

VIEWER PARTICIPATION

Chapter One

Kallie

It was funny. Even though she was completely in control, Faye Apollo - or FaymingLive, as most people knew her - always felt a little anxious as the timer on her screen, itself being broadcast out to dozens of people, started to approach zero. Somehow, at the last minute, there was never quite enough time to double-check whatever Faye had realized she'd been forgetting about. She knew it was silly. After all, this was her stream. She made the rules. If she wanted to delay a little, nothing was stopping her. But there was still that anxiety. Like she was in free fall.

To stave it off, Faye spent the final thirty seconds running over all her checks one last time. Mic? The levels looked good. Cam? The new webcam she'd invested in provided a nice, crisp image. A big improvement over that crappy old Logitech one she'd started out with. Connection? Seemed to be behaving itself, for once. Lighting? It was perfect - soft and diffuse, with a nice ring light to help flatter her face.

That just left Faye herself. With fifteen seconds left on the clock, Faye adjusted her bangs and brushed her brown, shoulder-length bob into place, before pressing her big, thick-rimmed places up on her nose and tugging down on her tank top. It was a look that worked for her - a little nerdy, and cautiously attractive without showing off enough of her admittedly-modest chest to attract the wrong kind of viewer. Her makeup was in a similar vein: when she'd decided to start face-camming, Faye had

watched a whole bunch of e-girl makeup tutorials, and then dialed it back to what she considered tasteful.

It was such a tough balance, online. Faye wanted to stand out and look good - but for the right reasons, and only to the right people.

Maybe she could afford to push it a little further, though. Standing out was something Faye was struggling with. One of the reasons her stream anxiety had gotten worse lately was that her viewership was in a slow but steady decline. Every time she went live, her chat was a little quieter and the number on the view-counter in the corner of her screen was a little smaller. As it turned out, having access to a metric proving that you weren't entertaining enough to retain your viewers week-on-week seriously messed with your head. It was just so disheartening - Faye was small-time and she knew it, but her modest viewership was something she was seriously proud of, and watching it slip away little by little was infinitely frustrating.

But that ended tonight. Faye was sure of it. What she had prepared was a lot more radical than just flashier makeup.

The timer hit zero. Faye took one more deep breath and hit the magic button in her streaming software. Her face appeared in the little window that showed her what her viewers were seeing.

"Hey, Fayebies!" she said, in a bright voice. "How's everybody doing tonight?"

She glanced at the view counter. There were about thirty people watching. Not as many as last time. But fortunately, some of her regular chatters were around to keep her from feeling like she was talking to herself.

UmbraLex: hey faye!

ReefFawn42: Pretty good!

to_close: better now that you're live :)

Faye's smile turned a lot more genuine as she read their messages. Her anxiety was fading. Actually beginning her stream always had that effect. This was show time.

"Great!" Faye said. "First thing first - if we have any new viewers in chat tonight, remember to hit 'Follow' to get notified whenever I go live! And if you really want to help me out, you can always subscribe too."

It wasn't likely. But Faye lived in hope.

"We're gonna pick up right where we left off last stream," Faye continued. "But before that, I need to explain a brand new feature for all of you to have fun with! See, I just installed this new plugin - RewriteAI. A few of you might have heard of it? It's some real cutting-edge tech. Not actually released yet, but I managed to snag a functional streamer build on the dark web. Nobody else has this yet."

It had cost her an arm and a leg, too. The guy she'd bought it off had seemed like he was into some seriously weird shit. But Faye wasn't going to let on about that part.

"You see the icon for it, right there in the bottom-left? Yeah, that's it! Basically, it's a donation incentive. You throw a little bit of chump change my way, and you get to... well, change me."

ReefFawn42: Dark web? Sounds sketchy

UmbraLex: ???

"OK, it's a little tough to explain," Faye admitted. "And I sure as hell don't understand how it works. Something about... digitizing my essence as a bank of code

defined by millions of variables, and using your donation messages to adaptively write alterations to inject back into reality? I'm not that kind of nerd - all I know is, I had to agree to some wild terms and conditions, and do a bunch of crazy scans and questionnaires. But it should all be up and running now."

To_close: ???

ReefFawn42: ???

UmbraLex: ????????

Faye sighed. "Look, you donate a little money, and you get to change me. At the end of the day, it's that simple. Just... just try it and see. C'mon, I promise it'll be worth it."

She was a little more nervous than she was admitting. Faye had seen enough to convince her that it worked, but she wasn't exactly sure how having her 'metaphysical source code' altered was supposed to feel. All she knew was that this stream gimmick was sure to be a big hit. I mean, what could be wilder than getting to see someone transform, right before your eyes? This tech could do anything to her.

Anything.

Putting that in the hands of her stream viewers was, admittedly, a risk. But it was one Faye was willing to take. She had a certain amount of trust in her viewers. Moreover, according to her research, all this tech was likely to be banned before it ever made it to any kind of commercial release. That meant two things: that Faye was the only game in town for RewriteAI streams, and that she had a limited window to exploit that fact.

What was a little risk, if it meant breathing new life into her flagging streaming career?

As Faye watched and contemplated, messages started flying back and forth in her chat, with viewers discussing - and mostly, dismissing - what she was talking about. But eventually, someone took the plunge.

to_close: fine, I'll bite. let's try this ;)

A notification appeared on the side of Faye's second monitor: a \$10 donation. Inwardly, she cheered. Then, in another window, RewriteAI came to life. Faye had just enough time to register the prompt before it hit her.

You have bigger boobs

For the briefest of instants, Faye's vision flashed gray and white. It was like a burst of static behind her eyes, making her twitch and start. But it was more than just visual; Faye felt it, too, throughout her whole body. It was a little like a mild electric shock, but richer. More saturated. Overwhelming. It was like every single nerve ending in her body was being subjected to a sudden barrage of information, far too dense and complex for Faye's brain to process.

Then, before even a single blip of time had passed, it was all gone, and Faye was back exactly where she had been before.

Except for one thing: her boobs were bigger.

Faye stared down at herself in mute shock. Her boobs were bigger. A full cup size, in Faye's estimation; she could tell, because the comfortable bra she'd put on this morning was suddenly digging into her flesh, stretched out by the new mounds on her chest. For a moment, Faye was simply stunned.

Believing in RewriteAI was one thing. Experiencing, clearly, was another. Try as she

might, Faye just couldn't quite make it make sense in her head. It wouldn't click. She remembered her breasts being smaller, but the fact that they were bigger now provoked no sense of dissociation or dysmorphia. And there was no sense that they had changed; no sensation of growth, no memory of them being altered in any particular way. They were just bigger now. This was simply the new Faye. Her new reality.

Then Faye glanced back at her monitor and saw her chat going absolutely wild.

ReefFawn42: Woah!!!

to_close: I DIDNT EXPECT THAT TO ACTUALLY WORK I SWEAR

Katonic66: omg????

And beyond that, dozens more messages that were nothing more than emojis being spammed. Faye's chat was on fire. Despite herself, she grinned. This was going perfectly.

"You guys didn't waste any time, huh?" Faye remarked. "I need to bonk my chat!"

to_close: I'm sorryyyyyyy

UmbraLex: shouldve known better than to trust chat ;p

"I really should have," Faye agreed. "Not that I'm complaining too much."

Faye reached up and experimentally hefted one of her new boobs in her hand. It was distinctly larger, rounded, and heavier - and glancing at the screen, she could tell that her chest now looked pretty damn great over her stream. Sure enough, even more emoji-filled messages flew back and forth as people reacted to what she was doing. All of them seemed to be enjoying the view, and Faye was pleased to note the names of several lurkers who didn't usually bother to type.

Despite her mixed feelings about being so nakedly sexualized for an audience, Faye wasn't particularly grossed out by the attention. She was - as her stream bio proudly announced - queer, and so were most of her audience. Having a bunch of other gay women drooling over her chest was a lot more comfortable than it would have been with an average gamer audience.

She just hoped they didn't take it too much further. Faye had her limits.

"I will say, though," Faye commented, "you guys better keep donating. Because it looks like I'm going to need to buy a whole new set of bras."

ReefFawn42: Sure

UmbraLex: my turn :)

At almost the same moment, two \$5 donations came rolling on. Faye just barely had time to check the prompts:

You have blonde hair

You are a redhead

They hit her in sequence. Two bursts of static, one after the other, and each one just like the very first. Faye was more prepared for it, but only by a little, and she still jumped a little as the strange, sensory overload washed through her body.

Once, turning her hair from brown to a rich, strawberry blonde. And again, from blonde to a gorgeous red.

Again, Faye had to take a moment to marvel at what had just happened. She turned her head from side to side, watching her bob swish and admiring her new color.

Weirdly, this time she could effortlessly envision not two different versions of herself, but three. One Faye was a brunette, another was blonde, and a third - now the “real” Faye, was a redhead. All seemed like they would fit equally well. It was truly bizarre, but not unpleasantly so.

Soon enough, she had to return her attention to her stream. Faye smiled as she saw that one of her mods - UmbraLex, probably - had thrown up a poll. Her viewers were voting on which hair color they liked the most. Blonde seemed to be winning out.

“Wow...” Faye breathed. She checked the names on the donations again. “Thank you, ReefFawn42 and UmbraLex. Sorry if you didn’t get your money’s worth, Reef.”

ReefFawn42: No problem. This is good too

“Great.” Faye licked her lips and winked at her camera. “But it’s gonna take more than ten bucks to replace all my bras, you know.”

After that, the chat became a frenzy of eager debate. For the first time in Faye’s recent memory, everyone was talking. Is it real? Is it fake? If so, how? Which hair color was best? Who was going to donate next? What should they do? What could they do? Were there any limits?

Faye just smiled as she watched all the activity. Names she’d never seen before were lighting up her chat. Her view count was climbing too. Clearly, someone was telling their friends to tune in. Lots of new chatters were asking questions about what had just happened. Most of them were completely skeptical. Fortunately, it wasn’t long before someone gave them something to watch.

Katonic66: i wanna give this a shot too. sec

Reading that message sent a shiver down Faye's spine. There was sharp, distinct anxiety to knowing that something was about to happen to her. That she was about to be transformed. Surrendering control over her own body that way - especially to a completely anonymous audience - was all kinds of alarming. Faye was starting to realize she hadn't given this proper consideration beforehand.

But she was also finding that the extended moment before she found out what was going to happen was just a little bit exciting, too.

Then the donation hit.

You have really long nails.

Another burst of static. After the ensuing shock, Faye stared down at her hands and found that each one of her nails was at least a full inch longer than they had been. For the first time, she experienced a twinge of genuine irritation. At least they seemed properly cared for.

"Oh my god!" she gasped, putting a little theatricality on her frustration. "C'mon! How am I meant to type like this? I'm not used to these nails! Thank you for the donation, though."

Katonic66: hey, I just think they look good!!

Faye's chat, meanwhile, was abuzz with speculation. A few people proclaimed they'd been convinced, whilst others were holding out and accusing her of pulling some sleight-of-hand with falsies. Faye didn't mind at all. Whatever got people talking.

sharonishere: Faye, how tall are you?

That message caught Faye's attention; she noticed it was from a first-time chatter. "I'm five-four," she answered.

sharonishere: not anymore :))))

Faye glanced at her other monitor just in time to see the new donation and the fresh prompt.

You are six inches taller

This time, the burst of static was louder. Brighter. More aggressive. It was a more radical change, Faye supposed. The shock was similarly intense, and was accompanied by a dizzying change in perspective. Once Faye readjusted, she found herself suddenly looking down on everything. She really was taller, and that meant she was too tall for her chair and her desk - not to mention her clothes.

Her tank top had already been struggling. Now it was looking decidedly cropped.

"Uh... wow." Faye reached out to adjust her camera and mess with the height of her gamer chair. "This is... interesting. Definitely interesting. Six... so I'm five-ten? Uh. Wow."

sharonishere: what can I say? I've got a thing for tall girls~

"Jesus," Faye laughed. In truth, that was a little pervier than she might have liked - but a lot tamer than she'd been braced for. "Well, good news, I guess! Honestly, I've always wanted to be a little taller. And maybe this is a good time to remind you all to follow and subscribe! Especially now that I'm seriously going to need a new wardrobe."

Her pleas didn't fall on deaf ears. Clearly her new viewers liked what they were

seeing. But they were just as eager for more, and they wouldn't have to wait long.

to_close: welllll if you're already gonna have to buy new clothes there's no harm in having some more fun right :3

"Hold on," Faye said quickly. The tone of that message seemed a little dangerous. "What exactly are you planning on do-"

The donation message interrupted her. Faye noted the transformation prompt with a weary sigh as RewriteAI once again got to work.

You have even bigger boobs

Then it hit. The burst of static, blinding her. The information shock, as this latest transformation was written into reality. Faye was learning to brace herself for it, but no matter how prepared she was, she couldn't seem to take it in stride. She was always left disoriented and picking up the pieces as she adjusted to whatever had just happened.

And in this case, it was quite literally staring her in the face.

Faye couldn't even begin to guess what bra size she'd need to wear now, but she was absolutely sure that none of the ones she had would have any chance of fitting. Her boobs were now bigger still; so big they dominated her lower peripheral vision. So big anyone would stare. Faye was certainly staring - staring down at herself in disbelief - and from the state of her chat, she could tell a lot of other people were doing the exact same thing.

sharonishere: WOW JFC

to_close: money well spent omg

UmbraLex: yall...

"Oh my god," Faye breathed. "I look like a... a..."

She couldn't find the words, but she looked outrageous. Her new chest was wildly out of proportion to the rest of her body. It was the kind of look only possible from surgery, but Faye could tell her boobs were still perfectly natural - at least, in a sense. But just to make sure, she reached out to feel them.

That was a mistake. Faye's top was already straining and creaking from the Herculean effort of keeping Faye's chest under wraps, and even the simple motion of lifting her arms proved to be too much for it. With a loud rip, the overwhelmed tank top split down the middle from the collar, all but exposing Faye's boobs as they spilled out of her similarly inadequate bra.

Faye shrieked and giggled, and clamped her arms firmly over her chest. She could feel her cheeks burning from embarrassment and, as she glanced at chat, she could see a mixture of glee at what had just happened and lamenting that she'd been able to react in time.

"Jesus, you guys!" Faye exclaimed, giggling and blushing as she spoke. "This is... god, you really went for the throat, huh? I was prepared to get a little frisky, but c'mon! I look ridiculous! This is way too top-heavy, could I get one of you to reel it back in? Please? I'm not trying to spoil your fun, I just need to be a little more, uh, balanced."

Katonic66: ok, I got you

"Thank you!"

Faye sighed with relief - but only until she saw the next donation message appear

on RewriteAI.

You have MUCH wider hips

“What the-“ Faye managed to say, before it hit.

This time, she actually tried fighting it. It didn’t work. There was no fighting whatever the sophisticated AI was doing to her.. It took hold the same way it had all the other times, with a shock and a burst of static, except that, this time, the strange, electric tingling was concentrated in the lower half of her body.

Once it receded, the first thing Faye noticed was that her chair suddenly seemed a whole lot smaller.

It took her a moment to register that she’d got it backward. The chair was the same size it had always been, but Faye’s hips - and with them, her thighs and her ass - had grown to fill the space. Faye shifted from side to side, looking down at herself in disbelief. As before, her new body felt effortlessly natural, but there was still something novel about seeing herself look quite so cushioned. Between that and her new stature, Faye was now built like some kind of model. Faye was struck with the urge to stand up and go over to her mirror so she could get a proper look at herself.

Judging from some of the reactions she was seeing in her chat, plenty of her viewers wanted the exact same thing.

However, Faye could immediately tell that would be a terrible idea. Her tight, black jeans were coping just as poorly as her top had been before it ripped. If she stood up, there was little chance they’d remain intact. Surreptitiously, Faye reached down beneath where her camera could see and unfastened the button.

"Damn it!" Faye cursed. "C'mon, you guys. You said you'd fix my chest, not give me another problem!"

Katonic66: you said you needed to be balanced. and now you are!!

Faye wasn't particularly amused. What was she going to do? She'd gained some viewers and had made maybe a hundred dollars total, but she no longer had a single piece of clothing that fit. She needed to buy an entire new wardrobe, but Faye wasn't sure how she was going to be able to leave the house. She couldn't even stand up or uncross her arms without risking flashing her entire audience.

"Well, great job," Faye said sarcastically. "At this rate, I'm gonna have to end the stream soon, just to figure out what I'm gonna do with these clothes!"

UmbraLex: awww :c

Katonic66: sorry! please don't go!

ReefFawn42: Whatever you need, Faye

sharonishere: I thought we were only just getting started?

to_close: noooo this is so fun

"Too bad!" Faye insisted. Maybe she could get them back on a slightly less suggestive track. "I really don't think I can stay unless one of you fixes this." She glanced pointedly down at her own massive chest. "I don't want to just sit here and show you all my tits!"

This seemed to introduce some discord into Faye's chat. She sat for a moment, arms still folded over her chest, and let them debate about it in the hopes that they would egg someone into doing the right thing.

to_close: well I'm not paying money for that lol

ReefFawn42: Katonic should do it.

UmbraLex: c'mon, someone, please step up

Katonic66: me? I only did the last one

sharonishere: zzzzz

They kept on like that for some time. Faye tapped her foot, waiting for someone to bite the bullet - but the donation never came. It was pretty clear what was happening. Nobody wanted to spend their own, hard-earned money on something as boring as fixing someone else's excesses. Faye started to frown. At this rate, she really was going to have to end the stream and figure out her wardrobe situation.

But then came a message from a chatter she didn't recognize from any of her previous streams.

OfCourseYouWill: You all need to be more creative. Watch this.

Faye's eyes flitted over to the other monitor in anticipation. It only took an instant for the next donation and prompt to appear.

You want to sit here and show us your tits

"Huh?"

Faye just stared at the screen in disbelief for a moment before the AI program kicked into gear. This transformation took hold just like the others. Faye's vision filled with TV snow, and she twitched momentarily as all her nerve endings were simultaneously lit up and overstimulated. The only difference was that, once it was over, Faye couldn't immediately perceive anything different about herself. Just to check, she re-read the prompt that had accompanied the donation.

“I want to sit here and show you my tits’?” she snorted. “You wish! Of course I d-“

Faye froze. The words curdled in her mouth as the realization hit her.

She did. Fuck, she really did. She wanted to sit here and show her tits to her chat. It didn’t make a single bit of sense. Faye knew she hadn’t wanted that a moment ago, and nothing had done anything to change her mind.

And yet, she wanted it.

At first, that was all it was. A want. A simple, brute craving. It stood out in part because it was so oddly detached from everything else Faye thought and wanted. But that didn’t last long. Faye’s mind immediately started forming connections, striving to integrate this new, foreign desire with the rest of her psyche. It turned out to be less malleable than the rest of her mind, and so it became a fixed point around which the rest of her thoughts were pulled into alignment, as if by the force of gravity.

Suddenly, Faye realized she was overdressed. Even though all she had on above the waist was the remains of her bra and tank top, they itched at her. It was like her body was begging her to take them off. Faye thought about trying to find something lighter, but on some level she just knew that wouldn’t be enough. Even turning off her stream and getting undressed wouldn’t be enough.

She wanted to show people her tits.

But why? If it wasn’t physical, what was it? Faye couldn’t help trying to figure it out, grasping at stray ideas as they occurred to her.

Why did someone normally want to show their tits? For... attention? That made a lot of sense - Faye was a streamer, after all. The more she thought about it, the righter

it seemed. She wanted to show her tits for attention. That was why she wanted to show them to chat, sitting here. Faye wanted attention. She wanted that kind of attention. Maybe she hadn't a few moments ago, but she did now. It was undeniable.

Faye really, really wanted to sit and show her tits to her stream.

She glanced at her chat. Her viewers were debating the latest prompt.

ReefFawn42: I don't think that's going to work

OfCourseYouWill: Why not? The software says it can change 'anything'

sharonishere: no shot she's gonna show us her tits lol

Simply reading that message sent a little thrill down Faye's spine. It made her want it just that much more. God, it sounded good.

"Well..." Faye said, with an air of titillation. "I mean... I could."

OfCourseYouWill: See?

Everyone else in chat started going crazy. Faye glanced down at the view count. She was up to about fifty viewers already. Not a lot, in the grand scheme of things, but that number felt very different when she imagined fifty people filling a small auditorium and looking at her.

At her tits.

That was what she wanted. Faye wanted to show her tits to that many people. To all her viewers. Just imagining it - imagining that many pairs of anonymous eyes, all their burning gazes fixed firmly on her chest - was making her go a little crazy.

And why shouldn't she? The terms of service on her streaming site permitted it. Faye had drawn a line across that kind of thing in the past, but only because she wanted to. Now she wanted differently. That didn't bother her, somehow. She just couldn't seem to feel in any way offended or discomforted by the fact that one of her viewers had made her think this way.

It just felt right. Being made to want something was only weird if you didn't really want it, but Faye did, now. She wanted it. She *really* wanted it. And it wouldn't make sense to get angry that someone had made her want something she wanted.

Faye shook her head and blinked. Maybe later she'd have time to figure all that out. For now, she had a stream to provide. And she wasn't going to cancel it early - not anymore. Not now that she wanted to show her tits so badly to everyone who was watching.

"OK, everyone." Faye decided. The temptation was simply irresistible. "You've heard of a face reveal? Call this a chest reveal. Watch closely."

sharonishere: YESSSSS

UmbraLex: woah

ReefFawn42: Faye, are you sure?

to_close: letsgoooo

All their eager reactions were like red rags to a bull. A reminder of all the attention Faye was going to get. She shivered as she reached down, across her body, and took hold of the hem of her ruined tank top, taking care not to let her long nails catch. Faye paused briefly, letting the excitement and surprise in her chat build, but in the end it was her own anticipation that got the better of her.

In one smooth motion, Faye lifted both her top and her bra off over her head and

threw the ripped garments off to one side.

The air on her bare skin should have felt cool, but it didn't. It was searing hot, especially facing forward. It was like Faye's monitor, lit up with her streaming software, was radiating heat. Enough heat to make Faye sweat and grow flushed as she processed what she'd just done.

She'd shown her tits. To the entire stream.

Faye's reward was a gleeful, dizzy, bubbling, elated mood that washed over, sweeping aside all concerns and doubts in its wake. This was what she'd wanted. Exactly what she'd wanted. How could she feel anything but happiness? And each message in chat made the joy ring fresh.

to_close: LETSGOOO

UmbraLex: holy shit, Faye

ReefFawn42: ... Maybe making them so big wasn't so bad after all

OfCourseYouWill: You're all welcome

And beyond that, dozens of messages that consisted of nothing more than frenzied emojis or incoherent, horny excitement. Faye noticed plenty of new names following and subscribing too. Better and better. She'd wanted attention and success - and she was getting both.

Faye couldn't help leaning into it just a little more. She sat up straight and arched her back, pushing her chest out and up towards the camera. From the preview window on her monitor, she could tell it was making her boobs look even better.

She wanted to show everyone her tits. She wanted to show them the best way she could.

It felt good to do that - to pose a little, to preen, to make sure everybody watching got the best possible view. It helped that there was so much to look at, now. Even Faye had to be impressed with the way her new boobs bounced and heaved with every slight movement now that there was nothing keeping them constrained. They looked incredible. Huge, but as perky and shapely as they'd ever been. It suddenly occurred to Faye that, between them and her new hips, she had quite the body.

Impractical, yes. But hot as hell. She was a tall, curvy redhead with killer nails and a devastating rack. What Faye's viewers had done to her certainly wasn't all bad.

Eventually, though, the exhibitionist euphoria faded. The satisfaction didn't - Faye remained very happy to be sitting where she was, showing off her tits - but the total preoccupation faded away, and Faye was able to remind herself that she had a stream to run. A stream that, so far, was proving extremely successful. And judging from the mood in her chat, it wasn't going to be difficult to take it to even greater heights.

"So," Faye said, flashing the camera an eager grin. "Who wants to go next?"

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