

Mod Life Mobile 2



Samantha was just like any other college student, she was currently studying for her exam in her dorm room, trying her best to cram before an exam the next day. She was a pretty young woman with brown hair and brown eyes. Her figure was relatively mundane, she had D-cup breasts and not much of a figure to speak of. She stopped studying when her phone made a noise she had not heard before. She paused her music and unlocked her phone; the notification was from an app called Mod Life Mobile. Samantha frowned, curiosity skewing her face because she did not remember downloading an app by that name. She clicked on it and was met by a fanfare of music and lights, with these words sprawled across the screen:

Welcome to Mod Life Mobile! Please enter your name!

Samantha typed her name in and hit enter, the screen flashed a few times and then read:

Please wait while we finish setting up!

Samantha waited while the app finished whatever it was doing and then clicked on the *Play* tab that appeared mid-screen. An image of a woman that looked somewhat like her stood in the corner of the screen, on a closer look, it seemed to resemble her slightly. The figure had messy brown hair, tied up in a ponytail like her current style and medium-sized boobs that matched Samantha's own, followed by a squarish torso that flared out ever so slightly to her hips.

"How does it know what I look like?" she said out loud, wondering how it got her proportions down so well.

She clicked the play button and a menu of different games loaded. Samantha scrolled through them, perusing the available games, and saw they were all rather simple, based on matching and memorization. She picked one that required her to match three fruits in a row to make them disappear, earning 10 points. Getting four fruits in a row earned 15. The goal was to get 200 points before the time ran out.

She pressed start and the game began, she was only given one minute to play. Samantha played as fast as she could, earning 75 points in the first 15 seconds. By the time she had 20 seconds left, she had scored 205 points and won with ease.

The screen flashed again and said:

Congratulations on winning! You have earned 20 points for winning and an additional 10 for playing your first game!

Samantha cheered silently, happy that she earned points even if she didn't know what the hell this game was or how it got on her phone. She looked for another game just to have an excuse to stop studying, picking a game where she had to slide a basket back and forth and catch falling fruit. She started great but eventually, she started missing fruit, after the first one got past her, she saw the number 9 appear at the top of the screen. Samantha missed another fruit and the number dropped to 8, she continued playing and could tell she was going to lose as the fruit dropped faster and in larger numbers. As the timer hit 15 seconds she let the last fruit slip past, losing the game.

Samantha was bummed that she had lost but it was no big deal, she was about to put the phone down and start studying again when she saw a message on the screen.

Uh oh! Looks like you lost, Time to pick your punishment!

She picked her phone back up and hit the button that said, '*List of Punishments.*' What kind of punishments would she receive in a game? Would they take her points away or prevent her from playing? The list of punishments appeared on the screen and she tilted her head as she read them, wondering what they could mean.

Option 1: Short Stack

Option 2: Mood Boobs

Option 3: Low Expectations

Samantha stared at her phone as she read the list, she wasn't sure what they all meant, besides the semi-sexual connotation to some of them. She picked one at random, planning on deleting the stupid app as soon as she was done.

Chapter 2

Samantha pondered her options; she wasn't sure what they meant or how they would impact the game so she clicked on *Mood Boobs* since the name made her laugh. The screen was showered with confetti as the game processed her choice, the small figurine of her in the corner appeared on the center of her screen. Samantha watched the mini version of her cup its small boobs, which

expanded as she frowned, causing it to bend over from the increased weight. The figure's boobs shrank when she smiled, allowing her to stand up straight, but the boobs stayed larger than they originally were.

She went back to the game menu and ignored the animation that played, not knowing what the perverted thing meant. She was well aware that she should be studying but elected to procrastinate anyway. As Samantha scrolled, she noticed that most of the games were oriented around fruit. The next game she picked was somewhat harder, she would have to sort fruit into the proper basket. The game provided her with only three errors before she would lose and she had to get fifty fruit in the right basket in under a minute.

Samantha pressed the start button and the timer began counting down, she took a deep breath as the game started. She was careful to sort the fruit into the right basket, doing her best to not spend too long on any one fruit. Samantha was doing good and finished with 20 seconds to spare and only got one fruit in the wrong basket, which happened when her finger slipped, and she swiped in the wrong direction.

She cheered as she received another 20 points for winning, this time the game prompted her to spend her points in the in-game shop. She navigated to the shop and perused the options. She saw that she could apparently undo changes, not only that but she could also customize her avatar with physical changes and mental changes. Out of curiosity, she clicked on the mental changes tab, wondering how mental changes could affect her in-game avatar. Samantha giggled when she saw that she could make her avatar more confident, change its libido, and change its sexuality.

How would these changes affect the game? she thought to herself, chalking it up to a cash grab for in-app purchases. Samantha switched over to the physical changes tab and laughed out loud.

This menu was much more fun than the last, she could change almost every aspect of her avatar. If she wanted, she could spend 20 points to increase her bra size by one cup or give her some junk in the trunk. Samantha looked at the avatar and thought it would look cute if she had a slimmer waist, a criticism she had of herself. She highlighted that part of the avatar and a slider popped up on the screen, she dragged it down a couple of notches and watched as the avatar's stomach lost any excess pudge and gained a slight hourglass figure. Samantha laughed to herself as she slid it in the other direction, the avatar lost its hourglass appearance and instead widened out which looked terribly disproportionate to her other figures.

Samantha slid back to where she first adjusted it and hit the buy button, the 20 points left her account and she watched as the avatar's waist cinched in and her hands began to feel herself up. Just a few moments after her avatar finished its animation, she felt a small cramp shoot across her stomach. Samantha clutched her hand to her side and tried to rub the cramp away but it persisted. As her hand rubbed her stomach, she felt something odd, she could almost swear that her waist felt different. She jumped out of bed and went to her bathroom so she could look in the mirror, as she lifted her shirt, her jaw dropped.



“Holy shit, did my waist shrink??” She said out loud to the empty room.

Samantha put her hands on her thin waist her eyes went wide as the reality of the game set in; whatever changes occurred in the game would change her in real life. This revelation was exciting to her because if she kept earning points then she could fix any of her insecurities and improve herself in ways she had never thought. She wasn't aware of it but as she thought about the changes she could undergo, the hornier she was getting. As Samantha went back to her bed she adjusted her bra; *Damn, why is this so uncomfortable.* She thought to herself.

Sam reached up under her shirt and removed her bra without taking off her top, taking a deep breath as she appreciated the relief. *Well, if I need easy points, I can just replay that last game!* She thought.

She went back to the game menu and found the game she had just played, *Okay easy points* she thought as she clicked play. It wasn't until the game started that she saw her mistake, the timer was cut down to 30 seconds instead of a minute. Samantha felt herself grow hot from anxiety as she tried her best to rush through the game and beat her high score. Unfortunately for her, she messed up three times while she tried to win and the screen flashed '*Game Over*' in bold letters.

Samantha threw her phone down on the bed, mad that she didn't get more points and letting her competitive nature get the best of her. As soon as her phone bounced off the mattress she felt a tightness in her chest, at first it was insignificant but it quickly became obvious that something wasn't right. The tightness was similar to the pain she felt when her waist shrunk but this time she felt like she was stretching, not shrinking. Her hands flew to her chest and cupped her boobs in her hands, the soft tissue seemed to be moving, undeniably growing out against her hands.



“what the hell is happening?” She said out loud as her boobs kept growing, comparable to two softballs sitting proudly on her chest. Sam cupped her breasts as they expanded even further and she felt the increased weight begin to strain her back, they had only been growing for a couple of seconds but they were already twice as big. She reached for her phone, knowing that the game was the cause of it. Samantha unlocked it and scrolled through, looking for any kind of explanation as her boobs continued to swell. Her growing bust began to strain against her shirt, the words on the front were stretched and deformed while the bottom began to ride up making a makeshift crop top. She found a button on the game labeled *‘Punishment List’* and clicked on it, the only penalty listed was mood boobs.



Samantha realized she completely forgot about the original punishment, the description below it said that her boobs would grow if she became aroused or experienced negative emotions. *No wonder my bra got tighter when I got horny looking at myself in the mirror earlier*, she thought to herself. She had to keep holding her phone further from her body as her tits swelled even more, she tried to think happy thoughts as they reached the size of volleyballs, the firm orbs standing proud and perky on her chest. Samantha heard a seam in her shirt pop somewhere as it grew tight around her globes, but it didn't seem to slow down even though she was trying her best to be positive.

“Holy shit, this can't be real!” She said through labored breaths as her shirt began to tear.

RIIIIPPPP



Her shirt finally gave up and her jiggling tits escaped their confinement. The lack of support dragged her forward and she had to catch herself on the edge of the bed to prevent herself from falling off to the floor. Her swollen breasts seemed to finally stop growing, the giant orbs of fat were larger than her head and hung down to her belly button. Her swaying boobs were topped with pink, strawberry-sized nipples that were painfully stiff and pointed straightforward, defying gravity.

Samantha was hefted her new boobs, watching them as they jiggled in her hands. She grabbed her phone and clicked on the punishment, hoping for a more detailed explanation. As much as she enjoyed having big boobs, these were impractical and too much, none of her clothes could possibly fit and she didn't want the kind of attention they would bring. The punishment said that if she experienced arousal or negative emotions, her boobs would grow larger depending on how strong the feeling was. The only way to reverse it was to wait 24 hours or have an orgasm, both options would decrease her breast size by half.

She figured if she gave herself an orgasm, she would get very horny in the process and that would cause her boobs to grow too, so she decided to get enough points to remove the punishment before ballooning her tits to a completely uncanny size.

She had to rest her arms on top of her melons so her elbows weren't bent at an uncomfortable angle as she looked for another game to play. Sam found one that seemed easy, it had 16 cards in a square and all she had to do was tap them to flip them and match the fruit that was on the other side. She hit start and began playing, the game was deceptively difficult and by the time she got half of the cards correctly matched, she had only one error left before she lost. She concentrated as sweat began to accumulate on her forehead, she had to get four more matches without making a single mistake. Sam clicked on a card and it flipped over, showing a cherry. She had seen one earlier and clicked on the corresponding card, getting a match. She tapped another card and saw a slice of watermelon, she could have sworn she saw one earlier and tapped the card in the top right corner of the square. The card spun around and her heart sank as she saw an orange, taking her last error and causing her to lose the game.

She tried her best not to get upset, preventing her boobs from growing as the next list of punishments appeared.

Option 1: Eastern Entertainment

Option 2: Hips don't lie

Option 3: Commando

Sam tried to consider the options carefully but besides option 3, she had no clue what the options would give her.

Chapter 3

Player: Samantha

Total points: 30

Current punishments:

Mood boobs – Negative emotions or arousal will cause boobs to grow.

Samantha considered her options, of all three she thought *Hips Don't Lie* seemed the safest and would be the most manageable until she got enough points to remove it. She wasn't eager to go commando around campus and the *Eastern Entertainment* option made her spine shudder when she thought about the implications.

She pressed *Hips Don't Lie* and watched as her avatar dominated the screen, the lookalike turned around and showed its perky butt as it swelled. The avatar shook its butt and slapped her rear before it shrank back down to normal, and retreated to the corner of the screen.

Sam didn't feel any immediate changes as she inspected her body, worried that her butt was about to burst out of her clothes. Once she confirmed that she wasn't at risk of expanding, she navigated to the punishment list and found the new entry.

*Hips Don't Lie is all about the truth! For every lie you tell, your ass will grow exponentially. Telling the truth will shrink it, but too many lies can create a *Growing* issue.*

Have fun!

“Well, that's not too bad,” Sam said, “all I have to do is not lie? That's not too hard.”

Now that she knew her punishment, Sam started looking for more games she could easily win, she was only a couple of wins from getting her boobs back to a normal size and ridding herself of the mood boobs punishment.

Before Samantha could click on the next game, her screen blurred as a call came in from her friend.

“Hey, Sam! How's studying going?”

“Hey Rachel, it's certainly going.” She joked.

“Want to take a break and get something to eat at the dining hall?”

“Uhm.. I'm okay I'm a little preoccupied with studying,” Samantha said as she adjusted her enhanced bust inside the oversized hoodie she put on. Sam's eyes went wide as she felt her shorts grow tight; the denim clung tightly to her body as her hips ballooned outward. *Fuck, I didn't even realize I lied*, Sam thought to herself as she tried to pull her pants out of her crotch.

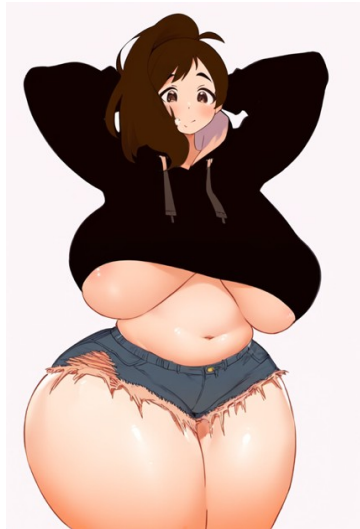
Rachel responded, “You've been studying all day, why not take a break and get a bite.”

“That’s okay, I’ve been feeling kind of sick,” Sam said as she tried to shimmy her shorts off, they were too small and incredibly uncomfortable, it was so unpleasant that she didn’t even notice she lied again. Her hips pushed outward and she stifled a moan as her rear outgrew her shorts and they began to split at the seams. She struggled to her feet and made her way to the mirror, her ass looked like a bubble butt and she had one of the most exaggerated hourglass silhouettes she had ever seen.

“I just haven’t been feeling super good,” Sam said to Rachel, trying to correct herself and she sighed with relief as her ass shrank. Her butt continued to shrink until it resembled two soccer balls stuffed in her pants before it stopped, her hips were still wider than usual but she was glad her shorts were no longer squeezing her so tightly.

“Please,” Rachel begged, oblivious to what was happening on the other end of the call, “There is soup in the dining hall you can sip on if that will make you feel better.”

“Fine, I’ll be there soon.” She says with no intention of going, she realized her mistake and moaned as her ass expanded faster than before. Her massive derriere shredded her shorts and the new weight caused her to grow unsteady and fall onto her butt. The insane amount of fat in her ass cushioned her fall, but it sent ripples of jiggling flesh across her hips, ass, and thighs, which also grew in proportion to her backside.

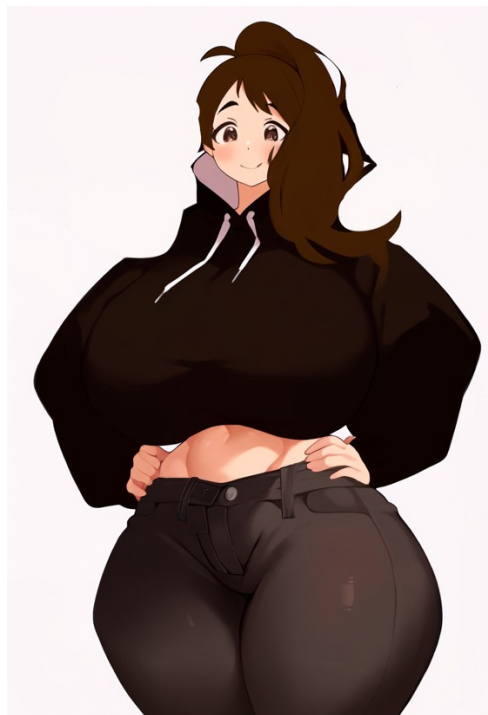


“Are you okay? What was that noise?” her friend asked.

“I’m fine,” she said which wasn’t a lie. Samantha looked down at herself and admired how her thin waist flared out to her disproportionately large hips. “I just fell. I’ll be there in a few minutes.” She said as she hung up, meaning it this time. Samantha sighed with relief as her hips and ass shrank back to the size of soccer balls, her ruined shorts lay on the ground as she got up.

Sam walked to her dresser to look for a new pair of pants, keenly aware of the way her hips swayed and her booty jiggled as she walked. She dug through the drawer until she found the biggest pair of sweatpants she owned. Slipping her legs into them, Sam could already tell that even these would barely contain her. She shimmied them up her jiggling thighs and worked them up to her hips, she bounced a few times to get the pants over her massive butt and let out a deep sigh when it finally fit.

She turned and admired her plump booty, her sweatpants clung tightly to her new rear which looked more like a BBL than a real ass. Even with her enhanced tits, she looked a little bottom-heavy but still maintained a dramatic hourglass figure. Sam hated how careful she had to be when she spoke and dreaded leaving her room to risk an incident in public, but she couldn't deny that her ass looked enticing.



She thought about how hot it would be for a guy to manhandle her, grabbing her ridiculously wide hips and bending her over and using them to hold her while he...

Her thoughts were cut off as she felt her hoodie getting tight, *Fuck I forgot that Mood Boobs makes them grow when I'm horny, don't get carried away*, Sam chastised herself. She didn't get too carried away so her boobs barely increased by a cup size, but she would need to find a way to reverse the growth soon.

Sam made her way out of her dorm room and out of the building, it was a short walk to the dining hall but it felt like miles. Every step made Samantha's boobs jiggle and bounce against her torso, slapping her stomach. She felt her ass swishing behind her as she walked and she could only imagine what it looked like as she rushed across campus.

She saw her friend waiting for her outside the doors to the cafeteria and slowed down, she tried not to worry what they would say about her new look. There was no chance Rachel didn't notice that she went from just an average girl to a bombshell of a woman overnight. As Sam got closer, Rachel lifted her head from her phone and saw her, she raised her hand over her head and gave her an enthusiastic wave.

"Hey Sam, how's it going?" Rachel asked.

Samantha was hesitant to respond, waiting for her to say something about her figure. "Just trying to study for that psych exam" She finally said.

"I feel that, are you feeling good enough to eat?" Her friend said out of concern as she opened the door.

"Yeah..." Sam said as she walked through the door. *Can she not see a difference? Maybe the game is more powerful than I thought.*

The food was set up in a buffet-style line. Rachel loaded her tray with some fries, chicken tenders, and veggies while Sam got a cup of soup to maintain the story she told Rachel earlier.

Sam led the way to a table that was tucked into a corner, it felt like everyone was watching her as she got her food and it was true, she was the hottest woman on campus by a long shot and every guy wanted a piece. Sitting at the tables was weird, her cushioned ass made her sit higher than usual and she had to sit further back so her breasts didn't rest on the table.

"How's your soup?" Rachel asked as they dug in.

"Better than I thought to be honest. So how's your boyfriend?" Sam asked, trying to change the conversation.

"Good, he went home for the weekend but he's coming back tomorrow."

Sam felt her phone vibrate in her pocket and took it out as Rachel continued talking about her boyfriend and the dates they had gone on. She had received a message from Mod Life Mobile and opened the app to read it.

Warning

If a player goes too long without playing, three random punishments will be applied!

Play in the next five minutes to prevent an idle penalty!

Shit, she thought, she couldn't play in front of Rachel and risk her seeing the game, so she had to think quickly. "Hey sorry to interrupt, but I think I need to use the restroom." She said as she stood up.

"Uh oh is your stomach bothering you?" Rachel asked.

"Something like that," Sam said as she rushed to the bathrooms, ignoring the feeling of her pants getting tight as she technically lied, and her rear grew in response.

She burst through the doors and slammed a stall open, turning sideways to fit her large rear into the stall. Sam leaned against the wall instead of sitting on the gross seat and opened the app, by her guess she had about two minutes left to play. She clicked on the first game that didn't look too hard and started playing.

She played a simple game of matching three fruits in a row, she had less time than she hoped but cheered when she won anyway. As she celebrated, she felt her boobs bouncing within the confines of her hoodie and heard a seam pop. *Shit, I need to get these girls back to a normal size right now. My shirt is not going to last!*

Samantha left the stall and peeked out of the bathroom, Rachel's back was to her so she snuck out of the bathroom and made a dash for the exit. Once she was out the door she texted Rachel. *Hey just a heads up, I need to take care of something and had to leave. Let's hang out soon!*

Samantha put her phone in her pocket and started thinking. She could either wait 24 hours for her boobs to shrink, risking them growing even larger in the meantime, or according to the game she could orgasm and they would go back to their normal size. The downside to that option is she had no clue how large they would get before she came since they grew when she was aroused.

She opened the door to her dorm building and bumped into someone walking the other way. She recognized him as Lucas the football team's starting quarterback, he was over six and a half feet tall and practically a solid wall of well-toned muscle. Lucas would have never looked at her, but now that she had been playing the Mod Life Mobile he knew who she was.

"Hey Sammy, where you going in such a hurry?"

"Sorry, just lost in thought." She said sheepishly, averting his gaze.

"You gonna finally let me come up to your room with you?"

Sam was taken aback by how direct he was, she hadn't had a conversation with him up until this point, but in this new reality, she must have been stringing him along. As off-putting as it was having him being so openly flirtatiously, she saw a solution to her situation in the way he looked her body up and down.

"You know what? Come with me Lucas, I have something to show you." She said as she led the way to her dorm.

Lucas followed like a lost puppy, his eyes never leaving her plump ass as she walked ahead of him. Sam unlocked the door and bumped it open with her hip, letting Lucas enter before her.

“So what did you want to show me?” He asked as Samantha shut the door behind them.

“I think you’re going to laugh but bear with me,” Sam said as she took a deep breath, “This is going to sound so strange but there’s this game that just appeared on my phone, and it’s been changing me anytime I lose.”

“Huh?” Lucas said, dumbfounded.

“I know it’s weird but if my boobs grow anytime I get aroused and they will only shrink if I have sex.”

Lucas stared at her for a couple of seconds until he finally said, “You know I would have sex with you, you don’t have to lie to get me to do it.”

“I’m not lying! Look!” She said as she pulled the game up on her phone.

“And that changes you?”

“Yes! I can prove it! If I win one more game I’ll have enough points to buy a change in the shop.” Sam opened the game menu and looked for another game she could win to prove her point.

Lucas waited as she tapped on her phone, he was hoping to get some action with the hottest chick on campus. He knew she was a bit of a nerd but he had no clue she was this weird, he was just hoping she would take her top off soon.

He jumped when Sam threw her phone on the bed and covered her face with her hands, muttering something.

“Are you okay?” he asked cautiously.

“I fucking lost again,” she said as she picked her phone back up, he couldn’t tell but it looked like her hoodie was splitting at the seams. “Now I have to pick another punishment.”

Lucas goes over to her and looks at her phone, the screen has a list of options and he laughs when he sees them. “What the hell do those even mean?” He asked as he read the options on the screen.

Bust for Brain

Command Zone

Handsy Handfuls

“That’s the thing! It doesn’t tell me what they do, I just have to pick one and guess what it means by the name.” She sounded distraught.

Lucas still wasn’t taking it seriously and snatched the phone out of her hand, Sam felt a panic rush over her.

“What are you doing?!?!?” Sam asked as he held the phone out of her reach.

“There’s no way a game can change you in real life, I don’t know why you are acting so weird but if you want to fuck we can just do it.”

“No! I have to pick one or the game will punish me!”

“Fine,” Lucas smirked, “I’ll pick for you.”

Chapter 4

Lucas held Samantha’s phone over her head as she tried to reach it, she tried jumping but her enhanced curves weighed her down more than she was used to. He was looking at the screen, contemplating what choice to pick when a notification appeared, it read:

Warning!

If you do not choose in the next 10 seconds, all three penalties will be applied.

Lucas smiled as he clicked the power button and locked the phone, “What are you doing,” Sam asked as he put the phone on a chair and sat on it.

“Let me pick! I need to hurry before-“ Samantha was cut off as her phone chimed. She immediately felt something shift in her mind, she wasn’t sure what it was but she was having a hard time thinking straight. She looked at the hunk of a man who smiled deviously at her, *what is he smiling about?* She thought.

“How are you feeling?” He asked her.

“Sam feels funny, why Sammie sound silly?” She said when her rising panic began to dissipate as even that took too much effort to think about, Her mouth hung open slightly.

“Wow looks like the game does work!” Lucas laughed.

“What do to me?” Sam asked as she felt drool dripping from her lip.

“It looks like *Bust For Brains* makes it so you lose more IQ points the bigger your boobs are.” He explained.

“Boobies make Sammie dumb?” she asked as she grabbed a handful of her boobs, playing with them and bouncing them on her palms. “My knockers are so big!”

“So you are very dumb,” Lucas said as he walked over and sat next to her, squeezing her large tit. Without even thinking, Sam reached over to Lucas and cupped the bulge in his pants, feeling it stir against her touch. She ran her fingers up and down his pants as she pressed herself up against him, her fat tit pressing into him.

“Why Sammie touching you?” she asked as her hand teased his waistband.

“The *Handsy Handful* punishment makes it so you grope anyone around you, and you’ll get even more inappropriate the longer it goes on.”

“mmmm” was all she managed to get out as she felt herself growing aroused by the stiff cock hidden behind his pants.

“*Command Zone* also makes you do whatever I say and doing it will make you feel good.”

“Feel good?” she asked as her hand teased his waistband and a finger slipped under it.

“Yes feel good, want to try it?” Lucas asked.

“Sammie want feel good,” she said as her hand slid into his pants, her fingers felt through his pubic hair until it reached the base of his cock.

“I want you to take off your top.” He commanded.

Samantha felt an uncontrollable urge to take her hoodie off so she removed her hand from his pants and yanked her shirt over her head, letting her huge boobs fall from her shirt and slap against her stomach. Her hand immediately went back to rubbing his cock.

“Get on your knees,” Lucas said, which she did without a second thought, not that she was capable of thinking very much. “Now take my pants off.”

Sam reached up and grabbed his waistband, tugging his shorts down his legs. His cock sprung free and slapped her chin which made her giggle, her pussy was now dripping wet and her panties were soaked through. As soon as his pants were off his legs she felt a jolt of pleasure strike her pussy and elicit a moan, it seemed like the more commands she followed in a row the better it felt.

“Sammie need cum,” She moaned as her pussy assaulted her with pleasure and made her already dull mind even more slow.

“That’s too bad,” Lucas said with a smirk, “because you are going to suck my cock.”

The command made Sam lean forward and unceremoniously put his dick into her mouth, bobbing her head gently up and down his shaft. She always had a gag reflex so she barely took more than a couple of inches into her mouth, but as soon as the tip passed her lips she felt a pleasant buzz settle into her pussy and drive her crazy with pleasure. It seemed that if the task took a long time to complete, it would give her constant sexual pleasure.



“You give terrible head, suck me like a pornstar,” Lucas demanded. Sam used to give okay head but now that her brain capacity was diminished, she barely had the capacity to do two things at once. Regardless, the new command woke something within her and she began working his shaft like an expert. Her mouth began to salivate so she spit on his dick and stroked it with her hand in a gentle twisting motion, she kept the tip in her mouth and bobbed up and down slightly while her tongue traced his cock head. Her other hand snuck between his legs and cupped his balls so she could gently rub them, coaxing the cum from them.

Following two commands at once was doing something crazy to Samantha, her pussy was so wet that a small puddle began forming beneath her as her soaked panties became saturated and dripped down her legs and onto the floor. She desperately wanted to cum but her reduced IQ prevented her from figuring out a way to follow his commands and satisfy him too.

She giggled as she took his cock from her mouth and said, “Your cock taste yummy,” before spitting on the shaft again, which was shiny with slobber. Sam began sucking on his balls, enjoying the way his heavy cock rested on her face. She licked from his balls up to his head, making eye contact with him as her tongue ran up his shaft.

Lucas’s moans began to reach a crescendo so Samantha leaned back slightly and began stroking his dick with enthusiasm, sticking her tongue out while she encouraged him, “Give me tasty

cum, give me cum on face and tongue,” Lucas grabbed the sheets as his hips bucked and his dick twitched, a thick rope of cum spurting out and coating Sam’s face. As soon as the first drop left his cock, Samantha let out a loud moan as she orgasmed harder than she ever had. Completing so many tasks finally pushed her over the edge and she convulsed as she continued to stroke him off, “Swallow it,” Lucas said.

Sam did as she was told and stuck her tongue out, each time a rope of his thick cum landed on her tongue she came. As the last drop dripped from his dick, she caught it on her tongue and collapsed to the ground, shaking from the multiple intense orgasms she just experienced.

Lucas lay on the bed and looked at the mess of a girl at his feet, her fat tits heaved with each deep breath but they seemed to be shrinking, unaware of the fact that an orgasm would cause her breasts to shrink to their original size. Her thick thighs and ass were coated in her pussy juices that puddled beneath her. Looking at the poor slut, he got an idea. Since the game changed her, maybe he could get created the ultimate slut and use her however he wanted. He picked up her phone which was still unlocked and began scrolling through the game.

Samantha saw him open the app and tried to sit up and stop him, but he reacted before she could. “Sit still and be quiet,” he said, which she did without complaint. She kneeled in the puddle of her cum while her pussy buzzed gently as she waited for him to release her.

Lucas finds the game screen and scrolls through, *so this is where you get points*, he thought to himself as he clicked on one. He decided to try playing one and unsurprisingly won with little difficulty, earning 20 points. Lucas played several more games and racked up 60 points in just a couple of minutes while Samantha sat patiently worried about what he was planning.

As he played and Samantha continued to follow his command, it began to cause her pleasure again. This time it was slower but it was still causing her to grow horny again, her boobs had reduced to a B cup but by the time he set the phone down her boobs had grown to DD and her mental capacity had just begun to noticeably drop.

Sam9



“I removed the mood boobs punishment,” Lucas said, “but I’m going to leave *Hips Don’t Lie*.” Samantha was still unable to speak since he had not given her a command. “For now, I am going to make a few adjustments with the remaining points-“

Lucas was cut off as the phone made a loud noise next to him, the screen read.

Cheating has been detected, others cannot play in the place of the Player.

Punishment will be administered.

“What the fuck does that mean?” Lucas said as he stood up, wondering what the game would do to Samantha. He fell silent though when he felt something shift inside of him. Lucas felt the world grow around him the bed got taller and the floor got closer, his jaw dropped when he realized he was shrinking. His once muscular frame began to thin out and his strong forearms became slightly chubby, his clear skin became riddled with pimples and his hair became greasy. His clothes were too large for him, and they fell off his hips, he cried out in protest as he saw his dick go from a generous seven inches to maybe three inches and too skinny to give any woman pleasure.

“What’s happening?” he called out as his abs were replaced with a shabby stomach that blocked his view of his unimpressive cock. “Help me!” he said to Samantha as he went from the campus’s hottest jock to someone even the geekiest nerd would mock.

His request for help freed Samantha from her pose but she made no move to help him, “Don’t leave!” he said as she watched his transformation finish and he ran to the bathroom to hide his shame. Samantha returned to her phone and clicked on the screen, dismissing the warning screen and looking for a game to play. She needed a couple of wins to remove the punishments and hopefully free herself from the changes.

She played an easy game and got a win, but as usual, she lost the next game. By now she was used to it and wiggled her fat hips into the chair to get comfortable as she waited for the punishments to load. Lucas must have heard her win because he came out of the bathroom, wiping tears from his eyes as he said, “Give me that,”

Samantha moaned as she got a jolt of pleasure when he yanked the phone from her hand, as he pondered the punishments he said, “The game never said I can’t pick punishments for you, and if I’m stuck like this, you’re going to be worse off.”

He read the Punishment list which said:

No Risk, High Reward

Save The Turtles

Obviously Oblivious

Chapter 5

Lucas sat for a few seconds and pondered his options, Samantha was unable to move as she followed his command to stay still. She had just orgasmed minutes ago but she could feel the pleasure radiating from her vagina as her obedience stimulated her. Finally, after waiting for what felt like ages Lucas selected an option.

“That should do,” Lucas said as he looked up at her.

“What should do?” she asked innocently.

“I chose your next punishment, is it already working.”

“What are you talking about?” Sam said.

A smile spread across Lucas’s pimpled face, the once fit jock couldn’t believe it worked. He had picked the option called Obviously Oblivious, thinking it would maybe make her dumb or unaware of changes. His guess was right and she was not only oblivious to the change but she also wasn’t even aware of the game, at least for the time being.

He was bummed that he could only pick one option but remembered seeing something in the games store. Lucas navigated back to it and smiled when he found what he was looking for. For just 30 points, he could purchase any punishments that were previously listed in the game,

He is worried about selecting it himself so he tells Sam, “Hey come here and click this button.”

She happily crawls over and presses the button labeled *No Risk, No Reward*. “What does that do?”

“Nothing,” the short and chubby man says, “don’t you love creampie?”

Sam thought for a second, she hadn’t really thought about it but he was right, for as long as she could remember she loved when men came in her pussy. The feeling of being filled and having a bare cock inside of her made her so happy, especially when it pumped all that warm cum into her.

“Yeah, I love it!” She said enthusiastically.

“What if I told you that you can’t get pregnant anymore?”

“Really?! So I can get cream pied as much as I want and there’s no risk?”

“Exactly,” He said as the Handsy Handful punishment kicked in and she cupped his much smaller bulge. The punishment was no longer a compulsion to her, it was simply something she *wanted* to do because she derived pleasure from teasing those around her and making them want to fuck her.

Samantha looked down at her hand as it rubbed his crotch, tracing his small cock print while she bit her lip, “Do you want to... cum in me?” She asked, jumping right to the point.

Every fiber of his being wanted to, but he was still mad that he had been reduced to a chubby nerd and wanted to make her life hell too. “Not right now,” he said, “Why don’t we go on a trip?”

“Where to?” Samantha asked as she jumped to her feet.

“I think we need to find you some new clothes, how about the mall?”

“oh... I don’t really like shopping.” She replied.

“Really? You always told me that you loved it.” Lucas said.

“That’s right! I love shopping!” Samantha said as Obviously Oblivious rewrote her memory.

At this point, the changes have made it so she doesn't understand the game anymore, with a single sentence he can rewrite her memory. On top of her ignorance, doing whatever Lucas said made her pussy tingle.

The two got dressed, Lucas's clothes still fit him but were a little baggy. Unfortunately, Samantha's clothes could barely contain her anymore, each jiggle of her big tits threatened to flash anyone walking by with a glimpse of her enlarged bust and Lucas made sure to pick out a pair of shorts that barely acted like underwear since most of her butt cheeks were peaking out of the bottom.

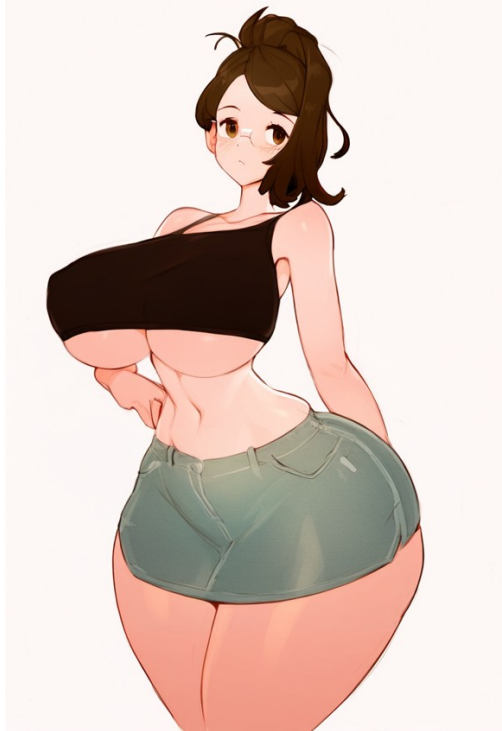
The odd pair took the bus downtown and they got off at the stop by the mall. "Like, this place is sooo big. I can't wait to find new clothes!" Samantha said.

Lucas didn't say a word and instead started off toward the entrance. He hated how he looked now and was frustrated that he couldn't take it out on the game, so he would take it out on Samantha who was all too happy to please him. Lucky for Lucas, no one could recognize him since he looked so different.

They spent hours in the mall, wandering store to store as people stared at Samantha, her unreal proportions looked fake but it was obvious that she didn't have a single drop of silicone in her body. No one noticed the short, fat man walking beside her, and that gave him some relief too. Lucas bought all sorts of new clothes for Samantha, from crop tops to bras that were barely more than two tiny pieces of fabric held together by a string. He bought her short shorts and miniskirts, panties were of no use to a slut like her so he didn't bother with those.

Lucas sent Sam into a bathroom to change into an outfit he picked out and put in a bag. She giggled as she dressed herself, loving the tiny crop top he picked for her, it was simple but made her titties look so good and gave ample underboob. Next, she pulled out a short skirt, it was cute and made of a tight material that hugged her wide hips as she slid them on. Samantha gave herself a once-over in the mirror before turning toward the door.

Sam10



When Sam was done getting dressed, she came out of the bathroom and adjusted her top before slowly spinning in a circle to get Lucas's approval.

"Very good, but you're missing just one thing," He said as he rummaged through a bag on the floor. "Here you go."

Lucas reached out and handed Sam a collar, it was made of thin leather with small metal studs sticking out at regular intervals. "You want me to wear this?" She asked.

"No you told me you wanted to," Lucas lied.

"Oh that's right, silly me," Samantha said as she looped it around her neck, "I love it, it's so cute!"

Lucas nodded as he rummaged through the same bag and pulled something else out, a long leash. Samantha understood and leaned forward so he could connect it to her collar before they set off.

They started off for campus, avoiding taking the bus. Lucas wanted everyone to see them since it gassed up his broken ego after being turned into an ugly man as he paraded her down the street, putting such an attractive woman down and making her his slut gave him more pleasure than fucking her.

People laughed and whistled at Samantha, who initially felt shame from the attention but Lucas reassured her that she wanted it and she immediately began to love it, even flashing her boobs at the men who cat-called her on the street. At one point, she almost caused a car accident when

someone drove by and craned their neck to see the bombshell walking down the street with her tits half out.

When Lucas and Samantha were almost back to campus, the tall bell tower visible just down the street, a man stopped them and asked, "How much?"

They both stopped in their tracks and Samantha said, "What?"

"How much for an hour?" He clarified.

"Oh you don't understand," Samantha said, "I'm not that kind of girl."

She immediately contradicted herself as her hands began to wander across his body, first holding his arms before she pulled him closer so her big boobs squished against him.

"\$200 for an hour," Lucas said.

"What are you talking about?" Samantha asked incredulously, her hands playing with the random man's beard as he turned to face Lucas.

"She will do anything you ask," Lucas told the man and then it suddenly clicked in Samantha's mind. Her hands wandered down to the man's crotch and she felt his soft cock growing stiff, he was certainly bigger than Lucas was. She had been a sex worker for years now and Lucas had helped her start, he was such a kind person and always gave her a little bit of the money that she earned, but he kept a lot of it to pay for her bills.

"You wanna take me home?" Samantha whispered in his ear as she leaned down toward him, feeling the leash grow tight.

"\$200 for the hour?" The man asked Lucas one last time, "Deal, I have a hotel room just a block over."

The man led the way to an ATM and withdrew the \$200 plus an additional \$50 which she assumed would be a tip. The man handed Lucas the cash, who traded it for the leash. Samantha giggled as she was led to the hotel, which was actually a dingy motel not far from where they started, her customer grabbed her ass occasionally which garnered more giggles from her.

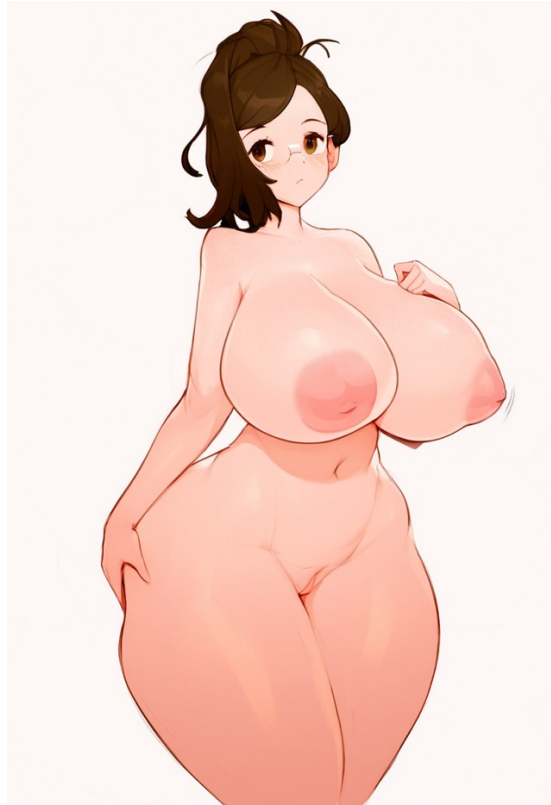
Lucas followed behind them, the man glanced back and noticed him as he unlocked the door to his room. "Oh, that's right, its that kind of deal." The man said, "I don't mind if you watch just don't say nothin'."

Lucas didn't mind watching, he wasn't a cuck but wanted to see Samantha in action, especially how far she would go if she was told what to do.

Once inside the room, things happened quickly. The door was barely shut before Samantha started stripping her clothes, dropping her fat tits out of her crop top, and pushing the customer

onto the bed. She never got his name and had no desire to learn it, she liked a certain level of anonymity when she worked. Samantha dropped down between his legs which he spread for her, she tugged his pants down and let his thick cock flop out of his pants.

Sam11



The man's breathing was heavy as Sam lowered her lips to his cock head, her mouth was watering, so she let her spit drip onto his dick. She jerked it off slowly to coat his shaft in her spit before gently kissing the tip and sucking on it softly, causing his manhood to twitch in her hand.

Samantha felt him place his hand on the back of her head and grip her hair tightly, she took the hint and began to suck him off, letting him set the tempo which started slow but became quicker and more forceful with each bob of her head. By the time he leaned back and let go of her hair, she was spearing her head on his cock and making a **Gluck Gluck** noise every time it hit the back of her throat. She twisted her hand around the base of his cock and cupped his heavy balls in her other, coaxing the sweet cum from his balls.

He lifted her head from his cock and grabbed one of her big boobs in his hand, guiding them to his crotch. "Why don't you put these to use," he said as he put his cock between them.

"Yes sir," she said as she squished her soft tits around his stiff rod, lifting them and dropping them down. Each stroke caused a loud slapping sound, followed by her spitting occasionally to keep it nice and lubricated. The pink tip of his cock poked out from between her cleavage, and she occasionally kissed it or sucked it, but she focused on pleasuring him with her pillowy tits.

Before she could be rewarded with his jizz, he stopped her and ordered Samantha to stand up, which she did happily. “You don’t happen to have any condoms, do you?” The customer asked, directing the question to Lucas more than Samantha.

“That’s okay,” Lucas said, happy he selected the No-risk, No-reward option, “She can’t get pregnant.”

“Perfect,” He said before turning to Samantha again, “Now bend over.”

“Hehe, yes sir,” She said as she bent over and wiggle her butt in the air so her skirt rode up and exposed her jiggling cheeks and dramatically wide hips. “Be as rough as you want.”

The man stroked his cock a little as he lined it up with her pussy which was dripping with anticipation. Samantha gripped the sheet as he pushed his cock in, just the tip entering her cunt made her shudder with pleasure, every additional inch he pushed in made her moan with increased pleasure. Just as his dick went deep enough that it brushed her cervix did, she feel the base of his meat touch her ass cheeks.

“Please fuck me, I need it so bad.” She begged.

The man didn’t answer her with words but with actions. He pulled his cock out until just the tip was left inside her and then he slammed it back in, causing her fat ass to jiggle and her boobs to squish flat beneath her as the force made her arms give out and fall forward on the bed. He repeated the action and continued to pound her pussy with more force than she was used to. The man lifted his hand and smacked her ass hard, leaving a red handprint on her ass which she rewarded with a loud moan.

Neither party was aware of the fact that Lucas was recording from the side of the room, he planned to make a website or social media page to post her videos on. Lucas didn’t just want to embarrass her but also promote her so he could pimp her out for more money. He realized that he could upgrade her a few more times but when he looked for the app on her phone, he couldn’t find it. Unbeknownst to them, the app had run its course and had removed itself.

Samantha’s moans became screams of pleasure, it took almost nothing to make her orgasm and within three minutes of him abusing her pussy with his huge cock she had come nearly a dozen times. The man's cock twitched inside of her and she knew that he was about to finish, each of her orgasms was more intense than the last, and by the time he had almost finished she was a drooling mess on the bed.

His grunts grew louder in her ear as he got closer to the edge, she could feel his cock pulse inside of her tight pussy as it gripped him with its tight walls. Sam’s first customer, one of many, came into her pussy. She had never had a man cum inside of her pussy, in fact she had never had sex without a condom prior to this but there was no chance she could go back. She cooed as the last pump of cum painted her inner walls and he pulled out, drops of cum leaking out of her gaping pussy.

The man dressed himself and handed Lucas the additional \$50 he had withdrawn from the ATM, but not before he got his number so he could call Sam up again for a good time.

“Get up,” he told Samantha who was still lying on the wet spot in the mattress with her legs sprawled out beneath her. She struggled to her feet and pulled her skirt over her fat ass, covering the red handprints that decorated her ass. She found her crop top beneath the bed and fit it back on, her shirt had been stained with some kind of bodily fluid but didn’t mind, she was used to it at this point.

Lucas took her leash in his hand and guided her to the door. Samantha looked back at her first customer and gave him a wink, “Call me,” she said as Lucas shut the door. The duo made their way back to campus, once again putting on one hell of a parade as the big tit slut bounced her way down the street still enjoying the post-sex glow.

They barely got a block down the street when a voice called out to them, once again asking how much for an hour. Samantha smiled as she realized how productive of a night she was going to have.

Authors note:

I feel that this story has somewhat run its course, I worry that if I continue it will lose quality and dilute itself. I will start another Mod Life Mobile story and have already started drafting the idea for it and you can check it out here.

I will continue the Bimbo or Billionaire episode that all watchers can vote for and am also working on another story that will be posted chapter by chapter once I get closer to finishing it. For now, enjoy Bimbo or Billionaire and I will post the next Mod Life Mobile in a few days.