

# VIEWER PARTICIPATION

## Chapter Two

Kallie

“Hey, Fayebies!” Faye’s heart skipped a beat as she gave her characteristic greeting. “How’s everybody doing tonight?”

*UmbraLex: omg faye!*

*ReefFawn42: We missed youuuuuuuu*

*tamura\_tt: ohhh it’s her*

Beyond that, her chat was filled with a lively chorus of emotes, greetings, and celebrations. Faye was a little stunned by just how many people were watching her. More than usual by far, and more than even at the peak of her last stream. Clearly, word had spread. There were plenty of familiar names, but even more new ones, and besides all the usual start-of-stream fanfare - plus an unusual number of comments about her looks - the same question was being asked over and over again: where had Faye been?

“First of all,” Faye said brightly, “sorry about last Wednesday! I feel really bad about missing a stream. You guys know I try to be super regular. I was just feeling a little under the weather.”

That was, optimistically, half-true. Faye really did hate to miss a stream. Keeping to

a regular schedule was supposed to be a crucial element of streaming success and, more than ever, Faye should have been trying to capitalize on her newfound popularity by going live when people expected her to.

The reason she hadn't was because of how the previous stream had ended.

After the RewriteAI prompt that had led to Faye showing her tits to the entire internet, there had been a few more changes. Minor things, mostly. Everybody wanted their turn at bat, but nobody had quite dared to try and top the suggestion that she wanted to expose herself. As a result, lots of people had been toying with Faye's height, her chest size, her hair length - but nothing more. Over time, as the insistent need to stay sitting there and showing off her tits had worn off, so had the excitement of the moment.

And in its wake, Faye had started to worry.

She'd wanted to raise her profile and make some money, sure, but she hadn't expected the stream to turn into quite such a feeding frenzy - and she certainly hadn't expected it to turn into a strip show. Things had felt like they were getting out of hand, and for that reason, Faye had pulled the plug on the stream soon after.

Ever since, she'd been anxious about going live with RewriteAI. A few days of living with the changes her audience had selected for her had driven home how easily letting other people transform her could get out of hand. For a day or two, she'd been housebound and living on takeout while she waited for the clothes she'd ordered online to arrive. She'd had to guess her new sizes. As it turned out, they were even more ridiculous than she'd imagined. When she'd finally been able to go outside again, her new figure and stature had turned heads everywhere. Her "natural" red hair made her even harder to miss. At least she'd been free to clip her long nails.

The back pain, on the other hand, was beyond help.

And all that was from just one stream. If she kept at this, how much further could things go?

Deleting RewriteAI forever seemed like the safest course of action by far. Two numbers stayed Faye's hand. The first was the steam payout. She was still out of pocket, technically, given the new wardrobe she had to buy, but between donations and subscriptions, it was by far the most she'd made from a single night. The second was her channel's subscriber count. It had never been higher.

This was exactly what Faye had always wanted. An audience. A platform. Perhaps even the beginnings of a career. She couldn't just let that slip through her fingers, could she?

One more stream. And it had to be RewriteAI - that was what everybody was coming for. Faye could make a point of wrapping it up for good at the end of the night. As long as she was entertaining to watch, people would be sure to stick around.

Just one more stream.

"So!" Faye announced, once she was satisfied that people had finished trickling in. "As you may have seen before - or heard, if you're a newcomer - I have a streaming plugin called RewriteAI. It's new, experimental tech. Basically, if you donate, you can submit a prompt about me, and it'll rewrite reality to make it true. Uh, at least, I think that's how it works."

Her chat was going crazy. The messages Faye read registered equal parts amazement and skepticism.

"We can get things started in just a moment," Faye promised. "I'm just starting up

the soft- oh, it looks like there's a patch or something?"

As Rewrite AI updated, Faye scolded herself mildly for not checking before going live. Fortunately, it only took a few seconds, and the pause only seemed to bolster her chat's excitement. Once the update finished, a set of brief patch notes opened up in a text file on Faye's computer.

"Functionality update: clothes alteration," she read out, puzzled. "That sure would have been nice last time! And... new feature: unaware transformation. OK... I'm gonna be honest, I'm not exactly sure what that means."

Her chat was instantly abuzz with speculation - although Faye noted that just as many people were suggesting this was nothing more than some kind of ARG or performance art.

"I guess maybe we'll find out," Faye laughed. "Looks like... yep, we should be up and running!"

Just saying that sent a shot of adrenaline racing through her body. Faye couldn't help but anticipate the moment she felt it again: that strange burst of information overload that set her nerves alight as reality reconfigured itself.

It was as thrilling as it was terrifying. And it could happen at any moment.

"Remember," Faye said, "all you have to do is donate and you should see the RewriteAI prompt at the corner of your screen. And if you want something big, just bear in mind: you get what you pay for! And if I could just make one request... can one of you do something about my spine? It's been killing me with all this new, uh, weight."

She gestured to her own chest, prompting a round of immature giggling. She was

dressed no more provocatively than ever, in a plain, white vest top, but she'd learned that with her new body, there was precious little Faye could wear that wouldn't turn heads and catch stares.

*To\_close: ok ok I feel bad, so*

The familiar name caught Faye's eye, and the subsequent donation chime made her ears prick up. She glanced over at the RewriteAI window to read the prompt:

*You don't have any back pain*

An instant later, it hit: that sensation, now eerily familiar, of electricity racing through every little part of Faye's nervous system. Her vision flashed white, then speckled gray and white, and then, as it finally cleared, Faye twitched from the sheer overstimulation. At first, she was left a little disoriented, but that soon faded, and a broad smile spread across Faye's face.

Her spine. It didn't hurt. Not even a little.

Faye clapped her hands gleefully. "Oh my gosh, thank you! You have no idea how good this feels, seriously. It's been killing me ever since, well, last stream."

Experimentally, she stretched and arched her back, then slumped forward. Nothing. Not even the tiniest little ache. Faye sighed with relief. This was nothing short of a miracle. But her chat, she noticed, didn't seem to agree.

*WifeGirl4564: acting lol*

*Solleret: is this like performance art or something?*

*tamura\_tt: LMAOOOO is this it???? no way you're buying this*

Faye noted their skepticism with a wry smile. She couldn't wait to see them all eat their words. There was no better way to convert new viewers to devoted followers. All it would take was someone with a little daring.

*OfCourseYouWill: I think it would be a shame not to try out those new features. I have an idea, and I want to see what happens*

Delicious, anxious anticipation made Faye's stomach flutter as she saw that message. She remembered that particular viewer's creativity from her last stream. Surely they had something big in mind. She stared at RewriteAI, waiting.

*You're a goth girl*

Immediately, Faye could tell this was going to be intense. The transformation, when it hit, proved her right. The flash of static was almost headache-inducing, and Faye twitched more violently than ever as a new version of reality was uploaded into her body. Even with her eyes squeezed closed, Faye was seeing stars. As her vision cleared, she reached up to rub at her eyelids.

Then stopped, as she realized how much makeup she was about to smear.

It was strange; Faye couldn't pinpoint how, exactly, she knew about that. But she did, and one look at her stream webcam preview confirmed it. All around her eyes was a thick, dark layer of eyeshadow, blended out perfectly into huge wings. She was wearing long, false eyelashes, and beneath the lower pair, she was sporting black eyeliner specifically painted to look like tears running down her cheeks - cheeks that were utterly pale and devoid of color, thanks to the thick layer of pure white foundation on her face. The immaculate, black lipstick completed the look. It was a far cry from the subtle, no-makeup makeup looks Faye usually preferred.

And that was just the makeup.

The previous stream had left Faye with rich, red hair. Now, it was jet black. The same was true of her clothing, but it had changed in far more than just color. No longer was Faye wearing a vest top and jeans. Instead, she found herself in a long, flowing, frilly, layered dress that was cinched around her waist like a corset. It was perilously low-cut, but at least there was a kind of mesh insert over her cleavage to provide some semblance of modesty.

The final touch was the black leather choker around Faye's neck.

"Wow," she breathed. "Clothes alteration, huh?"

*OfCourseYouWill: :)*

*WifeGirl4564: WHAT THE FUCK*

*Katonic66: see? lol*

*Solleret: how???????*

Faye's entire chat exploded with reactions. There were mostly two kinds: utter amazement, and shameless thirst. Both put a grin on the streamer's face. People loved goth girls; being one certainly wouldn't do her popularity any harm. But far more important was how many people were sure to tune in to watch and donate, now that she'd demonstrated yet again what RewriteAI could do. Faye noticed a couple of people speculating about CGI or clever editing, but it was clear to most that what they'd just seen was impossible to fake. They were watching a genuine world-first.

"So." Faye couldn't keep herself from smiling at all the attention. "What do you all think? Does it suit me?"

*UmbraLex: it really does omg*

*ReefFawn42: YES!*

*to\_close: big tiddy goth girl...*

Faye had to laugh at that last comment. That exact sentiment was being echoed more than a few times throughout her chat. In the past, she might have regarded it as a little over the line. But now, she was caught up in the mood and the moment. Everybody was having a good time. She'd hate to be a killjoy.

"Thanks!" she said. "Just remember: if you're enjoying the show, you won't want to miss the next one! Hit 'follow' to get notified when I go live, and if you're really having a good time, it would mean a lot to me if you'd consider throwing me some money and subscribing. I seriously appreciate it so much."

She flashed her webcam her best smile. Calls to action were important. Everything Faye had read about becoming a successful online content creator had mentioned that. Sure enough, within moments, the follows and subscriptions started flooding in. Faye's eyes widened as those numbers ticked up, along with the all-important viewer count.

Two hundred people were watching her. Wow.

*Katrice63: it's funny how she doesn't act like a goth girl lol they're always so mean*

*fourfenore: ya she's really nice and friendly, kinda funny*

*Skycat: could we fix that?? Is that how this works???*

*Batrice553: uhhh lemme try*

Faye's brow furrowed. She wasn't sure she liked the sound of that. She was about to say something, but the chime of a donation let her know that she was too late. Faye looked over at RewriteAI

*You're a bitchy, mean goth girl*



“Wait,” Faye blurted out, “what does that-”

She cut off, suddenly paralyzed. It was a little like an electric shock, and she still wasn’t getting used to it. At least the flash of static wasn’t quite as painful. The sensory overload wasn’t either, but somehow Faye felt even more disoriented than usual. She lost track of everything: what she was doing, where she was, even who she was. It came back to her eventually, but that confusion proved incredibly aggravating. Faye stared straight into her webcam and folded her arms, irritated.

“Ugh,” she scoffed. “Seriously? God.”

*Batrice63: it worked??? letsgo*

*UmbraLex: Faye? You good?*

*Skycat: ...kinda hot*

“Tch.” Faye clicked her tongue. “Of course. You girls all want a big titty goth gf to bully you. It’s so cliché. Ridiculous.”

Annoyingly, her chat mostly just laughed. Faye was certainly aware of the irony. The only reason she was acting this way was because of how the last transformation prompt had altered her personality. In a way, she was giving them exactly what they asked for.

“Well, fine,” she said disdainfully. “You’ll get what you want. Just be sure to stick around and actually pay me, ‘kay? You should be grateful for the chance to spend money on this.”

Acting like such a bitch was strange. It was totally unnatural to Faye, and yet it came very, very naturally. Her entire personality had been altered, and it left her with no

feeling of discordance or discomfort. Between that and her new fashion style, it was like she had become a different person - and all for her audience's entertainment. That should have been disturbing; instead, it just gave Faye's bitchiness a genuinely acerbic edge. Evidently, her new disposition was far more focused on bullying her viewers than on anything else.

*fourfenore: now this is my kind of streamer ehe*

*ReefFawn42: F-Faye??*

*to\_close: step on me omg*

"Ugh." Faye pointedly folded her arms over her chest, denying everyone the view they had been so clearly enjoying. "Whatever. Pervs. Hurry up and donate already."

Following that, members of her chat started discussing what they wanted to do to her next. Suggestions ranged all over the place and ventured into some truly dangerous territory, but Faye made a point of ignoring them all. Her viewers were proving indecisive, but before long, a single voice took the initiative.

*OfCourseYouWill: Hold on. I want to try the other new feature*

Faye frowned and thought back. Unaware transformation? What that meant was anyone's guess, but at least someone was about to pay her. She looked over at RewriteAI and waited for the next prompt to appear.

*Unaware: you are dressed incredibly sluttily*

At that, Faye's frown deepened - but she had no time to say anything before the reality warp kicked in. Yet again, Faye's eyes filled with dazzling static, and every nerve ending in her body was set alight. But this time, as the unearthly sensation receded, there was a major difference.

Faye couldn't seem to remember what, exactly, was supposed to have happened.

"What..." Faye started to say, confused. Her head was a little fuzzy. She looked at RewriteAI, hoping for some help, but the words on the screen were blurred and unreadable. Maybe there was something wrong with the new update. "Hey, did one of you assholes do something?"

*OfCourseYouWill: Interesting...*

*sharonishere: ?????*

*OfCourseYouWill: No, nothing*

Faye was left unsure what to believe. It didn't really seem like anything had happened, so perhaps a harmless software glitch was the most likely explanation. As for her own little memory slip, perhaps she'd just been momentarily distracted by something. The cold, probably. Faye was feeling chilly. She reached up to adjust the tiny, sheer little tube top she was wearing. Maybe she could get it to cover just a little more skin.

Then, she paused. A tiny, sheer tube top? Faye looked down and checked her outfit again. A tube top, just barely covering her nipples and straining as it fought to contain her huge chest. Beneath the waist, she was wearing a six-inch miniskirt. Under that, she had on some ripped fishnet leggings.

And that was it.

All of it was black, but it was more like a stripper's pastiche of goth fashion than the real deal. Faye was currently showing her stream an incredible amount of skin: on her chest, her midriff, her thighs, and just about everywhere else. It was no wonder that her chat was currently losing it. Faye was providing quite the eye-candy.

But she was left with a question: had she really put this outfit on? Or had something happened?

Faye stared daggers into her webcam. "What. Did. You. Do?" she demanded.

Her only answer was a chorus of smug, knowing tittering. Any message that tried to so much as hint at anything was immediately removed from her screen and shouted down by a barrage of shushing and spammed emojis.

It was clear enough that someone had done something. But what? Faye was having trouble figuring it out. It could have been anything, although it seemed to be related to her clothes. Her outfit seemed out of place, but it didn't *feel* out of place. It felt perfectly normal.

Faye tried to think back to earlier. Had she really chosen to wear this, of all things? Was this what she'd put on before starting her stream? Of course, that line of thinking wasn't very helpful. Faye felt like she could remember spending hours on her full-face goth makeup, and she knew that wasn't true. But maybe if she focused on what else she could remember...

The dress. She'd been wearing a dress before.

"You motherfuckers..." Faye could feel a vein throbbing in her head. "God. C'mon. I give you the power to do anything to me, and all you can think of is ways to get your rocks off? Typical."

Her irritation was bolstered by adrenaline. There was something wild about knowing that anything Faye thought she knew about herself could be changed - could already have been changed - and she'd have no idea. Faye felt like she was in freefall.

*UmbraLex: I'm not sure I like this...*

*Katonic66: yeah I liked it more when she was nice*

*to\_close: lets make her be nice to us again!*

*Batrice553: yeah. this was cool but old faye was better tbh*

*UmbraLex: that's not exactly what I meant...*

Faye picked up on where this was going right away. "No!" she insisted. "No way. Don't you dare. You all have this coming. You made your bed, now-"

*You're not bitchy anymore. You love your viewers.*

This time, as Faye's vision faded to static, she really tried to fight it. Being mean felt so right. Her frustration demanded satisfaction. It demanded to be vented. It wouldn't tolerate simply ebbing away to nothing. But within moments, that was exactly what had happened. As the now-familiar sensation of reality rewriting itself faded away, Faye found that her personality had returned to normal - at least, she thought so.

Faye stared at the words on the screen for a moment. 'You love your viewers'. She did... right? Wasn't that normal for her? Did that mean there was nothing to worry about?

Not knowing sent a shiver down her spine.

After a moment, she sighed. "Goodness!" Faye exclaimed. "You all gotta be careful. That... that was really something. Thank you for putting me back to normal, at least. I'd much rather be nice than be like... like that. I get the sense that if you'd left me like that, I could have done some real damage to, uh, my entire life."

*ReefFawn42: I'm glad to have you back, Faye*

*UmbraLex: yeah seriously*

*Katonic66: this is way better imo*

*Skycat: idk... lol*

Faye just giggled. Clearly, there were more than a few diverging opinions among her viewers. That was just fine, as long as they expressed them with a certain amount of restraint.

Then again, the outfit she was currently wearing could hardly be described as 'restrained'.

But Faye was inclined to forgive her viewers. It made sense that they were getting more than a little carried away. RewriteAI was a remarkable piece of technology, and given the tone her last stream had set, it made sense that things were continuing in a similarly R-rated direction. Faye couldn't bring herself to blame anyone.

She just hoped RewriteAI wasn't the only reason she was thinking that way.

"I admit," Faye mused, as she glanced at the stream webcam preview again. "I'm not sure how I feel about this goth look. I mean, don't get me wrong. I can appreciate a goth girl just as much as anybody else. I'm just not sure it's very 'me', you know? This much black isn't really my thing. Or being this, uh, flashy."

She gestured down to her ridiculously short miniskirt.

*Katonic66: oh I think I can fix that for you :3*

That tone immediately made Faye suspicious. Not for the first time, she considered pulling the plug on the whole stream. It felt like things could spin out of control at any moment. It was more luck than anything else that Faye wasn't stuck with a permanent

resting bitch face. Maybe it was time to quit while she was ahead.

But then she glanced at her viewer count. Two-hundred and fifty now - and still climbing. That was a shot of euphoria in Faye's arm, intense enough to wipe away any anxiety.

Faye couldn't stop. Not now. Not when she was finally getting exactly what she'd always wanted.

The chime of a new donation caught her attention. If she wanted to stop here, she'd already waited too long. Faye looked at the prompt on the screen.

*Your clothes are all pink, and you're blonde*

Two in one? Was that fair? At least the donation was an appropriate size to match.

That was all Faye had time to think before it happened again. The static. The overload. The twitching discomfort. But this time, once it faded, the change was obvious.

Faye's hair was now blonde, and her clothes had all turned from black to bright, pastel pink.

It wasn't bad, exactly, but somehow the pink and blonde combination made Faye feel like things were headed in a questionable direction. Plus, she was struck by the way she was coming to think of her hair and her clothes as somehow interchangeable. It was like Faye was little more than a doll being put into different outfits based on the capricious whims of whoever happened to be playing with her. She wasn't sure how to feel about that.

At the very least, she'd been hoping for a slightly more modest outfit.

"Um, thanks," Faye said diplomatically. "It's very... Legally Blonde. Although I gotta say, I think pink is even less my color than black. Are you sure I can't have something a little less, you know..."

*Katonic66: don't worry. I have a plan*

Another donation. Faye looked at the prompt.

*Unaware: you love pink*

The next thing Faye knew, she was struggling to piece together what had just happened. Her vision was still swimming with static, and her body felt like she'd just been given an electric shock. It was just like before: something seemed to have happened, but Faye couldn't be certain, and she certainly couldn't figure out what. RewriteAI was no help; the words on the screen were all weird and blurred like before. So, instead, Faye turned to the webcam preview window, hoping she could figure out what had changed by using it like a mirror.

And she saw all that pink.

Faye gasped in delight. It was like she was seeing it for the very first time. She was a little baffled that she hadn't been struck but how amazing her outfit looked before. After all, she loved pink. It was her favorite color. All shades, in fact - pastel, strawberry, fuchsia. If it was pink, Faye was all over it. What she was wearing couldn't have made her happier - she was still showing a lot of skin, yes, but the color more than made up for it. Faye was more than happy to turn this way and that, inspecting herself and showing herself off for the camera - and from the state of her chat, her viewers certainly appreciated it.



God, even her nails were pink now. It was amazing.

But as the novelty wore off, Faye was still left with a question: what exactly had RewriteAI just changed about her?

The only thing Faye could think of was her clothes. Nothing else caught her attention. Except, that didn't make sense. She remembered wearing these wonderful, pink clothes even before the most recent bout of static and confusion. No, it had to be something else. But what?

Nothing came to mind. Faye decided it wasn't worth dwelling on. Not compared to how much she loved this outfit.

"What was I... wow," Faye breathed. "Just... wow. I love it. You know, maybe I've been too hard on you guys. This really isn't so bad - even if I do look like a Barbie doll or something."

It was hard to skirt around it, given the combination of blonde hair and a completely pink outfit. But it was strange; at first, Faye had meant the comparison to be a little self-deprecating, but more and more, she wasn't sure why. Why would that be self-deprecating? Why wouldn't she like Barbies? Why wouldn't anyone, when they were so amazingly pink?

*ReefFawn42: Yeah, I totally see it!*

*UmbraLex: barbie faye? farbie?*

*to\_close: you even have the body for it :3*

"I..." Faye blushed. She hadn't thought about it like that, but it was difficult to deny. She had the proportions usually reserved for dolls - and worse. Despite that, the

comment struck her as a compliment. She loved her viewers. “Thank you! I guess you’re all getting a pretty good look, huh?”

*sharonishere: hell yes we are!*

*To\_close: yesssssss*

*Katonic66: soooo hot*

*To\_close: I wanna see more ngl*

*Skycat: do you have an OF or something??*

Faye fell quiet. That kind of talk was more than a little objectifying. She still wasn’t sure how she felt about that. It wasn’t what she’d ever wanted for her stream, but that was before RewriteAI. Now, her hesitance felt a little silly. This was the show she was offering people. Why not get on board with it?

Besides, it was hard to deny that it was a little fun. At least a little.

Hell, Faye knew what she looked like right now. Her body. Her outfit. She couldn’t deny that she was hot, either. Her viewers had made her this way precisely because they’d thought so. And now, thanks to that, more people than ever before were currently watching her over the internet.

Wasn’t that kind of hot, too?

*t1nat: idk, I think she’d be hotter if she was kinda thicc*

*Skycat: HUH*

*ReefFawn42: What are you talking about?*

*sharonishere: hear him out, guys...*

*t1nat: just saying ;3*

*Katonic66: yknow... actually...*

*t1nat: watch this*

Faye looked over at RewriteAI, sure that something was coming. Once again, a shiver of excitement raced down her spine. The chime of an incoming donation let her know that she wasn't to be disappointed.

*Unaware: you're chubby*

It happened again - a few seconds of time seemed to slip through Faye's fingers, and she found herself recovering from the lingering effects of having her reality rewritten without any clear memory of what, exactly, had been happening immediately before. This time, however, Faye's chat couldn't help but clue her in immediately.

*UmbraLex: oh wow*

*Katonic66: THICCCC*

*WifeGirl4564: I think I have covid*

*t1nat: told you ;)*

Suddenly, Faye felt very, very hot. She looked down at herself and, immediately, her face turned a deeper shade of red than it ever had before.

Faye still had the same ridiculous, porn-drawing proportions she'd received on her last stream, but with one major difference: she seemed to have suddenly gained a couple dozen pounds. Thanks to that, her hips had grown even wider and her chest even more ridiculous. Her thighs were impossibly soft and, all over, Faye was covered with a new, pleasing layer of puppy fat, from her arms to her cheeks. But by far the most visible difference was the distinct, plump belly now fighting to spill over the waistband of Faye's tiny miniskirt.

It was strange. Her clothes clearly must have been altered to fit her new physique. But somehow, now that Faye was chubby, they looked even more indecent.

That was as close to a rational observation as Faye could manage before all her rationality was swept away in a flood of hot, heady, flustered embarrassment.

“H-h-hey,” Faye squeaked. “C’mon... this is...”

Faye could barely speak. She couldn’t think. She was squirming in her chair.

*Solleret: I think she likes it ehehe*

*tamura\_tt: yeah lmaooo*

*t1nat: nailed it~*

“N-nooo,” Faye protested - but inwardly, she wasn’t sure. She’d always been pretty skinny, and she’d never thought about this before, but it was undeniably doing something to her.

Did... she really like this?

*OfCourseYouWill: Wow.*

*ReefFawn42: It does kind of seem like they stumbled on something, Faye...*

*to\_close: and, hey, it looks really good on you ;3*

That last message left Faye blushing even deeper. She was paralyzed by conflicting urges: one to hide herself, and one to let everyone see even more of her. The combination of heady euphoria and deep embarrassment was dizzying. For a few long moments, she was left completely stunned and disoriented, her head swimming with faded colors. Somehow, of all the things her viewers had done to her, this was proving to be by far the most intense.

Maybe her chat was right. Maybe, deep down, she’d always been harboring certain

feelings.

Experimentally, Faye reached down and rested a hand on her stomach, and squeezed just a little. Before she could stop herself, a loud, high-pitched, unmistakably lewd moan erupted from her throat.

Faye reached up and clamped down on her mouth. But it was too late - one glance at her chat was all she needed to see that it was filled with smug, boastful, gleeful messages.

*T1nat: omg that worked so well*

*Katonic66: hotttttt*

*UmbraLex: wow she's so....*

*OfCourseYouWill: See? I don't disappoint*

Faye started to grow suspicious. Something was going on. Something she'd missed. She'd been a little too distracted while she'd been getting to grips with her new, curvaceous body. To confirm her suspicions, Faye looked over at RewriteAI and saw a new prompt that had, in her embarrassment, escaped her notice:

*Your body is incredibly sensitive*

Faye shivered as the realization dawned on her. It was. It really was. Now that she was focusing on more than just how flustered she was, Faye was conscious of her awareness of her own body being incredibly heightened. The air on her skin. The clothes she was wearing. Her plump thighs, rubbing together. All of it was at least twice as intense as it should have been.

But most intense of all had been the little, shameful shocks of pleasure racing through her as she'd touched her own soft, inviting belly.

“Oh my god,” Faye gasped under her breath. The RewriteAI prompt hadn’t been at all specific, and now it was like her whole body was an erogenous zone. That was dangerous. Incredibly dangerous.

She could tell right away that it was going to be addictive.

Despite the way her chat was tittering and leering, Faye just couldn’t seem to resist trying it again. Once more, she placed a hand on her belly and started rolling her new, soft, plump, deliciously sensitive flesh between her fingertips.

She was prepared, she’d thought, for how good it was going to feel. She was prepared to try and keep herself from moaning. She failed hopelessly.

“F-fuck,” Faye panted. “This... unfff... c-c’mon guys...”

There was something else she’d failed to prepare for: now, thanks to just those two little touches, Faye was incredibly, incredibly horny.

And she knew it showed. In her own face, in the webcam preview, she could see it. Her eyes were a little hazy and her cheeks had a lurid glow, and her breaths were coming in an uneven, needy rhythm. Combined with what she was wearing and how unbelievably curvy her body was, there was no mistaking what kind of stream this was.

But for some reason, Faye didn’t dislike it. Not at all.

Maybe it was just her arousal compromising her judgment. Maybe it was how much she loved this pink outfit. Maybe it was her new, chubby body, and the unbelievable euphoria it gave her. Whatever it was, Faye was discovering that she liked the kind of show she was putting on her viewers.

It was incredibly embarrassing thinking about all those people looking at her. Staring at her. Lusting after her. But that embarrassment was accompanied by a matching thrill; the high of attention, and the delirious confidence that came with knowing that she was practically the wet dream of the people. After all, they'd made her that way.

Maybe, Faye wondered, the reason she'd been so nervous about streaming again was because she was worried about how much she was starting to enjoy that. But... what was the harm? She could stop any time she liked. Faye was sure she could get her viewers to put her back to normal, if she really asked. She was safe. So, why not have fun for just a little longer?

With that settled, Faye was left wondering about something else: if just touching her stomach had felt that good, what about everywhere else?

What about her tits?

It was like an intrusive thought. Faye immediately found herself obsessing over the question. They'd always been a little sensitive - and a whole lot more so now that they were more than twice their old size. How good would touching them feel now? Faye was so worked up, she couldn't wait to find out. She knew she was still live and that everyone was watching, but she just couldn't bring herself to care. If anything, it made it better. She knew her viewers would love it.

She glanced at the viewer count. Four hundred people. That, alone, almost made her moan. She was so pent up.

"OK," Faye breathed, "um, I guess it would be rude not to try this out."

Knowing full well that she was acting in defiance of all her inhibitions and common sense, Faye reached up, slipped her hands up her pink tube top, and started massaging her own tits.

“Hhhohh my goddd!”

The moan drooled from Faye’s lips as sudden, gnawing, demanding pleasure washed over her. Her back arched and she stretched forward, leaning into her own touch - and giving her viewers an even better angle down her top in the process. Her entire body was electric. Even the slightest touch at her chest was enough to have her entire body throbbing with pleasure. It was incredible. Faye had never felt anything like it - and part of it was knowing that she was doing this for an audience.

Once she started, Faye couldn’t help herself. She started openly masturbating for her stream.

She managed, just barely, to preserve a paper-thin veneer of deniability by rubbing herself over or beneath her clothes instead of taking them off, but still, Faye knew exactly what she looked like. Her fun, chill gaming stream had become far more like a camshow than anything else.

That thought brought a stupid, horny grin to her face and made her clench her thighs together.

Fuck, why was this so hot?

It was tempting to believe that this was yet another consequence of RewriteAI but, deep down, Faye knew better. Just like the pleasure she was taking in suddenly being so curvy and soft, this was all her.



But her viewers were certainly keen to encourage her.

*ReefFawn42: uhhhh Faye...*

*UmbraLex: wowowowow*

*to\_close: omggg this is sooo hhhh*

*sharonishere: go girl omg*

*Katonic66: can we see more,,,,*

Faye's grin widened. She loved her viewers, and they loved her. She loved making them this happy. It just made her even hotter.

*WifeGirl4564: we should make this even freakier*

*T1nat: yesssssss*

*Solleret: fuck it this is so worth donating for. I have an idea*

Peering through blurred vision, Faye looked over at RewriteAI as she saw the next prompt form on the screen, and this one was so crazy that, despite how caught up she was in the moment, it made her gasp in shock.

*You have a dick*

As soon as Faye felt that one take effect, she panicked. She reached out and shut down her stream, overwhelmed by the new anatomy she was suddenly experiencing.

But it wasn't long before, driven by the irrepressible need coursing through her entire body, Faye reached down to take it for a spin.

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