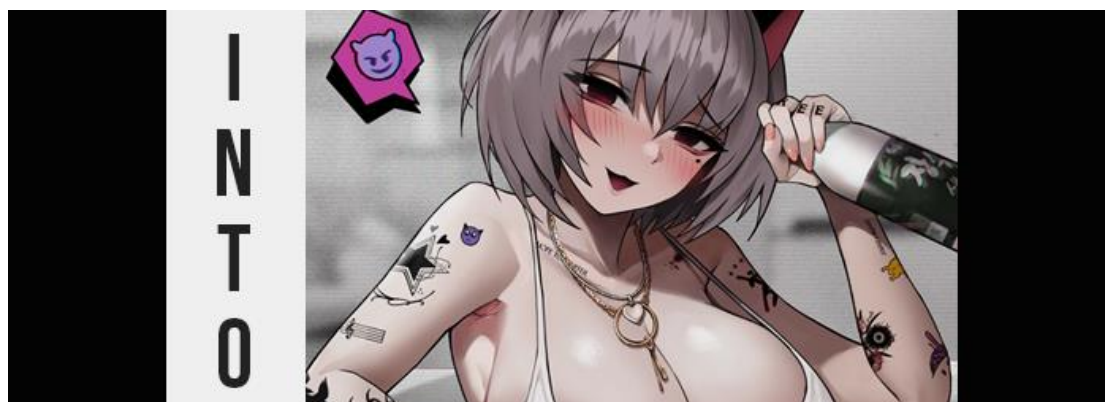


FANSERVICE PACK

BIWEEKLY STORY #67

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Alright, I’m all set up...”

It had been a long and arduous process, but I had finally managed to set up everything I needed to try streaming out. Not that I was expecting to get popular, or have a big audience, or anything of the sort. Sometimes you just wanted to try things, you know? You’d never find a new passion if you never tried new things, right? That was the mentality I’d had going into it, but it had been surprisingly difficult to get everything ready.

You needed a good camera, a good mic – okay, basic stuff. But then, getting into the gaming side of things? A cheap laptop to run my streaming program while gaming on my PC, and a capture card if I wanted to stream games from any of my consoles. I’d already spent a few hundred dollars on equipment alone, and I hadn’t even elected to get immediate extras like green screens.

There was also the matter of setting up the programs like StreamLabs and the like, plus making a Twitch account. **“Ugh. All of this to probably get no viewers.”** That was the reality of things, but it was still a risk I was willing to take at the end of the day. It’s just something that every new streamer has to grapple with. If you want the audience, you just need to try and try. And some people would never even succeed.

I hadn’t begun setting anything up until all of my equipment had come in, and the camera had come in late that afternoon. It was around 7PM now, and I was just finally getting around to running a private test of my setup through Twitch. This way there wouldn’t be any audience to speak of. I could just make sure everything was in working order.

But the moment I hit broadcast? **“Huh? What’s... happening here? That’s not right.”** Not only was my chat up and running, but a number of people were both viewing and commenting. It was enough to spike my anxiety, so I immediately clicked the END BROADCAST button. **“The hell!?”** To no avail because the stream continued. My next thought? Hit the power button on my computers. Still didn’t turn off. Unplug it!? *Still nothing.*

It wasn’t until I was *forced* to look at my computer screen in detail that I realized something else. This wasn’t streaming to Twitch at all. Some other site? **“Fanservice Pack?”** That was the name. If it were a legitimate streaming platform, I’d certainly never heard of it. Gritting my teeth, eyes wandered to the chat. How many people were even watching? There was no number, just people talking so quickly that I couldn’t make heads or tails of anything said. Some people were pissing on my appearance though, which I didn’t appreciate. It almost looked like that were talking back and forth with each other. *What would be ideal? Cute or hot?* Weird little comments like these.

Wait. People were donating? Little donations at first, but suddenly a one-hundred dollar donation popped up. This didn’t make any sense! Why would a new streamer have this many viewers, much less receive donations!? But then I actually read the comment that came with that big donation.

Axio111: TURN HIM INTO A THIN WOMAN!

...Huh? Was this some sort of weird, fetish streaming platform? **“Look guys, I don’t know what’s going on here, but I don’t have an avatar I could change or anything.”** That kind of thing just *couldn’t* happen. It may have been naïve of me to think that in the end, but there were forces at work here of the likes I would never even understand.

Before I could even try to turn off this stupid stream again, an undeniable feeling had begun to tug at the insides of my stomach. Distracted by it, I didn’t even notice the chorus of comments that had popped up. *‘It’s starting!’*. *‘Now the show begins!’*. Things like that. I was too distracted rubbing my belly though.

It was definitely a hard feeling to describe. Hunger? Not quite. It was almost like suction? Something that didn’t make sense until I felt the hand that was pressed up against my belly through my shirt fall inward. My belly was usually pretty large, it had been a long time since I could last recall it being flat. **“Huh?”** But that was *absolutely* what was happening here.

I hadn't exerted any force with my hand, just enough to rub that uncomfortable belly, so the fact that it was dipping in had nothing to do with my strength and everything to do with my tummy itself. It was almost as if all of the excess weight had just been drained away, leaving my tummy incredibly trim. "**Wait, where did my belly...?**" It wasn't just my tummy, though. My arms, legs, face; everything excess weight wise was *gone*! But as if to ease my panic, an idea took root.

What? I've never been larger, though.

Was that true? I guess so! Why had I thought otherwise, honestly? Either way, there were new things for me to worry about. Sitting on my computer chair as I was, I was suddenly sensitive to several key changes. The first? I had adjusted my monitor to be the ideal height for *my* height, but progressively it was looking a little too high. Had my chair dipped a little? Speaking of, though, my chair also felt more *spacious*? The arms were farther from my body than I was used to...

It finally hit me. "***I shrunk!?***" Hands outstretched; I could feel my clothes dangling off of me without my weight nor my height to sustain them properly. If I'd stood, my pants would have *certainly* fallen. How tall was I now? Like 5'3"? It was a pretty sharp drop from the point of view that I was used to, but it was difficult to fixate too much on it with all of the other feelings that had popped up not long after.

In some places it felt like my body was being pushed, while in others it felt like I was being pulled. Making sense of it all from my perspective was difficult though, particularly as just as quickly something changed, I forgot that I had once been different. My new height, for example? Rather than still being shocked that it had happened, I was more confused by why my monitor was so high.

My shoulders had collapsed, though at the same time my hips had widened, filling in the seat of my chair a little more in the wake of my weight and height loss. "**I was trying to end the stream, right?**" Remembering this, I reached a single hand out to my mouse, but I forced myself to pause after catching sight of my hands. Had my fingers always been so long? Had my nails always been painted pink? They looked small and feminine, almost like a woman's?

"**Ow!?**" I suddenly yelped out in pain, but it was more of a kneejerk reaction to a very strange sensation. There hadn't *actually* been any pain. Rather, a prompt tugging sensation between my thighs had left the front of my pants vacant. Beneath? My cock and balls had very much done what it had felt like – they'd been pulled inside of me, leaving a woman's pussy, lips, and all, in their place. The bush that usually rested

above my dick had trimmed down as well, like I was meticulous in keeping it trimmed.

I patted the front of my pants. **“Where did it go!?”** Now a woman biologically, even my voice had changed to an effeminate counterpart. I was hard pressed to remember just what *it* was, though. I was a woman, there wasn't supposed to be anything between my legs? More woman than man as I was, I simply ended up more fixated on what felt weird. Like wasn't my seat a little too boney?

That wasn't in reference to my chair, but to my *butt*. Usually there was some natural cushion that made sitting in this chair more comfortable; cushioning that eventually settled into place, raising my natural seat so that the height gap between my eyes and my monitor closed only a couple of inches. The cheeks of my ass had risen, giving my rear a rounder shape, and likewise bringing shape to my thighs.

Meanwhile, my torso was feminizing as well. My waistline had dipped in a little to give myself a slight hourglass-like dip, and the front of my now excessively oversized shirt bloated as a pair of B-cup breasts formed, beginning with plumper nipples, and ultimately climaxing once the perky orbs had taken full form. For a brief moment I wondered if it was odd that I had breasts, but I was a woman, right? So of course it wasn't weird!

My hair had also lengthened, though only to my shoulders, and in my webcam's feedback there was now a young woman looking back at me. Her lips were thick, her eyes big, her face slender and nose petite. It was all so different from what it should have been, but... **“Everything looks right to me. Why was I trying to end the stream again?”**

eRiKSBALLS: now cute but revelin cloths since shes still drest lik a dude LOL dye here hair 2! n eyes!

“Woah! Another one-hundred dollar donation? Thank you! Strange comment, though...” Because I'd completely forgotten the effects that the last one-hundred dollar donation had forced upon my body, once again the comment just looked strange and *sounded* impossible.

Despite the fact that the inevitable was already transpiring. A pair of stupid but cute looking cat ears mounted to a headband had already appeared atop my head, and the oversized t-shirt I was wearing had shrunk into a white tank top with spaghetti straps. It hugged my breasts and belly closely, but likewise revealed that I wasn't wearing a bra. Why would I, though? On sites like these, if you turn up your AC a little and

your nipples pop up... Otherwise, my legs had ended up revealed in their entirety, for pants had become a pair of jean short-shorts, no panties beneath them in case I wanted to give just a little tease.

When had I begun to think like this, actually?

At the same time, sweeping through my darker colored bob haircut was an artificial silver. It was clearly born from cheap dye, but the more you stood out on platforms like these, the better you did. That was why I was thankful for my eyes, which had skewed towards a *dark purple*. No one had natural eyes like these, and my viewers were always commenting on them. **“Now what was I doing?”**

I’d prepared myself to get ready for the stream I’d been thrust into, but it was feeling more and more like routine and not a new experience the longer time wore on.

StacysMom: Give her BIG honkers and a fat ass!
A little chub wouldn’ t hurt with some THICC
thighs!

“Another one-hundred dono? Wow, you guys are so good to me! What’s with this fixation with how I look though, guys?”
Well, wasn’t that just kind of what it was like to be a woman streamer? There would always be those trying to ogle a woman’s hot bod in the audience. They were often the biggest spenders, so it was better to appeal to them.

The donation’s effects were already taking hold, and like with past changes they surfaced in the same order that they’d been typed in. My posture in my chair was forced forward, weight gathering in my chest leaving me with little choice in the matter. My breasts, once humble in their B-cup sizing, were not pressing up against the inside of my tank top vigorously.

A difficulty breathing came and went as they grew, and it was becoming hard for me to avoid touching them, as nipples rubbing up against cloth brought with it no shortage of stimulation. They were pulling and stretching my top, yanking its delicate fit up so that my belly was exposed down below, while up above they stretched the straps while ballooning and jiggling, seeing the range of my cleavage grow and eventually contributing some sideboob as well. Ds, DDs, Es, Fs; they continued to surge all of the way to *G-cups*, and the depravity born from how good and full they felt was obvious on my face. The chat was going wild, trying to coerce them to give them a show.

“Well, I don’t know. I know this site is for that, but so soon...?”

I was still a little reluctant, aspects of my old personality still present. As I went back and forth on how comfortable I was with this, despite how shameless I’d already become, the other changes stated in the previous donation still had time to root themselves in there.

Namely, the ‘fat ass’ that had been requested brought a hefty jiggle to my rear, seeing my seat rise a handful of inches higher and forcing my hips to widen further, so much that I once again completely filled my computer chair. My shorts were stretched to their absolute limit, forcing cameltoe in the front while cheeks practically exploded out of the back.

Just above my hips, a slight bit of chub found my belly. It wasn’t excessive to the point that it was unattractive, but rolls did splurge out, giving me a subtle thickness that matches rather well with my huge tits and equally large ass. Not to be outdone by these two areas, my legs ultimately lipped over the edge of my chair with gravitas, for my thighs practically exploded – growing as thick as my breasts were large, and making my computer chair a *very* tight fit.

weebthirst: she looks like a goody good. bet it’ d be fun to turn her into a drinker and a smoker! cigarettes and weed!

“Holy shit, another fuckin’ donation— Huh? The fuck am I talkin’ like this for?” It wasn’t like me to speak so crudely, but the second I’d read the donation text I just couldn’t stop. Instead, it began to feel more and more natural to just *not give a fuck*. About much of anythin’, really.

Certainly didn’t help that my cheeks were warm, and my mind was a ‘lil numb. Was I intoxicated? Lookin’ around at my desk, there were several empty cans of beer, and an open bottle of wine. So yeah, I’d been drinkin’? Made sense, I was big on it. Smokin’ too. I really needed a smoke soon, but I had a few joints pre-rolled on the desk, so I could get by without a cigarette for a while.

When had all of this stuff appeared in my room? My personal space reeked of drugs and alcohol now, and while I normally would have loathed it, I just felt right at damn home.

theEND: now covr her n tats n turn her in2 the dirty ho we want!!!

“And one more donooooo!” Drunk off my ass, I didn’t even bother to read the text this time. I was slurring my words, and I couldn’t help but giggle uncontrollably from time to time. Leaning back in my chair, I had begun to massage my nipples sensually through my tank top, all while ink began to appear across my arms. Tattoos of various designs. Numbers, birds, flowers; they all appeared messily, since I didn’t give a fuck about what they were so long as they were hot.

For example: the word *DRUG* was scrawled upon my fingers on my right hand, while *LIFE* was on the left. My audience could see them clearly as I began to massage my breasts, not at all bothered by who might see or when. Shame? Who gave a fuck about that? A bitch like me with a body like this? I’d take all the attention I could get! Still, for a moment I’d forgotten I was even streaming in the first place.

“When the hell’d I start streaming?” I was slurring my words as I stared at my monitor with my glazed over eyes. Drunk and high as I usually was after work, I couldn’t make much sense of anything. But streaming on this *Fanservice Pack* place was worth it. My audience didn’t fuckin’ care how plastered I was, in fact plenty of them wanted to see me that way. ‘Cause that made me show ‘em stuff.

Nah, even sober I would’ve showed ‘em. The money I made off these perverts and nerds was way too good! Suckers, all of ‘em. Flash a little tit, bend over in tight shorts, *take off* those shorts. It really gets those donations going, and this medium allowed all of it. It was strange though, some days after streamin’ I didn’t feel like the same person. Like a completely different woman.

I didn’t care though. Even if I walked out of this session with tits bigger than a pillow, or older or younger, or even a completely different race – I wouldn’t even realize that fact by the time the stream ended. **“Hah! Well I’m streamin’ already, so who wants to**



see my tits!?” This was all so satisfyin’. It felt so good. I loved this attention, basked in it. It was addictin’.

And I was never gonna stop.