

Flutterstream

by Eqlipse

Danny's stream chat was a lively one. Rampant calls for more frags and "get wrekt" competed with the latest twitter memes on a blur of scrolling letters. Occasionally, that blur would be decorated with a correctly spelled word or two.

But a hungry audience has hungry tastes. He'd run the last couple of games into the ground, so it was time to try something new. The game was already loaded up, the intro screen plastering pretty pixles onto the eyes of his stream's viewers. Danny knew what was going to come up next: character creation. While "girl with giant gazongas" was always popular, he decided to go with something slightly different, and planned around that. He'd spent the past week playing the game off-stream to get an idea for what to expect, creating a set of polls to help guide his unruly chat into something coherent. Viewer participation was always a powerful tool for keeping streams engaging & entertaining for the audience, but free-wheeling it without some kind of tools becomes impractical when the croud is too large or too loud. Or both.

Once the intro screen finished its montage, he quickly pulled up the character creation menu and made the announcement to his audience:

"Alright, chat, it's new-game night, and you know what that means: NEW CHARACTER!"

Chat exploded with the usual junk. "MORE BOBIES!" "Orc grl plz r gtfo" "lololol u mak btter grl" "Go thicc or go home"

He ignored the sea of gibberish with a grin. **Well, I've got their attention.**

Two more clicks, and his carefully planned polls were pulled up and ready to go. "Just give me a second to open a poll, and-"

His polls vanished on the third click. "- hey, what?!" Glancing at the chat, he felt relieved for a fraction of a second upon seeing polls posted... but only that small



fraction, since the *next* fraction of a second told him something odd.

"I didn't start that poll! Who's messing with my chat?!" Looking at the mods-only chatroom, they all gave the digital equivalent of a shrug. Looking back at the polls, his eyes poured acid into their nonsensical details.

"And what's with these choices... what the hell's a 'Fluttershy,' and why's it leading?" Clearly, "the audience" knew something Danny did not...

Danny's temper cooled quickly. It wouldn't be the first time someone messed with his chat: it may create a bit of a setback on his planned schedule of events, but sometimes it could also kept the stream viewers somewhat entertained. Still, it wouldn't do well for things to derail for too long, so he quietly prodded the mods into finding out how to take down the intrusive poll while he looked at its options.

"Rainbow Dash, Twilight Sparkle, Applejack, Rarity, Pinkie Pie... and Fluttershy, the one that's leading." Chat was

filling with "lol wut," "best pony," "worst pony," "waifu plz," and other unhelpful things. Dragging his eyes away from the embodiment of chaos, Danny consulted something much more helpful: google search.

His left hand curled into a fist. Girly little ponies from a little girl's show. Oh, someone thought they were funny, did they? Trying to tie him to little girl things.

He took a breath and rolled his eyes. It wouldn't do to get pissed off. Obviously it was a prank: he wasn't going to feed the troll who did it. As his temper quickly cooled back to normal again, he tried to uncurl his hand.

It wouldn't uncurl. A cramp? He put more force into moving his hand... but it didn't want to move the way he was used to. The fingertips felt numb, too. Glancing down, Danny's eyes reported something his brain failed to acknowledge.

He blinked. Brain blinked back. Eyes blinked again. Brain clicked: yellow fur. Misshapen hand. Slowly at first, one part



of the brain started feeding the panic furnace some coal to warm things up a bit while another part brought cognition up to speed. Once everything was set in motion, this organ which marked the culmination of successful human evolution spat out the highest grade of mental performance possible for the given situation:

A very dim "What the-" followed by a very loud...



"-FUCK?!"

It happened in an instant. The changes consuming his left hand jumped over to his right. Yellow fur clawed its way up his arms as they warped into an entirely alien shape. His fingers fused together into hooves, banishing a key trait of humanity from his arms forever. Some remote part of his mind quietly pondered how he'd be able to stream like this.

Said stream suddenly didn't seem that important anymore. The small coal-fired panic engine at the back of his mind quickly became a nuclear inferno. Danny jolted out of his chair and away from the screen, as if his hands had been bitten by the same fur that now marked them as "not hands."

He didn't really notice when his glasses slipped off his face. Or that his face was reshaping into something which couldn't possibly hold glasses meant for a human.

He stared dumbly at the fur marching up his arms until the changes in his legs forced him to at least acknowledge that gravity still existed. He toppled over with an "Ooof."

The moderators stopped trying to shut down the poll. Surely, this whole thing was a stunt. One which Danny had simply... not told them about before hand. Yeah. Instead, they stared slack-jawed at the livestream. Their job

forgotten, chat quickly became a writhing sea chaotic pixels, the text flying by too quickly to be seen as anything more than a gray blur.

And as the poll filled, the changes imparted by it accelerated.

Danny was quickly becoming trapped on the ground. Human clothing no longer belonged on his body, instead conspiring to bind his movements. His lengthening hair, now a wild shade of pink, tangled itself around his shirt.

Panic still pumping through his mind, he didn't really think about the implications of stripping naked in front of a live audience during a Twitch stream. Or that the other two motion-tracking cameras (he had spent a LOT of time setting them up to make his streams easier & more dynamic) would catch this act without his input.

Still madly trying to strip his clothing away, Danny glanced down at the rest of his body and cursed. Or at least tried to.



"Oh God, oh fuc-fu-ffffuuu-d-d-darn!" His mind was thinking 'fuck,' but the word which formed in his throat and tumbled out his mouth was 'darn.'

"I mean, shoot!" No no, that was supposed to be 'shit'...

"H-horseapples?" What the hell even *was* a horseapple, and why would it replace 'fucking hell?!'

"Eep!" Wait. 'Eep?'

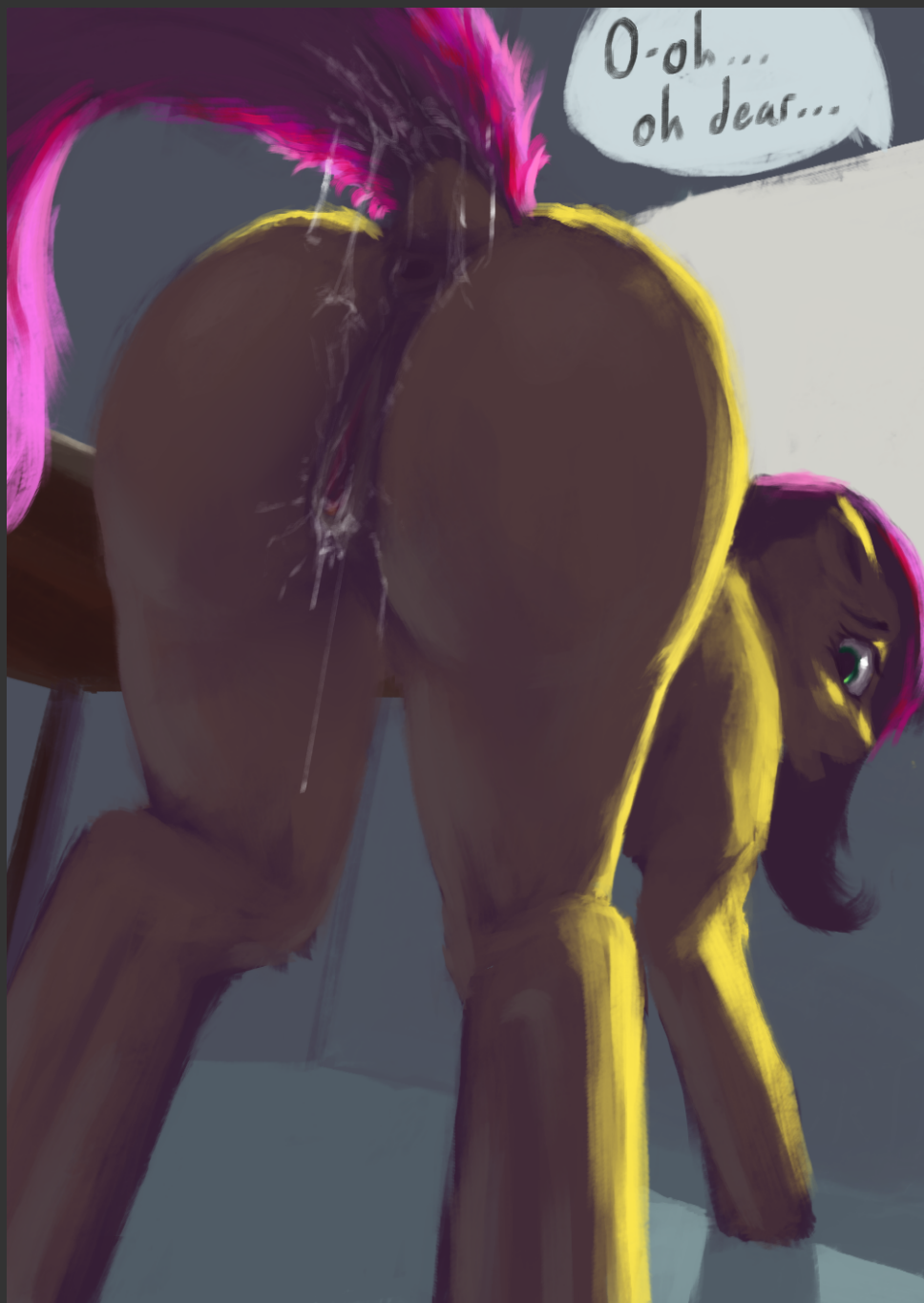
He suddenly felt incredibly embarrassed and scared. He wasn't sure *why* he should feel embarrassed (what the hell was so bad about 'horseapples?'), but fear like this was new to him. It directed his attention back toward the stream, and...

Fuck. He was half-naked on a livestream, writhing on the ground while stripping his clothing off. In front of **thousands** of viewers. Somehow, just the fact that thousands of people were looking at him spiked his fear almost as much as *what* those thousands of people were looking *at*.

[illegible][illegible]

Danny lay on the ground breathing heavily. His head was spinning. Everything was tingling. And he felt... really, *really* good. That glow disappeared a moment or two after his brain started registering input from his ears.

Notification beeps were swarming in from his moderator channel. People were *very excitedly* watching something which should **NOT** exist on a Twitch-streamer's channel.



Danny's half-lidded eyes popped wide open as his mind started feeding the panic engine again. Flailing, he finally freed his... hooves... from the shirt that they had gotten tangled in, and tried to get up.

His attempts at standing merely put "his" new marehood on full display several times, the traces of human cum smeared across Danny's flesh. Eventually, he gave up on trying to stand up on two limbs, succumbing to his new quadrupedal fate. By then, his livestream had gone dead: some admin finally clamped down on the spectacle with an iron ban hammer, locking Danny's account.

Somehow, the silence of moderator notifications made him feel relieved. It meant that people were no longer staring at him. Still feeling abnormally shy and embarrassed, Danny wanted to bury "his" face in a pillow and not ever show it again.

It didn't take long to realize that "he" was no longer a "he" anymore than "he" was no longer a human.

Looking back at his changed form, he stuttered out words in a new, and very girly, high-pitched squeaky voice:

"O-oh... oh dear... "