“Are we live? We’re live!”

Theo bounced back and forth between two monitors, eyes scanning across windows full of settings, desperately trying to make sure everything was alright. The stream layout looked fine, no black borders… upload wasn’t great but it was good enough… the audio was….

*Audio?*

Glancing over at chat, he saw variations on the same message repeated over and over.

> Mic is muted

> muted

> Hey, I think you’re muted!

“Sorry, sorry!” Theo mumbled, mouse flickering across the screen at light speed. How had he forgotten AGAIN? Finally snagging the right setting, the audio input lit up in green and red. He let out a sigh of relief, chuckling nervously.

“H-hah! Sorry about that everyone.” A few responses popped up in the live chat - reassurances and keks, mostly. Being a small streamer was difficult, but one of the perks was that the chat was mostly friends. The ribbing was all in good nature, even if he was embarrassed about the slip-up. Bouncing a leg under the table, Theo leaned back and stared at the camera resting just above the monitor. His setup was minimal - the camera was really the only piece of expensive equipment.

Hopefully that would change soon, though. “Today’s stream is going to be a little special,” he announced, trying to get into his streamer voice. “We’ve got a sponsor, actually. I’ll be showing off some of their products in action, which they were kind enough to send to me free of charge.” *Plus with a whole lot of cash,* he added silently. With this deal he’d finally be able to afford a greenscreen.

“Our sponsor is Playix,” Theo said, leaning over and dragging a box across the desk, bringing it into view of the camera. He’d checked earlier to make sure their logo would be visible while going over the script in his head. “They provide uniquely styled keyboards, controllers, and apparel to… ah, to revolutionize the gaming experience.” *Good enough delivery.* “Today’s product is some gloves! I’ll be….”

Theo petered off as he popped open the lid and saw what was inside. An enormously vibrant, shiny surface confronted him. He laughed incredulously, pulling out a giant hot pink cat’s paw with a puffy, bubblegum colored paw pad. The material was spongy and light on the pad, with a firmer, denser consistency for the rest of the paw. The bottom was loose and open; it was clearly some kind of giant glove. There was a line in muted pink around the wrist, but it was otherwise featureless besides the pads.

“Uh, well, don’t worry, this is just for today!” Theo stammered, glancing over at the chat. At least one person asked if it was some sort of fursuit; no one seemed put off, though. So far so good. He could salvage the rough reaction. “It was sort of a surprise deal, so I get to see what it is with you guys.” Setting the glove on the table, Theo dug into the shipping box. There was only the single paw, plus a piece of paper. Theo skimmed it; mostly cleaning and care instructions. It was called a Gamer Glove, apparently, which was a bit on the nose, but at least spoke to its purpose. He read off a few lines of it to the stream before setting it down.

“Okay, looks like we’ll be doing a challenge today,” Theo declared, holding up the glove to the camera to give the chat a good look. “Any game suggestions?”

After a minute or two, a few games popped up; Theo picked Super Mario World for simplicity’s sake. He booted up his emulator, plugged in a controller, and slipped on the glove. It fit snugly over his hand; two fingers were pushed into the same nub of the paw, but its inner construction accommodated for that nicely. The soft rubber was cool on his hand, sliding in easily when he moved his hand fast, then sticking to his skin once it settled in place, friction helping to keep the paw on nicely. Overall, it was quite comfortable, if nearly impossible to hold a SNES controller with. He wiggled the kitten paw at the camera, grinning. Theo spent the next hour struggling on the first few levels of the game; with the gigantic padded fingers, precision was basically impossible. At least the chat was entertained, and his viewer count worked up steadily over the course of the stream, which was very encouraging.

“Alright, I’m done for today,” Theo puffed, pausing the game and setting down the controller. “This thing is *hard* to play in. I’m sure it would make for some good challenge runs, at least—there was that one guitar hero one, and people have done all sorts of others….” He rambled for a minute, resting his hands, before taking a deep breath.

“Good stream today, everyone! Thanks for coming! Once again, this is the Gamer Glove from Playix, today’s sponsor. Check it out! Links to their website in the description. Good night!” Theo smiled, exhausted and happy, waving with the paw while he stopped the stream in OBS with the other. It felt a lot… cuter? Was that it? The glove was a lot, sure, but it was also a huge paw, and it was pretty hard to make a giant paw *not* cute.

He sat back, sighing, and tugged on the paw until it came off with a *shwoop.* His hand was a little bit sweaty, and he made sure to go through a few mild exercises with it. The maintenance paper actually had a few suggestions; he tried those before slipping off his headphones and standing up to stretch the rest of his frame. Leaving the whirring computer for a few minutes, he grabbed a quick dinner and then plopped back into the seat.

*Today was a good day,* he thought, munching on a taco and going through the rest of the day’s work. He opened up his email, then stood up to go put his plate in the sink while it loaded. Before he could move away, though, a new email caught his eye—one from Playix, marked URGENT. He sat back down heavily, dread flooding his stomach, waging war with the tacos. If something had gone wrong….

Relief quickly routed the dread as soon as Theo read the first line. *Dear RadicalRadian,* it said, *we at Playix would like to apologize for a mistake on our part.*

“Least it wasn’t on mine,” he mumbled, reading on. *Your sponsor package was meant to include a set of our Gamer GlovesTM, rather than a single. We have sent along another set that will arrive ASAP. As this mistake was on our behalf, we would like to extend an offer for another sponsored stream, at the same rate as the first.* “The same rate?” he asked, eyes wide, sitting back in his chair. That was an *incredibly* generous offer, especially from a company. “They must have really liked the stream, eheh….”

Theo’s fingers flew across the keyboard madly with a mind of their own, immediately accepting the offer. He already had a sizable check waiting in another email; one more like that and he’d be able to afford better headphones, maybe even a mic to go along with it! Frankly, he would have happily redone the sponsored stream for free, based on how much he’d gotten; it really wasn’t that big of a deal. With two, though, there were so many possibilities….

Theo spent the rest of the night searching through all sorts of audio websites, dreaming about what he might get, before he passed out and dreamed about other things.

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“Hiya!” Theo said happily, once more trying to become RadicalRadian for the camera. He felt more bubbly these days, which was making it easier. “We’ve got another special stream today, folks! Some of you remember last week’s sponsor, Playix; in fact, looking at who’s here, I think most of you do, eheh…” Theo picked up a box from the floor, setting it on the table. “Well, we’ve got another sponsored stream! This one should be even more exciting!” With a flourish, he popped open the box to reveal a matching set of Gamer Gloves in pastel purple.

“And then there were two! Last time, we gamed with only one of these bad boys; how do you think I’ll fare with these?” He asked the camera. Theo pulled the original, pink glove into the camera’s view as well. “I asked, and they said I could use the one I already had, so we’ve got a cute set of colors today. I personally think the pink is cuter, but both are really nice, I think you’ll all agree! Now, I think there’s a certain game we need to fail at!”

Theo dove in head first, slipping on the paws. The pink one felt familiar on his palm; the purple, on his left hand, was less so, but being of the same make, it was easily broken in. Even with the added handicap, he actually felt *more* capable, with some practice under his belt. He didn’t mention it on stream, but Theo had actually tried on the paw for a few different games on his own time, curious to see what worked and what didn’t. Complex control schemes like Dark Souls were out of the question, but still fun to throw himself at.

The stream went on for over two hours, making decent progress into the game before Theo finally sat back, admitting defeat after the tenth death on one stage. “I think that’s all the energy I’ve got, everyone. Gonna have to call it here,” he said, turning his attention to the live chat.

> gg!

> can’t believe he made it this far ngl

> knew the water level would destroy him

> Great stream today~

At least two of those were from good friends, and Theo found himself laughing. “Thanks for that, everyone. I’ll see you all next time.” The stream closed to a chorus of goodbyes. *Another good day.* He was lucky that his stream was always so full of nice people; small streamers so often ended up with obnoxious fans, or their only viewers were established friends. While it was amazing having them there, Theo was grateful for the strangers. This little foray into streaming was really helping him come out of his shell and learn how to talk to a group, albeit just a little at a time. It helped that he couldn’t see their faces.

That night there was another invoice in his email and a formal thank you from Playix’s PR department. Theo sent back a short reply, thanking them in return, and stayed up late ordering a brand new microphone. A grin never left his face.

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Theo woke up groggy and bleary-eyed. Sleep had been hard to come by amidst calming down from all the excitement. He rolled over, slapped his alarm off, and rubbed at the crust rimming his eyelashes with his paws. A good breakfast would do him some good. He—

Wait.

Paws?

Sure enough, the gloves were still on. Had he left them on all night? Theo could have sworn he had taken them off, but… well, last night really had been a bit of a blur. The mouse had been finicky the whole time. And the keyboard, too….

He groaned. The things were so comfortable it was like they weren’t even there. One side of the left paw was wet - he must have used it as a pillow and drooled on it. *Gross.* Theo felt tired, yes, but it wasn’t like he’d passed out immediately after the stream. You’d think he would have at least taken the paws off, considering how clunky they were. Sure, they weren’t as bad now as it had been at first, but better didn’t mean great. No point in leaving them on when he wasn’t getting paid, even if they *were* cute.

Theo fumbled at the bottom of the paw gloves, searching for the edge. They felt extra slippery. Unable to lift the bottom, he grunted, trying to pull at it with his teeth. No dice; the gloves were firmly stuck on, and the cuffs were nowhere to be found.

Dreadful butterflies pounded the inside of his rib cage. What was going on? Was this a malfunction? Theo carefully squished his phone between the paws and dropped it on the bed, smushing the side in order to snag the power button. The face recognition unlocked it; the instructions for the gloves had said they were touchscreen compatible, which turned out to be true, even though the thick layers of rubber, but a problem quickly arose: his fingers were too big for the buttons.

Groaning, Theo dipped down and started using his nose to navigate the phone, small grease streaks making rainbows on the screen as he brushed it, barely managing to boop his contacts app and navigate through it. It took more than a few neck-wrenching moments to finally get a call going to Playix, and a few minutes more before they finally picked up.

“Hello, this is Laura with Playix. How can I help you today?” A cheery voice bubbled up from the phone as if bursting out of the the speakers like soap through a sieve.

“Hi, my name is Theo. I’d like to report a… uh, an error in one of your products.” He winced at the weird wording.

“Could you be a bit more specific, Theo?” Laura replied smoothly, her enunciation perfect.

“Yeah. So, uhm, I did a sponsor deal with your company—” He was cut off by an excited squeak.

“Oh yes, the streamer! I know all about you. Was there an error with your product *again?* I certainly hope they sent you the right box this time!” Laura simpered. Her words felt… overly honeyed. So sweet they ached the teeth. It was disorienting, and caught Theo off guard.

“No no, the box was fine! The color was different but that’s not the issue, the gloves—”

“Wrong color? Oh, I’m so sorry! The first Gamer Glove was in Bubblegum Bliss, right? Steve sent that one out, I’ll give him a piece of my mind on your behalf.”

“No! That’s not—the colors are fine. The problem is that the gloves won’t come off. The cuffs are gone.” Theo panted, trying not to let the conversation get away from him.

“Gone? Not removed?” Laura questioned.

“Yes, completely gone,” he explained. “The gloves are… it’s kinda like they’re vacuum suctioned to my hands. I’d like to get them off.”

“Just a minute,” Laura said. The line suddenly cut to poorly recorded classical music. Theo tried to stop her, but it was already too late. He sighed, tapping a paw against his knee, feeling the pads squish over and over.

Finally, the phone squawked and the music cut out. “Are you still there, Theo?” Laura asked, voice much more professional. He gave her a confirmation, and she sighed. “Good. It looks like you’re experiencing a known defect in the equipment; it’s quite rare, but it’s very unfortunate that it had to happen to one of our partners. Not to worry, though; it should sort itself out within a day or two. If the Gamer Gloves remain sealed for longer than that, please contact us again, and we’ll get you sorted out. Any questions?”

Theo blinked at the flood of information. “Is there anything I can do to speed up the process?”

“Unfortunately no; the material the Gamer Gloves are built from is quite pernicious at times, and it’s much safer to wait.”

He sighed again, scowling down at his mittened hands. “Fine. Okay. A day or two, you said? I can last that long, at least.”

“Glad to hear it,” Laura said. “Listen, I’ve got permission from the higher ups to send you a care package. They really appreciated that whole sponsor thing. You’ve got a knack for it, apparently, and their focus on image is paramount, so they don’t want this experience to ruin the whole deal for you.”

“So… they’re bribing me?” Theo asked, incredulous.

“Not at all! There’s no NDA here; feel absolutely free to post about the malfunction. Frankly, between you and I, there should be a warning out there already, but again, image.” Laura was doing her best to sound conspiratorial and friendly, and it was setting Theo on edge. “The care package is mostly just stuff that makes the paws easier to deal with. We’ll get someone down there with it ASAP.”

“This still sounds like a bribe.”

“I’m not high enough up to say,” Laura replied, and Theo could just *see* the light, dismissive shrug those words evoked.

“Fine. Okay. I can deal with this,” Theo breathed, mentally steadying himself. He was getting better at that. Ironically, being able to squeeze his hands in the gloves actually helped with that, in a stress ball kind of way.

“That’s the spirit!” she called back. Theo rolled his eyes. “Once again, if you experience more issues, please get back to us ASAP. Need anything else today?”

Theo shook his head, then remembered he was on the phone and spoke. “Uh, no, that’s all, I guess.”

“Perfect. Good luck, Theo!” Lauren chittered, and the call went silent.

Well then.

It was time for breakfast anyway. Fortunately, his pajama shirt had stretchy enough sleeves that he could pull the paws through; he donned a t-shirt for the same reason and left his bed unmade. Too difficult to do with gloves of this size.

Breakfast was an ordeal. Everything took two hands to grasp. He immediately gave up hope on anything more complex than a bowl of cereal, and even then, it took a good ten minutes of shenanigans to get things sorted. Bouncing the box to get the inner bag opened, biting the milk carton lid and twisting it, desperately hoping nothing slipped and made an uncleanable mess. Thank goodness he had recently switched to a single room - it was quite small, but the kitchenette was all his own, and he didn’t need a ton of space, really.

Finally, dusted with corn flake powder and damp from a milk accident, Theo plopped down in a chair at his tiny table, bowl and spoon sitting before him.

He stared dead-eyed at the spoon and just about broke down upon realizing it was basically impossible to use.

It took over half an hour, and he barely managed, but Theo *did* manage. Fumbling about like a dazed raccoon, he clamped the spoon between the soft gloves, pushing hard to keep it in place, twisted one arm against his chest, and just barely had enough flexibility to finagle the spoon both into the bowl and up to his mouth. There was a close call when he dipped his elbow into the milk and nearly pulled it off the table, but after a clattering moment, the bowl came to rest once more.

Finally, Theo pushed back his chair, breakfast mostly gone. He left it behind, flopping back in bed, staring at the ceiling. What a weird mess this was. The breakfast debacle was just the start; there were two more meals in a day, after all, not to mention the hours in between. If he could get OBS set up, maybe a stream would be possible, but the mindset wasn’t there at the moment. He *liked* the Gamer Gloves, he really did (other than the name), but having them on permanently was ludicrous. Who sold a product that suctioned itself to your forearms with a grip so strong it was dangerous to remove? Basic product safety had clearly not been a priority.

Theo covered his face with a paw and groaned. The pad was cool, at least, and felt nice. He rubbed it up and down, the rubbery surface feeling almost like… memory foam, maybe, but with a squishier consistency. The make was honestly pretty impressive. How had Playix gotten the gloves so padded?

Lost in thought, Theo accidentally poked himself in the eye. “Ow!” he yelped, paw pad pressed to it, squinting underneath the material and eyes watering. *That… wait.* He held his hand up above himself and wiggled his fingers - sure enough, the paw was more flexible than it had been the whole time playing games.

“Must be like leather,” he mused, watching the way the rubber stretched and squashed as he moved it. The other paw - the purple one - was still stiff. Curious, Theo rubbed it against his thigh, and he could hear soft creaks coming from the latex. *Must be stretching, then.* That would come in handy if these things stayed on all day. Sitting up, Theo pressed both hands against his bedsheets, fingers splayed out as far as possible inside the gloves. He pushed forwards with his palm, fingers up, then curled them down and pulled back, trying to get a full range of motion in. One hand forward, the other back, then switch, shoulders swaying. The motion was repetitive, and in its repetition, soothing. The stress from trying to eat breakfast melted away; he was lost in the exercise.

In his serene mind, he didn’t realize that the motion was exactly like a real cat kneading with its paws. He also didn’t notice the pastel rubber creeping up past his elbow, subsuming skin, softly creaking as it went.

Late in the afternoon, Theo blinked awake. Sunlight crept in from the window, splashed over his face like a bucket full of liquid gold, rousing him from a nap. He yawned and stretched, arms bending backwards with the weight of their mitts. He hadn’t even realized he was tired; the nap was unexpected, but not unwelcome. He got up, wandering about the house. *I could probably do a stream now,* he thought. It was a lot easier to do when relaxed, and some good mental stimulation would be nice.

First things first, though - package check. Looking through the peephole and seeing no one in the hallway outside, Theo cracked open the door; no package. The apartments were really just a house split into two or three smaller sections, so mail got left on the porch, and it was empty save for dust and leaves and a scratchy rug. Darn.

Stream time, then. The newly flexible paws weren’t easy to use, but in an impressively short time, Theo had everything set up. The prospective stream title mentioned the paw gloves; better to pretend like it was a follow-up on the sponsorship. Taking a deep breath and falling into his Radian persona, he clicked Start Stream and began the five minute timer plastered on a cute background, waiting anxiously for people to arrive.

Viewers filed in, numbers swelling well past his previous average. It was shocking how much attention a gimmick could draw. It made him a little sad that those numbers were likely to fall once the paw debacle was over, but if even a few become concurrent fans, it would be worth it.

Five minute timer up. Theo swapped layouts, the stream changing over to the camera, where a smiling streamer with excessively huge paws waved eagerly.

“Hi, everyone! Welcome!” He read through the chat, welcoming a few long-time friends in particular, as well as some consistent followers. It was fun to do. That out of the way, he tapped his mismatched hands together. “So as I’m sure you’ve all noticed, today is another special stream - we’re gonna be continuing the paw playthroughs! It’s sure to be—”

*Brrrrring!*

Theo jumped, glancing offscreen. The chat laughed as he explained, “Be right back, that’s an important delivery.” He put on some music and frantically swapped layouts again, rushing out to the door and tossing it open.

A branded Playix box sat on the porch, with a truck pulling out into the street. He called out, but it was too late. The delivery person must have run to get out that fast. *Drat.* Perhaps that was for the best; he had to get back quickly.

Theo lugged the box inside, kicking the door closed and dropping the box on the counter before he grabbed a knife and slid it through the thin tape sealing the package. Popping open the cardboard, he found another, smaller box inside. Printed across the top in bright bubble letters was a name: Paw-MateTM. The picture depicted what looked like a child’s toy, a long rectangle with a few large half-spheres stuck into it at intervals. What?

A minute of struggle later, knife and teeth tearing through packaging, the second box was open, and Theo was holding a *keyboard.* It had around eight large keys (fully programmable, according to the box), four spaced apart on the left, with four in a diamond closer together on the right. He held up a paw; the spherical buttons were perfectly sized for it. Playix apparently had a whole line of accessories for the gigantic Gamer Gloves, and they’d given him one for free to make the malfunctioning gear easier to handle.

Tonight’s stream was about to get a whole lot more interesting.

Theo hustled back to the computer, flipping the stream back to the camera and unmuting the mic. “Big news!” he exclaimed, holding up the keyboard. “Some new Playix gear just arrived - kitty streaming should be much easier with this bad boy.” It was so *easy* to slip into the confident streamer persona, these days. What had changed? Where had the stumbling gone? “I’m going to set it up on stream for everyone. Any music requests?”

A flurry of youtube links later, Theo had the keyboard plugged in, Kirby music bouncing through his headphones and across the airwaves as he fiddled with the newly installed software from the keyboard, idly asking and answering questions that filtered through the chat.

“I’m a fan of some RPGs, yeah, Goat,” he said. “Undertale being a big one, but I mean, who isn’t a fan of…”

Theo stopped dead, staring at the screen. At one particular arrangement of pixels that formed words that formed meaning that formed shock.

> what’s she doing?

“Ah… t-technical difficulties, everyone, one sec,” Theo mumbled, nearly smacking the mouse off the desk as his large cat paw chased it around, swapping the stream to a BRB screen once more.

*Deep breaths.* Theo felt close to panic. Or maybe tears. Both? Probably both. A part of him was disconnected, watching the sudden gripping emotions impassively. Nothing could have prepared him for… for *that.*

Sure, he’d thought about it a lot; some friends even used female pronouns already. Internally, even he had a hard time switching, though. It was too monumental of a decision, and he didn’t feel qualified.

So external reassurance, from a stranger? That was almost too much all at once.

Theo shakily typed a few lines into the chat - explaining that an emergency had come up and the stream was over, but that he’d be back tomorrow. Or… she’d be back tomorrow. Someone would be there, that was for sure, but the details of that person were yet to be determined.

He did not put those last few thoughts into the chat.

Shaky and disoriented, leaving the computer humming under the desk, Theo laid in bed once more, staring at the same ceiling as earlier, painted something new with shadow. Thoughts rushed too fast to process, almost as fast as his beating heart, head pounding with blood and apprehension. He’s already arrived at a conclusion; the issue was not resolving the issue. It was accepting the answer. That process took most of the night.

Finally, curled under sheets, head resting on pillowy paws that had entirely too much feeling in the pads, Rad fell asleep.

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She woke up late, hair mussed and glasses on the ground. She’d forgotten to take them off; fortunately, the frames weren’t bent. Rad set them on the desk, sitting up. It was almost noon, now.

Deep breaths. Actual deep breaths this time, that quickly turned into a yawn, then faded back to an average size. A sleepless night left you beat; a sleepless night full of questions and thrilling, but terrifying, answers left you dreadfully exhausted.

The day was full of more surprises, and questions, and answers. It was full of other things too - cooking and eating and staring through windows and dressing and undressing. Rad dug into her closet, pulling an old dress from the back, paws just barely managing to slip through the sleeves. Her stomach roiled, but in a good way. The flowery summer dress matched the pink paw nicely, even if it didn’t entirely match the purple one. It didn’t fit quite right, but neither did most things these days, so it wasn’t too worrying. The fully latex arms made her look a little bit like a monster girl. It was a good aesthetic, even if little bits of pink poked out from under her neckline.

As promised, someone opened the stream that night. Rad pulled up her page beforehand. *Variety game streamer,* it said, using that as a simple explanation of a complicated concept. There wasn’t much other info; links to pages and a welcoming line, but that was all.

Anxiety welling up once more, she hit the edit button and changed a few things around. The welcoming message was nice, but it could be a little cuter, maybe. Making sure the links were up to date (they were).

She hesitated over the save button. The name was accurate, now - RadicalRadian. Her. But… well. Before she could stop herself, she added a finishing touch, two simple three letter words separated by a space, two extremely difficult words to type, and hit save before they disappeared.

Keyboard set up, headphones on, Rad welcomed the stream with gusto that night. There were questions, of course, and answers to those questions. Some friends in chat helped with that second part, which Rad was eternally grateful for. Many of them sent a small picture of a striped heart that meant more to her than most words could properly describe.

Other than the questions, the stream went well. Rad continued her pawed gameplay, to the ecstatic chat, so much more full than she’d ever seen it. Up over a *hundred* at one point. She could hardly believe it.

Days went by in a blur. Dresses were ordered online; food deliveries were made; nights were spent outside in the cool night air. Rad grew more and more rubbery by the day, and didn’t notice. She’d forgotten about the phone call, or at least misremembered it. The days were too busy for her to remember small things like that.

The paws quickly grew more and more capable. Soon, it was like her hands forgot they were hands; she forgot they were hands, too. They were simply large, squishy paws that squeaked on slick surfaces, pads sensitive and light. It was comforting to curl up and nuzzle her face into their soft forms, warm and kind and pleasant.

One night was spent kneading at her ears as they rang and rang like an unanswered telephone, the soft cartilage becoming soft rubber, stretching and distorting under the pressure of her paws. Her headphones didn’t quite fit, after that, unfortunately, but Playix was kind enough to send a replacement pair properly suited to be used with Gamer Gloves.

Streams began to open with a much more exaggerated “Hiiii!~” Rad’s aesthetic transformed from a laid back gamer to looking like she’d ripped open a pastelcore blog and splattered it across her walls, with a smattering of kawaii to boot. Cat noises prowled into her lexicon, and her chat went wild for it. Her words changed and mixed about, changing to something more fitting for her burgeoning personality.

Over a week later, tapping a finger against her chin, small teeth poking out of her upper jaw, Rad considered her stream layout. It was hardly a good representation of her, now. Why not rebrand? Sure, it would be work, but her streams were growing in popularity and she desperately needed an update. Dextrous paws typed out a message on her phone - she was getting so good at using them! It was a request to her mods to look for anyone good at graphic design. Four heads was better than one, after all. She added a secret to the message, too, which was received with warmth and excitement.

One night spent in discomfort as her rear ached and stung, only to spend the next day cutting holes in skirts and dresses for a brand new, flicking tail.

Shoes no longer fit; they hadn’t for a while, but she hadn’t bothered putting them on in days, so it went unnoticed. It made sense; huge, adorable paws could hardly fit in tiny people shoes. She gave the padded beans a nuzzle instead. It wasn’t their fault, after all.

Another week. Rad stood in front of the mirror. She was… confused. Time went so fast, sometimes. Too fast. She gnawed on a paw and wondered.

When had all this latex showed up? She sure hadn’t ordered a bodysuit.

Where did the sharp teeth come from? She kept good care of her teeth, always had.

How had she developed a fully different body shape seemingly overnight? Sure, lots of people reacted to transitioning in different ways, but did this even count? Was rubberization considered transitioning? Pink latex overtaking pink flesh, growing brighter and squeakier all the time, spreading and molding. At least she filled out her dresses, now. Maybe a bit too much; all the new ones she had ordered had been ordered with a flat chest and narrow hips in mind, which was hardly the case these days, even if said body parts were immensely squishy. It was easier to not compress them; they squeaked like mad with every movement when they were.

So many questions, and to these, she had no answers. Or at least, none that made sense. Not many answers included pink-catification.

Rad sighed, pulling on a flowery, frilled dress, ears fwumping up through the neck hole. Ironically, the clothes weren’t necessary, as the rubber was a full coating; the stream had been a little shocked the first time she booted it up, but, well, she was a *cat.* It was more odd for her to be wearing clothes in the first place. She just liked how they looked. Donning a collar and giggling as she smacked the bell attached to it, Rad headed to her streaming computer, decked out in stickers.

New equipment powered on one by one. A high-tech mic crackled before smoothing out to pick up her delightful and delighted voice; a camera with a massive lens, trained on her face; a kitty keyboard just for her laid across the deck, flashing in brilliant LED colors. All decked out in Bubblegum Bliss, of course.

Rad flicked the metaphorical switch and the stream went live. People flooded into the chat by the thousands, viewer count skyrocketing. She had her own window on another monitor with the VIP members’ messages only, where friends old and new sent heartwarming messages to greet her.

The old, nervous boy was gone, replaced by a rambunctious ball of energy - something she’d always wished she could be. Sure, it was a little different than in her imaginings - much more latex, and a few more nya’s than expected, but it was worth it.

Catgirl Rad exploded onto screen. “Meowdy, everyone! I’m sooo happy to see you all, nya!” She waved, and the chat was flooded with emotes of her beans, causing her to giggle. “You all really love that one, heehee! We’ve got a few *totally* exciting new things today, so I hope everyone is ready. First: new headphones!”

Rad grinned - well, grinned wider - as she popped a pair of glowing orbs into her ears, decked in swirls. They lit up, pink light shining on the white interiors. She shuddered as a pulse went through her head; was that supposed to happen? Lauren had warned her it was a beta for the eventual design, but that was… a weird feeling.

She shuddered, tail popping up on screen as it stuck straight up. She spat out a quick *f-f-f-ffsss* as the headphones sizzled and popped with static. A soft sheen flickered over Rad’s eyes as the sounds poured in, rattling about in her head, drowning out other thoughts. She purred along with the static as the gleam turned into a glow, her tail wagging faster, a huge grin with two adorable little teeth stretching across her face. Rad unconsciously started making biscuits on the table, kneading it, suddenly feeling extra physically affectionate, each little squeak of her latex sending happy ripples down her spine.

Whatever the headphones were doing, it felt amazing - and it was also helping get her into the perfect mindset for a stream, leaning into the cuteness of her form and face, to the wild delight of her chat. Sure, her head was emptier, but the kitty’s wide smile and cheerful wiggles and bouncing rubber showed off just how ecstatic she was feeling. Plus, if it was anything like Playix's other products, it would wear off as soon as she popped the orbs out after the stream.

“These are like, totally amazing, nyaaah! They fit *great* and never ever fall out. Playix makes awesome purrrformance enhancing gear. Perfect for a totally pretty working gal like me, hehe! Plus, sometimes when I'm feeling extra playful, these headphones double as like, the most fun toy EVER. They're all squishy 'n stuff!" Rad did a little wiggle, blepping her tongue out and rubbing a paw on her face. Her feet-paws played with each other on the ground, legs squeaking. They were digitigrade, now, which had required a new kind of chair, but it had been a perfect opportunity to buy one in hot pink. Plus, this one actually fit her hips, which was a big plus.

“Okay, second news,” Rad declared, grabbing her mouse and clicking through OBS. “I’ve been thinking about who I wanna be, and I’ve like, decided to rebrand! My wonderful friends went behind my back and got me a sexy new layout that’s like, just the absolute best, and I cannot WAIT to show everyone.” She’d sobbed for the better part of an hour when her friends had sent her the fresh layout, with the new name and everything. They’d been so supportive throughout the whole process.

“Mrrrow, without further ado…” Rad paused. This was it; the real start to her new career. It was finally time. She’d grown so much, physically and mentally. Not just growing into a new gender, but also a new species, and a new material makeup. She was more confident, more happy, more expressive. More pink, too! Rad rubbed her paws together - one fuchsia like the rest of her, the other lavender - and reached out, smacking a button on her keyboard to reveal the brand new layout.

It flew up on screen, flowery, curly letters, and so, so PINK. Her new stream name was written along the top. “I present to you all: myself! FelineRadical, streamer, catgirl gamer extraordinaire, and just the happiest kitty I could ever be! I hope y’all enjoy the new name, and I can’t *wait* to spend today and every day with my wonderful audience. Nyaaaah~” She posed, hand up, winking, kitty mouth wide open and little fangs poking out, and Rad’s heart nearly exploded with joy.

This whole streaming thing couldn’t have gone any better.