

# WINTER STREAM SHARE

## COMMISSION STORY

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*Dailies, dailies, dailies...*

If you were a gacha game player then you knew *exactly* what this word meant. It was something that didn't really sound all that time consuming on paper. The act of small number of silly little tasks in whichever live service game you were playing. It was typically done to earn currency or rank up your battle pass, providing you with in-game items and benefits that you wouldn't be able to obtain otherwise. It didn't really sound all that unreasonable, did it? Just a little bit of time from a very long day.

And that may have been true... if you were only playing one or two games every day. But the act of completing your dailies became more and more daunting as you piled on game after game. You may start with only one, but live service and *especially* gacha games were all one big rabbit hole. The next you realized you might have five or more of them installed onto your phone, and by that point? It was already much too late for you.

**“Just one more game...”** The ‘daily’ nature of these games meant that you’d find yourself committing time to these daily missions even on days when you probably shouldn’t have been. Not only had I committed to doing them on Christmas Eve *and* Christmas Day, but now that it was New Year’s Eve I was *still* trying to knock out all of those pesky dailies for better or for worse.

Being an adult *woman* with no shortage of other worries to consider, it probably *wasn't* in my best interests to be doing so. But I didn't have any New Year's Eve plans aside from maybe ordering and mowing down

a pizza and hanging out with my friends online. There wasn't much of a reason to place too much emphasis on how I used my New Year's Eve time, right? "**Nikke...**", I sighed when I realized what was left.

Not that the dailies in Goddess of Victory: NIKKE were all that difficult. They could probably be done in ten minutes or so if I focused. But it wasn't exactly a game I *advertised* playing to other people. I was well aware of how fanservicey it was, which meant, of course, people often complained about it. 'Women shouldn't be treated that way in media' was definitely a fair argument and a discussion to be had, but to act like there weren't a ton of fanservice games with male characters these days sometimes meant the argument was made in bad faith.

Plus, *as a woman*, if I wanted to see a hot woman's ass jiggle while she fired a big gun then that was *my* prerogative, right?

Just as I was almost finished with my dailies though, I noticed a word flashing in bright red at the top of my screen. "**NEW YEAR'S LIVE? ...Like a recording? A livestream? Huh?**" I couldn't really make sense of it. I'd played NIKKE a *lot* and had never seen that pop up before. Based on the font it wasn't a recording program installed on my phone, either. I hadn't realized that the game had been downloading this in the background.

It wasn't until I scrolled back to the game's main menu that I got a better sense of *what* it was. "**Oh, so it's an end of the year event thing?**" Apparently it was a special feature that had been added for players to record and upload their final moments of the year with the game itself. A little *odd* if you asked me, but so long as it wasn't uploading images of my face through my camera without my— "**HEY!**"

Apparently I had spoken too soon. A connection had seemingly been established with my laptop, and now my NIKKE game screen was somehow being displayed *on* my computer without my permission... *with my webcam*. And it was worse than that. "**H-Hey, is this streaming to Twitch!?**" I didn't even *use* my Twitch account for anything other than getting drops by running it in the background!

I was so panicked (especially because I was still in my pajamas) that I elected to just *make sure* I couldn't be broadcasted to anyone by going for the power button on my laptop. I'd turn off my phone right after and *then* reset them, or at least that was how I had planned on things going. But as things in life often *didn't*, those plans didn't pan out. "**Hold up! What's going on here!?**" Holding down the power button to my laptop didn't turn it off. In fact, the only thing that had changed on my computer screen was the sight of an UPLOAD bar beneath my webcam image. What was uploading? Some kind of *virus*?

Not only was I not dressed for a livestream, but I also wasn't all that confident in my appearance. I was a pretty plain woman who was also a little chubby, so it wasn't as if I had anything to show. But I was an *introvert*, I didn't want to have to perform either. And despite how hard it should have been to get an audience on Twitch, I already has 100 viewers in my chat? *HOW!?*

There was a correlation I had yet to recognize though. A correlation between the progress on the upload bar and *my own body*. With the percentage under 10% still it just meant my skin felt a little tingly – but there was a reason for this, and I'd soon come to recognize it and what it was doing to me; for better or for worse. I naturally wasn't expecting anything to come from it aside from being embarrassed about stream to one... *thousand people!?* **“WHY DID THE NUMBERS, *LIKE*, JUMP SO MUCH!?”**

My eyes flickered back and forth between the viewer count and the webcam image being displayed on screen while fingers still *desperately* attempted to turn off my computer *or* phone, whichever worked. Common sense would have seen that the *real* solution was just covering my webcam, but I was *way* too flustered to use my brain. Instead, on the next glance of the webcam image I ultimately noticed the first sign of something being wrong with my body.

**“H-Huh? My eyes weren't that color before...”** They certainly had *never* been such a bright green, and yet a bright green was staring right back at me. There was something *odd* about the eyes themselves. They looked real enough, but the way the light hit them almost created the impression that they were laced with camera lenses or something like that. **“Did... I put colored contacts in at some point?”** That was just a delusion on my part. I was too scared of touching my eyes to put contacts in.

Besides, as I gawked at the camera image I came to the realization that colored contacts wouldn't explain *everything else*. Such as how my eyes appeared wider *and* rounder, or how my lashes were not only thicker, but a thick mascara had been painted into them to weigh them down. I may have been a woman but I *hated* wearing makeup! And yet blush appeared on my cheeks and a hot pink painted my lips. Lips that looked... *beestung*. **“They're way thoo thick?”** So thick that I lisped at first, eyes darting between their plumpness and cheeks that were thinner. My face didn't even look like *my* face!

**“I'm going *craaaaaazy!* That's it! This isn't *actually* happening! *Gawd!*”** I stepped away from the computer and paced about, seemingly not as bothered by the webcam now as I *had* been. I was in too deep

trying to convince myself that this must have been some kind of weird dream now – because what else could it be!?! But because I was so distracted with the idea of deluding myself into thinking none of this was *actually* happening I was missing additional changes. Namely that my messy, shoulder length locks of hair were falling down past my ass and, not only that, were lightening from a darker color towards a lovely platinum blonde. I hadn't noticed this change in my personality, but...

*I felt a great deal of pride in this hair. And my beautiful face. And my amazing makeup skills! I was totally a pro!*

It wasn't *only* the hair on my head that was platinum blonde. But my pubes had been shaved in a clean cut now so there was no way to check if the color had actually changed elsewhere or not. I also didn't take notice of a very subtle change in my *height* of all things, though I could hardly be blamed. I'd grown a singular inch, not enough to really dishevel my pajamas nor grant me a new perspective.

Although a warm gathering in my small bosom prompted me to reach a hand towards my chest to pat it. I didn't quite get *that* far before I noticed my fingers. Or what was now *on* them. **“Where did these gaudy things come from? I mean... *I guess they do look pretty dope, but...*”** Where my fingernails were usually unpainted and chewed short, lengthy green acrylics that matched my eyes were now sticking off of them. Did I even know how to apply them? *Of course I do! How silly! I do it all the time~!*

I stopped and shook my head, waves of platinum blonde not triggering an observation of any sort. *My hair's always been a pretty blonde, right? Why the heck would I find that weird?* Which *was* true. Either way, I was much more focused on the continued growth of warmth beneath and *in* my chest. I'd been momentarily distracted by my fingernails, but now I found myself fixated on my breasts while, subconsciously, pointing them towards the webcam so that *my precious viewers* could see.

**“Wow!”** In retrospect, that probably *wasn't* the reaction I should have had to what was happening. The sight and sensation of my B-cups breasts suddenly *ballooning* and lifting up my pajama tank top, that is. I should have been downright flabbergasted by it, and yet I felt strangely *excited? I'll be able to put on a much better show with my natural size!* But how big *was* that 'natural' size I was thinking of? As my upper body lurched forward and both tits dwarfed my head in girth, apparently that 'natural size' was a big old pair of *G-cups*.

My tummy was exposed with my top lifted up, and you could see that the excess weight around my belly had tightened into a six pack. But

much like my eyes there was something slightly *artificial* about my glistening skin. I couldn't have noticed that my internals were now synthetic and fundamentally *robotic*. Or perhaps it was more like I knew and believed I had *always* been that way.

My tits were huge and bouncing, and I couldn't keep my hands off of them as I fondled them. But the thought *did* strike me. **“Huh? Weren't they always this big though?”** Big and bouncy, just like my ass! Which *hadn't* been true when I had first thought it, but as the moments ticked on it became truer. The backs of my pajama pants filled until they were so tight that ass cleavage peeked overtop, my waistband struggling to contain both their mass and the mass of swelling thighs – all equally forcing my hips to widen under their plush push. I was downright *sexy* now and that filled me with an irrefutable *pride*.

*Well I look waaaaay better modelling when I'm so sexy, right?*

**“On that note…”** I looked down at the frumpy and ill-fitted pajamas I was wearing. **“These so aren't my style! Don't you agree, chat?”** I couldn't see what they were saying but I didn't *need* to. My chat always agrees with everything I say! And I knew they wanted a change of clothes. So I skipped over to a purse on the floor of a bedroom that was increasingly trendy and unfamiliar and pulled out a white vial. **“Here we go! Costume change!”**

I broke the vial *effortlessly* between my fingers, and from it a goopy, white liquid began to rapidly crawl around my pajamas and body. The clothing was absorbed by this latex and shuffled around, the substance eventually hardening into a new outfit entirely. The bulk of it was a white leotard that almost resembled a swimsuit with a frilly skirt. It was translucent around my tummy and inner breasts, but what looked like a bikini *did* cup my gigantic tits and tightly hug my pussy. White, thigh high latex, heeled boots covered my feet, gripping bulging thighs so tightly



that flesh peeked overtop. And then there was a fluffy, sporty white jacket over my arms and a green, cat-ear headband atop my head.

I definitely looked *sexy*. A straight up bombshell in fact! I felt better than I ever had in my life!

**“That’s better! All snuggled up in winter wear *totally* makes me look more festive and stuff, right?”** I wasn’t sure why I was wearing that *super* ugly outfit before. It didn’t even fit my ample curves! How silly of me! But now that I was done up in this tight, white leather I felt *way* trendier. Not to mention a million times *sexier*! Which was perfect, seeing as the webcam in my likewise transformed room was still rolling.

Still standing, I made a little strut past the camera. Then another. The next time I walked past I made sure to do a little hop so that my big tits and thick thighs bounced and jiggled around. **“Heya everyone! Are you ready for my New Year’s Eve stream!? Don’t I look suuuuper cute? Suuuuuper sexy?”** If I’d been an introvert before then I *definitely* wasn’t one now. I felt right at home as *Rupee*, a trendsetting Nikke who adored shopping, selling, and showing off.

**“Would you like to hold this ice queen’s hand? I bet you woouould~!”** And I *definitely* wasn’t shy about flirting with my chat! I finally sat down in my swiveling, white chair and crossed my legs, using manicured nails to point my camera down more so that the audience could get a much better view of my tits and bulging thighs. I could see how excited everyone in chat was getting. Of course they would be! My fans were extremely loyal. **“We’re gonna have a nice, long stream tonight my dear sweeties! I might have spent a little *too* much during my last shopping trip, but I’ll happily show off some of what I purchased~!”**

Chat knew full well that this meant I’d be trying on cute outfits and lingerie for them. With *my* figure how could they not be excited for that? **“I’ll even be showing off my own new clothing line! Make sure you line up early at the mall tomorrow when it hits~! I bet it’ll *totally* sell out fast, heehee!”** But another idea struck me. Couldn’t I take my phone outside and stream there? It might be a little disruptive, but...

**“How about we go show off those new clothes to some New Year’s Eve travelers, hmm? O-M-G! It’s the perfect plan!”**