

The Doll Fucker's Donations (Sexdoll TF, Shylily)

She was halfway through the funniest fucking line when the chime of the first donation derailed her train of thought.

Blinking, Shylily squinted at the screen, trying to figure out what her next line was. "What were we talking about? Uh, never mind. A big thanks to, uh..." She squinted a little harder, wondering if she'd really just read what she'd read. "Uh, 'BigTiddyDollFucker69' for the 5000 bits! I really appreciate your support!" *Even if you are a creepy gooner with a doll fetish...*

"Hey, Lily!" read BigTiddyDollFucker69's donation message. "I'm a big fan of your streams!" "Hey, is it just me, or are you looking a little shinier today?"

Shylily paused, her train of thought brought to a halt barely a second after it had started moving again. "A little shinier?" she asked, suppressing a laugh. "What does that mean?"

As Chat filled with laughter at her confusion, Shylily fumbled in her drawer and pulled out a little mirror. "Do I really look different?" she asked, inspecting herself in the glass. "I didn't do anything different today, I swear."

As if in answer, BigTiddyDollFucker69 sent another 5000 bit donation. "You can't tell?" it read. "Just look at your lips!"

"Wow, another 5000 bits? I really appreciate it!" said Shylily, falling back to her standard script as she tried to figure out what the hell he was talking about. "Do my lips really look different?" She raised the mirror again and poked them and sure enough (or maybe it was just her imagination), they did look a little different: plumper and shinier, like she'd just had them filled and tried some new lipgloss to boot. Smirking, as much in befuddlement as anything, she gave them a playful smack for the camera. "Well, it just means they're better for kissing now, right Chat? Oh, and for... you know..." She mimed eating a banana.

As she leaned back, ready to put the whole topic aside, *another* donation came through. And lo and behold, it was BigTiddyDollFucker69 again. This time, he'd sent her 10,000 bits. "It's not just your lips," read his message. "Actually, I think your whole body is looking plumper."

"Wow, ten thousand bits!" she cried. "I really, *really* appreciate it. But, uh, you're not saying I'm getting fat though, are you?" She gave her stomach a poke, more as a joke than anything, though it *did* feel a little fuller than normal. Squeakier, too, as if she were poking a balloon instead of her gut. It felt a lot like her lips, actually.

It wasn't long before the next donation arrived, and it was another big one. "I wouldn't say *fat*," said BigTiddyDollFucker69, casually tossing another \$100 of bits into her bank account. "You're definitely looking a little curvier though."

"C-curvier? How can I be looking a little curvier?" She laughed, though she was starting to feel concerned. She didn't mind getting a little risqué on stream—it was part of her main appeal, actually—but the way BigTiddyDollFucker69 was talking was starting to get to her.

Swallowing her worries, she looked down, making a big dramatic gesture of it, so Chat would think she was in on the joke, and sure enough she did look a little curvier. It was like she'd swapped her bra for a push-up: her boobs looked fuller and rounder than she'd ever seen them, as if she'd stapled a pair of flesh-colored balloons to her chest. She wouldn't have believed it if she weren't looking at it.

"Which is good," read the next donation. "Because I like them big :P. You know what else I like big? A fat ass and a thick pair of thighs."

Internally, Shylily cringed. It was one thing to get a little risqué, but it was entirely another to be having a detailed conversation about this guy's sexual preferences. She wanted to shut him down, but he was sending so much money...

As she weighed her options, she felt suddenly more comfortable, like she'd accidentally slipped a cushion beneath her ass without noticing. Looking down, she squeaked to see there was nothing of the sort down there: instead, her asscheeks and her thighs had ballooned her like her boobs, lifting her up in the process.

It was the final straw. "What the fuck?!" she cried, leaping out of her chair. "What the fuck is going on?"

With a ding, another donation came in. This time, it was 20,000 bits. "That's right," wrote BigTiddyDollFucker69. "There's nothing better than a slutty doll with big curves."

"A sl-slutty doll?"

Ding! "Oh, and the classic 'fuck me' pose. I love that."

Shylily dropped back into her chair as if she'd been yanked there, and her arms and legs, moving on their own, raised as if she were wrapping them around a column. Her skin didn't just look shinier now, it practically gleamed—if she looked closely, she was certain she could see seams.

Ding! "I like it a lot when they keep their clothes too. As part of the doll, of course."

Even as she squeaked and struggled to move, her top and her skirt tightened, turning as plasticky as the rest of her.

Ding! "But the most important part, the most important part by *far*, is that the doll has three nice, tight, *fuckable* holes..."

Shylily's mouth trembled. Her mouth and her pussy and—she squeaked—her rectum. Trembled and shook, as if someone had stuck a vibe in them. She squealed, shaking on the spot, struggling to scream, but the warping of her lips had already begun, and no matter how hard she fought, she couldn't make it stop. With a pop, her lips became a thick round 'O', and her pussy and her rectum copied it, phasing through her panties so that anyone who wanted could get their hands on them. Oh, and, as if that wasn't enough, they became

sensitive. A lot more sensitive. So sensitive that even the slight breeze of her studio was enough to make her screw up her eyes and blush, wishing she could cum.

For several seconds, she sat there, her limbs fixed, her holes plump, and her eyes trembling in terror. Finally, with another *ding!*, one last message appeared from DollFucker: “Of course, none of that means anything if I can’t actually fuck them...”

The world whirled. Just like that, she was no longer sitting on a chair, but a particularly crusty bed. A chubby figure loomed over her, hands already moving to his pants.

Shylily could only sit there and squirm, pleading for someone to help her.