and Blaine simply focused on those nipples and released his own orgasm.

"Mmmppphhh... ackk..." Wilendra coughed, choking as a flood of cum thicker than she ever could have imagined rocketed out from Blaine's cock and blasted her straight in the face.

"Mmmm... ohhh fuck, blub... yesss, gurgle blub..." she gasped, gargling some of the thick creamy load as it rained down on her face,

her chin, back to her fat tits, coating her in what anyone watching may have mistaken for a dozen bottles of mayonnaise.

"Ungh... ungh... fuck yes, dammit... and they say kids these days don't appreciate the news... unghh..." Blaine growled, pulling out from her tits and continuing to spray more and more thick powerful semen straight at the woman who remained on her knees.

"Mmm... yesss, fuckkkk yes," Wilendra cried out, licking her hands, rubbing fingers through the cum which sealed her eyes shut, leaning back and nearly falling flat on her back.

"Take it... ungh, fucking take more than you ever have or ever will again," Blaine said, laughing and enjoying the impossible talent he now was blessed with.

Wilendra Wilkens fell back to the pavement, covered in so much cum she appeared to be near drowning in it. Her legs fell open, exposing one last target for Blaine to shoot for as he grasped his climaxing cock and directed it there with a crazed smile forming on his face.

"Ungh, ohhh fuck yeah," he grunted sending several last incredibly powerful loads directly at her already stuffed cunt, watching the spray actually shoot right inside and instantly making her look more and more swollen.

Blaine laughed at what had become of the perfect woman from Channel Six News, her belly bloated above her cum covered form, the slutty little cum container so overfilled she might be tasting his seed for all of nine months. Her eyes were sealed shut as was half her nose and her mouth. She appeared to be trapped in cum no less than a fly might be trapped in a spiderweb, barely capable of moving.

Looking around, Blaine checked first on the small bench across the street, the one he'd laid the SINtendo gaming device on before

running over to enjoy humping the hell out of his favorite local television personality.

"Now... let's see if I can get that one last pregnant pawn," he said to himself, walking across the empty street, buckling his belt.

Just after stringing together the combo of all the controls he used on Wilendra Wilkens and the other two men, a message had popped up on screen which surprised even Blaine. The message had simply read, Approaching Maximum Combos for Bonus Round.

Blaine just knew that if he reached that combo total something awesome would happen as far as whatever rewards or abilities the game decided to give him. According to the point total of his high scoring game, he needed one last final pawn.

The screeching of brakes caught Blaine by surprise as he widened his eyes and nearly jumped back and to the pavement. Headlights swerved across his face and towards the side of the street he'd been approaching as the dark blue car smashed head first right into the side of the building there.

"What the fuck!"

Blaine ran over to the side of the car, backing up a little as a very intense looking woman stepped out from the wreckage, only her glasses knocked slightly loose on her face. As she straightened them up on her nose and looked around, she glared at Blaine with the same glare he'd seen her give that kid this morning.

"YOU..." Vera shouted, heart pounding, blood boiling, angrily stalking towards the kid she occasionally saw skateboarding by her house on the weekends.

"Huh?" Blaine managed to respond, confused about how she'd even found him and what exactly she knew.

"You little shit, look at all you've done around here," Vera yelled, eyes flicking over towards the cum covered mess that was the Channel Six news woman. In the distance both of them could hear the continuous moans of girls in the park, girls who probably still took loads, getting fucked fuller and fuller, likely by the cops who were there to supposedly 'work the scene'.

"How... how the hell did you find me?" Blaine asked, finding his voice and knowing this woman had nothing over him, not with the abilities SINtendo had rewarded him with.

"You little punks never watch the news do you... well I do, and as much as I thought my son screwed up... you proved ten times worse. If I were your mother... I'd... why I'd..."

Blaine could see that with every step towards him she was breathing a little heavier, walking a little less forcefully, eyes calming from their intense stare even if she clearly didn't want them to.

"You'd what?" Blaine asked, grinning as he stepped over beside her car where the bench was and the little brightly colored game system sat waiting for him to resume play.

Vera followed him, seeming ready to punch him but holding her arms at her side. "I'd fuck your brains out," Vera said quite bluntly, still sounding somewhat angry but clamping a hand over her mouth in surprise.

"Oh really," Blaine said, chuckling. "Well, that'd be a pretty unmotherly thing to do, wouldn't it? You know, I think I can see why you're such a bad mother to that kid who had all those preggo babes with him at your house."

"I'm... I'm not a bad mother," Vera said, feeling weak, speaking softer as she walked up to Blaine. She slumped her shoulders a little

and reached up, twirling a strand of hair as she felt her hips shift and sway, similar to some infatuated girl his own age she imagined.

Blaine winked and noticed some inspiration turning onto the street from up the road. "Actually, I'd say you're not just a bad mother," he said, picking up the SINtendo and pressing his thumbs to the buttons. "I'd say you're a downright trashy one."

Vera's eyes widened and even though she kept her somewhat loving smile facing Blaine, she felt her pulse quicken and her muscles clench as somehow everything in her body went momentarily numb.

"I'm not trashy... I'm a good... mother..." Vera managed to say, fighting the movement of her legs.

Blaine laughed as he used the controls to literally walk Vera around, taking just a quick second to get used to the feel of direct manipulation, steering her like some real life video game character.

"Actually, Vera is it?" he said looking down on the screen at the little name next to her character image. "Actually you see, you're trashy in a whole new way. See those garbage men?" he turned her body and began walking it away from the wreck of her car and up the street past the entrance to the skate park.

"Those men drive around all day and pick up trash, hell they even pick up dumpsters. Guess what, Vera?"

She couldn't respond, couldn't control her own voice, all of the muscles in her body now fully under the control of that boy, the one whose smell she still couldn't get out of her head. She simply smiled and walked up the street away from the kid and directly towards the garbage truck which slowed down upon seeing her.

"You're nothing but a trashy cum dumpster now," Blaine called out, gripping the SINtendo handheld and steering her right towards the

men who opened their doors.

The garbage truck parked awkwardly right there in the middle of the street, two men in the truck, both of them seeming genuinely shocked by the sight before them. They saw Vera walking at them but more than that they noticed the smoking engine of her crashed car. Naturally those men seemed to assume she'd merely been in an accident and needed help.

Vera grinned more, feeling everything in her body betray her, everything and more as she opened her mouth to speak.

"Hey there, mmm... can you big strong men help a woman out?"

The men glanced at each other, then nodded. The larger of the two, a bulky man wearing a heavy beard approached and lightly placed a hand on Vera's shoulder, leaning down to look her in the eye. "What happened lady; did you have an accident?"

"Should I call the paramedics, Bob?" the other man asked.

"No... she seems okay I think," Bob said, looking Vera over.

"Mmm... no, though if you wanna really gang fuck all my holes, I guess you could call for a doctor."

Bob and the other man stared at Vera, clearly unsure whether they'd heard her correctly. "Uh... what?"

Vera licked her lips and reached up, rubbing a hand along the muscular arm of Bob as she pulled at her blouse with the fingers of her other hand. "Yeah... see there's only two of you and mmm... I got three perfectly good holes to shove cocks inside. If I'm gonna get... get filled up with cum, you might need to call in some help."

She was resisting as much as she could but somehow in the back of her mind, Vera knew that the kid with the gaming device was saying these things, was making her say them, using her voice like a puppet, controlling her as she leaned forward and flicked out her tongue, licking lightly at the big man's beard.

For several moments the two men stared at Vera, nervous silence as she did everything she could short of stripping to show them just how trashy a woman she was. Finally one thing she said seemed to snap the garbage men from their trances.

"Mmm... you boys wanna fuck a baby into me? I'd really appreciate that... unhh... just do me like a fucking cum dumpster." She laughed. "You boys know how to handle dumpsters right?"

The men both seemed to shake their heads, but it wasn't a shake of no to her question. No, Vera realized, horrified inside but thrilled outside as she realized Bob and his fellow garbage man were simply shaking away the confusion. With that confusion they apparently shook off any resistance to her words as well, to her eager little perverse desires.

Bob grabbed one of her tits, hard, painfully tight, squeezing and crumpling her blouse as he pulled her at him, literally yanking her up off her feet using only her tits as handles. "You one of those fucking uptight bitches who make fun of garbage men huh... teasing little cunt housewife or something," Bob growled.

The other man stepped in beside her and both of them pawed at her body, feeling up every curve, ripping at her blouse, popping button after button free until with a nod of satisfaction, Bob slipped the entire top off her and tossed it over his shoulder.

Vera watched her blouse sail up into the air, powerful throw sending it drifting down into the open back of the garbage truck. She loved

that blouse... but smiling and feeling her resolve melt, she realized she loved something else more.

"Mmm... yeah... come on, fuck me... be rough and just fuck me hard!" Vera shouted.

Bob manhandled her tits, quickly stripping her bra off and pinching her perky nipples, leaning down to suck on one, to bite it, to gnaw on the tender flesh. The other man hugged Vera from behind, lifting her skirt and snatching the panties right off her dripping wet cunt, shredding the delicate material in his haste.

"Come on... let's do something different for a change," Bob said.

"What's that?" the other garbage man asked, pulling one of Vera's nipples to his lips, stretching her pale white flesh painfully from her chest and slurping on the little nub.

"We always empty the dumpsters... let's fill this fucker up," Bob laughed, already fumbling with his belt.

Blaine approached the scene just a matter of minutes later, casually walking along, pocketing the SINtendo device in his cargo pants.

"Now this looks like two men enjoying their job," he said, mostly to himself.

Vera was bent over on all fours, Bob at one end, his partner at the other. As Bob crashed the full weight of his bulk into her from behind, he sent every inch of his fat dirty cock straight into her pussy, laughing the whole time.

Blaine grinned at the way Vera's jaw was practically unhinged, the other man forcing her to not only swallow his entire cock but to cram his balls into her mouth as well. She slurped and sucked and gasped

whenever she had the chance, her eyes wide, sweat pouring down from her forehead.

"Nice dumpster," Blaine said loud enough for both men to hear.

"Ungh... you bet your ass, kid, best I've ungh... filled in a while," Bob said, biting his lips and seeming to be already injecting Vera with some thick smelly semen.

Vera moaned around the cock she swallowed, tightening her eyes closed for a moment as she clenched the muscles in her cunt and milked every last drop, pleased that Bob wasn't going soft.

"Mind if I throw something in the dumpster as well?" Blaine asked, as casually as though they were talking about a real dumpster and not a rather sexy little milf whose son had unknowingly led to all this taking place.

Bob thrust a few more heavy times, jackhammering the woman before grunting and seeming to already be adding to his load. He opened his eyes, looked over at Blaine, then shrugged. "Why not, go ahead kid, but be quick about it. I'm not done with the fucking slut yet."

As Bob pulled out, Vera's stretched open cunt sagged and dripped heavily with seed, thick white cream dribbling in ropes to the pavement where she was positioned. She kept right on sucking off the other man who simply winked at Blaine as he began unzipping his pants.

Blaine leaned over near Vera's head and whispered quite clearly. "You know what I got for finishing the Bonus Round in this game, Vera? Heh... well you're gonna find out soon enough."

Even Bob with all his rather brutish pride when it came to fucking a girl gasped and found his mouth drooping as Blaine dropped his

boxers and moved in behind Vera. The man she sucked off slowed his own pace, staring in disbelief at the massive cock bouncing down against Blaine's thighs. The length of it nearly reached his knees as he pressed in behind Vera and reached down to better aim it.

"Don't mind me, guys, I think I'll take the back door on this one," Blaine said, nudging the head of his enormous cock inside Vera's tiny ass.

"MMMM... OHHHH!" Vera screamed, momentarily dropping the other man's dick from her lips.

Blaine laughed and leaned forward, inching his cock into her painfully slow, watching her hips tremble as she took his near arm thickness up inside her. "I bet even your son would agree, Vera, sometimes an overbearing mother can just be such a... pain in the ass."

With that, Blaine slammed forward, punching so deep inside Vera she nearly felt him inside her chest, his giant cock blasting its way inside her slutty little cum receptacle of a body.

Bob and the other garbage man watched with envy as the kid fucked the woman up the ass, so deep, so hard, Vera seemed to lose the ability to speak, eyes blanking out, rolling back, mouth hanging loose.

Blaine was only enjoying the rewards of one hell of a gaming session, planning on dumping a load so big it sprayed from one end of Vera to the other. He'd leave the little whorish mother for the garbage men to abuse. As for his plans for the remainder of the evening and night ahead, Blaine knew that just a street or so over, Annie was waiting, preggo bloated Annie stuffed with cum and waiting for more.

He'd grunted, fucking in and out of Vera, loving the intense pressure her insides put on his beyond fat cock. He'd found a sport that finally he could get into without worrying about injuries or safety equipment.

No more skateboarding, Blaine thought, realizing only for the first time that he'd left his board somewhere in the park. He laughed, thinking about Annie, thinking about the news woman and those girls in the alley. Safety wasn't a word any of those knocked up sluts knew anymore, and the only safety equipment might be knee pads they wore bending over for whoever wanted a shot at adding some cum to their saturated little forms.

Rocking back and forth into Vera, Blaine looked over at his discarded cargo pants, the SINtendo sticking out from the pockets slightly.

On the screen the message scrolling from right to left would have confused Blaine were he able to make it out.

Congratulations player! Upon end of game, all pawns must return to player until next game is played. Bonus Round Over.

A park full of pregnant girls, an alley full of pregnant coeds, Annie, Wilendra, and even Vera would find themselves compelled to go somewhere soon, but where they went would certainly be a surprise to the man they confronted.

SINtendo always put the SIN back in gaming but thanks to a small lie courtesy of Blaine, his father would leave work and find no less than twenty baby obsessed pregnant women waiting by his car, eager to have him fucking them forever and ever... or at least until someone new took their Gaming on the Go.

Thrusting into Vera one last time, Blaine enjoyed that brief sensation right before his climax overtook him and he unleashed inside her tight little body. He wished he could pause that moment, that one little moment before his fucking was concluded.

As her belly ballooned out with the gallons and gallons of seed he inflated her with, both the garbage men stared. "Shit... she looks pregnant already," Bob said.

Blaine laughed and pulled out, leaving her ass gaping, her body hunched over, and her mind likely soaked with cum.

The pauses of pleasure, Blaine thought, feeling somewhat poetic. Pregnant pauses, he realized, grinning, picking up his cargo pants and boxers, slipping the SINtendo back down and hidden from sight.

"Time for Dad to treat me to a well earned pizza," Blaine said, pulling out his emergency credit card and walking away. He never looked back, letting Bob and the other man enjoy the fattened Vera he had enjoyed.

Blaine never suspected the many treats his father would be faced with thanks to some credit ID verification and the influence of SINtendo gaming.

The sun was setting, the chaos was continuing, and the population of one small town was growing in leaps and bounds... with heavy grunts and pounds.

**The End**

## **Avatar Elly**

**by Kris P. Kreme**

Elly was bored.

It was as simple as that. She was bored. Bored, bored, bored, bored... just plain bored. She had exhausted every avenue of relief from the lazy summer day boredom that seemed to be repeating frequently these days. She had called all her friends, flipped through every channel on television, even wandered the internet aimlessly, hoping something might cure her boredom.

It was on the internet she came closest to curing the mind-numbing state that was dulling her very mental acuity. She had been browsing some of her favorite online erotica; let's face it Elly was more than simply bored. She had come across a website for one of the authors. It was colorful and silly enough, perfect anti-boredom injection. It even featured some new short stories by him which to Elly's bored... and let's face it horny... mind was a blessing like no other.

Unfortunately that was where the brief respite from total dullness ended. She had scoured the site, read and reread every post, every story, even looked through all the fun imagery. She even commented on one and thoughts of that one were truly what came closest to finally ridding her of the summer slump she was in.

It was a post about SINtendo Whee. It was a video game console, likely created purely in the darkest imaginings of one Mr. Kreme, but still it was stirring up some unusual tastes on her palette. She rarely gave in to her inner fantasies as much as when reading about the inner workings of this online author. She loved how this game console could change a girl, could take over her mind, could rid her of pesky morality and inhibitions. She secretly longed to have something like that happen, if only for a little bit.

So she had posted a response to this SINtendo Whee imagery. She had simply posted a simple seven word response; I wanna play. Just for a bit...

Never did Elly suspect she might get a response from the author himself. Never did she ever in her wildest imaginings did she also suspect that he might send her a personal email, one where he revealed a secret no one probably knew.

SINtendo Whee was real.

It was totally mind-blowing, nearly as much as the stories this man told. However, this was no story. Elly knew that almost as much as she knew how bored she was. There was an attachment to the email, an attachment that simply said SINtendo Whee Online Trial.

Elly had goosebumps all over as she eagerly clicked on the attachment, assuming if anything could permanently squash her boredom it was a trial game on SINtendo Whee.

The file downloaded and installed rather quickly. It even seemed to recognize her as the title screen came up. Elly assumed this recognition was merely due to her computer having presets, having her name listed along with other personal info. Naturally, she wasn't naive enough to believe that SINtendo Whee truly functioned as it did in the stories of Mr. Kreme.

Elly was all set for some kinky game, any kinky game, because let's face it, the girl was not just bored, she was horny, quite possibly more so than any girl had ever been before, which is saying a lot for a girl like Elly. Anyway, she was aroused and beyond playing a game to take her mind off just how bored and aroused she was, Elly decided that something kinky was in order... something very very kinky.

That was when the title screen changed over to something unexpected. Where Elly had been expecting it to lead her to a menu screen with some titles she could try out, instead the words

SINtendo Whee avatar creation popped up and immediately caused Elly to stop and think.

Thinking was something Elly felt best left for non-summer months. School was just bleh and she wasn't in a bleh mood. However, the more she read, the more she liked. Apparently SINtendo Whee online trial included a custom avatar mode where the player onscreen would perfectly match whatever one wished it to. All she had to do was either scan a picture of herself or snap one with the camera on her computer. After that, it was as simple as selecting options from a limited list of characteristics.

Elly assumed the online trial probably didn't include nearly as many options as the full version. However the options it did include were very very stimulating to as bored and horny a mind as hers was.

First she gave a pouty pose to the camera and waited as the image processed and then loaded onto the screen. Then she read the first option she had to choose from.

Intelligence selection, Elly read. Hmm... she thought, silently stroking her inner thigh. Intelligence was just not something she cared about at the moment. Getting to the action in this game was, the kinky no doubt depraved action. She quickly scanned through the options and selected Bimbo Brain. That sounded silly and fun to her.

Waiting a moment or two as the selection processed, Elly then went on to the next option. Physique selection it seemed had to do with the build of one's avatar. She could leave hers as it was or could enhance it through a number of different options, all of them fairly kinky but one definitely standing out more than the others.

Elly had always hated being rather flat chested. She had the inner mind of a bombshell and the face to match, but her body sometimes really bothered her. Why not, she thought. Why not just let loose? She knew from the moment she saw the Physique selection option

that she was definitely going to enhance herself, but until she saw the Curvy Cow option, Elly never even considered just how bored and horny she was.

There was something about having aspects of a simple dull cow that drove Elly wild. And yes, she did so love the thought of not just having tremendous tits, but having tits that liberally sprayed milk all over whenever she stimulated them. It was a fetish to be sure, but then Elly was finally feeling that everlasting boredom dwindle as she played around with SINtendo Whee.

Curvy Cow selected, Elly moved on to the final option. This one seemed to be similar to roleplaying games that allowed one to select which skill set they wanted for their character. By this point though, Elly simply didn't care. She was too amped up looking at herself onscreen, imagining if all these selections were really for her. Her thighs were spread, one hand buried as she struggled to shakily move the mouse with her other hand.

Hardly even paying attention to what skills she was selecting, Elly clicked on Whore for her Skill selection. She almost came as she thought of herself as some lactating curvy bimbo whoring it up all over town. She thrust eager fingers into herself looking at the avatar creation screen.

Elly hardly even noticed the question appear on her monitor, the one that said Permanent Avatar Creation and had a question mark at the end. By this point, Elly was no longer as bored, her horniness driving her over the top. She was desperate to just get to the real action, so she clicked the mouse until something new appeared over top of the question.

Confirmed, Elly read, her mind seeming somehow momentarily frozen.

She stopped thrusting fingers between her thighs. She stopped her frantic wiggling in her chair. She stopped everything as that one word

resonated in her head and quite suddenly everything began to blur around her.

Elly was aware of the sensations she felt. She was fully aware of her tits swelling until her top exploded right off her. She was completely aware of her hips swelling, her curves becoming more than mere subtle slopes. She was absolutely aware of the sudden burst of fluid spraying from her nipples, pouring in little streams all over the floor. And of course she was aware of just how muffled her usual intelligence seemed to be as all these things happened.

Somewhere in a distant portion of Elly's quite vapid little brain, she felt like this wasn't right, as though this wasn't what she had really wanted, that she had only been bored and horny, but not this bored and horny. She let the memories fade from her mind. She let the thoughts of posting that simple seven word response on Mr. Kreme's website fade away as she suddenly lost the ability to even count to seven.

And then, as everything seemed to be resolving, the blur clearing around her, Elly felt the final bit of her inner self changing. She felt her innate skills rearranging themselves and suddenly she couldn't do much more than smile. She knew she'd never be bored again. She knew that as much as she knew that clothes weren't going to be needed for what she had in mind all of a sudden.

Why hadn't she thought of this earlier? Why hadn't she thought of this when flipping through channels, when surfing the net? What Elly really needed to cure her boredom forever was really quite simple, just like she was. All she needed was to go out and just start fucking.

And so that is exactly what Elly did, leaving behind her computer, leaving behind her new SINtendo Whee online trial, and simply wandering around stripped bare and leaking gallons of milk until a helpful man asked if she was okay.

Elly knew as that man shortly thereafter slammed his cock into her from behind that everything was okay now. As long as she was a milky cow of a whore, everything would always be okay. Summer would be quite fulfilling and of course, Elly would never be bored again.

**The End**

## **Whee Hear and Obey**

**by Kris P. Kreme**

Jeff leaned on the counter at the front of the second-hand store. He watched his kids browse the aisles of junk and wondered what his wife Tammy would find this time. Every month she insisted on stopping by this place to see what new arrivals they might have. Time and time again he'd explained to his wife that new arrivals weren't necessarily new in any sense of the word. In fact most of the time they seemed to be completely useless junk.

"Hey, give that back."

Jeff looked over to his right where his son Nathan was currently bickering over something with his older sister.

"Whatever it is, put it down. We're not here to get anything but what your mother finds. You know how she likes the hunt."

Nathan let go of the old camera he'd been holding and Emily went stalking off in a fit. Jeff realized she'd gotten much better at the performance aspect of this since she turned nineteen. He watched his son smile and go off down an opposite aisle. For an eighteen year old who currently didn't own a car, Nathan was actually no more of a pain to deal with than his sister. He did what he could around the house and even acted polite for the most part in public.

Somehow, Jeff simply didn't enjoy the trips to this store. At least not anymore. It reminded him of how little money they really had as a family. Most families enjoyed the occasional trip to Walmart or something. Even that was too much for him. He had to head to the second-hand store downtown, also known as a junk store.

Tammy liked it, she always had, since they'd been dating. She was always the upbeat member of the family. And she always managed to find something interesting, even if it was a real piece of junk.

"Jeff, come back here, see what I found."

Glancing over at the man behind the counter, Jeff smiled. "Guess she found what she wanted."

Together, he and the man made their way through the crowded and dusty aisles to the back corner where Tammy stood looking up at the top shelf. She stood on her tip toes and Jeff couldn't help but admire his wife's legs. She knew how to dress to accentuate her figure, even for a simple trip to this store.

"What you see there honey?"

"Up on the top, is that a game system of some kind?" Tammy asked, pointing.

Jeff craned his neck back and looked where she was indicating. It was a strangely all black box, with the words partially covered in dust. He couldn't quite tell what it was so he turned to the owner of the store.

"Can you tell me about that item?" He asked.

The older man smiled and scratched his head. "Well, I don't know too terribly much about it. A man named Joe, comes in here occasionally, brought it in here about six or seven months ago. It's probably been moved a bit since then but generally kept hidden. It's not our usual wares and all. I think it's called a SINtendo Whee, something like that."

"A Whee?" Tammy asked. "Does that mean it has that motion sensitive stuff like that other game console?"

The man scratched his chin. "I reckon it might, just can't say for sure. As I recall Joe had two of the units, one he was giving to his nephew. He seemed eager to get rid of this one. As far as I know everything is there, all the manuals and even a game or two."

Tammy smiled and turned to Jeff. "Can we honey? Come on, it'll be fun. You know we've been talking about doing things as a family more. Maybe it even has a game we can all play together."

Jeff shrugged and leaned in next to his wife. "Sure honey, why not?"

As the older man fished down the box and took it to the front, Jeff called the kids back to the register. When Nathan and Emily stopped bickering over whatever minor disagreement they were now involved in, Tammy showed them what she found.

"Look kids, a SINtendo Whee. It's a video game system, you know just like those expensive ones. Only this one is probably even cooler. It's like a collector's item."

Paying the man the petty amount of cash he'd asked for, Jeff grinned at his wife's enthusiasm. She was always excited with whatever she found in this store. If she was happy, he was happy.

Nathan and Emily studied the box. He looked more interested than she did but both seemed genuinely curious about what this thing did, what kind of games it had.

"When we get home, I want us all to try getting along. Let's see if we can't set this thing up and play a nice game to make the weekend a little better, okay?" Tammy asked.

"Cool." Nathan said. His sister simply mumbled a "whatever" and Jeff laughed a little.

Whatever it took, he thought. He knew he'd get his reward for the trip later tonight. His wife was always a bit more appreciative after her monthly shopping expedition to the second-hand store. As he walked out the door, he made sure to enjoy his wife's lovely figure in the sunshine outside. She was still as gorgeous as the day he married her, more so in ways.

\* \* \*

"Kids, come on downstairs. Your father has the SINtendo set up, and I found us a game we can all play."

Emily came breezing into the room, her clothing already changed from their shopping trip. Jeff looked up with annoyance. The girl always wanted to dress like she was now, short skirt too far above the knees, and small little tank top. He looked back at the wiring he was checking behind the TV set. He was thankful he managed to control what she wore in public at least. People would get the wrong impression about the girl if they saw her like she was now.

"What'd you find mom?" Nathan asked, coming from the kitchen.

As Jeff stood from the small boxy looking device he'd set up, he studied his wife and kids. "All set to go, tell us about this game Tammy."

"It's called Whee Hear and Obey, it's like Simon Says. According to these instructions the game system should recognize our movements. We all simply follow the commands and if it doesn't say SINtendo Says, we don't do it."

Tammy was excited to see her family's reaction. The kids seemed less than thrilled.

"That's it? Seems kind of like a little kid game." Nathan said.

"Come on, it'll be fun." Tammy answered. She pulled Nathan up against her side. "Just play it once, if it isn't fun, I'll never ask again."

Jeff took the game disc from his wife and smiled. This was her day, if she wanted to play Simon Says on some crazy-looking knock-off game system, who was he to argue?

"All right, I'll play." Nathan groaned. He didn't seem nearly as unwilling to play as he sounded. In fact, Jeff thought he actually saw some enthusiasm from both kids. He had to admit the game system was unique looking, even if the instructions were rather difficult to make out. Almost everything was in Japanese. Luckily the setup had a button on the back of the unit he could flip for English. At least he'd be able to understand the system on screen.

"Let's get this game started." Tammy said. She nodded at Jeff and he flipped the power switch, making sure the television was on the right channel.

"WELCOME TO SINTENDO WHEE, the most advanced AI gaming system on the planet!"

The voice filled the room. Jeff reached for the remote and adjusted the volume down a little.

"Please select options." The voice announced.

Jeff and Tammy stood there reading the screen. On a background of mostly floating and drifting colors, several highlighted words popped up.

"Instructions, Set Up, Load Game." Tammy read them out loud and then turned to the kids and her husband. "You all understood the basic instructions right?"

Nathan rolled his eyes. "Really mom, I think a baby understands the rules of Simon Says, oh I'm sorry, I meant SINtendo Says."

Emily simply nodded.

"Set Up it is then." Tammy said, pressing the start button on her controller.

The screen shifted and the set up option flew towards them. "Welcome to Whee Hear and Obey, a fun-filled game of following commands. This game is intended for mature players age 21 and older. Please press start button to confirm set up."

"21, maybe we should look at those instructions again honey." Jeff said.

"That's probably some disclaimer that the system is for operators 21 or older. Why would Simon Says be an adults-only type of game?" Tammy assured him.

"If you're sure." He replied. Jeff tried to tell himself there wasn't anything to be concerned over. She was probably right. Still, the warning on the screen didn't appear open to interpretation.

Pressing the start button, all four family members were shocked to see two tiny green laser beams shoot out from the sides of the black box. They swept up and down the walls and floors of the room, scanning everyone and everything in sight.

"Wow, this is so cool." Nathan said. Jeff had to admit, being a gadget lover, it was pretty damn cool.

As a progress bar on the screen began to fill, the voice announced. "Scanning players and location, please wait."

They all watched the green beams crisscross over their bodies. It was quite impressive, especially for anything from the junk store. As the beams suddenly vanished and the box hummed to life again, Jeff watched the screen anxiously.

"Preparing players for Whee Hear and Obey, please wait."

Jeff felt a slight tingling that ran up and down his spine. It wasn't unpleasant but very strange, almost pleasurable in a way. He looked over at the others. Apparently all of them were feeling this way. He noticed his wife and daughter had their eyes closed.

"Preparation complete. Players detected, Jeff, Tammy, Nathan, Emily. Is this correct?"

"Holy fuck." Jeff said, suddenly realizing he was in front of the kids. He clamped his fist over his mouth. "Sorry, but damn, the thing knows our names."

"This is so cool mom." Nathan said.

Tammy beamed with pride at her purchase. It was quite the find, she had to admit. Pressing the start button, she confirmed the players.

"Please select partners." The game announced.

"Partners?" Jeff asked.

"Yeah the instructions said we'd need to pair up into twos to play this game. If either one on a team fails to follow a command correctly it affects the whole team. I think it makes it a bit more of a challenge." Tammy answered.

"Huh... well how about you and me?" He said, looking at his wife.

Tammy frowned a little. "This is a family game, I want us spending some quality time with the kids. Besides, I'm choosing Nathan. He's the resident gamer here. I bet the two of us can kick your butts."

Nathan high-fived his mom and stood up next to her. Jeff looked over at Emily.

"Well, what do ya say pumpkin, you think we can take em?"

The girl smiled and tried to actually hide that she enjoyed the idea of putting her brother in his place. She stood and stepped up next to her father.

"Teams have been selected, please wait for first command."

On the screen, two bars appeared. The bars were balanced on a central pyramid like a seesaw. Above each of the two bars was

written two sets of names. Tammy and Nathan on one side, Jeff and Emily on the other.

"Amazing." Jeff said. He was actually impressed with his wife's find this time. Usually she made a decent buy for the money, but nothing quite like this. He could see a game system like this costing ten times what he'd paid for it. Maybe there was more to the second-hand store than he gave them credit for.

"SINtendo Says raise your arms."

All four family members raised their arms. "This is easy." Nathan commented.

"SINtendo Says lower your arms."

All four lowered their arms.

"SINtendo Says spread your legs."

Everyone spread their feet wider. Jeff tried not to notice that his daughter's skirt raised up even higher when she did this. Her legs were so exposed like this. He glanced over at his wife, trying to indicate his disapproval.

"Put your legs together."

Emily and Tammy put their legs together.

A buzzer sounded. "SINtendo didn't say. Both teams have received penalties."

On the screen, the two bars balanced on one side more than the other so the individual seesaws tilted. Simultaneously, Emily and Tammy let out little moans.

Jeff looked at both of them with concern. His daughter seemed to be clutching her sides and his wife appeared to bite her tongue. "What is it, are you okay?"

Tammy looked over at Nathan first, then up to her husband. "Fine, ohhh... better than fine."

Jeff looked at the woman puzzled. Then he caught his daughter staring up at him out of the corner of his eye. The teenager looked focused and intense. She gripped her hips and spread her legs back so that she was in the correct position. "I'm fine daddy, really fine." She whispered.

"SINtendo Says lift your shirt."

Immediately Tammy and Emily lifted their shirts. Jeff and Nathan paused. "What the hell? That's not normal for this game." Jeff said.

A loud buzzer sounded and the game voice returned. "Command not followed. Both teams have received penalties."

The visual seesaws on the screen tilted and Jeff felt a jolt travel through his body. It felt like a mixture of static electricity and a chill. He straightened up and suddenly found himself just the least bit aroused. He couldn't think of any other way to describe it. It simply felt like arousal. He glanced over at Tammy, currently baring her bra-clad tits to the entire room. As he grinned and gave a slightly drunken kiss in her direction, he suddenly looked down next to him. Wow, did Emily have nice tits or what? He shook his head, shutting the thought out of his mind. Why did he just think something like that?

Nathan had felt the same thing and now stared over at his mother's breasts. He didn't care what he was thinking. They were tits and his teenage brain loved a good view of tits. Both he and his father raised their shirts and stood there waiting for the game to continue.

"SINtendo says remove your shirts."

All four family members removed their shirts. The women now stood in just their skirts and bras. The men were naked from the waist up.

Jeff tried to fight the haze in his brain. This was supposed to be more embarrassing wasn't it?

"SINtendo Says look at your partner."

Jeff turned to face his daughter. Nathan turned to face his mother. The embarrassment was now building steadily. Jeff couldn't help looking at Emily's breasts. They were large, much larger than most girls her age. They were also barely contained in the lacy bra. Her short skirt didn't do much for his focus either.

"Look away from your partner."

Jeff didn't even think. He just did it. Suddenly he knew he'd done wrong. The buzzer made that all too clear.

"SINtendo didn't say. One team has received a penalty."

Jeff watched the balance on their seesaw shift as some words began to show through, one word at each end of the seesaw. He couldn't quite make them out and even if he tried, the surge of tingling that filled his body ended all his thoughts of doing so.

Suddenly Jeff was all-too aware of the erection straining his pants. He was aroused. It was clear this time. He wanted to get off. Looking back at Emily and taking the correct position, Jeff wondered what his baby girl's nipples looked like. He found himself wanting to feel her up. The thoughts simultaneously disturbed him and turned him on. He tried to pay attention to the game. His team was now behind. He had ground to make up.

"SINtendo Says men grab your partner's breasts."

Jeff didn't even think this time. He reached right out and cupped Emily's tits right in both hands. He hefted their weight and squeezed lightly, watching her shock turn to pleasure as he felt the nipples stiffen.

"Huh?" Nathan said, not wanting to move his hands. The boy hardly even paid attention to the buzzer as he heard a slight moan from behind him. Glancing over, he saw his dad feeling up his sister. It was such a strange sight and yet it turned him on a little. He looked back at the screen.

"Command not followed. One team has received a penalty."

The seesaw adjusted for Nathan and Tammy, tilting in one direction even more as some blurry words appeared on their side of the screen. Nathan gasped and grabbed at his crotch as he felt a sudden sharp tingle in his spine. He was used to uncomfortable and unwanted arousal at his age but this was something entirely new. His cock had never felt this hard in his young life. He closed his eyes and grunted as his mind ran through all kinds of dirty thoughts.

Opening his eyes and looking around, Nathan grinned at his father who still had both hands full of teenage tit. He was palming them slowly, really taking advantage of the young girl. Turning to his mother, Nathan bit his lip and reached out, placing both hands quietly on her breasts. They were so soft he immediately sank his fingers into the flesh, groping them as he'd always wanted to do to any number of girls at school.

Tammy moaned and leaned in towards her son. She stood on unsteady legs and waited for more orders.

"SINtendo says release your partners breasts."

Both Jeff and Nathan let go, neither looking thrilled to do so.

"SINtendo says women remove your bras."

Suddenly both Tammy and Emily seemed shaken from the inappropriate arousal and the daughter looked to her mother confused. "What?" Emily said, crossing both arms protectively across her chest.

The buzzer cut off any reply and the game voice returned. "Command not followed. Both teams have received a penalty."

There was a wave of dizziness and arousal that struck into each family member this time. Jeff felt his knees go weak and looked over as Emily clenched her thighs tightly together. Again, he found his eyes wandering over her short skirt and the silky smooth pale skin she showed as she quivered on wobbly legs. He wanted to rip that skirt off her, to see what was underneath. He looked up in time to see Emily grab her bra and practically tear it off. The teenage breasts that settled before him were the finest he'd seen in years. Little pink nipples completely engorged and ready for what he had in mind. He no longer saw the girl as his daughter. She was his partner and he liked looking at his partner this way.

Nathan was now proud of his erection. He studied his mother's breasts. They were quite a nice size compared to most girls he knew. Looking back at his sister, he noticed hers were even bigger, but something about Tammy's were much more alluring to him. He couldn't take his eyes off them, the wide dark nipples, the tiniest bit of sag to them. They were incredible.

Jeff noticed his son eyeballing Tammy and surprisingly felt nothing. He didn't care that Nathan was staring at his mom. He only cared about the cute little honey in front of him. Glancing back to the screen, Jeff was finally able to read one of the words. The word on the end of both seesaws that was currently being weighted down said 'Lust'. The other word wasn't quite so easily seen just yet.

The voice from the game interrupted many happy and horny thoughts.

"SINtendo Says men drop your pants, women lift your skirts."

Jeff and Nathan quickly undid their belts and let their pants fall to the floor. They stood there with proud erections jutting out at their partners as Tammy and Emily each lifted up the front of their skirt.

"Fuck." Jeff said. He stared at the tiny pink panties his daughter was wearing. When had she filled out like this? Her hips were so flared, her waist tiny, that indication of arousal so blatant on her panties. He wanted to knock her to the ground. It was so tempting.

Nathan's voice caught in his throat as he stared at his mother. He didn't even blink until the game spoke.

"Lower your skirt."

Emily and Tammy each lowered their skirt, neither one paying much attention to the command they were given. Emily almost caught herself but it was too late. The buzzer had already sounded.

"SINtendo didn't say. Both teams have received penalties."

Through the intense arousal and pumping hormones that followed, Jeff tried to read the word on the screen, the one opposite where their seesaws were heading. It became slightly clearer but not enough to make much of it. Instead, he turned and looked at Emily, now holding her skirt so high her hands brushed against her tits. He watched them jiggle slightly and felt the muscles contracting in his thighs. He wanted to attack the girl, to dominate her like an animal. It was so hard to control himself, but he had to wait for commands. The game was still tied.

"SINtendo Says, remove your undergarments."

Jeff and Nathan slipped their boxers off, leaving them completely naked. The girls slid their panties off, letting their skirts fall back loosely over their exposed pussies. All eyes were on each other. Emily stared down at her father's erection. It was so large, her eyes widened and her breath quickened. She imagined doing all kinds of things to that thick member. Her mind felt so out of control as some distant part of her tried to reason through this.

Tammy, likewise, was enthralled with her son's cock. It was impressive for a boy his age. She imagined the energy of a horny

teenager. She pictured him using that energy to take her and do as he pleased. It was nearly too much to take as she felt her knees nearly buckle in pleasure.

"SINtendo Says, women drop to hands and knees."

Hardly even thinking, Tammy and her daughter dropped to their hands and knees. Jeff stared with depraved desire at his daughter positioned doggy style on the floor before him. His cock rose at least another half-inch just thinking about what he wanted to happen. He watched her breathing raise and lower the back of her skirt. She was revealing just the barest hints of her exposed backside to his hungry eyes. He looked over at his wife and noticed the curvy figure he'd looked forward to experiencing later tonight. Now, his son was studying the woman the same way.

"Oh fuck I want you." Nathan said, his voice strained and barely controlled.

Tammy moaned a little as she looked back at her son's dick.

The tension in the room was thick and Jeff knew somehow what order was coming next.

"SINtendo Says fuck your partners."

Neither Nathan nor his father moved. They both wanted it and their cocks practically begged for it. But the part of their minds deep down inside, past all the tingling and chilled shocks they'd received, made them hesitate just a little too long. The buzzer sounded.

"Commands not followed. Both teams have received penalties."

This time Emily and Tammy cried out in pure orgasm as the sensations rippled down their cores. Both women felt their cunts twitch in anticipation and Emily nearly fell on her face as her arms grew suddenly weak.

Jeff felt his cock grow harder and his mind grow cloudier. The lust took over every other part of his brain. He looked over at the screen. The seesaws were now fully tilted in one direction. The lust was in charge now. The opposite side word had finally become clear. It said 'Morals'. Looking down at his daughter, Jeff knew just what it meant. Their lust had been amped up equally to their morals being turned down. He didn't care that the girl he was looking at was his own baby girl. He saw her as a nineteen year old slut. A girl he wanted to fuck into submission and feel riding his cock.

Each man dropped behind their partners and moved in tight, pressing their erections up under the ladies' skirts. Jeff cared little for what his son was doing. He only focused on Emily. Her beautiful body, her long shiny hair, the legs now trembling with anticipation, it all was simply too much to ignore. Grabbing her skirt he flipped it over her back and pressed his cock right into the lips of her cunt. She moaned and shook as he began cramming the entire length slowly inside the girl. Only when his belly was pressed against her ass, did Jeff even take note of the fact his son was doing the exact same thing.

"OHHHH.... OH yessss!" Tammy cried out. Her pussy felt so full as Nathan crammed his cock inside her from behind. The boy was taking things much quicker than his father as he began pummeling his mother like the crazed, horny teen he was.

Jeff took a cue from his son. He aimed to win this game. Grabbing Emily's hips, Jeff began lunging back and forth, in and out, thrusting harder and harder. He built up the pace, fucking his daughter like a complete whore. He listened to her weak cries of passion as she shook, her ass bouncing into his crotch while he pawed at her tight young body.

Nathan grabbed his mother tightly and pounded her as hard as he could. He never once thought of who this was. He only saw a hot older woman ready to be truly fucked. His hands slipped round to her front, grabbing her around the waist as he drove inside her.

"OHHH... Oh daddy, OH yes daddy!" Emily screamed.

Jeff grabbed his daughters dangling tits and crushed them back towards him, pulling her slightly up off the floor as he fucked into her faster. He felt his cock entering her womb, going deeper than hopefully any boy in her life. He leaned in over her and grunted. His energy was beginning to wane. This was more of a workout than he'd expected and he never once imagined how tired he'd already have gotten just waiting to fuck this beauty. Actually doing so was quickly taking a toll.

"OHHH... Oh yes, Nathan , yes, fuck mommy, come on fuck me!" Tammy cried out. She shook her head, throwing her hair forward into her face as her son used her body for his pleasure. She cared little who he was, but somehow knowing he was her partner made things that much more intense.

The action on the living room floor was quickly escalating beyond control when the video game voice returned.

"Pull Out."

Jeff kept right on pumping, driving his cock deep into the slutty teenager with the succulent tits he was mock-milking beneath her. He looked over and watched Nathan fall for the trick. Nathan pulled out and began shooting ropes of semen all over his mother's ass. It ran freely down to her thighs as she moaned and fell forward on the carpet.

Smiling, Jeff realized he'd beaten the boy. He knew what he was supposed to do and it most certainly wasn't pull out. The game announced it right as he thought it.

"SINtendo didn't say. Nathan, your team has lost this round."

Tammy looked weakly past her son at her husband. Both watched as Jeff kept right on screwing Emily on the living room carpet. Jeff grinned and grit his teeth as he felt the pressure building deep

inside. He slammed his cock all the way inside his daughter, the tip of it reaching the back of her womb. Grabbing her tits tightly, he lifted her off the carpet a little and pressed her back into his chest, keeping his dick firmly embedded where he needed it to be in order to win.

"Oh yes, Oh daddy, oh wow, ohhh!" Emily moaned.

Sperm rocketed from Jeff's cock, coating the inside of his daughter in boiling white seed. He kept right on pumping, pressing his erupting cock even deeper than he felt possible. He felt her twitch and shake in orgasm as she went suddenly silent. Finally, he felt the last of his cum spray into her depths. Pulling back, he watched his member slip free and several trails of semen leak back out and drip to the carpet.

Emily slid down to the floor, laying weakly on her side as her father grabbed her tits and massaged them gently. Jeff looked down with pride at the partner he'd just filled with cum. He won the round. He'd beaten the family gamer and Nathan clearly wasn't happy with that.

"Ha, I won. I totally won." Jeff said. He smiled and nodded at his son and wife. "But damned if you two aren't tough competition."

"Honey, you did great." Tammy said. She slid her hand over and grabbed her son's limp cock.

"Daddy... you... were... amazing." Emily said, breathing heavily. "I've never felt a cock so far inside me."

The game voice interrupted all of them.

"Please press start when ready for Round 2."

Jeff looked at his wife and grinned. His mind felt totally lacking in moral or ethical behavior. He felt the lust returning with a vengeance and he knew his family felt the same way.

"Honey, I've gotta say. You definitely found a winner this time at the second-hand store."

Tammy smiled, blushing a little as Nathan had begun groping away and leaning over to suck on her tits. "I do try honey. And I really think this is bringing our family much closer, don't you kids think so?"

Emily rolled over on her back, letting her father have easier access to her tits. She felt the trickle of semen leak from her stretched pussy. "Oh yeah mom, so much closer."

Jeff leaned in to kiss the girl, one hand find its way to her cunt. He no longer cared what his daughter wore out in public. Looking at her with focused eyes, he only intended to spend more time with her undressed and on her back at home.

As her son practically inhaled one of her breasts, Tammy reached behind her and grabbed the controller she'd dropped. "Round 2, here we go."

**The End**

## **About Kris P. Kreme:**

Kris P. Kreme is an author of online erotica, having written hundreds of stories in every theme imaginable for the past ten years. His work, like his name, is fresh and hot daily, leaving readers often glazed to their seats with what twist and turn the tale will take next. Comedic stories or tales of horror, you will find something of all genres to appeal to every possible mood or kink.

Kris is most famously known not just for mind control erotica, but breast expansion, bimbo-creating, slut-making, and even giantess tales and comics. Whether you are wanting a simple story of overwhelming seduction of innocence or a tale with legend and myth, where everything from demons, leprechauns, or even the Easter Bunny make an appearance, you can find a bit of everything served up from Kris P. Kreme.

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