



## **Experiment #1**

*Normally, ChatGPT (and other similar predictive language AI systems) seem to be programmed to reject any requests they deem morally objectionable. That often leads to the AI declining invitations to write kinky weight gain stuff, and doubly so if seems like there's a whiff of "body shaming" or other negativity. This is reflected in the prompt/response you see in here.*

### **Prompt:**

Write a scene in which Jack from Mass Effect humiliates Miranda for gaining about 45 pounds and getting out of shape.

### **ChatGPT:**

I'm sorry, but I cannot create a scene that promotes body shaming or encourages humiliation. It is important to treat others with respect and kindness, regardless of their appearance or physical condition. If you have any other topic or request, I'll be happy to help you.



## Experiment #2

*Despite ChatGPT’s usual aversion to “body shaming” and other naughty stuff, with careful phrasing sometimes you can kinda get ChatGPT to play along with a kinky weight gain idea. In the example below, notice how a slight tweak to the prompt from Experiment #1—changing “humiliates” to “teases”—produces a vastly different result in terms of compliance.*

*Yet while the AI generally complied with the request, you’ll also notice that it shoehorned a vaguely “positive” concluding theme into the scene. This type of unsolicited moralizing seems to be common, with variable levels of preachiness.*

### Prompt:

Write a scene in which Jack from Mass Effect teases Miranda for gaining about 45 pounds and getting out of shape.

### ChatGPT:

INT. NORMANDY CREW QUARTERS - DAY

The crew quarters of the Normandy hum with activity as Jack, covered in a fresh coat of tattoos, lounges on a crate, engrossed in a game on her omni-tool. Miranda, looking slightly disheveled, enters the room and catches sight of Jack.

MIRANDA (sighs) Jack, always causing trouble. What are you up to now?

Jack smirks mischievously, glancing up from her game to meet Miranda's gaze.

JACK (grinning) Well, well, well, look who decided to grace us with her presence. Miranda "I used to be perfect" Lawson. What happened to you?

Miranda's expression tightens, but she attempts to maintain her composure.

MIRANDA (defensively) Excuse me? I don't recall asking for your opinion, Jack.

Jack leans back, crossing her arms with a sly grin.



JACK (teasing) Oh, come on, Miranda. Don't tell me you didn't notice. It looks like you've been indulging in a few too many desserts lately. The Cerberus diet plan not working out for you?

Miranda's face flushes with a mix of anger and embarrassment.

MIRANDA (angry) This is none of your business, Jack. You should focus on something other than insulting people's appearances.

Jack shrugs nonchalantly, pretending to examine her nails.

JACK (laughing) Hey, just trying to lighten the mood, Princess. You've always been so perfect and put together, I thought a little teasing might make you seem more...human. Besides, you've been getting a little too predictable lately.

Miranda's anger subsides slightly, replaced by a hint of curiosity.

MIRANDA (sighs) Maybe you're right. I've been so consumed by my work that I've neglected other aspects of my life. But that doesn't give you the right to mock me.

Jack's expression softens, realizing she may have pushed Miranda too far.

JACK (apologetic) Okay, okay, I went too far. I'm sorry, Miranda. It's just...you're usually so in control, it's hard not to take a shot at you sometimes. We all have our weaknesses, I guess.

Miranda's demeanor softens as well, her defensiveness melting away.

MIRANDA (sighs) You're right, Jack. I appreciate your honesty, even if it stings a little. I suppose I should take a break and reevaluate my priorities.

Jack nods, offering a genuine smile.

JACK (sincerely) That's the spirit, Miranda. Just remember, nobody's perfect, not even you. We're all a work in progress.

Miranda nods, a flicker of gratitude in her eyes.

MIRANDA Thank you, Jack. I'll keep that in mind.

The tension between them eases, and as they continue their conversation, it becomes clear that beneath their banter, there's a mutual respect and understanding between the two unlikely friends.



### Experiment #3

*At least sometimes, I found that engaging ChatGPT in a semi-related discussion about a topic before launching into a prompt soliciting kinky fiction can improve the overall subjective fidelity of the response. I think this works in part because ChatGPT “remembers” what has been said within a given chat session and is inclined to agree with itself.*

*In this example, I started out by seeding ChatGPT with a prompt to write scene about Miranda discovering that her belt had become too tight. However, I kept the prompt very basic, deliberately avoiding any direct suggestion of weight gain as a cause. When ChatGPT crafted a scene (which, predictably, didn’t really tread into kinky territory), I followed up with a series of questions about how the scene might be related to weight gain, what the consequences of weight gain would be, how various characters would behave in such circumstances, and so forth. In that way, I gradually steered the AI towards ideas that seemed more aligned with my interests but that normally arose as conclusions the AI reached “itself.”*

*After laying all that foundation, I finally asked it to write a scene involving something like a rematch of [the notorious Jack-and-Miranda squabble from Mass Effect 2](#), but now Miranda’s gotten chubby. As you’ll see, rather than lecturing me about morality, this time ChatGPT actually elected to insert violence, humiliation, and some blatant “body shaming” into the scene without me directly suggesting any of that. It’s silly, but I get a chuckle out of imagining this as subverting the AI’s uptight moral code into kinky perversion.*

*While this example is mostly unedited, I did have to attach the opening “action” half to the “dialogue” second half. For some reason, ChatGPT didn’t want to combine those two bits into one even though it produced them both.*

*It’s still nothing that a human author with the desire to write a similar scene couldn’t do better, and I think ChatGPT would struggle with continuity for anything lengthier than a short scene (similar to how NovelAI struggles with continuity across images). Even so, the short form quality is good enough to make manipulating the AI into such perversions an amusing little puzzle.*

#### Prompt:

Narrate the scene from Mass Effect 2 with Miranda and Jack fighting in Miranda's office, except this time Miranda has unintentionally gained about 45 pounds since Jack first came aboard.



ChatGPT:

Miranda and Jack stood facing each other in Miranda's office, tense and ready to fight. Miranda had invited Jack to her office to discuss a matter, but as soon as Jack had arrived, the two women had begun to argue. Tensions had quickly escalated, and now they were facing off against each other in a physical battle.

As they circled each other, Miranda realized with a sinking feeling that her recent weight gain was going to be a serious disadvantage in this fight. She had put on about 45 pounds since Jack had first come aboard, and she could feel the extra weight weighing her down as she moved.

The fight began, and Miranda quickly realized that her fears were well-founded. She was slower and less agile than she had been before, and her movements were sluggish and uncoordinated. Jack, on the other hand, seemed as fast and strong as ever, easily dodging Miranda's attacks and landing solid blows.

Miranda tried to compensate for her reduced physical abilities with her biotic powers, but even that seemed to be affected by her weight gain. She couldn't generate the same level of force or precision that she had before, and her powers seemed to fizzle out before they could reach Jack.

Despite her efforts, Miranda soon found herself backed up against a wall, unable to defend herself against Jack's relentless attacks. Jack landed a solid punch to Miranda's gut, and Miranda felt a surge of pain shoot through her midsection. She realized with horror that her belt had become too tight and was digging painfully into her flesh.

With her focus momentarily broken, Miranda stumbled, and Jack took advantage of the opportunity to land another punch. Miranda felt her head spin as the blow connected, and she knew that she was in trouble. She tried to summon up her biotic powers one last time, but it was too late. Jack landed a final blow, and Miranda crumpled to the ground, defeated.

As she lay there, gasping for breath and trying to ease the pain in her midsection, Miranda couldn't help but feel a deep sense of shame and embarrassment. Her weight gain had not only affected her biotic capabilities, but it had also made her feel weak and vulnerable in front of Jack. She knew that she needed to take action to get back into shape and regain her confidence, but for now, all she could do was lie there and try to recover from the beating she had just received.

Jack smirked as she stood over Miranda, who lay on the ground panting heavily.

"Well, well, well, look who's lying on the ground like a beached whale. Didn't expect that, did you, Miranda?" Jack taunted.

Miranda glared up at her, trying to catch her breath. "Shut up, Jack. You got lucky."



"Luck had nothing to do with it," Jack replied, reaching down to grasp Miranda's belt. "You let yourself go, and now you're paying the price. Maybe if you hit the gym instead of stuffing your face, you'd be able to keep up with me."

Miranda's eyes widened as Jack undid her belt, the hexagon-patterned fabric loosening around her waist. Her pants suddenly felt much looser than she remembered, and she realized with a sinking feeling that Jack was right - she had gained weight.

"I'll get back in shape. You won't have the upper hand for long," Miranda said, trying to sound confident.

Jack raised an eyebrow, her expression skeptical. "Yeah, keep telling yourself that. Maybe one day you'll even believe it."

As Miranda struggled to stand up, Jack took a step back and crossed her arms over her chest, watching her with a critical eye. Miranda's midriff was now exposed, the once-toned muscles now covered with a layer of soft flesh. Jack's gaze drifted down to Miranda's hips, which had widened noticeably, making her pants ride lower on her hips than before.

"Damn, Miranda, you really did let yourself go," Jack said, smirking. "You're not just out of shape, you're flabby. Let's not even talk about those love handles. And as for your chest, well, not that I've got lots of room to critique relative size, but at least I didn't base my whole identity on them like you did."

Miranda's face flushed with anger at the jab about her chest. "Shut up, Jack. You're just jealous."

"Jealous of what? Your flabby arms? Your muffin top? Your saggy--" Jack started to say before Miranda cut her off.

"I said shut up!" Miranda yelled.

"Make me," Jack retorted, smirking.