

Viewer Participation

CHAPTER THREE

Kallie

Four days after her previous stream, as Faye stared down the final few seconds of the waiting room timer that would indicate when she was supposed to turn on her camera and begin her stream, she noticed she was feeling something distinctly different from her usual nerves. She was still anxious, yes, but this anxiety was special. It burned; it made her limbs tingle and heightened her senses with a delicious, anticipatory thrill. It wasn't like the anxiety you felt when you stood up to give a presentation to class. It was the nerve-wracking vertigo that you felt right as you approached the very top of a rollercoaster's highest drop.

Faye really wasn't sure what to make of that. She decided not to think about it, and instead to focus on her plan.

Normally, in these final few moments before she was thrust in front of an audience, Faye would be frantically checking her own appearance in a mirror or in her webcam's preview window, to make sure that her hair was perfect and her makeup was on point. This

time, though, she couldn't bring herself to bother. What would have been the point?

Faye knew she looked rough. She was dressed in nothing more than a pink sweatshirt and some black leggings, and her makeup was too slapdash to hide the dark bags under her eyes. Faye had some hopeless bedhead, just barely tamed by a few hasty strokes with a comb, and her cheeks were tinged with a pink, unwholesome blush. In short, she looked like a disaster - but thanks to the ridiculous body that had been inflicted on Faye, she knew that, even now, she was distractingly hot. Somehow, blonde hair, long nails and absurd proportions transformed 'no effort' into 'post-fuck messiness.'

That was one reason not to fret over how she looked. Another was that Faye knew that, after just a few minutes live, she might end up looking very, very different.

So, instead, Faye just sat there and let herself be transfixed by her ever-climbing view count as more and more people were trickling in and waiting to watch her.

When she'd first started streaming with RewriteAI, Faye had been hoping the reality-altering, viewer-interactive technology would give her a much-needed popularity boost. It had worked better than she ever could have dreamed. Three weeks ago, Faye had been streaming to an audience of, generously, three dozen people. Now more than five hundred viewers were sitting in chat, just waiting for her to appear.

No. Waiting for her to transform.

Well, this time, Faye vowed, they weren't going to get what they wanted.

The countdown hit 'zero'. Automatically, her streaming software transitioned to her live overlay. The little red light on Faye's webcam let her know that she was now streaming, as did the explosion of reactions in her chat:

UmbraLex: omg Faye!!! You look uhhhh

ReefFawn42: It's great to see you again!

tamura_tt: yayyy she's back

venslau: this is her??? ok wow yeah she does look a little crazy

"Hey, Fayebies," Faye said, with muted enthusiasm. "How's everybody doing tonight? This is just gonna be a short stream, unfortunately. We've got a few things to, um, go over."

ReefFawn42: Aw, what's wrong?

to_close: :(((

sharonishere: nooo we want more faye!

Faye shifted uncomfortably. Already, her stream was up to almost six hundred viewers. Clearly, word had been spreading. Faye could feel the weight of all those pairs of eyes upon her.

"So, as you new people may have heard," Faye began explaining, "recently I've been doing a couple of streams using a program called RewriteAI. It's a little difficult to explain, but basically, it lets all of you viewers throw a little money my way and, in exchange, apply some kind of transformation to me. It's how I ended up like, well,

this.”

She gestured down at her ridiculous proportions and equally ridiculous stature. Faye could see a few doubters in her chat, but most people seemed to be on board. Enough of them had seen her previous stream; at this point, the word-of-mouth was overwhelming.

“It’s been a lot of fun,” Faye said truthfully. Her mouth was starting to dry up. She hated the thought of disappointing so many people. “Really. I’ve had a blast. But all good things must come to an end.”

fourfenore: noooo c’mon

Katonic66: that’s a shame...

TheSlamgirl: but I only just got here lmfao fuck me

anry: SCAMMED

Faye had to suppress a grimace. She’d figured this wouldn’t go down well. She forced herself to stick to the spiel she’d rehearsed in the shower earlier.

“I’m gonna be real, girls,” she continued. “While I’ve had a lot of fun, it’s also been kind of a nightmare. I mean, just look at me! I can’t go outside without everyone staring. I barely have any clothes that fit. My own family probably wouldn’t recognize me. And it’s been, um, very distracting in other ways, too.”

Faye hoped she wasn’t blushing too much as she said that.

“I started out short and brunette, with a pretty average body,” Faye told her chat. “A pretty average fashion sense too. Now I’m tall, blonde, I can’t stop thinking about wearing pink, I’m c-chubby, and I’m built like a hentai character! Things got a little bit out of hand last time.”

Faye was trying as hard as she could not to focus on the particulars. She had learned the hard way just how easily her new lower half could react to that. Hopefully, nobody in the chat had picked up on the way her voice had trembled when she’d mentioned being made chubby.

UmbraLex: that does make sense

sharonishere: I guess. you do you, faye

venslau: so us new girls don't even get a shot? :(

tamura_tt: but you're soooo hot now!!!

“Thank you.” Faye shivered just a touch at that last comment. “But I’ve made up my mind. I really appreciate all your support. When I turn on RewriteAI, I just need one of you to turn me back into my old self. That’s all. As soon as that’s done, I’ll call it a night. I’ll uninstall the program, and next time, it’ll just be me hanging out and playing some games like usual. And I’m hoping a few of you will stick around for that.”

A sharp, unpleasant pang hit Faye’s chest as she thought about that - about going back to small-time, video game streaming. She suppressed it. She needed to put a stop to this.

ReefFawn42: Wait, why do you need us to change you back?

Faye sighed. “It’s just how the software works, I guess,” she answered. “RewriteAI is totally linked to my streaming software. It doesn’t work unless I’m live, and unless one of you girls is writing the prompt. Trust me, I’ve tried doing it myself. Now, are we all clear on the rules here?”

There was plenty of groaning and complaining from Faye’s viewers - especially the new ones - but Faye was relieved to see that most people seemed to be accepting of her wishes. Hopefully, she didn’t need to worry about anyone going rogue. Besides, all it would take was one kind-hearted viewer to fix it all again. It was a risk worth taking - and anyway, there didn’t seem to be a way for Faye not to take it.

“Great, thank you,” Faye said. “Alright. Launching RewriteAI... now. And- oh, damn, there’s another patch.”

Faye cursed herself twice over for not learning her lesson after last time.

“Looks like we’ll have another few minutes together.” Faye smiled into her webcam. It certainly wasn’t the worst thing in the world. “I guess we can chat a little. How’s everybody’s day going?”

to_close: good!!

UmbraLex: pretty good

Skycat: not too bad

Batrice553: I’m WAY more interested in your day faye

“My day?” Faye tried to play it off lightly. “Oh, you know. There’s really nothing to talk about.”

Solleret: ??? of course there is omg

Faye tilted her head quizzically. "What do you mean, Solleret?"

Solleret: you're really not gonna tell us what having a dick has been like????

At that, Faye let out a sharp little gasp as a sudden shock of pleasure raced through her body. Just talking about it made it twitch. And from the tittering she could see erupting in her chat, she knew that this time, it had definitely shown.

Faye had a dick. A pretty big one, actually - not that she was proud of it. It was one of RewriteAI's gifts, given to her at the end of her previous stream. It had been the end because, as soon as she'd realized what had happened, Faye had closed down her stream in shock. Getting made taller, or bustier, or even chubbier was one thing. Being given an entirely new piece of anatomy was in an entirely different league.

"There isn't much to talk about," Faye attempted. "It's... well, you know. Different. Obviously. A little weird. To be honest, I haven't really thought about it."

That was a lie.

Another of RewriteAI's lingering effects was a prompt that had left Faye's body incredibly, incredibly sensitive. Thanks to that, she'd been wildly horny after ending her stream, and there was only one way she had seen to deal with that. It had been so easy to

rationalize. Despite her initial discomfort with her new body, Faye had been curious. Who wouldn't be? Why pass up the one chance she might ever get to jerk off with a cock? What possible harm could there have been?

The harm, as it had turned out, was that she was now hopelessly addicted to it.

Faye had quickly discovered that orgasming with her equipment was blindingly intense. Not a slow boil toward a long, rolling climax, but a sudden, staccato peak; an explosion of pleasure that came almost without warning and had her seeing stars. Added to her newfound hypersensitivity, it made for an intoxicating combination.

As a result, between streams, Faye had been in a constant state of frustration and temptation - and with little else to do at home, she'd slipped into indulging over and over again. Constantly, in fact. Her body never seemed to tire of it. Her appetite had no limit, and her head was full of strange fantasies, all of which revolved around her stream and RewriteAI. Try as she might, Faye couldn't seem to keep herself under control.

One of the other reasons her appearance was such a mess was that she'd been trying to get it all out of her system immediately before going live.

It hadn't worked.

Solleret: noooo cmon, what's it like?

ReefFawn42: I admit, I'm a little curious...

Wifegirl4564: she's totally hiding something omg

"I'm not!" Faye protested.

She closed her eyes and tried to will herself not to get hard. What was it guys were supposed to think about? Baseball stats? Faye barely knew anything about baseball.

Solleret: cmonnnnn

t1nat: yeah, how's it feel? Like, by comparison

to_close: girl spilllll

"I'm not... I won't... um..." Faye spluttered, flustered.

This was proving so much harder than she'd anticipated. It wasn't just her dick. It was everything. Faye was incredibly sensitive, and there was something endlessly distracting about her soft, chubby, ridiculously curvaceous body - and, even more than those things, the simple knowledge that so many people were watching her and lusting after her was driving her crazy. She had to double-check that her camera angle wasn't about to show everyone the tent she was making in her leggings.

In the end, RewriteAI saved her.

"O-oh, look, it's ready," Faye said hastily, as the update finished and the application window popped up. "Patch notes... let's see... 'anthropomorph transformations enabled?' What does that mean? Actually, never mind. It doesn't matter. Like I said, all we're doing here is turning me back to normal. Then, no more RewriteAI."

There it was again. That unpleasant pang in her chest.

Batrice553: awww really?

Skycat: so... no more fun?

fourfenore: :(

“I know, I know,” Faye said. “I’m sad too.” Surprisingly, she was.
“But this is for the best. Really.”

venslau: but we just got hereeeee

anry: nah I’m out lol

That last message really stung. Faye had been hoping she could retain some of her many, many new viewers. Perhaps that was a particular message caught her eye:

OfCourseYouWill: How about one more for the road, Faye?

“One for... you mean, one last RewriteAI prompt?” Faye pursed her lips. “I don’t know.”

TheSlamgirl: DO IT

Katonic66: yessssss

tamura_tt: do it!!!!

“Well...” Faye said slowly. “I supposed I could.”

The idea was immediately appealing. It took Faye a moment to rationalize why.

She wanted her new viewers to think she was fun and exciting. She wanted to make sure they knew she wasn't tricking anybody. And what was the harm, really? It was just one more.

"Fine." Faye licked her lips. "But just one, OK?"

Her chat immediately exploded with cheering - and speculation.

anry: LETSGOOOO

UmbraLex: fun!!!!

sharonishere: so... what are we doing, girls? we gotta think about this

venslau: we can do anything, right?

OfCourseYouWill: Anything.

TheSlamgirl: I heard she was a goth girl before, let's try that again

Matrice553: no no no, something new

Solleret: I think it would be cute if she was all nerdy and shy

fourfenore: blue hair!!!

Butterflies filled Faye's stomach as she watched her viewers debating what they wanted to do to her. She'd forgotten just how sharply that excitement could bite. It was such a rush.

It certainly wasn't helping with the arousal, though.

tamura_tt: ok I have a pitch. what if we made her short?

sharonishere: short??

UmbraLex: why lol

tamura_tt: idk! It's hot!

venslau: she does kinda have the body for it

anry: I see it. shortstack

tamura_tt: yeah!!!

to_close: oooo yeah

Skycat: hot tbh. let's do it

The naked objectification of it made Faye squirm in her seat. She remembered being bothered by that kind of stuff, just a week or two ago, but now that discomfort had been smothered to nothing by the sheer excitement of the moment. Faye had never been a gambler, but there was an impossible rush to not knowing what might happen next, and to seeing her fate crystallize before her eyes.

Then, a moment later, the specifics of her chat's proposal caught up to her.

"Short?" Faye exclaimed. "Hold on. How short? What exactly are you all-"

She was interrupted by the distinctive chime that indicated a donation to her stream - and with it, a new prompt for RewriteAI. Faye glanced at the application to see what had been submitted.

You are really short

Faye braced herself for the feeling of her reality being rewritten. It wasn't pleasant, but all the same, she was craving it just a little. And when it hit, it did not disappoint.

A sudden, sharp sensation, eerily both like and unlike an electric shock, washed over Faye's entire body. It saturated her every nerve

ending, making her twitch and shiver for a moment as she was overwhelmed by a burst of every kind of sensory information: touching, itching, hot, cold, soft, harm, rough, smooth. Faye was blinded for a moment by a burst of static behind her eyes, filling her visual field with grey-white snow.

And when it receded, she was changed.

It was obvious right away from Faye's new perspective. Suddenly, she was viewing the world from much, much lower down. It wasn't the first time her height had changed; at her first stream, she'd been transformed from pretty average to remarkably tall. Now she'd shot to the other end of the spectrum. At least this time her clothes had changed with her.

Faye stood up so she could estimate her height. Probably, fourteen would have been an optimistic guess. It was quite the reversal. The jaw-dropping proportions RewriteAI had given her, though, were still fully present.

And Faye's chat certainly seemed pleased about that.

anry: WOAHH ok it's real

tamura_tt: SHORTSTACK! SHORTSTACK!

Batrice553: hottttt

sharonishere: ok yeah I see it now lol

UmbraLex: faye you look soooo good like that

to_close: omg your body is crazy

Faye blushed fiercely. They weren't wrong. Being this short made

her absurd curves seem all the more pronounced and pornographic. She was hot like this. Really hot. But moreover, what was turning her on was the knowledge that this was her chat's fantasy. Their momentary little wet dream. That was her, now. She was their naughty little wish come to life. Faye had been made like this solely for their enjoyment.

Fuck, why did that sound so hot?

Quickly, Faye sat down and folded her legs to cover her arousal.

"OK," Faye said, her voice unmistakably breathy. "That's your one, chat. Just like we agreed."

Wifegirl4564: awww

ReefFawn42: At least it was a good one!

TheSlamgirl: but I wanna try too!!!

"I'm afraid you've missed your chance." Faye did her best to sound stern, despite how obviously aroused she was. "It's time for one of you to—"

Another chime marked a second donation. A second prompt.

Unaware: you have a pixie cut

"Hey," Faye said, with a sharpness that was as much from heat as it was from anger. "Hey, no, that's not what we agreed. That's—"

Then, Faye felt it. The delicious shock of transformation. This

time, the intensity of it wiped her mind blank of everything - and when the sensation receded and Faye's mind started to return, a few select details remained strangely blurred. She couldn't seem to remember what exactly had just happened.

"That's... um..." Faye ventured uncertainly. "Did... one of you do something?"

All the relevant details remained strangely foggy. Looking at RewriteAI itself was of no help; the words on the screen were all blurry and unreadable. Faye couldn't seem to figure out what that meant either.

Until she idly reached up to brush a few hairs of her short pixie cut out of her face.

"Y-you!" Faye squeaked. "This... c'mon!"

It wasn't that she minded the hairstyle. It was pretty cute, actually. No, it was the principle of it. Of being transformed against her express wishes, without even her knowledge. Having Faye's agency so completely disregarded was outrageous.

And it was making her cock strain more desperately than ever against her tight leggings.

anry: she's totally enjoying this lol

sharonishere: 100% ehe

UmbraLex: ;p

“Hey!” Faye spluttered. “That’s not... n-not...”

As her chat good-naturedly teased her, Faye fell silent. In part, it was because there was no point in denying it. Her arousal was shining through in her face. Everyone could already tell. It was desperately embarrassing, but it was also a fact.

And that was the real question: why was Faye enjoying this so much?

It was wrong. She knew it was wrong. As a streamer, you weren’t supposed to let people treat you this way. And who would enjoy being transformed against their will? Putting it like that made Faye sound like some kind of pervert.

Was she?

No. No, of course not. Faye was just a streamer. All of this was just about boosting her career. Nothing more.

“Look,” Faye attempted again. “I’m just... I need to get back to normal, OK? That’s why I...”

Her voice died again - this time, because she’d just glanced at her view count. Eight hundred viewers. That was so many people, and the number just kept ticking up and more. More and more people were tuning in to watch Faye - and all because of RewriteAI’s transformations.

Faye couldn’t turn her back on that many viewers. Could she?

After all, she wasn't a pervert. Just career-minded. This was meant to be about raising her profile. Surely it stood to reason to do this just a little longer.

"Maybe..." she said slowly. "Maybe just... just one more."

Just one more. What was the harm?

venslau: yesssss

to_close: one more one more!

Solleret: well if this is the last one, I'm not messing around

Right away, the chime of another donation. Faye looked at her screen to see the prompt:

You want to show us your entire body

Faye shivered and twitched as RewriteAI did its work and the transformation washed over her. Once the static cleared from her eyes, she was left with a clear, present desire, already fully formed in her mind.

It was just like the prompt said. She wanted to show her chat her entire body.

This wasn't the first time Faye had experienced something like this. During her very first RewriteAI stream, a similar prompt had made her want to flash her tits to her stream. Just like then, the desire to show herself off felt perfectly natural, even though she knew better.

Faye wanted this. She didn't really know why, but all the same, she wanted it. She wanted to show off her body. The idea just seemed joyful, somehow. It felt right, and in the face of that, any reservations or inhibitions Faye might have had were difficult to seriously entertain.

Oh, certainly, it was embarrassing and objectifying, and Faye knew perfectly well that her mind and her desires were being manipulated for her chat's entertainment. But it didn't matter. All that was folded in with her desires. It was embarrassing and objectifying, and Faye wanted it. Perhaps even because of those things.

There was a little voice in her head telling Faye that she shouldn't. That her stream was getting wildly out of hand once again. But it was so very easy not to listen to it.

"I... I want to show you my entire body," Faye said to her viewers. Her mouth was dry, but her voice was full of irrepressible excitement. "Well, since this is the last time... fine. But you all had better enjoy it while it lasts."

Her chat erupted with raucous celebration.

to_close: OH HELL YES

Solleret: you're all welcome btw :3

anry: omg so it's that kind of stream huh

Batrice553: FUCK YES

ReefFawn42: Faye... are you sure about this?

“I’m sure,” Faye replied. She was giddy with the thrill. “I want to do this. I mean, of course I do, they... wow. I-I’m sure. Watch closely, everyone.”

Without any hint of hesitation, Faye stood up again and started to strip.

She began with her sweatshirt. Faye lifted it off over her head swiftly and tossed it to one side. Beneath, she was wearing a sports bra. It was pretty tight - she was still guessing at her sizes - and so it was a relief to be able to remove it and let her massive tits spring free. Thanks to Faye’s new, shorter stature, they dominated her physique to an even greater extent than before. Mercifully, RewriteAI seemed to have made sure they were as shapely and perky as ever. Faye took a moment to cup them in her hands, posing for her webcam.

Her chat was making their voyeuristic enthusiasm plenty clear. Seeing them leer at her body so openly only heightened the thrill Faye was feeling. This wasn’t the first time she’d shown off her tits, though. If anything, she was far more embarrassed to be exposing her soft, round, invitingly chubby stomach. For some reason, her new, Rubenesque body type activated something excitable deep within Faye - and now, there was no hiding it. And her viewers seemed just as pleased with it as they were with her tits.

But many of them were clearly already focused on something else.

The massive, tenting bulge in Faye’s leggings.

Faye's cheeks turned a deep, dark red as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her leggings. Now this was something she was truly embarrassed by. Her new anatomy - and its undeniable enthusiasm for her situation - was a kind of humiliation Faye had no experience with and no defense against. Nonetheless, she knew what she wanted. There was no denying it.

As she removed her leggings, Faye's hard, needy cock caught briefly on the elastic material, before coming free and jutting out proudly from between her legs.

Faye wasn't wearing any panties underneath. None that she owned could properly accommodate her new asset. Faye's cock was impressively large and, as everyone watched, a thin trickle of precum started to well up from its head and drool off the end in glistening ropes. It was unbelievably embarrassing, but Faye couldn't hide it. Not even a little.

She had to show everyone. She wanted to. And because she wanted to, it felt good.

"Um... c-can everyone see?" Faye squeaked. "I'm n-not sure about the camera. I-I don't normally stand up while I'm streaming."

Solleret: oh we can see omg

UmbraLex: wowwww

anry: HOLY SHIT

to_close: you're hung faye holy

TheSlamgirl: drooling tbh

Batrice553: look at how turned on she is ehe
sharonishere: cute of her!!
venslau: yall didn't tell me this girl was a total freak

Faye's embarrassment just kept building and building as her chat openly leered at and talked about her cock. The very worst thing was that she couldn't hide how it affected her. Her cock kept throbbing as they talked, each message in her chat a fresh infusion of exhibitionist pleasure. It was like a drug. Faye's head was impossibly foggy with need.

But it wasn't her fault. It was RewriteAI. It was the prompt. At least she had that excuse to fall back on.

"I... I should show you this, too," Faye panted.

She turned around, letting everyone get a look at her back too - and, more pointedly, at her ass. Since RewriteAI had made her chubby, Faye had been extremely conscious of just how fat, soft, and jiggly her ass looked. It was almost as embarrassing as her cock - but there was no helping it.

She wanted to show off her entire body.

The flood of peach emojis in her chat let her know that it was, at least, being appreciated.

"O-O-OK," Faye spluttered, voice trembling with lust and embarrassment both. "I think that's, um, everything."

She let her legs collapse underneath her and slumped back down into her chair. Faye breathed a sigh of relief - but only one. She'd been hoping that sitting back down would hide the worst of her shame, but no. Even though her camera angle only showed her upper body, without her leggings to constrain it, her cock now stood so tall and proud it intruded into the lower half of the frame.

Faye squirmed when she saw that everyone in her chat was giggling about it.

"OK," she repeated, voice breathy. "W-what's next?"

She caught the mistake too late. Nothing was supposed to be next. 'One more', she'd said. Before Faye could correct herself out loud, a chime heralded another incoming RewriteAI prompt.

Unaware: you can't resist touching yourself on camera

Faye frowned deeply in the brief moment before all her thoughts were scattered to the wind. It was simply impossible to preserve her train of thought through all the twitching and static and overstimulation; once Faye's head cleared, she found herself unable to remember what she'd been thinking about, or what she'd been looking at, or what had been happening.

But when she glanced at the monitor and saw that she couldn't read the words in the RewriteAI window, a delicious shiver raced down her spine.

"Wow," she breathed. "I hope one of you came up with something fun."

Faye had grown accustomed to what those blurred words meant. One of those strange ‘unaware’ suggestions. It didn’t bother her anymore. There was an incredible sense of suspense to not knowing when the change might dawn on her, or what it might be. Faye was finding it easier and easier to embrace that. She was in no rush to figure it out. Faye sat back in her chair, savoring the moment.

And as she did, her hand naturally drifted down and wrapped itself around her cock.

Faye was barely even conscious of what she was doing. Given her recent hypersensitive body and hyperactive libido, masturbating had become all but an automatic reflex. But that didn’t lessen the impact; the very first touch to Faye’s new cock sent warm waves of pleasure cascading throughout her entire body. She gasped; at the pleasure of it, at the relief, at finally being able to blow off a little of how pent-up streaming was making her.

A moment later, as Faye realized just how many people were seeing her jerk off, she gasped again.

“O-oh my god,” she cried out. “I wasn’t... that is... I was just...”

Skycat: UH HUH

anry: oh damn it really is that kind of stream

to_close: omg

Solleret: keep going,,,

As her cheeks burned with shame, Faye instinctively tried to pull

her hand away from her cock -but then she realized that she couldn't. Something was preventing her. Not something physical; no, it was simply that, for some reason, Faye couldn't bring herself to stop touching herself.

She just couldn't resist the impulse.

And she also couldn't resist pumping her hand up and down in slow, steady, rhythmic strokes along her hard, needy shaft.

"F-fuck," Faye moaned. Not only couldn't she stop, she couldn't hide what she was doing - or how good it felt. Her voice was tainted through and through with lurid pleasure. "I... w-why... did one of you d-do something?"

Faye genuinely couldn't tell, and something about that made her see stars. Was it the latest transformation prompt? Or was it simply all affecting her this much - the thrill, her cock, the attention, the sensitivity? Was she doing this of her own volition? That would be even more embarrassing. Just thinking about it made Faye moan even louder.

And best of all, her viewer count was still ticking up.

One thousand. A thousand people were here, watching Faye. It was a dream come true.

Except that they were all watching her jerk off.

It was still Faye's dream, but a twisted version of it. All the

attention she could ever have wanted, but for all the wrong reasons. And yet it felt better than she could ever have imagined. Perhaps that was why she couldn't stop. Perhaps that was why she kept quickening her pace, driving herself onwards, letting her pleasure build and build.

t1nat: look at her body omg

Wifegirl4564: sooooo hotttt

UmbraLex: W-wow...

Faye knew immediately what they were talking about. As she pumped her hand furiously up and down along her length, her now-chubby body was visibly shaking and jiggling up and down in a way that made it seem even softer, lewder, and more obscene than ever before. Faye was deathly embarrassed - but the delicious shock of pleasure that raced through her body was more than enough to keep her going. She was utterly euphoric with the heady mixture of attention, humiliation, and pleasure. For as much as she'd touched herself over the past few days, this was so much better. The pleasure was greater, and the dim-witted, hedonistic stupor she was slipping into was more dizzying than ever.

"W... w-watch..." Faye moaned. She could barely catch her breath. She kept quickening her pace, stroking her cock more and more furiously, driving herself towards her fast-approaching peak.

venslau: omggg

Katonic66: she can't even talk ehe

tamura_tt: what did she say??

fourfenore: idk, need to stop moaning for one second lmao

“Watch me!” The cry erupted from Faye in a moment of sudden, explosive ecstasy, as her euphoria finally shattered her inhibitions. “C-can you see, chat? I n-need you to w-watch me.”

That was it. The missing ingredient. It was so obvious now. The reason this felt so much better. It was because of all the people - all her fans - watching her. Even though Faye was in the privacy of her own home, it was like she could feel their eyes upon her. The little red light of her webcam seemed to stare into her soul.

And that number was still climbing, faster than ever. Almost two thousand people now.

ReefFawn42: Oh my god

batoosie: she's so into it ehe

SheWolfine01: I just got here but woahh I didn't realize this was a porn stream

That last moment struck a chord within Faye and made her moan louder than ever before. She knew exactly what her viewers were seeing. She could see it for herself on her monitor: her soft, impossibly curvy body, the huge, hard shaft jutting out from between her legs, and the stupefied, drooling, brainless expression on her face as she jerked off.

Porn. She had turned her stream into porn. She had turned herself into porn.

And Faye didn't care. She was beyond caring. She just wanted more. She just wanted to feel even better.

“M-more!” she begged suddenly, her need for transformation, conditioned over multiple streams, got the better of her. “Need... m-more!”

ReefFawn42: More?

UmbraLex: what do you mean, faye?

“C-change me!” Faye begged, her voice hopelessly distorted by lust and pleasure. “Change me, change m-me... holy... please change me! N-need... itttt!”

She was beyond hesitation or caution now. She just needed to be changed. She was craving that sudden shock, as her reality collapsed and she slipped, ever deeper, into someone else’s fantasy.

Skycat: what should we do?

t1nat: got one

The chime that heralded an incoming donation was instant, and the mere sound made Faye shiver with delicious anticipation. She could barely see through the haze of pleasure she was trapped in - she couldn’t stop touching herself, not even for a moment - but after a few moments, she was able to focus her vision and read the words written on her monitor:

Unaware: you’re lactating

As soon as the now-familiar sensation of transformation washed over Faye, that sentence slipped out of her memory and the words on the screen blurred, rendering their meaning lost to her. As Faye

twitched and blinked, she grinned wildly. Her lack of awareness just heightened the thrill. It underscored the powerlessness and exhibitionism of what she was doing. There was a pornographic glee to seeing all the awed, impressed, leering reactions in her chat and not even knowing what, exactly had been done to her.

Although, once milk started to drip from her huge, full, shapely tits, it was impossible not to notice that it hadn't been that way before.

“Oh fuck,” Faye panted. It was perfect.

Her pleasure ratcheted up another notch, as did the urgency of her masturbation. Her body throbbed and heaved as she jerked herself off, and the stimulation turned the dripping into a trickle, and then the trickle into a flow. Soon enough, milk was cascading down Faye's body in uneven spurts, coating her body with white and soaking into her clothes. The spectacle was as incredible as it was obscene.

t1nat: YESSS SOO GOOD

Batrice553: holy shit holy shit

sharonishere: just like a cow aha

venslau: soooo god damn hot

As much as anything else, it was their comments that finally drove Faye to the edge. She was overwhelmed with a delirious love for what she was doing: for being changed, for streaming, for performing, for letting everyone else see her and touch her. That love drove her to a frenzy and, as her movements rose to a fever pitch, Faye found herself crashing into the greatest orgasm of her

life.

“Y-yes!” she screamed as it hit, her entire world contracting to the single organ that had been placed between her legs, a lightning rod of pleasure she had made herself hopelessly addicted to. “Fffuckkk! Fuck! Yes! Yesyesyesyes!”

As she came, she kept going, driving herself far over the line into stupid oversensitivity. Cum erupted out of her, coating her and down her own body, mixing with milk as it dripped around her curves and along her belly, forming a sinful libation that stank of sex. Faye didn’t care. She just kept going. She wanted more. Worse. She looked and felt like a goddess. A twisted, transformed avatar of the lusts of her viewers.

It was so right. It was all she wanted.

But as her pleasure finally faded, leaving her a delirious, post-orgasmic mess, her vision began to clear, and a message on her monitor jumped out at her.

*OfCourseYouWill: why don't we start trying out that new feature, too?
I think I have a fitting suggestion*

A chime. A donation.

Faye looked over at RewriteAI.

When you touch yourself, you moo like a cow

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