

The Things She Puts Up With For Tips

“What the hell is this,” Savannah muttered to herself. It was 2018, and spam filters were supposed to catch crap like this. The email had come from RoboRob – one of her regular patrons, but nobody she knew in real life. It had a single attachment, a big fat chunk of code called CamPC.

The email’s attachment purported to upgrade her existing webcam software with a high-end image editor, one that even put filters over live images. The claims in the body of the email simply raved.

“Realer than life!”

“You won’t believe it until you tried it!”

“Changed my life forever!”

The fledgling cam girl sneered at what she thought of the odds of it measuring up to half that hype. She ran a quick web search; the internet held only more vague such assertions. It was impossible to believe these were authentic user testimonials and not just bot-generated praises. Still, it *was* free, and her subscription to her current software was not. Money didn’t come easy; Savannah was a full time college student, and didn’t exactly make top billing as a cam girl. A little overweight, freckles, prone to acne, frizzy brown hair that refused to lay down... But Savannah was flirty and unabashed about nudity, and teased less than a lot of her competition.

She got by.

After running the virus three times, just to be sure, Savannah went ahead and installed it. Worst case scenario, she’d have to put in some extra hours to get her hard drive cleaned, and block RoboRob for a week as a slap on the wrist. She was a trooper, after all. If her 20-page sociology thesis hadn’t stopped her, a little malicious coding sure wouldn’t.

By the time her next show was scheduled to start at 1am, she still hadn’t figure out how it worked. It looked like the same old program on her end. Chat room, video feed, tip counter. Savannah figured she could always ask RoboRob for input; he’d joined her cam show’s chat within a minute or two every time she’d signed in for weeks now. (Savannah honestly didn’t know what the guy saw in her, but maybe he had less conventional tastes, or just enjoyed her conversation.)

She set her laptop on her bed and settled in, clad tonight in a white tank top and pajama pants. Her shows tended to begin ultra-casual, and as the tips came in the casualness ended. She figured it didn’t much matter what she started in so long as she ended with her body on display. Maybe tonight she’d even bust out a dildo for a while, if the money was good. Her laptop screen showed her what her patrons would see, the chat window in a tab at the bottom. After getting herself situated, Savannah pressed the button to start the broadcast and projected her usual fake smile.

(Not fake because she was a bitch, but rather because this kind of thing didn't interest her in the least. She'd never had much of a sex drive, but didn't mind taking money off the hands of those with an overabundance of it.)

Savannah ceased to be; Amber Krystal was born anew.

Sure enough, it was only a matter of minutes before RoboRob signed in, first as usual. "Hey there, RoboRob!" she said, waving. "I got your gift. I'm not sure if I know exactly how it works, but I'm pretty sure I got it working."

His response followed via chat.

RoboRob: *definitely works – i all ready see the difference
this is gonna be ur biggest nite of tips ever
lol
trust me*

"Well I sure hope so." She flashed her slightly crooked smile. Her mom and dad had never been able to afford the braces she'd needed. She was always self-conscious about showing teeth in her smiles.

RoboRob: *here watch – ill start lol*

Her monitor let out its happy little chime to indicate she'd received a tip. "\$10" popped up in the upper right corner like usual. "Thank you!" came her automatic reply. It was practically Pavlovian by now.

Meanwhile, on RoboRob's screen, a tab was open at the right side of the video showing a multitude of new options for Amber Krystal's show. Checkable boxes, sliders and data entry fields of a hundred sorts filled the area. By default, they were sorted by price tag, but you could sort them in various others. For \$10, one of the cheaper levels, he scrolled down until he found a box for skin, then adjusted the slider almost all the way to the right. She hadn't been terrible to begin with, a 41, but some of those close ups... While he fiddled, he saw what the results would look like once he hit enter, and once he was satisfied at a 92, he clicked the button labeled TIP.

"Thank you!" Amber chirped as her skin instantly cleared. Her freckles were gone, her acne scars disappeared, fresh dimples were in evidence. It erased a decade off her in an instant. The changes elsewhere he couldn't see yet, but he knew she'd no longer grow hair anywhere but her head, and any imperfections had been likewise erased. The video feed looked like it had been professionally airbrushed.

Amber didn't even seem to notice; RoboRob had seen to that, as the default setting was that the woman wouldn't be aware anything unusual was going on; indeed, it should adjust her reality to compensate altogether. He wondered if skin creams and dermatological supplies had just appeared on her bathroom sink.

Although she was now closing in on being genuinely pretty, Roborob had been following this singularly unremarkable model for some time now. It hadn't been easy, finding a woman gullible enough to accept the download, and unpopular enough that she wouldn't already have dozens of people crowding in to see her. Seldom did Amber Krystal have more than a dozen men in the chat room at once, and after midnight the number crept lower still. Plus, her service slotted one-hour shows, and he knew everyone would be wanting a turn tossing this girl a tip.

Mild frustration settled at the grayed out editor window; part of its design was to only allow new commands at two-minute intervals, so that nobody went in a frenzy of editing. Once the editor was available again, whoever got their command entered (and paid for) first got their way. For now, Amber made inane chit chat and RoboRob gamely participated, feigning interest in her summary of a sociology lecture she'd attended that day.

Finally, the editor was available again, and mercifully no one had showed up yet. The skin tone editor was locked; once someone had tipped for a setting, it locked down.

RoboRob: *Ready for another one?*

"Well look who's feeling generous tonight," Amber replied, taking on a teasing tone. "Pretty soon I'm gonna start to think you expect something in return."

RoboRob: *Just to look at you, gorgeous ;)*

\$50 was well worth it to shed those extra pounds she was holding on to. (He chuckled to himself at the pun he was thinking about this tip coming with a hefty fee.) Specific parts of the body were individually cheaper, but he was looking to set things just right. Once he was satisfied with the positions of the sliders, he clicked TIP, typed a quick *ur welcum* to her instant expression of gratitude, and watched the changes set in.

Amber treated her solitary viewer to a nice long stretch. She'd never been skinny, even as a child, but she was petite all right. 5'8"; long, slender arms; pleasantly plump legs that comprised the lion's share of her height. Her tank top rode up to reveal her smooth, taut belly. She'd thought she'd remembered there being a little wisp of hair under her belly button, but that was plainly ridiculous. Her skin was perfect, like always.

"Hi, Arctic Guy!" she said, waving to the newcomer. Moments later, another joined, and she greeted Ninjafar with similar vigor.

ArcticGuy82: *Heya*

What's up with all these menus? There's like a million of them lol

"I've got a new mod on my cam tonight. I don't see any menus on it, though..."

RoboRob: *they make sure u get ur \$ worth out of tips rofl
here check this shit*

He went down to the Behavioral section and typed in a custom command. *Subject will take off articles of clothing on command.* Unlike the previous boxes, this one could be reused, and was on a timer according to the amount of the tip. "Ten minutes ought to do it," he mumbled aloud, and paid the according \$20.

RoboRob: *there now shell take off whatever we say*

Ninjafar: *show us those fuckin tits baby*

“We’re like five minutes in, and you already wanna see my breasts? Come on, pace yourself!” Amber giggled, because flipping him off was rude.

RoboRob: *no you gotta say like take off ur _____*

ArcticGuy82: *take off your clothes*

When she didn’t, instead merely sitting there and rubbing her bare tummy with one hand, he continued.

ArcticGuy82: *She’s not doing it – it’s a scam*

RoboRob: *lol u 2 are fuckin dumb*

here watch its easy

Amber take your bottoms off

Amber smiled. She liked guys who knew what they wanted and weren’t shy about asking for it. At least when it came to stripping. Breast men, butt men, pussy men... it took all kinds. Presently she got up on all fours and placed her rear end towards the webcam. Usually she took a couple minutes, dragging it out, but tonight she just felt like going for it. There was just something satisfying about taking something off when a man commanded it.

Seconds later, she sat back down in her simple white lace panties.

RoboRob: *see told u*

u just gotta b specific

now try it right

He was finally good and hard by the time Amber stripped off her top on Ninjafar’s bluntly stated demand. RoboRob hoped he was done spending money, but he’d commit his whole next paycheck if that was what it took. Letting his fellow watchers make the decisions and pay the price was fine by him, though; the end result didn’t interest him nearly so much as the process of watching her get transformed. When the next command ordered her to take off her bra and panties, Amber struggled to do both simultaneously, fumbling at her panties as one hand awkwardly reached behind her for the bra clasp.

The guys *loled* at her awkward undressing until they saw the results. She was naked. Her breasts still weren’t perfect, but they were smooth as could be. Her pussy didn’t have a single trace of stubble, as bare and smooth as a girl in anime porn.

“Wow, I never go this aggressive... guess you guys caught me on a good night, huh?” she joked.

ArcticGuy82: *No way these things actually work. Just some setup to try to get morons to blow a ton of money. Well up yours for trying – I’m not falling for this shit.* He signed off at almost the same instant that she was notified of a new tip, this time from Ninjafar. The log of commands expanded to show the chatroom – but not Amber Krystal herself – what had transpired.

Ninjafar: *now show me ur ass*

I wanna see if this shit works

“Oh, I’ll be workin’ it,” Amber replied with a giggle, though she didn’t budge. To RoboRob’s discerning eye, it looked like her hips might have expanded slightly, and the log showed that \$20 had bought Amber a nice big ass, only slightly expanding its width but taking its “bubble” from its previously flat 28 to a 85 that was pure booty. Of course, the dimwit hadn’t done anything to compel her to show it off, and it took only a couple more minutes of being teased before he too signed off, livid at having been robbed.

“Looks like it’s just us, RoboRob. You weren’t wrong about the tips with this new mod... I think I’ve made more so far this show than I usually do in a whole night! What gives?”

RoboRob: *told u so*

“You sure did. Well just for you...”

Amber rolled over and showed off her brand spankin’ new ass. Sure enough, it had gone through a massive shift of its own. Huge and round, it was two plumpy chunks of ass meat jiggling with her every movement. She gave it a few shakes, and it rippled like waves on the sea. She pinched it for him, gave it a soft slap that made it jiggle so hard he wasn’t sure it was going to stop. Bigger than RoboRob himself ever would’ve gone for, but who cared. He’d just let some stranger turn this woman’s ass into that of a porn star.

He couldn’t wait to see what was next in store for her.

By the time ArcticGuy82 stumbled back into Savannah’s cam show a mere half hour later, it took him a bit to realize this was the same girl he’d turned his back on not so long ago. He was randomizing the room, leaving every time he found a lackluster show or a lackluster girl. Which, as usual, was most of them. He didn’t even recognize her, but... it was the poster hanging above the bed, the one he could only see the bottom of, but that bit proved enough to jog his memory. Good thing, too, because the cam girl...

His jaw dropped as he watched Amber Krystal fondling a pair of perfectly shapely tits. They weren’t especially large, and if he walked by her on the street he might not have noticed them. But bared for the camera, these were two perfect little bubbles, their tender flesh marred only by her fingertips sinking into them. A pair of dark brown nipples jutted out like oversized pencil erasers, and her hands frequently returned to stroke, pinch, and twist at them. A look of perfect rapture was evident on her face.

Guest003: *I don’t care if she’s faking it I could watch those titties all day!!!!!!!*

“Oh my fucking GAWD you guys, I just can’t get enough of my cute little ta-tas! I hope you guys are seeing this, because the only thing I like more than playing with my tits is playing with my tits with you guys watching me!” Her declaration was punctuated by tiny gasps of pleasure and the occasional squeal of delight when she remembered her nipples.

Had she sounded this sexy before? He didn’t remember her sounding this sexy before. The tremulous voice of a pixie girl.

A notification left of the camera showed that the most recent tip she'd received enhanced the pleasure sensitivity of her breasts up to 95 out of a possible 100. When he mouse-overed it, a warning popped up that at level 100 she'd be too overwhelmed to function coherently if anything so much as touched them. As she howled out what appeared to be an orgasm induced by her own breast play alone, he wondered how much more intense those extra five points would have made it.

And it had only cost the tipper \$50.

After he allowed himself a moment to gape and admire, he began to realize that her tits weren't all that had changed. That weird tip program evidently kept a log, and... wow, what a log! In the time since he'd been gone – if this thing was to be believed – she'd had quite a time. It must be in reverse order, as he could see the order to strip on command near the bottom, “Expired” written next to it. He started at the top and worked his way down, his cock getting harder at every alteration.

CamPC Activity Log

- ★ Breast sensitivity augmented (15 to 95)
- ★ Height reduced (5'8" to 5'2"); Weight reduced proportionally
- ★ Behavior altered (Subject loves talking dirty)
- ★ Hair color altered (New color: 800220, “Black Cherry”)
- ★ Eyes altered (New color: 200240, “Emerald Green”; Size: 64 to 84)
- ★ Psychology altered (Fetish: exhibitionism 32 to 90)
- ★ Voice altered (Pitch: 42 to 86)
- ★ Teeth altered (Straightness: 23 to 100; Whiteness: 55 to 94)
- ★ Behavior altered (Subject is completely honest)
- ★ Muscle tone augmented (12 to 74)
- ★ Tattoo added (Image: Handlebars; Location: Lower back)
- ★ Buttocks augmented (Bubble: 28 to 85)

Item by item, he admired the change. The girl who'd been an unremarkable, doughy, homely little thing was gone. In her place was this fit, gorgeous redheaded goddess fondling perfect little tits, but not failing to occasionally turn and show off that big round ass and its fresh tat. He wanted to believe they'd snuck in a body double, but that seemed like an elaborate hoax to hustle a few bucks out of him.

Could this be real?!

“Oh fuck, I'm so fucking horny, you guys. Are you watching? I hope so. God, look at me feeling up my slutty little tits. Don't you love cute little sluts with hot little tits like these?”

BiggDiller: *hell yeah we do are those babies fake cause DAM*

Guest002: *cmon don't forget to turn around once in a while lol*

Zeefoo: *tell me where ur at Amber*

I'll do more than just feel them

She giggled. “Can I be straight with you? My name’s actually Savannah. But I can’t tell you where I’m at! Then I’d have you guys coming over to fuck my tits all day every day! Not that that sounds so bad. God, having a nice cock to rub between my tits, mmm... I just *love* getting titty-fucked. Not that I’ve ever done it, but I just know I would...”

He was at least willing to be duped at this point, and with his dick in one hand, he wielded the mouse in the other. Once his selection was made, he waited for the TIP button to be ready and clicked the moment it was. Elsewhere, four men groaned that they hadn’t beaten him to it. An entry joined the log.

★ Anus augmented (Pleasure sensitivity 10 to 95)

RoboRob: *good one man*

CzechMeOut: *time to put your toys to use Amber?*

“Mm, just a minute, sweetie... I just... mm, gotta play with my titties, oh god yes, for a few... hours...” She seemed barely aware of what she was saying, trailing off in a low moan as another orgasm hit her. Her fingers sunk into those perky pleasure orbs, and once they found their way onto the nipples, she was still twisting them and still coming when the tip timer ran down. Thankfully, it was someone keen on following up on the previous entry, a \$100 command to butt-fuck herself with a dildo.

“Thank you!” she said, as ever following her routine of reflexive gratitude for a tip. “You guys have such hot suggestions tonight! But sure, why not, right? An ass like this was just made to get fucked all day every day, and I’d hate to have to fuck it all on my own without you.”

There was a pause while she adjusted her laptop, redirecting it to an armless chair sitting off to the side. Compliments on her divine ass flowed in the channel as she bent to set up the dildo, a thick, veiny, flesh-toned thing with its own base to keep it upright. It was made to be mounted. RoboRob had seen her use it before, but never had she possessed the attributes to make him so jealous of it.

The scream she let out as she settled that spectacular caboose onto the dildo nearly blew out the speakers of much of her audience. A few had to make awkward apologies to roommates and neighbors, but most didn’t mind. Watching a girl this hot have an instantaneous orgasm from having a cock shoved in her ass – a cock they’d made her put there – was well worth the nuisance.

TitMan65: *ur gonna make my ears bleed bitch – cum quieter next time*

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck my ass fuck my ASS fuck my big fat slutty fucking ASS!” she replied. Then, once she adjusted to the sensation as best she could, Amber – but Savannah, now everyone knew her real name – tried again. “Sorry. I’ll try to come softer next time. But... oh fuck... oh fuck my butt... fucking FUCK that’s good... OK, speaking of... next, ungh, time...”

High-five emojis abounded as someone shelled out \$150 to give Savannah a spanking fetish. She didn’t normally like it when the tone became too domineering, but as she watched her big juicy ass rippling with each slap, she had to admit BigDik34 had a point when he suggested

she quit her day job and whore out her hot slutty ass full time. Not that she would. But fuck would that be amazing, getting fucked up the ass while some guy squeezed her titties and beat her ass red...

She told them so. Why not? Honesty was the best policy.

The dozens assembled on the channel were now thoroughly entertained by the spectacle playing out on their webcams, the constantly orgasming redhead with one hand on her tits and the other smacking her bare ass crimson, her hips fucking a dildo lodged in her ass as vigorously as she could.

Now that Savannah's body was roundly considered satisfactory, the crowd turned towards other targets. After all, if they couldn't fuck her pussy, they could at least fuck her mind. The show had only another ten minutes or so to go, so with the delay after each tipped command, there was only time to squeeze in a few more.

★ Psychology altered (Scholastic Aptitude: 72 to 10; Functional intelligence: 92 to 10; Exception: basic literacy; Timed: 2 hours)

"Ohmygosh, you guys, like, this is totes the best cam show ever! Like, my tuition is totally gonna be paid for, for like, forever! I mean, I'm dropping out anyways 'cause like, what's a bimbo like me gonna do in like smart girl class, right? But like, maybe I can find a slut school, and like, pay tuition there?"

★ Psychology altered (Fetish: Oral sex (providing) 20 to 100)

"I wish you guys were here now, 'cause like, I *seriously* need a cock in my mouth, ya know? That's all I want, is like, a cock to suck every single second of every single day. And one in my ass, and between my lil' titty-boos, and like, I guess maybe I could like use my cunt, right? And you guys could just, mm, watch me get fucked in every fucking hole..."

★ Behavior altered (Subject will make herself sexually available to all men)

"Aww, you're so sweet. Like, I don't know where you live, but like, if you see me on the street, like, tell me if you still want your cock polished, K? Seriously, I'm like... OK, you wanna hear a joke? Like, what's the difference between me, and a rooster?" She giggled. "Don't give it away, you guys! But yeah, totally, any cock'll do. Seriously, you should see some of the guys I've fucked. Tall, short, thin, fat, rich, poor... it don't matter to me as long as they got a dick and are willing to let me on it, ya know?"

★ Psychology altered (Mental Disorder: Nymphomania)

As Amber moaned and fondled herself, humping her dildo with abandon and steadily begging to have each and every one of her holes stuff in between a litany of giggles, nobody could tell if the command had made any difference. Still, all agreed it was a good use of \$200 to make sure.

As if there could be any doubt as to the authenticity of Amber's enthusiasm, she was still plastic-balls-deep on the dildo in her ass when the timer expired. Forty-two men groaned in despair as their screens went dark, immediately turning to their bevy of screen caps and saved footage to finish. RoboRob sighed in satisfaction at the \$1645 she'd earned in that one hour. An

improvement over her previous high by an order of magnitude. He signed off and powered down his computer, an easy sleep with vivid dreams quickly overtaking him.

Tomorrow, he'd email her and see how she decided.

Savannah, meanwhile, continued riding the dildo for ten minutes before realizing the show had even stopped, which only happened because she hadn't heard the tip jar sound in a while, and some dim remnant of her old self knew she was only supposed to keep using it if she heard the sound regularly. Still, she gave herself one more – then one more, then three more – orgasms before she eased it out of her virgin ass and dropped onto her bed with a weary fit of giggles at a wonderful night.

Finally, she remembered that she was supposed to get paid for her shows, and got curious how that had gone. Money was totes good. It came from men who watched her be a stupid slut. That was even better. Her green eyes widened at the number, and still more as she slowly made sense of what that money meant. Normally it was deposited in her account immediately, but the CamPC mod had a dialogue box that flashed up when she tried to close out.

Do you accept this money? By accepting, you are agreeing to accept all conditions and restrictions these donations have incurred.

There was a list as long as her arm, detailing the distortion of her body and mind had undergone. She'd gone from mildly adventurous just-north-of-plain college student to shameless hottie dimwit whore in the span of an hour. Was that bad? Beauty was good. Money was good. But... something made her hesitate, something deep down that used big words and wanted more out of life than sucking and fucking. For some reason.

Her hand hovered over the mouse. *Do you accept?*

