

Crypto-Gal (E-Scammer to E-Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A commission for Jack Mackenzie

Warren is a smug 'Bitcoin Bro' who rakes in money off of rubes who buy into his cryptocurrency scams, all while seeing himself as an alpha male. He discovers he has Lumin's Syndrome, and is slowly turning into a sexy woman. Rather than fight this change, Warren decides to use it to his advantage with his scams. But his fanbase may have other ideas about what content they want from him now.

Crypto-Gal

Warren adjusted his camera one last time before checking his reflection in the mirror. The appearance he put on was one that looked enormously casual and relaxed, yet possessing a kind of confident dominance. It was very carefully cultivated in order to give the most deliberate impression of total success. His Mediterranean skin was shiny thanks to a product he used, allowing his impressive gym muscles to show through his tight white singlet. His hair was shaved almost completely, but he had a cropped black beard that gave an appearance of both intelligence and manliness. He'd perfected his dead-eyed stare, one full of intensity, but also one he could turn off to become relaxed. Cheerful. Calming. It was important to be a little volatile. After all, what was more volatile than cryptocurrency? He readied the stream, and turned it on.

"What's up my crypto-bros?" he said in a manufactured tone, a little lower than his already-low register. "I can say it's been a good day for the markets. The value of Aether, Crypt-X, and Indie-4 have all gone up, and we're looking at gains of maybe even six percent here. I'm not kidding guys, the boom is not far off. I know some of you have been sceptical, maybe even refused to invest just yet, but trust me boys, you're either gonna be money making alphas sipping champagne with hot ladies in bikinis by the poolside in a few months or you'll be looking back with regret at what a beta cuck you ended up being! You simply *can't* turn down this opportunity. I've got my usual link at the bottom of the screen to hook you up to invest. Talk to any other member on my forum, they'll tell you that I know how to use your money, and I only take a ten percent fee. That's much more generous than anyone else. Trust me, we're taking this shit to the moon, and you can either strap on in or end up being a fucking loser. Take it from me, boys. I know how an alpha plays. You gotta take them risks.

“Now, let’s chat about the currencies that aren’t doing well - you know, the ones I expressly told you *not* to buy into. And then I can show you all the nice shit and the brand fucking spanking new Bugatti that my investments have gotten me. You wanna slice? Then keep listening, and just us for the crypto-revolution. Be a man, and rule the world with us.”

He continued his stream for another forty minutes, alternating it between his crypto-advice, constant shilling of his investment service, as well as showing off the latest NFT card collection that was being released with his face on it, limited items he claimed would be worth three times as much in as many months. He drank some fine whiskey, took a protein shake while taking the camera around his fine house, and ended the stream with a look at his Ferrari, which made the stream go wild. He’d been promising to show them for some time, and it was just one more piece of evidence for how successful he was. How macho he was. How all the bitches were into him, including the hot Instagram influencers he always had on one or both arms that you could see all throughout his socials. Yeah, he was living the life alright, and everyone could see what a successful alpha male Warren Brody was.

What they couldn’t see was that it was all a carefully cultivated lie, as artificial as the effort he put into his looks. Oh sure, he was a big, well-muscled dude, but that was enhanced by his false claims of being 6’3 when he was just 6’0 - kept higher by heel inserts. His hair was, annoyingly, actually thinning on top prematurely, and so his shaved ‘predator’ look was made out of necessity. And even his muscles, while impressive, were not nearly as much as he made them look to be: a too-tight singlet and body oil made him look far more bulging. And if that was his physical appearance, then his house was far more of a lie. It was mortgaged to the hilt, and many of its amenities such as the backyard pool were only running when he needed to have them as part of his stream. The Bugatti in his garage was a rental, and one that was *not* cheap, but he certainly didn’t own it. And the woman on his arm at the end of his stream, who winked into the camera before dipping her chest so *everyone* could see her cleavage? Not his girlfriend, and certainly not interested in him.

“Same time next week?” he asked.

Cindy rolled her eyes as she took the several hundred he offered her. “Fine, but only because you pay well. Don’t expect me to do that big titty show off without another fifty on top of it. I try to keep that content on my own channel.”

“Please,” Warren said, “the only reason your channel rakes in cash at all is because of me. You play the part of hot, submissive chick on my arm for a few more months, then I’ll kick you to the curb and claim you got all pro-independence and stopped being the trophy girl you were meant to be. My supporters will lap it up hard in the bitcoin scene, they’re practically all fucking manosphere morons, and meanwhile you can pivot to victim narrative and get just as much support from chicks who buy into your whole turn to feminism.”

Cindy paused, examining him. “You really are a devious shit, aren’t you Warren Brody?”

He smirked. “It’s what these rubes pay me for. They want a real man to guide them, and they’ll trip over themselves to see me as their daddy, and pay me for playing the part.”

“Not to mention you get them to buy into your crypto scam.”

“Not a scam. Just an investment realignment opportunity.”

Cindy huffed. “God, and I thought *I* was good at depriving lonely men of their money. Since when did college-age dudes start preferring to fork money over to alpha-douche investment gurus instead of just a nice pair of tits?”

Warren laughed. “Since this alpha-douche started giving them hope that they too can be rich.”

“But Warren, you’re not rich. You’re in *debt*.”

“Not for long. They’re gonna send me to the moon, Cindy, right to the moon. At least that’s what they’ll think. All these rubes will sending me to is the bank with their money, and they can keep the worthless coins they get out of it when they crash.”

Cindy raised an eyebrow. “Like I said, devious shit.”

“And yet they see me as the ideal man. Go figure.”

With a somewhat horrified chuckle, Cindy left, his fake girlfriend off to pursue her own interests. He didn’t care. Already, his viewers were throwing in money to his schemes. Their comments reeked of desperation:

I can’t wait to be like you, Warren!

Ditched my GF last week. Time to join the BITCOIN REVOLUTION

Just sent my entire paycheck. Can’t wait for the investment return!

Warren is literally the life coach the world needs

Dude knows how to rein in the bitches

Fuck feminism, GO WARREN! WE ALPHA NOW BOYS!

He read them with amusement, knowing that all they were doing was giving him the life he pretended to have. They were too stupid to realise that the only thing giving his online currency worth was his rabid horde of fans buying it so he could see high, then buy another coin low. Pump and dump schemes, man: they always left the little guy holding the worst cards, while Warren was already readying his next scam.

“You’re the man, Warren,” he said to his own reflection.

Just a week later, Warren Brody received the terrible news that not only was he not *the* man, but that soon he wouldn’t be any kind of man at all. It had started when he noticed that his

beard was thinning. He played it off with his supporters and fans, simply claiming he was 'trying a new look', even making a joke that 'since we crypto-bros are gonna rule this world soon, we might as well go for the Lex Luthor look, right?' But inwardly he had panicked, and tried to figure out why he was struggling to maintain his facial hair. The same was true of his body hair in general: within just the span of five days he no longer had the lush carpet of a man, but instead was hairless. Even his skin seemed oddly softer. He wasn't sure if it was a new oil or moisturiser he was using but really seemed like he had lost a certain *hardness* that defined him. The kind that made others want to buy into his Silicon Valley revolution bullshit. That was half the joy of hawking digital currencies that rose and fell like sandcastles on the beach; it was all about presentation, confidence, and appearance. If you could make nerdy twenty-something guys believe they could be just as successful as you by their twenty-fifth birthday, then you were set.

Only now, for reasons that escaped him, Warren was finding his body feeling a little bit less confident. He continued his streams, made sure to talk up Aether as the next big thing. It was likely to flop over the next year, but that didn't matter, he could always pivot to another: he'd get his pump and dump, the same way he took his women. But some of the comments seemed to notice his change.

Not a fan of the no beard look.

Agreed, the whiskers just aren't cutting it. I know this is all about investment and it shouldn't matter, but he's not just selling the future of digital currency, he's selling an image of what we could be. And I want to have a beard!

Think Warren's sick. Skin looking a little clammy, soft. Maybe the feminazis have him feeling down?

Warren just played these off, feigning some illness. But soon that excuse became a very real concern when he noticed that he was struggling to lift his usual weights at the gym. His muscle tone seemed oddly lighter, and it was as if his heavy loads were much more of a struggle than they should have been. Hell, even his warm-up weights left him feeling breathless! He'd planned to film himself on his morning workout, talk about how investing in NFTs gave him the 'motivation to get up in the morning and make his body a finely tuned machine' and all that, but he didn't have motivation for more hawking of a dumb product, not while this concern was rearing its head.

It was when he went out on the town, spending some of the money he'd been given by his followers - money he was *supposed* to invest in another 'shitcoin' as he liked to call them secretly - that he picked up a cute blonde in the hopes of feeling a bit more manly. She was clearly impressed by his figure, but when he took her back to his place to show it off, things went terribly wrong, after so much had gone right.

“Mhmm,” the woman had moaned as he began groping her tits, establishing his dominance. “This is s-such a nice place. H-how did you afford it?”

“Cryptocurrency,” he replied, “I made a fortune off of it. Have millions of followers you know, and more each day. I’m practically retired.”

It was a lie of course, but she didn’t need to know that. Whatever got her wet and ready for his aching, throbbing cock.

“Ohhhh, that f-feels good. Jeez, you’re a hot millionaire too.”

“Multimillionaire.”

Another lie.

“Mhmm, well, looks like I chose the right guy to f-fuck tonight.”

“Damn straight,” he said, filling with confidence. “Why don’t we get to that part?”

She grinned, kissing him in agreement. Soon they were all over each other on the living room floor, enjoying the plush and comfortable carpet before the warm fireplace. Warren loved to fuck girls in this spot: there was something wonderfully hot and primal about it, like he was an alpha predator claiming his prey, making them *his*. He quickly pulled her top off, and she worked to shimmer her skirt and panties down, revealing her delectable pussy. His cock throbbed, and she helped him unbuckle his trousers, freeing his impressive monster.

Except it wasn’t so impressive. The disappointment on the woman’s face was obvious, and it was then that Warren realised something was oh-so-terribly wrong: his cock had shrunk. It was smaller. And just as bad, despite the hot sight in front of him, with her full C-cup breasts, he was starting to get soft. Flaccid.

“Oh,” was all she said, looking at his reduced penis, and somehow that was more damning than any actual words she could have said.

“I’m just a little soft,” he explained, blushing. “It’s been a long day. Nothing more!”

But things only got more awkward as he failed to regain his earlier hardness. In fact, his semi-erection became a no-erection, his cock becoming smaller and limper as the blood rushed out of it.

“Maybe another night?” he suggested weakly, but by that point the woman was already getting dressed, looking like she wanted to be anywhere else,

“Yeah, sure, totally. Yeah, another night. Definitely. I’ve just . . . gotta head off now. I think I left my oven on. Good luck with your crypto-bitcoin stuff! Sounds like it’s really working . . .”

She didn’t say the obvious implication: *more than other things, anyway*.

The woman left, Warren never having bothered to learn her name, but now she would live in infamy in his mind as someone who had been witness to this humiliating moment.

The next day, he booked a doctor's appointment, and using another bit of the investor money given to him, he booked a private clinic out the country known for its discretion. He was starting to get really damn worried. The only thing keeping him together by that point was the knowledge that he'd managed to make far more money that morning by convincing his followers to buy up a low-rate bitcoin which he had a cheap investment in. By the end of the night he'd sell high and leave them in the lurch, only for him to pamper them with promises that they just had to 'keep holding.'

Except he never ended up selling high at all. The news he received at that doctor's appointment shook him to the core. He had flown early in the morning, enjoying business class as he always did these days, and landed with the full knowledge that whatever happened here would not be told elsewhere. The blood tests were quick, the staff professional, and the examination of his reduced cock - embarrassing as it was - only seemed to prod interest from the doctor who attended him. Warren had been prepared to hear it was a genital virus, or perhaps a stress issue, or something else.

What he hadn't expected to hear was that he was diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome.

"L-Lumin's?" he said, managing to work his jaw. "What the fuck are you talking about? That's the bullshit made up one where you grow a pussy or something, right?"

His doctor nodded. "I'm afraid it is not, uh, bullshit, Mr Brody. It's a very real condition, albeit exceedingly rare. There is much we don't know about it, including what it would take to cure, but in every case the person who had contracted Lumin's has slowly switched genders, often even gaining certain personality traits befitting their new form, and forgetting old ones."

Warren narrowed his eyes, tried to control his breathing. "Are you saying I'm going to turn into some fucking chick?"

"I'm afraid you are, Mr Brody. Lumin's Syndrome is always a complete effect, and not even the best medical marvels can cure."

Warren felt something snap inside his brain. "No way! No fucking way. You've got it all wrong."

"I assure you, it is right. We tested it several times. You have Lumin's Syndrome, Mr Brody. Hence why your hair is changing in your face, and your skin and muscle tone too. Your shoulders don't quite fit your shirt either!"

"You don't know shit about me, so don't talk about my shoulders." Warren jumped to his feet, muttering under his breath near the alarmed doctor. "You don't know what you're talking about. I don't have Lumin's."

"Denial is a natural stage with these things, but we must accept that -"

"*I do not have Lumin's Syndrome!*"

It was almost a scream, and it clearly alarmed the doctor. Warren sneered, turning up his lip. "You're fucking incompetent. I knew I shouldn't have wasted my time coming to some

shithold third-world country just to get misdiagnosed by some quack. Do you even have any idea who I am? I've made more off crypto investments in one week than you would have made in the last two years of your life! Shows what you know, right?"

The doctor gave a patient sigh. "Mr Warren Brody, I suggest you simply calm down. I know it's a lot to take in, but-"

"Dude, I'm not getting a pussy, and that's final. I'm a fucking alpha, top of the food chain. I'm making straight millions investing. I don't *get* Lumin's, okay? This was a waste of time. Don't expect a fucking payment either."

He stormed out of there, keeping his head high and his chest out. He could have beaten the shit out of that doctor, but optics were also everything. He needed his fans to know everything was alright. That it was all on track, and their money was safe.

Warren cleared his throat as he streamed.

"Another great day for Aether, everyone. There's a lot going on there that I can't talk about, except for members of my Deluxe Platinum tier, who can also learn what it's like to be a man in the modern, feminised century thanks to my Discord access as well. And if you go one tier higher, you can join my 'Crew-niversity', and meet me in person to discuss, invest, and become alpha males together over the digital future that is changing our very reality. You can invest on your own, but only a skilled investor like me knows when this thing reaches fever pitch and starts climbing. If you want a nice passive income, send it my way, and I'll forward *you* all the profits sans ten percent. It's a fucking winner, you guys!"

This was the big thing he was excited for. At only twenty five years old, Warren was going to host his first ever in-person seminar meetup in which numerous members of his highest paying fans would pay *even more* to be in his presence and hear his advice. A legion of nerds, investment bros, crypto-enthusiasts, and young men who were desperate to not miss out on the promised 'boom' would be there, paying through the nose for the privilege to meet and greet him, and pay him even more when they were done. He was excited. It was going to be his big pay day. He was even arranging for some hot e-girls to be present, the kind that would show off their bodies and add some much-needed sexy estrogen to the room. He just needed to get these damn changes under control.

Super hyper! MEGA HYPE! TO THE MOON!

Looking forward to seeing the crypto-bros and crypto-gals, that's for sure!

Can't wait to meet you in person, Warren. I base my whole life on you!

Hope he gets better soon. Still looks sick. His lips are all funny.

Yeah, I reckon the flu or something? No idea what's up with the eyelashes tho lol sorry Warren can't help but notice ya know.

Lol if Warren Brody has Lumin's Syndrome that would be crazy.

As if. Dude is a total alpha. He's literally the bitcoin bro.

Warren closed the window on his computer and stormed off. They were noticing changes by now. He wasn't imagining things.

"Goddamnit, what the fuck is happening to me?"

Of course, he already had his answer: Lumin's Syndrome. The fact that one poster had accidentally guessed that exact outcome only made him more embarrassed and aghast. He moved to the bathroom to see his changes. Surely he wouldn't have changed since the previous day?

He hadn't. It came as a relief. He was still him, albeit a softer, hairless version of him with slightly too-large eyelashes and lips that were a big puffy. Removing his shirt, he could see that his nipples were a little puffy, and his muscles were a bit reduced also. His manhood hadn't shrunk any further, but it hadn't returned to its proper size, either.

"M-maybe it's done," he said to himself, a little panicked."Maybe . . ."

Suddenly, he felt something. A kind of tension in his body. There was seemingly no trigger at all, but it began in his belly, like a clenched gut, before spreading outward to his limbs and to the surface of his skin. Warren grunted, doubling over a little and grabbing onto the sink for support.

"Ughhhh, that hurts like a s-son of a bitch. What's got into - oh no! Fuck no!"

His nipples were swelling larger. Like little pink strawberries not quite in season, they puffed up to become almost ripe, and most certainly feminine. He brushed a hand against them, as if trying to push them 'back in', only to be rewarded with a shocking amount of pleasurable sensitivity.

"Oohhhhh!"

The rippling sensations of change merged into his shoulders, and to his horror they shrunk yet again. All of him shrunk, in fact. Not by a huge margin, but his spine contracted a little, as did his limbs, and suddenly he was at least two inches shorter following an unpleasant crackling of bones.

"What the fuck, what the fuck! This is not happening! I'm not turning into some bitch!"

As if to mock him, his scalp began itching terribly, even as his facial hair thinned yet further, sending little dust clouds of beard hairs falling to the tile floor. He scratched at his bald head, but in mere moments it was bald no longer: suddenly hair was pushing a little painfully from the surface of the skin. It happened so suddenly: one moment he was hairless on top, a shiny dome he had advertised as the peak of 'manliness' and the sort of look bitcoin bros should aspire to, and then the next he had close-cropped honey-blond hair.

“I’m not even fucking blonde! My hair is black! I - ahhh!”

More changes, though none so dramatic. His face softened just a little further, and his pectoral muscles became less defined. His chest pushed out subtly in two places, and while he wasn’t sure if he had breasts *yet*, it certainly felt like he did. His ass expanded just slightly, hips too, and he nearly slipped over when his feet shrunk, becoming a bit more dainty. Finally, the changes fled him, leaving him more feminised than before, though at least clearly quite male. They had gone as quickly as they had come, but despite all the pain and discomfort, his body felt oddly aroused. His dick was hard, and his nipples pulsing with desire.

“F-fuuuuuck,” he breathed.

He couldn’t help himself. Despite the horror of what was happening to him, he was like a man possessed. He needed relief, and only one thing could give it. He gripped his cock with his hand and began pumping, staring at his twisted reflection in the mirror all the while. By instinct, he began to rub his nipples in his free hand, and they responded wonderfully, sending shivers of bliss through his body.

“MMhmmm - what’s wr-wrong with m-me!?! Unnghh!!”

It didn’t take long. Just a few pumps, and then he jizzed more powerfully than he had in months. His seed shot and splattered against the sink, a little on the mirror, and he doubled over again, moaning. His nipples throbbed in an alien way on his chest.

“What’s wr-wrong with me?” he repeated in the pleasurable aftermath.

There was no hiding from it, no running from it, and no denying it. Warren had Lumin’s Syndrome. He’s done extensive online research, ordered all sorts of quack medicines, and generally done his best to outthink and out plan the condition. But Lumin’s wasn’t a stupid investment rube, or a hardcore fan who would do anything you pleased if you just waved the right share rise chart at it. It didn’t care that he was on the verge of becoming rich, or that his own NFT card line was nearly ready to publish and make stupid levels of return for an essentially worthless product. No, all it cared about was that it was making him a woman.

He’d visited that doctor again. He hadn’t apologised, of course. Showing no weakness was important, and frankly kept him sane by allowing him to cling to his male pride. But all the tests were done again, and more examinations than last time, and sure enough it all showed the same thing: Lumin’s. Well, worse than that: Lumin’s *in progress*. Just as he could no longer deny that he had the condition, Warren couldn’t deny that he was growing breasts, or that his cock was shrinking, or that he was growing blonde hair. He had cancelled too many livestreams now and communicated on his Twitter handle exclusively, in

order to avoid being seen. Unfortunately, it only led to speculation, especially from his highest paying bitcoin bros, some of whom were getting close to the truth. In fact, *AetherForever!*, the poster who was his biggest moneymaker, was also the one reiterating the 'exciting possibility that Warren has Lumin's!' As if it were a good thing!

"What the fuck do I do, doc?" Warren asked.

His doctor frowned. "Medically, as I've said, there is nothing-

"I mean about my business. About my crypto-investment streams. My content creation? I'm on the verge of my big break. I have a huge seminar in a few months. Now I'm turning into some bitch? These guys are ninety-nine percent all gullible white dudes in their twenties. They won't listen to me if I'm being fucking emasculated."

His doctor thought about it for a moment. "You could try embracing it?"

"What? Are you serious?"

"It's just a thought. I don't really understand all this crypto-nonsense, or the people into it. But men have been paying women to look nice forever."

"I'm not some prostitute."

"Oh, I'm not suggesting that! I'm just saying any good business should re-market itself under changing conditions. Are there women who find success in the content creation field you're in? Maybe talk to them."

It was like a revelation. Not the revelation Warren expected, but it hit him all the same. Cindy, and numerous other women, made massive dollars as influencers, showing off their bodies, charting their makeup and clothing choices, advertising and monetising the fuck out of everything. And all these losers simped for them. If . . . if even some of his crowd would be into his change, and he could create an all-new special tier for it . . .

"Doc, I think you've given me an idea."

Warren woke two weeks later with a raging boner. His body had changed subtly since then - he definitely had tiny little A-cup titties now, for instance - but suddenly a tension was there, a sort of valve that needed releasing. He was groggy only a few moments before he felt the powerful need to jack himself off. He gripped his further shrunken cock, pinched his lovely nipples, and got to work pleasuring himself.

"NNGh! Yes! F-fuck yes! N-need this! NEED THISSSS!!!"

As with over a week ago, it didn't take long for him to cum. He went rigid as he spurted load and after load of his cum into the bedsheets, something he'd have to take care

of later. The tension unleashed across his body, and just as he feared (and sort of hoped), a fresh wave of transformation overcame him.

“F-fuck, here it c-comes! Just hit me already! Hit m-NGH!!”

His nipples swelled yet larger, and a pressure behind his chest made it rise, just a little, so that he was just shy of modest B-cups. His hips expanded subtly, his waist thinning by half an inch at best. They were small changes, but always adding up. He squirmed and groaned in a strange, reluctant pleasure as they overcame him. He bit his lip to avoid grinning, only to find that said lip became a little larger. His nose reshaped, becoming a little less long and defined, while his hair extended by an inch or so, enough that he now had a full head of ordinary men’s hair. More muscles drained away, though he was still quite fit. It left him despairing, but nothing could stop the pleasure of the change.

“OOhhhhhhh,” he moaned, experiencing another strange orgasm even as his penis became the size of a completely average male specimen, instead of the impressive member it had been.

The changes finally finished. He immediately leapt from his bed to inspect the damage.

“Fuck, I definitely look more soft now,” he said. “Even my voice is softer.”

That much was true. Still manly, but he wouldn’t be able to achieve that incredibly low tone he usually had on his streams any more. Oh well, he knew this would happen eventually, and besides, it would only increase the hype of the reveal, he was sure.

“Maybe this will help me overall,” he said. He cupped his small chest, which bobbed just the tiniest bit with his movements. “These better not get too damn big, though.”

It was crazy, really. Ridiculous. He was literally losing his manhood, becoming some bitch with a pussy, and it was freaking him out everyday. But one thing he’d always achieved in life was taking opportunity out of loss. It was literally how he ran his scams, after all. And now, *this* was his way of taking back control and re-asserting his dominance. Even if that dominance would have to be, despite his lifelong misogyny, a very *female* kind of dominance.

For the past two weeks, Warren had been hyping up his fans with his next, Ultra Tier of subscription. One that not only gave even greater access to him and special personalised investment advice, but also would have a ‘big reveal’ as to why he had been absent face-wise for so long. Suffice to say, it was already a massive hit. Of his eighty thousand subscribers, at least a third of whom were paying him, he now already had two thousand of those joining this new tier. It made him chuckle: perhaps he’d actually be able to own the car and house he claimed to sooner than he’d thought. The forums were exploding with anticipation. Was it a new car reveal? A new style? A new coin that would eclipse the others? Did he have a fucking

private jet!? None of them truly suspected, except for *AetherForever!*, who'd been the first to join the new tier and pay double for it just out of loyalty.

I really really really hope it's Lumin's! He posted.

You're crazy dude, no way is he becoming a crypto-gal.

I can hold out hope! It'd be fucking hot.

It almost made him regret what he was announcing, but he did it anyway. After showering, dressing himself in new sets of clothing he'd had to purchase in order to fit his slimmer, smaller figure, he activated the stream. He wore a cap with the bill down, obscuring his new hair and most of his face.

"Hey, crypto-bros, well done on joining my new, Ultra Special Deluxe tier. A lot of you have been speculating about what's been going on with me lately. You might even be able to hear it in my voice. Well, I got some unexpected medical news a while back, and it's had me on edge. I want you to know I'm still the same old me, but Warren Brody is going through some changes now, ones that mean this content creation will be themed a little differently going forward. Don't worry, I'm still going to guide you to the ultimate financial success, and how to be the ultimate guy. But . . ."

Warren lifted his cap, and quickly unzipped his jacket so that his singlet showed the subtle outline of his small breasts on the screen. He gave his biggest, most confident grin - it was hard not to break a little inside as he did so.

". . . it looks like I'm going to be doing it from the other side now. I've got Lumin's Syndrome, and I'll be turning into a chick. But that just means I'll have all the perspective you need to succeed in *both* walks of life, and you get to have the fun of seeing me change even as you get rich. Let me explain how this is going to work . . ."

The comment section *fucking exploded*. One poster - *AetherForever!* - was over the moon.

I KNEW IT I KNEW IT I KNEW IT I'M DOUBLING MY INVESTMENT JUST TO CELEBRATE WOO

Okay, this is not what I expected. I should leave. You're our crypt-bro, but is it weird I'm interested?

Sorry to hear Warren but you're such a man that you're bouncing back even turning into a chick. It doesn't matter so long as we get rich!

If you keep turning, will you show us your tits?

The comments kept coming, but Warren stuck to the script, and discussed his diagnosis, how he was changing, and even stood and used the camera to give a light progress update, the first of many to come.

“So as you can see, fans, I’m going to be changing a lot more going forwards. If you want to ditch, you’re welcome to. But I’m still the same man inside, even if I’ll look different. It’ll be your loss though: we’re still going to the moon, baby.”

He had no idea why he added ‘baby’ to that last part. It just seemed . . . right. He blinked, paused for a moment, before giving a smirk. “See you guys later, and don’t worry, the meetup of the Crypto-Crew this August is still happening!”

He ended the stream, feeling a little jittery but oddly excited. For the rest of the day he continued to anxiously read the comments on his videos, on his forums, on the wider newspace. He knew it wouldn’t take long for his changes to become known, but he hadn’t expected it so quickly. By the end of the day, various online sites were already mentioning him as an interest piece, and his subscription numbers had actually, impossibly, *tripled* in number. This was not to mention his simple follower numbers have become five times as large in the same space.

Of course, a number of his followers left. Others were hesitant, or weirded out, or simply following out of a sort of macabre interest. But way, way more seemed oddly keen at all this. Warren had suspected that his success bred jealousy even in his most loyal longtime fans, but many were actively celebrating his transformation into a woman, even relishing the sexual fascination with it. It grossed him out, though a small part of him sort of tingled in fascination as well.

“Fucking weird. Don’t even think in that direction,” he said to himself.

Feminist sites mocked him as getting a dose of karma, while some of his less popular competitors leapt on this to portray themselves as the ‘real men of crypto.’ And yet, still, Aether went up and up, his followers madly buying even its rising price, and inflating his own worth massively. He was literally expanding his wealth hugely in a single day, all thanks to Lumin’s Syndrome.

“Okay,” he declared to himself. “I gotta go all in on this. This is the way of the future. Lumin’s may suck, and I am not gonna love having a pussy, but I can still be the alpha male that I know I am inside. And I can make all these simps pay through the nose to put me there.”

He got his phone, and dialled a familiar number. Likely, she’d already heard the news. But he’d need her help in order to really maximise this monetary opportunity. After all, if he couldn’t be a crypto-bro, why not be an even more successful crypto-gal?

“Hey Cindy,” he said when she answered. “I’m guessing you already know, but I’ve got Lumin’s Syndrome, and I’ve gone public. I’d like to offer an opportunity for how we can both make a *fuckton* of money from this. Hell, I’ll even throw in some Aether stock for you.”

He smirked at that last touch. His maleness may be fading, but the hustle never stopped.

Another morning, another grunting exercise in pleasurable masturbation. This time he was in the living room, watching some porn. He could feel the change coming on earlier that morning, and while he knew he couldn't fight it, he at least wanted some aspect of control over it. So Warren had put some hot action with one of his favourite porn stars on the screen and delighted in the view and sounds of her being railed by a big thick cock. He rubbed his own reduced one, moaning and gasping as the pressures began.

"Like, sooo damn hot," he murmured. "God, she can fucking moan. Will I be able to moan like that?"

Somehow, the thought turned him on a little. He tried to keep his focus on the domination aspect, of how hot the woman on the screen was, but the look of her as she was bent over against the kitchen top, being absolutely *fucked* by this muscly dude, it turned him on in a way he hadn't ever been before. He licked his lips, bit them, rubbed his nipples as he saw her naked breasts bounce. What would that feel like? God, what would it even be like to have a big cock inside her - uh, *him* . . .

He thought of that as he stroked himself, as he brought himself ever closer to orgasm. He pumped harder and harder, but it was so hard to think of being the one doing the pumping when soon he could be the one *pumped into*. To be *stretched and filled*.

"Oh f-fuck that s-sounds hot! Oh f-fuck! Yes! YESS! YESSSS!!!"

He came, and as always, his balls tightened, pressurising as they expelled their contents over and over. He quickly grabbed a wad of tissues, only *just* managed to catch the stream of semen that erupted from his throbbing manhood, but when he cried out, his voice sounded even higher than before. The changes began anew, and it was hard not to welcome them for how good they felt. For how much *better* they felt each time they occurred. Like a second orgasm, they washed through him, slimming his shoulders, reducing his height, causing his face to become gentler. His jaw cracked, giving momentary discomfort, and then suddenly it was rounded and more feminine in shape. His legs took on a bit more shapeliness, and his thighs plumpened, stretching the material of his shorts.

"OOhhhhhh yesss! Hit me with that s-stuff! Just do it! M-make me, like, f-fucking hot!"

He had no idea where that notion had come from, but it just felt right to say. He gripped his breasts upon his singleted chest, and rubbed them firmly, as if willing them to

grow. They only gave a small hint of cleavage at the moment, but to a mingled share of delight and terror they bloomed once more. Fat and tissue poured in, filling them out so that they began to have a slightly rounded shape. Soon, they were quite full B-cups, and there was no doubting that cleavage was there. Even his areolas had expanded.

“My d-dick!” he exclaimed, clutching it. It was the source of so much pleasure, but it was not worth the emasculating sensation of it shrinking down yet further, or of his testes reducing in size too. And yet, it was still intensely pleasurable, enough so that he whined high and loud, quivering. His expanded breasts shook on his chest, reminding him that he would need a bra soon. Well, he needed one yesterday, really.

In the aftermath, he checked over his changes. Warren felt that same moroseness he often did when taking in his newly feminised form. To know that he was going from a manosphere icon, a bitcoin bro extraordinaire whose pump and dump schemes inspired the very people he took advantage of, to . . . this. It was a lot that he was still internalising, and it was honestly making it hard to even think.

“And why the fuck was I getting turned on thinking about cocks before?”

He shook his head, choosing not to dwell on it, instead inspecting his changes further. Sure enough, he looked caught midway between male and female. Too feminine to be a real man, at least in his eyes, and too butch to be a femme woman. His facial hair was entirely gone, and he hadn't even noticed that his hair went past his ears now. He wasn't sure whether to chop it or not; it looked kinda nice, and he rather liked the honey-blonde look. He took a length of it in his finger, twirled it a little while grinning cutely like a doe-eyed cheerleader. He stopped when he realised what he was doing.

“Gawd. I mean, God, what the fuck is wrong with me. I'm just nervous. Need to put up a stream and get ready to make that video with Cindy.”

Again, he felt that rising embarrassment, that humiliation at being reduced to this. But then, as always, Warren rallied. This was just another way to get success. To take a bad hand and make it a royal flush. He was going to come out on top of this, even if it ended up with him as a woman. Even a babe. He was going to fleece these rubes, and laugh all the way to the bank. Because unlike the genuine believers, he stored his actual wealth where it truly belonged. The crypto was just a means to a rich end.

He had his shower, dressed in his usual singlet, though to his dismay his nipples now poked rather prominently through it. Already, his stream chat and the forums were alive with speculation. Way too many people were betting on how big his tits were going to be, while others were hoping he'd still 'keep it manly' in his presentation. He'd thought about the latter, but it seemed every time he talked about his changes, showed off a little skin, that his

subscriptions and viewership jumped. So he went with the flow, as wrong (and right) as it seemed.

“Hey Crypto-Crew,” he announced. “As you can probably hear, my voice has gone up a crack, but that doesn’t mean I’m not the *man* you should be listening to when it comes to your daily trades. Aether is down a little today but as I predicted, this would happen. It’s just a hiccup, don’t worry about it. Hold, hold, *hold*. Trust me: I’m turning into a damn woman and I’m *still* not panicking! So hold, and wait for the boom. Compare CommGram and I think you’ll realise what I’m talking about, and why not to invest in that. In the link below you’ll see I’ve also put up my limited addition NFT cards for the Crypto-Crew. Buy them and wear them like a badge of honour - they’ll be worth five times as much as their price tag in just a year.

“Now, I can see already that comments are going crazy about my appearance, and my voice, and what’s been happening with my body. Calm down guys. And to whoever is commenting ‘tits or get the fuck out,’ you can, like, get the fuck out. Suuuuper rude. I mean, really fucking rude. I’m showing you how to be a man, and even with a loss of four inches to my height I could still kick your ass around the block, just you watch.

“Anyway, I’ll give you the updates, and then I’m going to talk more about the upcoming seminar where the Crypto-Crew will finally meet up in August. I’m very excited guys. Who knows how much I’ll have changed since then but I can tell you this: I’ll have a few more Bugattis in the garage, and you can quote me on that. But enough of you donated to meet the goal to see me go through my changes, so I’m happy to announce that after I reveal what’s going on with my bod - uh, body - that I’ll be trying a bit of fashion on as well. After all, I plan to look good regardless of how I end up.”

He continued to talk like that for some time, going through how the cryptomarkets were matching against the dollar and so forth, but the interest had clearly shifted to him showing off his Lumin’s changes. He’d hoped to only make it a quick thing, but from the sheer demands - and the number of new members he had sending him money to invest, or just donating for this particular ‘cause’, he found himself swamped. He simply *had* to show off his increasingly hawt body. Hot. He wasn’t sure why he sometimes thought of the word in that Valley Girl style.

So he adjusted the camera, stepped back, and with an unmistakable blush on his distinctly paler cheeks, he discussed his bodily changes and showed them off to the camera. Of course, there was no way on Earth he was stripping naked, or dropping his shorts to show off how small his carrot and peas were, but from his singlet and shorts it was easy to see he’d become thinner, paler, softer, and more girlish. The shape of chest was distinct, and his

ass was larger - he hadn't even realised that last one until *AetherForever!* pointed it out with glee, dropping another two hundred dollars to his stream just from the excitement of it all.

Yes! Nice firm behind there Warren! SO HOT! YOU GONNA LOOK FINE! You've been my total mentor as a crypto-bro but you're going to be an absolute queen as a hot E-girl I tell ya! YESSSSSSSS

It made Warren feel deeply discomfited, though a small part of him also felt weirdly excited at the same time. There was a conflict there, but then he'd always thrived on praise, and wasn't this just another kind of praise, in a way? And he'd have to get used to it, since he was going to end up a woman anyway. He decided to show his body just a *little* bit longer than he intended, and even surprised himself when he lifted up his shirt to reveal his slimmer midriff, which had rapidly lost muscles and now simply looked like it belonged to a fit woman or particularly effeminate man.

"Yeah, I know, looking pretty girly, right? But that doesn't mean I won't be dominating the markets hard like a man, when it comes to this week's investing. Remember everyone, it's all about the hustle! And to those who want to follow my journey through Lumin's Syndrome even as we all get filthy stinking rich in the coming boom, well, I've got a surprise for you on the Deluxe Ultra tier. I have a very special guest coming.

Show us the changes! Can we see them live? Will pay lots of money!

Fuck yeah, I agree. I came for the bitcoin, but I'll stay for the bimbofication!

Warren's no bimbo, show some respect. Even with tits he's more man than any of us could hope to be. We're literally walking in his shadow. But yeah, I'd pay extra to see a live change, since he just alluded to it being in fits and spurts.

TITS OR GTFO WOOOOOOOO

Warren bit his lip, strangely excited at the prospect of showing a live change. It would have to be done carefully, but if it made his channel blow up even further . . .

"I tell you what, Crypto-Crew, if my seminar gets fully booked out, then I'll make sure to show you a live change. It's an investment, after all! You guys have a good day, and remember, just because I'm becoming a woman doesn't mean I'm still not a total bro. We're all gonna have fine bitches in the kitchen serving us rich dinners soon. Well, *you* are. I'm already there."

He signed off, blinked a few times.

"What the fuck did I just, like, agree to?"

Warren had purchased a few things to fit his form, but he was really counting on the person on the other side of his door, ringing the bell excitedly. Cautiously, a little afraid of people in his personal life seeing him this way, he opened it. Thankfully, it was just the person he wanted, looking gorgeous and done up in a hot white summer dress that was just a little too thin for the still-cool weather.

"Well, well, well," she marvelled. "Someone got turned about. Holy shit, I watched a couple of your streams just to see it Warren, and honestly to get on this Aether train ride, but I didn't truly believe it. It's no hustle. You're really-

"Turning into a bitch, yeah."

"A *woman*, asshole. Not all of us are bitches, though I guess I am one. Thanks for the boost to my socials, by the way. A few people don't like it, but it made me quite popular."

"Glad to hear it," Warren answered. "Do you, like, wanna come in already?"

"Happily!" she declared, waltzing in, her full C-cup tits bobbing with each step. For just the merest moment, Warren felt self-aware about his own chest, and experienced a wave of jealousy that hers was bigger. She seemed to notice.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of getting this big? I'm not even in the 'huge tits' category, Warren."

"No way am I getting that big. At least, I hope not. Look, did you bring the stuff or not?"

Cindy smirked, tossed her hair back. "Oh, I brought it all right. What do you think is in all those bags at the doorstep? You can carry those in, by the way. I did all the hard work shopping, I think a *man* should be the one to do the rest of the heavy lifting. You *can* still do heavy lifting, right?"

"Oh, har har. I didn't have to invite you. I did it because-

"You did it because we *both* know that you're blowing up right now, and I'm blowing up right now, and we're both in the crypto game, even if I'm just dipping my toes. And you want a hot e-girl in your vids to act as your girlfriend. Let's not kid."

He gritted his teeth. Ordinarily, he would have argued the point, but he felt weirdly lacking in aggression today. Must have been all those damn feminine hormones coursing through his system.

"Sure, okay, fine, you've got me. We're both hustlers. I've got this big seminar coming up, first one in person with the Crypto-Crew."

"God, what a lame name."

"I know, but these simps love it. So I'm sticking with it. But it sold out when I promised I'd change in real-time before them, and I thought since my line is going so far up, why not

lean into the e-girl thing just a little since it's getting me views and subscriptions. This has been over a week in the making, Cindy. Please tell me you got the stuff."

She grinned. "Grab it and see."

With a sigh, he went and got the bags, bringing them to the living room area. They were heavier than he anticipated, or maybe his muscles just sucked now. Either thought wasn't fun. He brought them before Cindy and opened them.

"Like, holy shit," he said, his voice going just that little bit higher.

Inside were stacked women's clothing galore. Crop tops, blouses, skinny jeans, ripped jeans, skirts, bras, panties, push-ups, v-necks, tight tees, minidresses, cocktail dresses, gowns, high heels, and even some damn bikinis packaged in there. With a chuckle at his aghast expression, Cindy took the other bag and dumped the entire contents on the floor, revealing even *more* of the same and then some, including hair care products, makeup, jewellery, earrings, and even some naughty outfits he would never, ever be caught dead in.

"Oh . . . you, like, really got it all," he marvelled.

His body shivered in a reluctant excitement, even as he beheld the clothing that never should have belonged to him ordinarily.

"Absolutely, I did. Are you ready to try it on and get filming? I bet the 'bros' will just love hearing about the value of Aether while you wear those fishnet stockings?"

Warren gulped. "Gawd."

It was too late. He had committed. But what on Earth had he gotten himself into?

Warren Brody gaped at the enormous piles of clothing before him. It was like Cindy had deliberately gone out of her way to get not only the most feminine outfits possible, but some of the sluttiest ones as well. He recognised several tight tops and low neckline dresses that were taken directly from some of the e-girls he secretly followed. Cindy must have somehow known.

"This is . . . Cindy, this is, like, a lot."

She chuckled. "You're the one turning into a hot crypto-gal, aren't you?"

He swallowed. "I might not be hot."

"Oh, please, have you seen the kind of people Lumin Syndrome sufferers turn into? That blonde office chick with the massive hips? The football player's wife with tits the size of her own head? What about that crazy religious lady who *literally* worships her husband? She's always popping out babies like she wants to give birth to a whole damn cult, and she *still* looks fine as fuck! Trust me, you're going to be hot as hell."

"Fuck," Warren said. He knew it, really, but it was harder hearing it from someone he knew. He looked down at his 'little' B-cups. They looked big already, and were often jiggling when he moved quickly. To think they could get bigger . . .

“Oh, don’t get down. It doesn’t suit a smug bastard like you, Warren. Just focus on all that sweet money and those huge subscription numbers you’re going to get just from turning into a hottie in front of all your fans.”

He rolled his eyes, trying to appear as if it was something he hated, despite the fact that a small part of him was almost a little *excited* to be doing just that.

“Fine, let’s go through this then. Nothing too extreme, okay?”

“Granted,” she said, before winking. “For now. You need something to show off to the cams and let them see your new tatas.”

“For Gawd’s sake, don’t call them that.”

“Boobs, tits, melons, jugs, whatever you want. You’ve called mine worse.”

“You’re enjoying this too much.”

“Not as much as I’m enjoying that valley girl twang seeping into your voice. C’mon, let’s get to it. I’ve also got to show you how to walk in heels, how to put on a bra-”

He grimaced. “I’ve dealt with plenty of bras, thank you, and I’ve heard no fucking complaints from the hotties I was fucking once they were off.”

Cindy rolled her eyes. “You weren’t *that* good. You fiddled with mine. And putting one *on* is a lot different to taking one off from the other side. Can you imagine putting on your own bra, and what to do?”

He could imagine it indeed, all too easily. Worse, he could imagine - just for a moment - a handsome man taking it off. Any man, really. It made his small dick harden just a little. Warren quickly purged the thought from his mind and refocused.

“Fine, we’ll do that. Make up as well.”

Cindy giggled. “Oh, I love that you suggested this. It’s going to be so much fun to have another female influencer as a friend. We can even star in each other’s videos wearing bikinis and the like.”

Warren groaned. This was a mistake. A terrible mistake. He knew he should kick her out then and there, and send her a quick transaction to pay for the clothing he’d never wear. But instead, his gaze fell on a cute set of pantyhose, and a sexy red bra with cute frills, and a green top that would totally make his faint cleavage pop.

It was too much to resist. Surely, he could try just a *couple* of things?

What was intended to be little more than a brief foray into women’s clothing in order to boost his subscriber numbers quickly cascaded into nothing less than a smorgasbord of dress try-ons, blouse experiments, colour coordinations, and bra fittings. Warren was humiliated by it, particularly since Cindy was by his side, helping him with the bras and dresses and how to

style his hair with the tight tops, yet all he could offer was hot air, frustrated snark, and the occasional item to veto.

“No way. I’m not even trying that!” he said, referring to a sexy lingerie complete with hooks and garters. It was the kind of outfit that belonged in a sensual porno, the kind he liked to watch to rev him up. He was certain that *he’d* never wear it.

Cindy, to her credit, relented with just a little sigh. “Oh well, we’ll try it for another day! Your package is still too big anyway, though I guess they’re technically crotchless. Let’s fit you in a tight e-girl shirt instead. We’ll try the push up, make those girls on your chest look like nice big C’s. It’s how I got the world thinking my tits are D-cups.”

Warren relented, allowing her to help him with the bras. Still, it injured his male pride. He simply had to focus on the fact that if he did ‘model’ a few of these items for his Ultra Special Deluxe Tier, then people’s noses would be gushing blood with excitement. He’d clearly captured an audience by accident, and so long as he could keep the money coming in - and get them to invest in Aether - then his stocks were only going up and up. So long as *he* got to go to the moon and leave everyone else in the dust, he could handle the humiliation.

Besides, he really *did* look pretty cute in some of Cindy’s outfits, not that he’d admit it out loud. Cindy finished adjusting his longer blonde hair - not exactly womanly in length yet, but getting there - and undid the top three buttons of the tight woman’s shirt she’d put over him. It even had *BITGRRL* written on it. The choice was so appropriate that it was almost mocking.

“What do you think, sexy?” she teased. She took him by the hand to the mirror, placing him before it. It was weird to feel the skirt he was wearing swish as he walked. It was oddly . . . freeing. Almost nice. No, it *was* nice.

“I am *not* enjoying this,” he said to himself.

Cindy heard. “Oh, please. *Every* woman enjoys this to some extent, at least in our line of work. I just can’t wait to see what you look like in a bikini in the future. For now though, say hello to Wendy Brody!”

“Wendy?”

“Wanda?”

“I prefer that, at least.” It did sound good actually. A part of his brain lit up with a small injection of dopamine. *Wanda Brody*. It had a good ring to it. And there was a good *look* to match the name, too. The figure in the mirror looked like an almost-pretty woman. Yes, her jaw was just a bit too manly, and her figure lacked a good hourglass shape. Her hips could be wider, and her legs were too thick, but she looked like a woman. If Warren saw her on the street, he’d say she was “a chick I wouldn’t fuck until I had ten beers in me,” but he *would* admit she was a chick, at least.

“Fuck, I do look like a girl,” he said. “At least I don’t look like some influencer bitch.”

“Rude.”

“You, like, know what I mean.”

“Whatever, asshole. You look cute. Not all the way there yet, particularly since you still got your little cock and balls, but getting there. Now let’s get some makeup on you to complete the effect. I want you to learn how to apply this for when you do your stream live, got it?”

It was a playful comment, intended as a joke, but it came across like an order to Warren. The feminised man who so prided himself on being an alpha responded automatically.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, before he could stop himself.

“Ha! Ma’am? That’s new! I think I’m going to like Wanda a lot more than Warren. Now hold still, we need to take some photos. You can post them up as exclusives for your super special crypto ‘crew’ tier or whatever. Get ready to pose, sexy.”

Warren didn’t pose. At least not much. Still, he put one hand on his hip, and smiled awkwardly as Cindy began photographing him. He couldn’t quite appreciate it yet, but he felt an odd need to please her, just like with his subscribers.

“Just remember you’re, like, an alpha at heart,” he whispered softly to himself.

But he didn’t really feel like one while he was asked to pose like an amateur model. No amount of convincing could make a man feel alpha while doing that.

It was only after Cindy had left, after what turned out to be a couple of hours of photography and different outfits and bras and the like, that Warren realised to his horror that he hadn’t gotten even a little aroused at the sight of her. They’d had sex in the past a few times, and though it was just a casual thing, Warren had always appreciated that she was a fucking smokeshow, even if she could be a bit of a smartass bitch from time to time. Besides, the photos of them macking on each other’s faces certainly boosted their social numbers both ways.

But after literally watching her take her bra on and off to show him how it worked, not even bothering to hide her lovely C-cup tits, he hadn’t even gotten just a little hard. Hell, he hadn’t even imagined fucking her, or sucking on those perfect pink nipples of hers. It was a revelation that came to him as he nervously set up his scheduled stream two days later. He was wearing a thick jacket to obscure the cute woman’s top as well as the girly fitness shorts he had on. Off camera, a series of makeup tools were available to him, only half of which he knew how to apply after intense practice. He was damned nervous, particularly since he felt

those little pressures inside him once more. The surge of further change wanting to be let out. He'd managed to keep them bottled up for now, but he knew it was only a matter of time before he changed again.

So long as he didn't change on stream. He didn't want to give them *that* much of a show. He had to demonstrate control, like the crypto-master he was. These idiots were going to make him rich, after all, but they only believed in him so long as he could project confidence in himself.

With that, he perused the usual comments on the stream channel before turning on his camera.

My aether stock went up last night! Who cares if Warren's getting a pussy, cos he ain't no PUSSY LOL

Hahaha no one ever made that joke before DickGettingBig. I have doubts about Warren. What if he loses his alpha ways? I base my life around him but now I'm not sure

Steer the course man! Warren hasn't done us wrong! We're going to the moon lol, we're gonna be rich chads. And he'll be drinking fancy wines on the beaches of hte most expensive resorts (hopefully in a sexy bikini right next to us lol, just kidding but also not hahaahaha)

I don't even care for crypto. Total scam. But I'm all in on seeing him go from absolute Gigachad to a SexyStacey type! Bring no the modelling! Show us dat ass too!

Warren grimaced. "Fucking morons," he added. "They, like, want to see my ass, too. Freaks." He caressed his ass. Well, it was a little peachier. "Maybe I'll make more money if it grows too? Gawd, what am I thinking!? Let's just get this fucking stream totally going."

He switched his camera on, and put on his best smile for the camera.

"What's up, Crypto-Crew?" he said in his lighter voice. "So good to see my Ultra Special Deluxe Tier crew members who are, like, my tightest boys! As you can see, my Lumin's is still progressing, and just as I promised I would, I'm going to show you just how much my body is changing, and maybe do just a little modelling for you." He giggled without thinking. "After all, I may be turning into a 'Stacey' as someone in the comments says, but don't think I don't, like, see *AetherForever!*'s comment either: I'm becoming a 'Mega Stacy,' or 'Super Stacy' or whatever. I'm still gonna make us all rich as fuuuuuck and have fun doing it, and I just know you Aether Freaks are with me on this. So shall we totes get into the new figures? Just don't forget to always hold till I say to sell!"

Warren tried not to look at the comments as he prattled on about the latest crypto figures, which ones were doing well, why they should dump *CommGram* and so forth. But *AetherForever!*, his biggest moneymaker, couldn't help but talk up about how he excited he was about the 'dress up' that was coming. Worse, others were noticing things about his speech patterns and general manner.

Holy shit you guys, are you noticing how he's speaking? All 'like' this' and 'totally' that - I've heard Lumin's makes you dumb but what if Warren becomes a bonafide bimbo!

I know, right? He's even moving his hands about all the time. No control. Like an excited little girl - or a sexy e-girl to be. This is a tragedy - but also the best thing ever maybe?

Warren barely managed to control himself. He tried to reign in his gesticulation, but it was difficult to not use his whole body. As with other changes as a result of Lumin's Syndrome, some things just felt too 'right' not to do. It meant that he was dreading the show off all the more, but he couldn't weasel out of it, nor stall any longer: *AetherForever!* had just purchased another five grand in Aether just to show his excitement, while his subscriber figures to the new tier were going nuts as news of his modelling spread.

"Fine, fine! I'll, like show off the bod - I mean, body - already. You Crypto-Crew bros are such wonderful nuts. I won't lie, I'm totes nervous. Totally nervous, was what I meant to say. But like I also always say, you can't be an alpha bro who gets the hot chicks and the big piles of money if you can't go all in. And I still aim to get plenty of chicks even when I don't have a dick. So here goes."

He took a deep breath, which only made his boobs push all the more against his top, given it was doing a lot of pushing up, and adjusted his camera. He changed the lights so everyone had a good view, and then, with no way to put it off any further, he leapt from his chair, stood back, and tore away his huge jacket.

He felt immediately exposed. His tight blue top emphasised his tits, and the undone buttons meant that a nice line of cleavage was right there for him to see. Worse, it was also tight and small enough that part of his midriff was exposed, a midriff that now looked completely womanly, flat, and largely without its former muscle. Soft and tender, like a hot babe's should be. His lower half was covered by a cute plaid skirt, the kind that was just a *bit* too short, revealing his still-muscled but undeniably softer thighs.

"So, here I am," he said, giggling with nervousness. He swished his skirt a little, turned around a bit. "As you can see, I do have a bit more an ass, I guess. And I definitely have tits. To all you beta whiners calling me a cuck because I'm growing tits, know that now I have a pair to play with any time I want, okay? It's, like, actually pretty fun. They're not bad-sized either, as you can tell. I'm sure *AetherForever* is happy about that."

He couldn't make out the words, but the chat was going *nuts*. It was enough to make him flush, and he decided to show off just a little more. He turned in profile, and actually grabbed his breasts, lifting them up and letting them drop.

"Nice full C's," he lied. "Check out that hottie bounce, lol."

Did he just say 'lol' as a word? He recovered, turning to face the camera. He leaned over, letting his cleavage show. It was a pose he'd seen Cindy do, and it actually felt pretty

hot to do it, especially when he squeezed his tits together to make them look even bigger, creating a deep line of cleavage.

“Mhmmh,” he moaned without thinking. “Pretty, like, hot right? I’m not all the way down there, if you’re asking that. But it won’t be long, my Crypto-Boys. Crypto-Crew, I mean. Just wait till August, and I might even be fully changed by then, just in time for our big meet. It’s going to be, like, hella rad. Now who wants to see me in other costumes?”

He’d only intended to show off one, but in all the excitement he’d simply blurred it without thinking. He moved closer, smiling despite himself, to see the chat going so nuts he had to scroll just to read the comments, they were coming so thick and fast.

YES YES YES YES

Show us the tits!

You’re the best alpha because you can fuck girls and boys now, lol!

Just the bra! Just the bra please!

I will buy sooooo much aether if we get to see him change live, especially if he puts on a sexy dress that shows us dem hips. I see them getting wider!

Warren was helpless but to please his audience. His altered brain was hit by waves of dopamine every time he gave in to their demands. He knew he should be decisive, in charge. Be an alpha. But instead, he did a silly little dance backwards, like girls did on Instagram and Tiktok, and began to pull off his shirt.

“Okay then, just for you, my crew. Let’s see how I look in a totally cute summer dress, huh? So long as you take us all to the moon, let’s have a little fun with it, right?”

What followed was over ten full minutes of him putting on different outfits. His stream went up and up in live viewers, and it was being retweeted across the internet. He ignored this, too weirdly giddy at the thought of putting on cute clothes. They especially liked when he changed, because they could see his reduced manhood smuggled away in his panties, and even more his enlarged breasts wobbling lightly in his bra. There was something undeniably sexy about putting on a show that made him understand what Cindy liked about it. Even better, the knowledge that a heap of dudes were likely pumping their own cocks at the sight of him made his nipples hard. He became a little erect at the thought of that, and it made him think of the porno the other day. The thought of having one of those cocks - a big one - thrust into him. Into his future pussy.

“Mhmmm,” he moaned, as he began to change into his next outfit - a cute crop top and denim shorts. But as his arousal grew, so did the pressures of change. As he rubbed a nipple idly, without thinking, there was a sudden shift. Something gave way. He stopped just as he zipped up the denim shorts.

“Ohhhhh, oh f-fuck! No! Shit, not right now! UUghghhh!”

He tried to lunge forward to shut off the camera, but instead he only managed to grasp onto his computer desk, in full view of his viewers. The changes were beginning, and as he began to squirm and rock his feminised hips, he realised his worst nightmare was coming true: he was about to give his Crypto-Crew a show.

Just the thought of it was so fucking arousing that it set the changes off immediately.

“Oh G-Gawd! It’s happening! Holy shit, Crypto-Crew, turn off the s-streams! Don’t n-need to watch this!”

But he knew even as the pressures erupted that it was impossible to avoid. The stream would only get more views and downloaded and replays and memes as they watched this utterly unique event unfold. Warren moaned, clutching his chest as it surged forward. He pressed his chest together, once more showing off his cleavage, but the cleavage proceeded to deepen as if it were a great chasm opening up between two great mounds of earth. His breasts filled his hands, gaining more and more weight. He’d eaten a lot that morning, feeling the urge to consume calories, and now he knew why: it was almost entirely going to his bosom.

“S-sooooo big!” he whined. His voice cracked, going up an octave. He shuddered, particularly as his Adam’s apple sank into his neck, leaving it tender and pretty. His hair cascaded down his face, extended over his shoulders. He had to part it with his hands to see, and that revealed another change: his fingers were even more delicate. One of the vanity rings he had for show simply slipped off and rolled away.

“Like, holy shit!” he cried, gesticulating like crazy. He tried to grab the camera again, shut the damn stream off so that he wasn’t making a fool of himself, but his waist suddenly pulled in. His shirt was getting overwhelmed by his tits, and so was his bra. It was only built to push up a pair of B-cups, but his expanding tits were already doubling in size, spilling over the cups painfully.

“F-fuck this!” he whined. “N-need to get this damn thing, like, totally off!”

He was aroused as hell from the changes, and the act of tearing off his cute crop top and struggling with the clasps of his bra only made him even hornier. It was all wrong, but the feeling of his tits growing was hot as hell in its own way, and part of him was urging them to grow, grow, and damn well *grow* so that he could have a big pair of ripe boobs that were big and bouncy and sensitive as fuck. And he was well on his way, because he finally managed to unclasp the straps. The bra pinged off, ejected by his erupting breasts.

Warren’s eyes went wide. His jaw fell. Freed from their confinement, his tits had swollen massively. They were big and heavy, and they wobbled as he staggered back. He knew he was giving his viewers a show, and it made him go all red in the cheeks. But the changes were coming thick and fast, and all he could concentrate on was how wonderfully womanly he was becoming.

“S-so horny,” he stammered. “So f-fucking - oh Gawd!”

His waist pulled in, and now that he was topless from the waist up, it was clear he was finally getting that hourglass figure. He rubbed over his crotch, but that was not enough to deal with the intense arousal. His hips cracked wider, making him writhe, and that set his big Double-D cup tits wobbling all over again. He squeezed one even as his lips puffed up and his eyelashes extended. It was so sensitive, particularly the swollen nipple.

“Mmhmm! OOhhhhhh!”

He couldn't help it. He took one humiliated look at the camera, trembled for a moment. “D-don't forget to b-buy Aether,” he moaned. “We're g-going to the m-moon!”

It was a feeble line, but the fact that her voice shifted at that exact moment changed how it came across entirely: without even meaning too, Warren injected a hot, breathy quality into it, a sensual husky sound that oozed hot sex. The fact that she immediately moaned, stuck her hand down her denim pants and beneath her underwear, then began stimulating her hard cock, only made it more attractive.

“I c-can't help it! Fuck I'm, like, sooooo aroused! I'm like, feeling as g-good as when m-my bitcoin wallet g-goes up!”

She couldn't help it. She had to feel a little in control. Had to keep redirecting them to the ultimate purpose of her stream. But even that fell away as her ass grew, and her hips widened, stretching the confines of her denim shorts. Wait, was she thinking of herself as female?

“N-no! I'm a man! I'm a - AAIIIIIEEEE!!”

She let loose an orgasmic wail as her small but stiff penis ejaculated into her pants. It was accompanied by one final shrinking away, her cock finally retreating back into her body. The former crypto-bro quite literally became a crypto-gal as a new passage widened within her. The remnants of his dick split apart, forming the inner walls of his new passage, and his testicles squeezed into his new vulva in a briefly painful, yet strangely arousing way. The new woman gasped, panting loudly, eyes so wide they looked ready to flee from her skull, as she felt her testicles withdrew deep into her lower stomach, unfurling to become new ovaries.

“OOhhhhhhhh s-so weird! Why d-does it f-feel so f-fucking good!”

She arched her back, hair extending just a little more, breasts trembling naked upon her chest. They were covered in a light sheen of sweat that no doubt would have made her horny as hell, were it not *her* that was experiencing them. Finally, with one last mindblowing orgasm, the alien experience of losing her manhood was over. She was left panting, her skin now a pale Caucasian, her hair an even lighter shade of blonde. And her breasts positively *divine*, easily bigger than Cindy's. Much bigger, at least when looking down.

“Holy fuck,” she managed. “That’s, like, everything today, okay! Hope you enjoyed the stream! Don’t f-forget to be total alphas like m-me!”

She stumbled forward, naked breasts jiggling, and shut off the stream. For a moment, the new woman simply tried to control her breathing. She tried to see her new womanhood, but her breasts were large enough to block her view until she cupped them and flattened them down a little.

And then there it was. A pert little venus mound with a feminine slit, already wet from the hormonal experience of being transformed by the Lumin’s Syndrome.

“I thought I had, like, more time,” she said. Even her voice was all wrong. There was nothing to mistake about her being female now. Even her jaw was softer. She switched her camera to show her on the screen, and marvelled at her appearance. She was damn cute. Really damn cute. Not a ten out of ten: her waist was a bit too thick, and her ass was still fairly flat. Her face a bit too plain. Thighs and legs not quite as shapely as she’d like.

But those tits. Wow.

“I’d fuck me,” she said. “Or let a totally hot stud fuck me - no! No, not that! Not a big cock or anything inside me, no thank you!”

But still her thoughts lingered on it. It took taking in the comments on the stream, which were still pouring down the chat, to take her mind of that particular image.

Holy shit that was the most batshit bananas thing I’ve ever seen!

I CAME SO HARD U GUISE

That had to be fake, right? Was that fake? Warren must have been putting on a show because he was moaning like a beta cuck in heat or whatever

Not a beta, dickhead. A total alpha hottie chick! Warren always said girls should be needy and desperate to be fucked. Now that he is one he’s showing us he’s not a fucking hypocrite. This is gonna be hot as hell, and he’s still gonna make us rich! What a legend!

BIG TITS BIG TITS BITS TITS . . . but will they get BIIIIIGGGGEEERRR!?!?!

Seriously sounded like mental regression. I might sell my Aether. Don’t want a bimbo steering the ship.

Lol hard to be alpha AND a bitcoin bro when u don even have a d!ck anymore lol hahahahahaah

OMG OMG that was the hottest thing ever. So keen to see more changes live, Warren! I want to see you become the hottest e-girl ever! Do a kiss with Cindy PLS!!!

The last comment was, predictably, from *AetherForever!*. It, along with the many, many other excited comments, should have made Warren worried. Concerned. Agitated. Terrified. But it didn’t. Instead, the new woman’s mind found itself excited by all the praise of her body, and the comments about how hot she looked, and how much hotter she could get.

“Gawd, I’m like, getting off on this,” she mumbled to herself.

She lowered her hand to her still-dripping pussy.

"Maybe . . . maybe just one f-feel."

Warren Brody was an overnight sensation, on the internet and on television. She'd technically broken the rules of her streaming site, but due to the unusual nature of her change and condition, she was allowed to keep the video up, so long as it remained on her private server with ages of her subscribers authenticated. Not that this stopped it from being leaked all over the internet. It was practically on every thread of 4chan, and links popped up everywhere on reddit. On tumblr, gifs with humorous tags mocking the supposed 'misogynistic bitcoin bro' were constantly being uploaded and torn down. It seemed many feminists couldn't get enough of the fact that Warren was now a woman, and one experiencing all the harassment of one on the internet at that. Somehow, the worst thing was having numbers of lovely women, also feminists, reaching out to try and give advice and help her, checking on how she was going mentally.

"I'm meant to, like, be a fucking man!" she cried, wiping tears from her cheeks in the privacy of her home. The fact that her subscriber account was in the hundreds of thousands now was almost beside the point, though the amount of paying ones had also shot up, allowing her to actually afford most of the things she only lied about owning. It was like a damned Monkey's Paw situation, only worse because instead of just ending up like a woman, she was becoming a fucking *bimbo* too. Her voice, still a little husky, nevertheless was constantly peppered with valley girl speak. Her mannerisms were slightly klutzy, and she kept defaulted to feminine poses, even ones that showed off her new chest. Cindy was over the moon about it, helping her adjust to even more feminine, showy clothing, and soon it felt far too wrong *not* to wear tight, midriff revealing crop tops and short skirts. Warren couldn't even fight it: she'd never say it out loud, but her willpower was diminishing in direct inverse proportion to her growing desire to please others. And besides, so many of the outfits were mega-cute!

"I still can't believe you've got bigger tits than me," Cindy said

"I knooooow," she whined. "They're, like, way too big! I have to get them reduced or something."

"Warren. Wanda. My new girlfriend, that would be the worst mistake you could possibly make. Those are your moneymakers now, hun, just like mine only more so."

Warren/Wanda bit her lip, trying not to smile at the compliment. Cindy wasn't wrong either. While a few of her original crowd had left, claiming rather cruelly that the new woman was now a 'total e-slut beta' now, many others remained loyal to her advice, never realising

that she was conning the hell out of these moron rubes. And no small part of maintaining her scam was in making sure her double-D tits were prominently displayed on all her streams, be they crypto-casts, video game playing, or tours of her latest cars or pool extensions. The last even had her, rather daringly, in a sexy yellow bikini that was a size too small for her tits, leaving little to the imagination. It had felt like whoring herself out, particularly since so many obviously subscribed purely to get off on a formerman becoming a sexy blonde bimbo, but what else was she to do? It's not like there was a cure for Lumin's or anything. The only way to take control was to lean into her new femininity, and use it to hook these beta morons, hypnotise them with her bod in order to wrangle in their cash and send her own massive investments in Aether soaring, while she also shorted CommGram on the side.

At least, she hoped that was what she was doing. The crypto space was getting increasingly difficult to understand. There were so many numbers involved, so many variables that were just all over the place. She was finding that it was taking her two, sometimes three times as long just to work out what she was investing in, and where she wanted her various followers to invest, and why she was even doing all of this. It was as if her brain had become just as bleached as her hair, and the fact that she literally couldn't think of herself as a guy, even if she tried really, really damn hard, only made that fact all the more obvious.

It wasn't lost on her audience, either. Increasingly, the comments were more and more openly about her appearance, encouraging her to wear ever more revealing clothing. She railed against this at first - she was an alpha bro, damn it! - but there was no denying those wonderful bubbles of dopamine, those ripples of pleasure that bloomed in her mind whenever she showed off her busty body. And she *had* to show it off, besides, because her face was only merely cute, and her lower half didn't have the greatest curves. Sometimes it even made her pout, until she realised what she was doing.

"No! Stop being such a frickin' slut, Wanda! Warren! I'm meant to be their leader, the guy who, like, makes all the money off of them being dumb. I totally can't do that if I'm the dumb one!"

But there was nothing bringing her intelligence back, and when she finally got around to figuring out she should visit a doctor, they told her the same: she would be like this for life, unless the changes weren't done.

"Ch-changes aren't done yet?" she said, her blue eyes wide.

"Possibly not. Lumin's is unpredictable. It's very likely done, but there may be more changes yet."

She could have wept. She'd hoped at least to harness her condition, make people pay through the nose in order to get the privilege of seeing her totally hawt body, but what if

she just became a total ditz? She'd end up as a sexy bimbo slut, and no one would ever see her as the total alpha she was meant to be ever again!

All she could do was hope that this was the extent of her changes. With Cindy's help (and an assurance that Cindy would get a piece of the monetary pie too), she continued to stream to her Crypto-Crew, particularly those in her Special Ultra Deluxe tier, which had swelled to an enormous number of subscribers. Only now the amount of information she gave on the crypto markets and bitcoin performance were simply small preludes. If she talked too long past her meagre notes it would be obvious to anyone that she was struggling to even know what bitcoin even *did* these days. No, it was better to wear her sexy tied sailor shirts that pushed up her cleavage, and her hot pink shirt with no bra so her nips pushed through, or the low cut dress that revealed her thighs, or even just to wear a loose pyjama top and nothing more than women's lingerie underwear, teasing her viewers with what they couldn't quite see, but could definitely guess the shape of. It was demeaning, but her new Lumin's brain craved the compliments, the sexual double entendres, the constant begging for more in the comments.

As the August meeting approached, and with Cindy's coaching, Warren began to further embrace the act. With each further delve into womanhood her subscriber count shot up, as did the number of investors in Aether, and it seemed assured that - slight bimbo brain or not - she was going to end up a very rich man. Albeit, a man stuck as a woman.

"If you go full e-girl, Wanda, you're bound to become one of the most successful streamers ever," Cindy said. "Seriously, look at these numbers. Do you see what I'm seeing?"

"Um, yeah. Obviously. I totes see it. Why, do you not, like, fucking see it or something?"

Cindy chuckled. "Yeah, Lumin's has definitely done a number on your vocabulary. And your brain. Couldn't happen to a nicer person, I guess, but you're my ticket to even greater success with those shared videos we'll appear in. These numbers show us that every time you embrace being a woman - you know, wear lipstick, try a new outfit, wear a bikini, go to the beach, and so on - then your streamers not only pay more, invest more, but also your subscriber count goes up."

"So, like, I'm being alpha by being an e-girl?" she asked, hopeful.

"Uhh, sure. Why not. We just need to aggressively market you ever more as the former Warren, now Wanda. Take advantage of this and build it all the way up to your August meeting. I can even attend, if you want."

She was still smart enough to sense a trap. "No! It's my thing, my Crypto-Crew. You can, like, keep our deal, but August is mine, got it?"

“Ah, there’s my old Warren. Still hiding away there. Shame you haven’t changed the last week into something even more appealing. But with enough adjustment, you won’t need to. We’ll have them eating out the palm of our hands.”

She was right, once again. It took a bit of convincing, but ironically it wasn’t Cindy coaching her towards womanhood that made her finally embrace her role even further, but the constant comments on her streams that fed her an endless barrage of encouragement, demand, and praise for her big DD-cup tits. Buoyed by that encouragement and the feeling of mastery it gave her, she began moving and bouncing in ways that made her tits jiggle more openly. She let her v-necks go absurdly low, or work things far too small so that she was practically bursting out of them. She filmed videos of herself in town, and while chatting about her investments and cars she had Cindy filming herself spread across them. She even officially changed her name to Wanda, an act she hated but knew would have results. And my, did it have results! The bookings for her August gathering were entirely full, and yet still people were begging to come, or for the venue to be changed to accommodate them, or simply for a second day to be added. She ignored these concerns. After all, it was going to be a buying frenzy at the convention, and once Aether prices were at their highest extent, she’d sell her enormous slice and watch the chaos comfortably, rich beyond rich.

All she had to do was be hot and girl for just a little longer. Then, maybe she could give up the e-girl lifestyle.

“I can, like, give it up,” she said to herself after a particularly flirty stream where she’d been in just her lingerie. “I can totes go back to being an alpha once it’s over. I’m still an alpha. Just, like, an alpha with big boobies who loves looking really hawt.”

And then, as she always did after finishing a stream, she parted her panties to one side and lowered her hand to her entrance, and began to pleasure herself.

It was the only thing keeping her sane, and God, it turned out women had it good.

It was a pool party. Just a few days out from her Crypto-Crew convention, Cindy had convinced Wanda to attend her first public event, albeit one that was exclusive by nature. A number of the biggest streamers, crypto-bros, and sexy e-girls were in attendance, and it was as much pleasure as it was business. It was located at a man named Daniel Kawolski’s house. He was huge in the crypto biz, albeit quite retired these days. Now, he simply connected various groups together, making profit off of the new generation of hip investors, all while being surrounded by hot women in bikinis. He was like a modern Hugh Hefner, and Warren had admired that.

But now, courtesy of Cindy's convincing, Wanda was the woman in the bikini. She wore a startling bright blue two-piece with thin straps that matched her bright eyes, and her hair was in a cute ponytail that bobbed with her movements, much like her tits. She couldn't help but sway her hips from side to side as she entered, trying to keep her face alight.

"Why am I, like, here again?" she said.

Cindy rolled her eyes behind the cell phone she was using to record Wanda's bikini body. "For goodness sake, Wanda, this is a chance to meet *the* Dan Kawolski, and more than that, to get exposure as well. If we can get Wanda Brody on video shaking hands - and booties - with some of the other big names, then your socials will blow up girl, even more than when you started posting pics on Instagram of your hot bod."

Wanda blushed. She'd put up a snap of her in that very bikini just that morning, then cringed as she'd uploaded it. Did *anyone* still think of her as in control anymore? They had to. They *had* to. She was just taking control from the other side, at least so she thought.

"Okay, but, like, why the bikini?"

"Because it's what your fans want. And it also matches *my* bikini. And because I'm hot in other ways and have my own fanbase, we can both benefit from proximity, girl."

"Ugh, I'm not, like, really a girl."

"The big tits say otherwise. C'mon, let's get in the pool and start to mingle. Don't be afraid to get close, either. Real close."

Wanda didn't know what to make of that, because she was already being distracted by the many, many handsome men all around her. Some were more nerdy, of course, but most crypto-bros at that level were also shameless gym nuts like she had been. She found her nipples stiffening at the sight of their muscular abs, their strong biceps, their facial hair and body hair, and the way they all stared at her chest. It made her self-conscious, but it also made her horny as hell.

"I'm getting in the pool!" she cried, jumping in.

It failed to cool her down. Instead, she only looked more lovely. Cindy filmed the two of them, took Snapchats and videos and images as they talked to one influencers after another, fielding questions that overwhelmed and embarrassed Wanda. She tried to play it cool as she always had, flex her muscles and so on. But she had no muscles to speak of, and when a particularly hairy, older man in his mid-thirties got in the pool and drifted towards her, she found it almost impossible not to stare at him with unbridled lust.

This was Daniel Kowalski.

"Hey," he said, taking a sip from his margherita before placing it on the poolside for a server to clean up, "you must be *the* Wanda Brody, formerly Warren Brody. Am I right?"

"Like yeah, that's me," she said. She covered her chest a little, drawing back from him. Fuck, he was good looking, and it was hard not to notice.

“You’ve been making waves, Wanda. I won’t lie, I subscribed to your channel. I think you’re wrong about Aether, but then maybe you’re just playing the game we all play. The kind that’s a nice trade when you get enough buy-in, if you know what I’m saying?”

She grinned sheepishly, trying not to give it all away. “Yeah well, what’s it to you? Come to make fun of me for getting Lumin’s and growing these big boobies.”

She blushed. Why the hell had she called them ‘big boobies’? Predictably, the man smirked, looking down at her barely-covered cleavage. He shifted a little closer in the pool. He was only wearing boardshorts, and he looked quite well-muscled.

“I would never make fun of that,” he said coolly. “In fact, I’m rather fascinated. It must be a strange, yet wonderful thing to suddenly find yourself a woman, and yet be bold and strong enough to make money from it.”

She looked away, giving a sheepish grin. “Yeah, well, not like I had much choice. But, like, I’ve been strong like you say. I’m still a total alpha and in control and stuff. I’m making sooooo much more money, and my socials are going wild.”

“I imagine so. That photo you posted this morning was delightful. I won’t lie, I found it . . . intoxicating.”

He shifted closer, enough that his shoulder pressed against hers. He turned subtly, so that he was facing her a little more. He was bigger - but then, the reduction in her height had been one change that never stopped. She was nearly down to 5’6 by now.

“In - intoxicating?” she asked. She looked about for Cindy, but she must have been elsewhere. No, she was off talking to another influencer, taking selfies. She was meant to be filming Wanda! And rescuing her from situations like this!

“Oh certainly,” Daniel continued in his deep, charismatic voice. “Very intoxicating. Enough that I had to invite you to this get-together of like minds, so I could pick yours. And perhaps . . . get to know such a unique new woman like you all the more.”

She recognised it. All the little flourishes of a pick up artist. The use of space, the deliberate lower pitch of the voice, the way he flattered her looks while leading her own, and how he began rubbing her arm first, then trailing down to her hips. It was the same set of techniques she had taught her own followers, and continued referring to even on her streams as a woman, using her own body as an example to titillate them.

But even though she recognised them, she was damn well helpless to them.

“Get to kn-know?” she asked. “Me? My business?”

“In a manner of speaking,” he whispered. His chest pressed against hers, and it left her nipples rubbing sensuously against her chest. She moaned, and while moaning, he locked his lips upon hers and began to kiss her. She wanted to hesitate, but her horny brain was going crazy for what was happening, and instead she slipped her tongue inside his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck, all while he ran his hands down her form.

She kissed even more passionately as he kneaded and cupped her big tits. It left her shivering in arousal.

“Mmhmmm . . . shouldn’t . . . but - ohhhhh - but - Oh. Oh! OH NO! NOOOOO!!”

Daniel shifted back, alarmed and confused, but she knew instantly what was happening as another series of pleasurable pressures began to pulse throughout her body.

“Holy shit, that’s Wanda Brody!” someone yelled.

“Yeah, and she’s changing again! Someone get a recording!”

“I’ve got one!” Cindy called, running from her influencer connection and quickly levelling the video at Wanda. “Perfect timing bestie, this is gonna rock the online world! Aether forever!”

Wanda glared at her for a moment, infuriated by how pragmatic Cindy was. But she couldn’t blame her: Warren would have done the same. She grunted and groaned as her body shifted. It was a shorter change this time, less dramatic, but no less major in other ways. She moved to the pool ladder, not wanting to drown, and she was helped by Daniel, who marvelled from behind as her backside swelled massively, practically swallowing her bikini bottom. She moaned in bliss as it expanded to become full and peachy, and it only increased in size once she was out of the pool, dripping wet. Her hips cracked once more, widening even as her waist shrunk. It left her with a devastating hourglass figure, particularly once her height shrunk another two inches, and her shoulders diminished in size. Her hair spilled further down to the small of her back, now full and luscious despite being dripping wet. It was now a platinum blonde, and not even the water could darken it much.

“Are you done!?” Cindy said. “You look great, you look -”

She halted, because Wanda was moaning again, looking desperately around the crowd. “OOhhhh, it’s s-still happening! My tits! No, they’re already, like, big enough! OOhhhh!!!”

They got even bigger in mere moments. They swelled and swelled, doubling in size yet again until they were each half the size of her own head. They were immense, easily F or even G-cups, and her bikini barely managed to contain them. They wobbled heavily on her chest, her swollen nipples stiff with arousal. At the same time, her lips became even fuller, and her face finished its transformation so that her cheekbones were prominent, her face demure yet sexy. She was one of the hottest, bustiest women ever in mere moments, and the crowd was frozen. Already, she could see a number of hard cocks tenting against boardshorts.

“D-don’t forget to b-buy Aether?” she suggested weakly.

Cindy ended the recording. “Got it! Fuck yeah, and just in time for your conference soon. Give it up for Wanda, people!”

There was a loud cheer for the new woman, and it was enough for her to put on a twisted smile, though her massively curvy figure was already freaking her out.

“Th-thanks everyone. I’ve, like, uh, got to go. Crypto stuff and math things. Um, bye!”

She got out of there as fast as hell, and Cindy had to go with her just to make sure she was safe. She was glad for it too. She could come to terms with her newly exaggerated body later.

If she stayed, she was terrified she would have sucked every cock at the pool, she was so horny.

Wanda was terrified. It had taken every encouragement, every desperate comment from *AetherForever!* and Cindy and the other influencers and subscribers not to cancel the Crew Catchup. They were, after all, her loyal fans, and the thought of letting them down filled her with anxiety. But with that final change, she had been left even more empty-headed, even more buxom, and even more desperately horny.

In the three days that had passed since the pool party, she had masturbated at least five times a day, and she no longer even pretended she wasn’t thinking about getting fucked by big, strong men who lusted after body. It was getting to the point that she was genuinely worried that she’d become a total beta bimbo to whatever hot guy happened to be near her if she wasn’t careful.

Wanda just needed one more big break, though. One final buy-in on Aether, then she could sell with its value sky high, and let it crash down in the aftermath of everyone else panic selling. She’d be a multi, multi-millionaire, and she could figure out how to deal with her massive G-cup titties and incredible lust for men afterwards. She was certain she could find, like, a guy who she could fuck but still totally dominate, and be his alpha whenever she needed to get laid.

And so it was that the resort venue she’d hired out just for the event was packed to the brim with almost exclusively men. There were a few gals - some alternative, some looking mega hot in their own way, and some clearly interested in her - but otherwise the classy resort was full with nerds, amateur hour investors, twenty-something rubes, and even a crowd of overweight chubby nerd types complete with scruffy beards. And as she looked out at the crowd from her speaker’s platform, adorned in a really tight pink top that showed off her mammoth cleavage and a tight set of short shorts that left her ass perfectly outlined, she realised that she was, impossibly, attracted to each and every one of them.

“Gawd, they’re all so fucking hot. My pussy is, like, on fire here.”

She needed to quench that fire, but she couldn't exactly run out and masturbate. They were expecting a speech. A general introduction. A figure in the centre, a nerd with glasses and slight chub but cute smile, was wearing an *AetherForever!* shirt, which certainly identified him. She couldn't help but give him a flirty wink, and he giggled.

"I could fuck him right there, Gawd help me," she whispered. It made her regret not bringing Cindy. The video she put up had gone viral not just around the influencer sphere, but around the nation and world. The hot crypto-gal who became even hotter, all while telling others to invest in Aether. This stupid conference wasn't even necessary, really. She could sell now and be rich beyond belief. But just a little more wealth was in her eye.

"Just one last pitch to these, like, cute fools and stuff."

She sighed, turned on the mic, and did a sexy pose completely by instinct, her hand on her hip and the other behind her head.

"So, like, hey guys!" she announced.

The crowd went wild, clapping and cheering and wolf-whistling. One individual cried out "we love you Wanda!" while another simply said "your tits are straight fire! Be my alpha, Wanda!"

She ignored these, despite the way they made her nipples harden and her pussy become sopping wet. She rubbed her thighs together, clearly aroused.

"So, like, I'm in a real pickle here, but I'll try to continue. You guys are sooooo cool. You, like, totally took me on as your alpha and stuff. And even when I got Lumin's you were like one hundred and thirty percent behind me. And now I've got these big boobies but I'm still a crypto-king - well, more like a crypto queen, right?"

She giggled, and so did part of the crowd. She realised she was cupping her huge chest, and stopped. It only had the effect of making them wobble heavily.

"But anyway, you're like my Crypto-Crew. My boys. And I can't let down my boys - and a few of my girls, right? I *had* to hold this catchup. It'd be, like, such a dick move not to. Especially for cute AetherForever down there!"

There was a big cheer, half-ironic, but also half-genuine. The man looked chuffed, and it melted her horny heart. She wondered if he was packing a bigger cock than expected.

"So, um, where was I? I had something to say. Gawd, I'm such a ditz these days. But I think you guys like it. Plus, I'm still really good at investing, and I'm such an alpha, because . . . because . . ."

She struggled to think of anything that made her alpha. Anything at all. And then, in a bubble of inspiration, it hit her.

"Because I'm a super smart crypto-gal who knows that Aether is about to tank!"

There was silence from the crowd, then a loud murmur.

"What? What did she say!?"

“Yeah, like, Aether is gonna tank any day now. I figured out how to pump it super duper high, but it’ll go down any moment. Waaaaaaaay down. And I figured it out.”

She puffed out her impressive chest with pride.

“So, like, it should be sold immediately. It’s like, on the moon now. You dudes should totally sell before it crashes down to Earth or whatever.”

There was suddenly panic in the room. The crowd’s murmurs turned to volatile discussion.

“Why do you think I organised this?” she asked. “So we could make megabucks. Gotta sell when high! Sell Aether for the big ones, lol!”

She felt like she was missing something, but it just escaped her. There was a piece of the puzzle she was overlooking, but it was lost as the crowd buzzed louder and louder.

“Sell now?” someone shouted over the din.

“Totes! If you don’t wanna be, like, bankrupt, you gotta sell ASAP dude. You’ll be a massive millionaire, if you invested heaps.”

That seemed to finally give permission to the crowd. The din became a massive bustle of insanity as men and a few women got their phones out, making calls and accessing apps and selling, selling, selling. Sure enough, the viral video at the pool had caused Aether to balloon well beyond its worth, beyond even Wanda’s wildest dreams, and now they were all going to make a crapton of money - just like she had promised them.

“Holy fuck, I’m like, such a good person!” she exclaimed to herself.

As the madness of selling continued, she stepped down from the podium, where a gleeful AetherForever was grinning from ear to ear.

“Holy shit, you were right Wanda,” her biggest fan declared, standing up. He was struggling not to stare at her tits, and she loved it. “I just made a million bucks. Holy crap! You’re fucking amazing!”

Even as others cheered and sold, sold and cheered, she found this man’s enthusiasm beyond all the rest.

“What’s, like, your real name?”

“Charlie. Er, Charlie Watkin.”

“Charlie, did anyone tell you that you’re super, super cute?”

He beamed. “That means a lot, coming from the most awesome crypto-gal around. You look really hot now, no offence.”

She giggled. She couldn’t help it. Her body was on fire, and this man was looking at her with enough lust to drive her straight off a cliff if it meant her body could get what it needed.

“None taken,” she said. She grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him closer, her body too needy to resist. She kissed him, and after a frozen moment of confusion, he returned the kiss.

“Holy shit,” he said between kisses. She licked his neck, kissed his cheeks.

“I - need - you - please. I’m so fucking horny. This syndrome, it’s totally not fair, but I need you to f-fuck me!”

“Oh my God. What, really?”

“REALLY!” she screamed, getting the attention of some others.

“Oh, okay! Fuck, this is crazy.”

But the feelings were too much. Her nipples were throbbing. She was so damned empty. So damned empty. She was missing something, she knew. Something catastrophic. Something distinctly un-alpha. But the only thing she could think of that was missing was a big stiff one between her legs, thrusting into her wet tunnel.

“Um, where do you want to do it?” Charlie said, looking around.

Wanda ripped at her shirt, pulling it off and leaving it a mess. Her massive boobs wobbled in her tight bra, and she began working to remove it.

“Right fucking here, PLEASE!”

That got a part of the crowd’s attention. Charlie’s semi-erection was suddenly a very clear outline against his pants.

“Here?”

“HERE GODDAMNIT! FUCK ME RIGHT NOW! I NEED IT!”

She tore off her bra and flung it aside, pressing her enormous and sensitive chest into his face. This man clearly hadn’t had sex before, or perhaps he was simply nervous about doing it public. But if he was, he was fast building confidence, because he began helping shimmy off her short shorts, leaving her naked but for panties.

“Shit, this is really happening,” he said as she removed the last article of clothing.

“I c-can’t believe it either,” she moaned, even as random followers began to film and photograph her nakedness. “But I fucking need you. Let me be your crypto-gal, Charlie. Fuck my brains out!”

The man learned quick. He dropped his trousers like they were a sack of potatoes, and she pounced on him, knocking him to his back and spreading her thighs over his body. She grasped his average length - but wonderfully thick cock - marvelling at it. She couldn’t believe she was doing this!

“But I n-need it! Totes!” she cried. She positioned herself over him and inserted his cock into her hungry snatch. She gasped as it entered, the feeling was so alien and strange and wrong *and fucking wonderful*.

“Ohhhhhh, yesssss,” she moaned, lowering so that he entered her completely. She leaned forward, squeezing his cock with her vaginal muscles and letting her tits dangle before his excited face. “I needed thisssss. Fuck me, baby! Fuck your crypto-gal!”

“Okay,” was all he said, too stunned to think of anything else. But he lifted his hands and squeezed her tits, sending shocks of pleasure through her form.

“Mmhmmm! Yes! Yessss!”

She began bouncing on him, milking his cock even as half the entire crowded room now looked upon this sexy spectacle. She was red-faced, humiliated, particularly as more people recorded this, but she was so damn needy she didn’t care enough to stop. She had to feel his cum inside her. She needed to climax as a woman too badly. She needed men - not just one, but all of them she could find - to fuck her into oblivion.

“This isn’t s-supposed to b-be meeee!” she whined. “But I have to! My b-body! Ohhhhhh it’s tooooo stroooooonnggg!!”

Finally, it all became too much. The entire room was watching by this point, and they were full of excitement and cheer, having made more money than they’d ever imagined in mere minutes, and now watching this spectacle before them. Wanda wailed, high and ecstatic as she came. Charlie grunted, sounding like a pig as he ejaculated into her. Her pussy clamped upon his penis, milking it for every last drop. She lowered, smothering him in her melon-like tits, moaning all the while.

“OOhhhhhhh G-Gawwwd!!”

And then, finally, it was over. In that post-coital delirium, as she rolled to her side, massive tits flopping about, Wanda realised what had gone wrong. She had told them to sell. In her desire to still be seen as a crypto-legend, she had told them to fucking sell.

SHE hadn’t fucking sold yet!

She grabbed her phone from her pants, crawling on all fours to it. Aether was plummeting in real time. Plummeting and plummeting. How did you sell again? What was the process? She fiddled with the app, trying to remember, even as it plummeted further.

“Oh Gawd, I fucked it all up,” she whined.

“Looked pretty great to me,” someone said. He was more handsome than Charlie, and was beaming like the rest of them. “We all got rich, *and* we got to see Wanda Brody put on a damn good show. That was fucking amazing, dude. Dudette, whatever.”

She was about to burst into tears. Her entire scheme, ruined. Perhaps if she acted quickly, she could at least turn some profit and . . .

. . . and this new man’s dick was really hard in his pants. As were several more of them. She bit her lip, trying to focus on her goal. But that dick . . . Charlie had made her orgasm so hard, but she was already hungry for more. Her pussy throbbed, wanting to be

filled again. Wanting to make her fans feel special. Feel like the alphas she had been training them up to be.

“Um, yeah. That was, like, totally the plan,” she said with an awkward giggle. “Um, do you want a show?”

“What? Like . . . like you did with him.”

She should have pulled away. Grabbed her clothes and run. Instead, she stood, sauntered closer, pleaded with her eyes. “I’m still ultra horny. And I, like, want to make all of my fans super happy. ALL OF YOU!”

She shouted the last part, which sent another murmur of excitement across the room.

“Fucking A, yeah,” the man responded, beginning to pull off his shirt. “I’m okay with that.”

“Ohhhh, thank Gawd, cause I need another fucking cock in me! I can take two!”

Another murmur. What the hell was wrong with her? She needed to sell. Needed to get out of Aether before it crashed completely.

But all those cocks . . . and so many holes to fill. It made her lick her lips. She could wait a while, right?

“Take me from behind,” she breathed, “so I can suck on someone else’s big cock. Any volunteers?”

About thirty individuals raised their hands. She chose the nearest one.

“I can, like, take you all!” she said, growing in need. Her libido was out of control. It was all falling apart. She lowered herself onto all fours while the other man got behind her. His massive dick was against her ass, and she wondered what that would feel like to have entered. Plenty of time to find out. The man slid inside her even as the other one got his hard dick out in front of her. She planted her lips over it, rolled her eyes into the back of her head from the sheer delicious taste of giving her first blowjob. Soon she was being railed from both sides, and loving it completely, moaning in unbelievable ecstasy.

In the corner of her eye, her phone screen was in sight, and Aether was going down, down, down. It was too late, she knew it. By the time she’d be able to sell, she would have fucked the entire room, and her Aether would be worthless. Lumin’s Syndrome had ruined everything!

Everything, that was, except for her pleasure. She was lost in ecstasy as both men came at the same time, and she nearly collapsed from another orgasm. It wasn’t enough though. She already felt a need for more even as she swallowed every drop and moaned like a whore.

“N-next one up!” she shouted, wiping some semen from her lip. “Your favourite streamer n-needs you! C’mon Crypto-Crew, form lines! I’m gonna, like, show you all how much I appreciate my amazing f-fans!”

The next two figures approached her excitedly, groping every part of her body and making her cry out in bliss already. She was a cock-hungry slut, and she knew the only way she'd ever be successful again was in being the exact kind of bimbo streamer she'd always derided and gotten turned on by. She couldn't even be a crypto-scammer anymore, she couldn't understand it. But she could understand showing off for the boys, and letting them all see her getting railed.

Maybe she could find success and riches that way. It wasn't like crypto was working out for her. Maybe it was time to be a sexy e-girl instead.

The End