

E-Girl Excitement (MtF, RC, AR)

"Oh, for crying out loud..."

George had been so focused on the game that he hadn't looked at his chat for a while. He turned his head to his other screen to read chat, and he sighed as he began to read through it. Usually, his stream would be pretty slow since there were usually only ten or so viewers watching him, but it was a bit different today. He had a few new viewers that had popped in, and one of them had been very vocal in chat. George didn't mind it, but it was clear that the guy was a bit too agitated.

He looked through the chat, reading the messages, and it was clear that the viewer had some narrative he was pushing. When he first got here, he had been telling George what a great stream it was and that it was a shame he hadn't more viewers. That quickly devolved into him complaining about how some other streamers didn't deserve their success, and soon his anger turned to some of the women that streamed.

George groaned as he read through the troll's messages about how Alinity and Pokimane only got so many viewers because they had tits and would never have gotten popular if they had been men. It was so cringy to read, and George did his best to keep a straight face.

"Dude, what are you talking about?" George said, shaking his head as he read through some more messages. "That isn't true at all."

The rest of George's chat agreed with him and not with the troll, but some of his long-time watchers still got tricked into discussing it with the guy. He was either delusional or fishing for reactions, and George wasn't sure what was worse. For now, he tried to reason with the guy instead of banning him or timing him out, but it already felt like a mistake.

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[18:24] Tietops: look, I'm just saying they wouldn't be popular if they weren't chicks. You know I'm right.

[18:24] Viewser: lul, what?

[18:24] Selecterla12: what are you smoking?

[18:25] Tietops: They only watch them for the boobs. They got no talent at all, lol.

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"Seriously, you got no idea what you're talking about, Tietops," George said, singling the troll out. "Sure, they probably got some extra popularity in the beginning from being women, and I'm sure that some watch them because of that, but there's no way they'd get so big just by having tits."

It didn't seem to matter what he said. The guy kept going, and it was clear that he was nothing but a troll. George shook his head as he timed the guy out for a few minutes, hoping it would work. But then, a few minutes later, the guy would be back spewing the same nonsense as before. Finally, after losing his patience, he banned the guy from chat.

"Holy moly, some people, huh?" George said to the rest of his chat. "That guy really needs to take a chill pill."

George leaned back in his chair and rubbed his beard, still on the score screen from the last game he lost as he read through chat again. The place had calmed down quite a bit and was back to its usual slow pace again. As he looked through it, he saw a message that caught his attention.

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[18:31] TerraMose: some people have no chill

[18:32] Selecterla12: probably a neckbeard...

[18:32] SimoneBnB: Hey, @GeoBlast, what are your thoughts on Alinity and Pokimane? Do you think you would be able to become as big as they are if you were a girl?

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"Hey, Simone," George said, spotting the new viewer with their question. "Look, like I said earlier, I think they both have worked super hard to get where they are regardless of their gender. But, with that said, I'd probably do anything to be where they are, but I doubt being a chick would help with that."

However, as George talked with his viewers, he couldn't help but feel jealous. They had no idea how much he meant by what he said, and none of his viewers knew how he truly felt. It wasn't just that he wanted to be as popular as the girls: he wanted to **be** them. George struggled with slight gender dysphoria and had done so since his teens, and the feeling had never truly gone away. It wasn't so severe that it affected his mental health to a noticeable degree, but it was constantly there. It gnawed at his psyche, and whenever he saw himself in the mirror, he always wondered if didn't make the mistake of not going through a transition. He was in his early thirties, and it felt too late to do it now.

George shook his head, ridding himself of the sullen thoughts. He figured that would answer their question, and he was about to turn his attention to the main screen again. But, to his surprise, he could see that the viewer had already replied to him.

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[18:36] SimoneBnB: So, you could almost say that you wish you were like them?

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The question took him by surprise. George felt odd as he read it, and he could almost feel how loaded it was. There was something strange about it and the viewer, but he couldn't put his finger on what it was. It was just a feeling he had, and it was only getting stronger the more he read her question.

"I mean," he said, pausing for a bit. "Honestly, yeah. I wish I were like them. Who wouldn't want to be cute and sexy and have thousands of people watching you?"

George felt a strange tingle passing through his body as he uttered the words. He almost regretted saying it, and he wasn't sure why. He got goosebumps when he read what the viewer said, and he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Honestly, it felt like George had agreed to something beyond his understanding.

Eventually, he pushed away the feeling and turned his attention back to the game. He clicked a few times and got into the queue, now readying up for another match of Overwatch.

"Anyway, let's see if we can't win a game with Tracer today," George said, switching the topic.

However, before he managed to get into a game, a small pop-up appeared on his stream. Soon, the familiar text-to-speech voice spoke through his headphones as it read the donation message.

- 'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits' -

- 'Wish Granted' -

George looked at the screen and smiled, happy for the bits that someone had donated. But as he heard the message, George couldn't help but stare at the screen in confusion. It was from the same viewer that asked him that weird question earlier, and he had the same strange feeling as he read the message from earlier. It made no sense, but a faint dread began crawling down his spine.

"I didn't know we had a genie in the chat," George said jokingly, pushing away the creeping sensation. "But, uh, thanks, I guess. Hope you'll enjoy the stream."

George glanced over at the chat again, and he could see that Simone had already replied to him.

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[18:37] SimoneBnB: Oh, I'm sure I will~

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The feeling came back again. It was this sense of dread that something out of control was happening, and it felt like it would sweep George away. He even thought about banning the viewer, but then he realized how silly it would be. He couldn't just go around kicking people out who donated just because he had a weird feeling. They hadn't done anything wrong, not yet anyway. Still, he couldn't help but stare at the words for a few moments longer before turning his attention back to the main screen.

"Alright, back to gaming," George said, unaware of the faint tingling sensation that crept into his hands from his mouse and keyboard. It cascaded through his body, giving him goosebumps.

The guy barely had enough time to queue up for a game and join the lobby before another donation message appeared on his screen, and he wasn't surprised to see it was from the new viewer.

-'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'-

-'Wow, your skin looks great! It has this nice glow to it ^^ It looks like you shave too! Do you have a skincare routine you follow?'-

George stared at the message after selecting which hero to play in the game, and he had no idea what Simone meant by that. He hadn't shaved in years, which the quite thick beard proved, and he had never put any thought or care into taking care of his skin.

"Um, thanks, I guess," George said as he turned his eyes to the main screen as the game started. "But I don't really have a skincare routine. I mean, aside from showering every day and using, you know, soap."

The tingling sensation spread throughout his body as he talked, and George remained unaware of the malleable energies that coursed through his frame. The magic pulsed over his body and slowly shaped the viewer's words into reality.

George didn't seem to notice how the magic began to zap the hair from his body, starting near his knuckles and toes and moving slowly upward. The hair disappeared, the strands evaporating by the malleable force and leaving his skin hairless and bare as it moved over his frame. Soon, the hair on his knuckles and toes disappeared, and the magic soon worked its way up his arms and legs. As this happened, another tingling sensation spread over his body and followed the same path as the hair-zapping magic. Wherever it touched, it left his skin smooth and flawless. Slowly but surely, his hands and feet softened up and looked perfect, almost as if he used moisturizer and skin products daily. Even his nails got trimmed, and it no longer looked like he regularly bit on his scuffed nails.

The magic spread up his arms, zapping the hair from it before the second force turned his skin silky smooth. The minor imperfections and blemishes vanished, and even the birthmark on his shoulder disappeared as it spread up to it. The same happened to his legs, leaving them looking shaved and pampered. The bush around his cock didn't disappear, but it got significantly shorter and far more trimmed. Soon, he had a cute amount of hair on the area, and even the skin around his dick and crotch became as smooth and soft as the rest of his changing body. The hair on his back and belly vanished, and so did the hair on his chest. Every inch got softer and smoother by the second force, leaving him with skin that would leave even a model jealous.

Finally, it reached his head, and George's thick beard began to fall off. His chin was soon bare, and the skin got as smooth as a baby's bottom. Old acne scars and imperfections vanished, leaving his face near flawless. Then, something happened in his bathroom, and it became clear it wasn't just his body that got altered. Suddenly, numerous skin care products appeared, like moisturizers and lotions, that were necessary to get skin as soft and perfect as his.

Yet, despite everything, George didn't notice a thing. He wondered why his chin felt suddenly so cold, but his attention was on the intense game, so he didn't put more thought into it. Even more curiously, not even the viewers seemed to notice it. Although, a few did agree with Simone in the chat about his skin and commented about it. George was too busy in the game to read any of it but not too busy to notice the new donation.

-SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits-

-Hey, looking good today! Have you been exercising lately? Your short body is looking quite slim~-

"No?" George said, finding the questions and remarks a bit weird. Honestly, it was creeping him out a bit. Still, he kept smiling and did his best to answer the question, although he wasn't sure why. "I mean, I go for long walks now and then, but I don't really exercise. Jesus! You made me realize that I haven't been to the gym in almost a decade. I probably should start exercising again."

'God, what a weird statement,' he thought, still focusing on the game. *'Besides, I'm not that short. I'm fairly average for a guy.'*

The tingling sensation spread up his hands from the keyboard and mouse, the magic coursing through the wires and into his body like an electric current. It spread up his arms and chest before cascading through his entire body, infecting every inch of it. George didn't notice anything except a slight soreness that swept over him, and he squirmed in his seat a bit as it got worse. It felt like tiny hands were massaging and pulling at his chubby curves, especially around his belly. The fat began to evaporate on his body, leaving him increasingly slimmer. George wasn't that fat, at most around 270lbs, and most of it was around his gut. The pounds were vanishing off his body as the magic worked on him, and his shirt started to look too big for him. It didn't take long before his black T-shirt shrank to fit his slimmer body, and the rest of his outfit did the same.

George remained blissfully unaware that he was getting thinner, and the weight loss seemed to accelerate. He had lost around fifty pounds after only a few minutes, and the fat kept steadily evaporating. Not only that, but his body began to ache when his bones suddenly shrank. Every inch of his body was pulling inward and downward, and he was soon starting to lose inch after inch in height. He was around 5'11 when it began, and it didn't stop until he had lost almost half a foot, which left him distinctly short for a guy. George was wasting away, his body losing over a hundred pounds in mass thanks to the loss in fat and height. When it was finally over, he was only 5'5 and around 120lbs. Every piece of clothing he owned had also changed, including the outfit he had on, and they all matched his shorter and thinner figure. The chair shifted and pushed up, and the layout on his desk changed slightly to match his shorter height and arms.

Not only that, but his apartment changed slightly. There was now exercise equipment near his bed, like barbells, jump ropes, and such. It wasn't the stuff that a guy would use to build muscles, but the things someone might use to stay slim and keep everything as it should. They were all pink or red and stood out from the rest of the stuff in his place.

George could feel like something was wrong as he played. The heaviness around his belly, the sensation he had lived with for most of his life, was now gone. Even his small man-boobs didn't feel nearly as prominent, and his entire body felt oddly light. Simone's comment from earlier still lingered in his head, and he couldn't help but feel like something beyond his control was happening. The game was finally over, and he sighed as it ended in another loss.

"Ah, close one," he muttered as he leaned back in his chair. He glanced at his other screen to read the chat, and the comments there confused him.

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[19:11] Selecter1a12: I never realized that [@GeoBlast](#) shaved his beard until now

[19:11] BadgerMaaaaan: Looks like the exercise is showing results!

[19:12] TerraMose: God, the teammates you had. OmegaLUL

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'What the fuck?' he thought, glossing through chat. 'What are they smoking? I haven't shaved my beard...'

George pulled up his stream on the second monitor to check and see if anything was wrong. He couldn't help but stare in confusion and shock as he pulled up his stream. It actually took him a few moments to realize it was his stream he was watching and not someone else's. The slim guy with the soft skin and clean chin was, in fact, him. George stared at the thin and shaved

version of himself, watching as the guy mimicked his moments and shocked expression as he stared at the screen.

"W-What the hell..." George muttered, feeling how his heart skipped a beat in panic. However, before he could do anything, there was another donation that popped in.

-'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'-

-'Looking good today, girl! Just remember to stay calm and smile~ You're doing so great! Happy vibes, girly!'-

"B-But, I'm..." George said, staring at the message and then at his slim hairless arm in confusion. "I don't understand..."

Unfortunately, he didn't get much time to figure things out before the tingling sensation swept through his body. He could feel it dancing across his body and straight down to his crotch, causing his masculine member to swell with need and stretch his jeans. The bulge between his legs grew as his dick got erect, and it was a good thing that the camera didn't show it. A strange wave of arousal washed over him, causing his pale cheeks to turn rosy red in a matter of moments. He groaned and shifted in his seat as his cock continued to pulsate and throb from the strange tingling sensation. Then, to his horror, he could feel it changing. The masculine member between his legs started to shrink and twitch like crazy with every fraction of an inch it lost.

The viewers could see how upset and flustered he looked, despite his desperate attempt to hide it. George wanted nothing more than to get up and leave his chair, but his ass seemed glued to the seat. He could feel a bead of sweat running down his face as he struggled, and the heat rose as his manhood continued to shrink in size. George was too flustered to think right, and he kept the stream going instead of excusing himself and turning it off. A million questions coursed through George's mind. How was this possible? What was happening to him? What was causing it? However, that didn't matter as he continued to feel the strange pleasure washing over him, causing him to make all kinds of faces. He finally realized the stream was still on and that everyone could see him, so he did the only thing he could think of at the moment.

George turned in his chair, facing away from the camera, and pretended to do something on his phone. He gripped the cell phone tightly as his entire body shuddered and quivered with pleasure. His cock shrank to the size of a mere nub, and he gasped when it felt like something pulled at his testicles tightly. George's balls pulled into his body, one by one, and his sack soon hung sad and empty underneath his tiny dick. He could feel his abdomen aching as new organs emerged, his testicles and prostate pulling and twisting into something hopelessly feminine. George felt another drop of sweat running down his face as a womb grew in his abdomen, and it wasn't long before his testicles were nothing but a pair of ovaries. A wave of estrogen poured into his body, drowning out testosterone and other male hormones. It made him nauseous and dizzy, and he could feel how oddly sensitive his chest was. His nipples had gone erect during this, pressing against his tight shirt and rubbing against the fabric each time he squirmed.

However, none of that compared to the sensation of his cock shrinking down in size until it was nothing more than a tiny clit. It sat above a new hole that emerged, and he could sweat that he heard a wet slurping sound as it opened up. What remained of his empty sack got pulled and repurposed into his new inner and outer folds, and he was soon the proud owner of a wet womanly snatch. The pleasure finally died down before he had an orgasm, and he could feel how heavy he was breathing. Sweat poured down his brow, and he could feel how warm his abdomen had become.

Suddenly, it dawned on him what had happened. He put a hand down on his crotch and felt nothing there. It was gone. George's heart skipped a beat as he realized that his dick had disappeared, and he felt a tingle passing up his spine when the fabric of his underwear rubbed against his pussy. His underwear was shifting on his body, soon turning into a comfortable pair of panties that gently hugged his bottom and crotch. The rest of his undergarments changed during this, soon becoming a varied selection of underwear.

'It's gone,' George thought, his heart beating like a drum in his chest. He then suddenly realized something that made his heart skip yet another beat. *'Oh god, I'm a woman!'*

George sat there for a few moments, breathing heavily and trying to understand what was happening to him. At first, he felt scared, but that feeling soon got replaced by something else as he realized what this meant. He was a woman. No, **she** was a woman. Wasn't this what she had always wanted? Hadn't he dreamed of this? The exact situation wasn't ideal, but there was no denying that she had yearned for this for years.

George didn't realize it, but she was now smiling. She blushed and ran her hand over her flat crotch, feeling the feminine folds rubbing against the fabric that hid underneath her pants and underwear. George curled her toes from the sensations that washed over her and almost moved her hand down into her pants to explore her new womanhood more closely. George then realized that she was still streaming, and her cheeks flushed an even deeper red at the thought of people watching her.

"S-Sorry! I-I had to check something on my phone," George lied as she turned around in her chair, finally facing the camera again. She wiped her brow and glanced at the second monitor to check the chat.

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[19:16] Selecter1a12: Hey, you okay? You look a little flushed

[19:17] BadgerMaaaan: You sick?

[19:17] TerraMose: She's probably just tired after streaming for six hours.

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"S-Sorry, I'm fine," George said, her heart skipping another beat as she read the chat. There it was. The pronoun she had yearned to use. Once again, she couldn't help but smile. "Let's queue up for another game."

George's mind scrambled to make sense of this. Everyone seemed to see her as a woman even though she looked still like herself. There was nothing womanly about her aside from her pussy, so how did everyone know?

She didn't have much time to think about it, and soon the familiar text-to-speech voice echoed in her headphones.

-SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits-

-Don't worry, sweetie! I'm sure everything will make sense in the end. For now, relax and enjoy it~ Oh, and I love what you've done with your hair! Long luscious locks really suit you, cutie!-

George's eyes went wide when she read the message. Simone knew what was happening to him. She had to know, at least judging by what she wrote. A part of George wondered if she was even behind the transformation, and that suspicion grew as it continued. The rest of the chat was clueless about what was going on, and there were a few people in chat commenting about the odd donation message.

Honestly, George wasn't sure what she was supposed to do. One part of her was freaking out, and another was feeling excited. She could feel her heart beating like a drum in her chest, and her mind scrambled to make sense of how this was even possible. The newly-minted woman sat there, trying to stay calm and acting like nothing was wrong when something tickled the back of her neck. She reached back to scratch it, and her heart skipped a beat when she realized it was her hair that made her neck itch. It didn't take long before she felt the hair cascading from her scalp, flowing down her head and gently caressing her soft skin as it grew. Unlike the earlier changes, she was fully aware of this one. She wasn't sure if she should scream or laugh as her hair got longer and thicker, the strands thickening and becoming increasingly more luscious.

The mane rapidly grew and lengthened, soon reaching her shoulders without showing signs of slowing down. The light brown locks gained volume as they got longer, quickly replacing her previously thin and uninspiring mane. Her gaze darted between the two screens as she tried to split her focus between playing Overwatch and watching as her hair changed on the other. The hair finally stopped growing when it reached the middle of her back, and she nervously brushed a few thick locks away from her face daintily. George couldn't believe her eyes when she looked at her stream and saw the thin man with long hair sitting there, and she felt a tear forming in the corner of her eye. She had always wanted to be a woman with long, luscious hair tickling her shoulders and framing her face. Now she got what she wanted, and the realization hit her harder than she thought it would. In the apartment, some new things appeared as the hair stopped growing, and there were soon combs, shampoo, and conditioner in the bathroom.

No one in chat seemed to notice how George's hair had grown into a long mane in a matter of minutes. They did notice the tear running down her cheek, and some wondered if she was doing okay. George glanced at the chat to see the concerned messages.

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[19:25] BadgerMaaaaan: Hey, you okay?

[19:26] TerraMose: Is she crying because she lost? Talk about passion for the game!

[19:26] Selecterla12: Did I miss something? Why is [@GeoBlast](#) crying?

[19:26] SimoneBnB: That's okay, let it out! All of this is really happening, so enjoy yourself~

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"I-It's okay, guys," she said, wiping away the tear with a nervous laugh. "I'm just in a weird mood today. Let's keep playing for a bit more. We still haven't got a win with Tracer yet!"

George now knew that no one besides herself, and probably Simone, could see what was happening to her. She still didn't know why this was happening or if it was temporary or permanent.

However, George could feel the fear fading as she realized that her innermost dream was finally getting fulfilled. It was hard for her not to cry again, and she figured it was because of the sudden influx of hormones that made it so easy to start weeping. For now, she turned her attention back to the game, smiling as she adjusted her headphones and brushed a few locks away from her face again.

George queued into a new game, and she was nervously waiting for the game to begin and for a donation from Simone to appear. She assumed she'd get another one, and George could feel her mind racing as seconds passed and nothing happened. Suddenly, her heart skipped a beat as she got a donation alert.

-'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'-

-'That's right, keep calm and enjoy yourself~ You're finally becoming your true self, so there's no need to worry. That said, I love your nails and feminine figure!'-

There wasn't a doubt in George's mind that Simone was behind it. She still had no idea how the girl did it, and she was worried that all of this was a dream. But, for now, she did what the woman said. It didn't matter if this was real or not. In the end, George decided that she would enjoy it.

It didn't take long before she felt an odd tingling sensation creeping through her body, and it was most intense at her fingertips. Each tap on the keyboard made her fingers tingle even more, and she could soon feel something happening. George heard the faint pops and snaps

coming from her hands as they shrank, and she found it difficult to hit the right keys. The game was already going shitty, so it wasn't a big deal that the transformation made her miss a few shots and die a few times. George glanced down at her hands when she dared, and a smile crept over her face at what she saw. Her previously masculine hands were soon undeniably feminine, and she could see how small her hands had become. Her nails were no longer scuffed or had any signs of her biting them, even though that got fixed earlier. A thin layer of pale pink nail polish poured over them, and she could feel her toes getting the same treatment.

A million small changes swept over George's body as the tingling sensations coursed through her frame. It wasn't just her hands and feet that shrank in size and became feminine, but every part of her. George's entire physiology got rewritten, and even her skeleton changed to the point where she had always been a woman. George's masculine muscles shrank, causing her to lose some strength and mass in the process. It made her look slimmer and made her limbs look daintier and more feminine. A series of pops and snaps came from her pelvis as it widened slightly, remaining narrow but gaining a girly curve. Even her thighs gained some minor padding, and so did her ass, but it wasn't enough to make either stand out. Her shoulders collapsed inward along with her waist, causing both to shrink without making it too noticeable. George's chest remained flat, though, but her nipples did widen slightly from the sudden influx of womanly hormones.

The most noticeable change happened to George's face, and she winced from the sensation as it happened. Her skull popped as it shrank, and she could feel her jaw becoming less defined. Even her nose got slightly smaller and her eyes a tad bit larger. When she looked at the other screen and saw herself in it, she couldn't help but gasp. George looked like she could have been her former self's sister, and it was uncanny how similar yet different she looked. It was her old face, yet it wasn't. She felt a tingle in her neck and watched as her Adam's apple shrank into nothingness.

"Oh god," George said, her heart skipping a beat at how soft her voice was. She still sounded like herself, albeit a much more feminine version of it.

The woman was so mesmerized by her new visage that she didn't even notice that she had lost the game, the angry red letters of defeat appearing on her screen. George snapped out of it when she heard the word 'defeat' in her ears, and she sighed as she looked at the game.

"Crap," George said, finding her new voice unfamiliar and strange. Yet, with every word she spoke, the more familiar it felt. "Oh well, at least I tried. Anyway, let's try again."

George queued for another game and checked chat, leaving her a few moments to examine her body. She stared at her hands and dainty fingers, marveling at how different they looked. George curled her smaller toes and stretched her tiny feet, hearing them pop as they settled into their new and daintier shape. Everything about her felt so different, even if she hadn't drastically changed. She ran a hand over her chest and sighed, wondering if she'd grow some decent breasts before this was over or if she would stay like this.

She snapped out of her trance when she almost did something she'd regret in front of the camera and turned her attention back to the chat. There, she could see that the rest of her viewers found Simone's comments as odd as she did earlier.

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[19:34] TerraMose: What the hell is [@SimoneBnB](#) writing?

[19:34] BadgerMaaaan: What does she mean by 'true self'?

[19:34] Selecterla12: Creepy messages...

[19:34] TerraMose: They seem like a creep. Probably a stalker or something.

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"Hey, don't mind her, everyone," George said, trying to get everyone off her back. She then figured a small lie might do the trick. "She's a friend, and I know her in real life. She's just being silly. Come on, let's focus on getting that win!"

It seemed to do the trick, and her regular viewers shifted their attention elsewhere. However, he did see a few comments wondering if it was okay to comment about George's body since Simone had been doing that lately. To her surprise, she saw that Simone said in chat that it was alright on George's behalf, and everyone seemed to warm up about the idea. George wasn't sure if it was okay to let everyone discuss and comment about her body, the former guy finding the objectification more than a bit demeaning, but he assumed it was necessary for the changes. Then again, George still wasn't sure that Simone was behind the transformation, even though everything pointed towards it.

It didn't take long before a familiar ding echoed through her headphones, and she got another donation from a familiar name.

-*'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'*-

-*'Hey, how about a question for the chat? What's your favorite kind of girl? Any preference?'*-

George stared at the message in confusion. It wasn't what she expected, and she quickly glanced at the chat to see what was happening there. When she did, she got met with two surprises. The first was the number of people watching her stream, which had increased from barely two handfuls to nearly twenty. She saw new names she hadn't seen before, causing her heart to skip a beat with joy. The next was the activity in the chat, and she could see that everyone was weirdly enough going into detail about what their favorite girl was. No one seemed to care they were objectifying women, and George could only assume they were compelled by the magic causing the changes to write what they thought. Or, as sad as it was, they didn't care how demeaning to women some of their descriptions were.

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[19:37] Boltagon99: Dude, Asian chicks all the way!

[19:37] BadgerMaaaaan: I think Mexican chicks are pretty sexy

[19:38] Selecterla12: Korean girls are super cute!

[19:38] xXJimminiyXx: Big booty Brazilians

[19:38] Hellooo191: Am I the only one that likes blondes here?

[19:38] PI4y3rPI4y3r: Dunno, just no fatties

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"What the fuck..." George said in her feminine voice, and she felt unsure if she should ban the entire chat or give them a timeout. However, she was curious and wanted to see where this was going, so she let it slide.

People were soon actively discussing and arguing in the chat about which type of girl was the best, and it was kind of sad to watch. Simone seemed to pop up and steer the conversation at times, the unknown viewer acting like a mod in a perverted discussion board.

Eventually, there was another ding in George's headphones, and she knew who was donating to her.

-SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits-

-It seems like the crowd can't decide on their favorite type of girl, so why not combine the two most popular ones~? I love how your mixed heritage shines through in your face! Your grandfather on your father's side was Korean, and your grandmother on your mother's side was from Mexico, right? I can see that you inherited your eyes from your grandfather!-

George blinked in confusion, unsure what to even make of it. She had expected her to change maybe her figure or some other part of her body. However, this sounded like she would change a massive slice of her life, and she had no idea how it was even possible. More questions popped up in her head, and her confusion only grew. Could she change who her parents were? What about her childhood? Would that change as well? It didn't take long before George got answers to a few of these questions as she tried to remember her parents and grandparents.

She could feel a tingling sensation spreading up her arms and cascading through her body, especially over and around her head. George groaned as she felt lightheaded and dizzy, and she tried closing her eyes to deal with it. When she did, George tried to picture her family and her youth. Then, to her surprise, she realized it had changed.

When she tried picturing her grandfather on her father's side, she didn't see an elderly white guy with a pot belly and a love for golf. Instead, she saw a Korean man with a slim figure and a receding hairline. The same happened to her grandmother on her mother's side, and she soon only remembered a gray-haired *Abuela* that barely talked English. When she tried picturing her parents, she realized they had also changed. George's father was half-Asian, and her mother was now half-Latina. They looked similar to before except for their altered phenotypes, leaving them both with darker hair, slightly different faces, and different upbringings. That, in turn, cascaded down to George, who now remembered her childhood differently.

She hadn't realized it until now, but her memories of growing up as a boy were faded and distant. Instead, she remembered her youth as a girl and everything that included. She remembered the weird overlap of cultures and traditions, the Spanish she learned from her mother's side, and the few Korean words she picked up from her grandfather. She remembered *Abuela* cooking her *Tostadas* when she was young and how her grandfather had taught her to love *Bulgogi* and *Kimchi* as much as he did. George hadn't forgotten anything from her previous life as a man, but it all began to feel unimportant and faded. For now, she felt dizzy from the new information bombarding her brain. Regardless to say, she wasn't winning the game in Overwatch.

George wasn't even aware of how all this was causing her body to change again. The magic rippled over her body as it changed her phenotype and genetics right down to her core, unwinding the centuries of Caucasian blood that flowed through his veins. It didn't take long before her skin began to tan slightly, giving her pale hide some much-needed tone and color. Soft pops and gentle cracks echoed through the room as her hips widened and her thighs and butt thickened as her *Abuela's* genes flowed into her body. It wasn't much, but it did make her a little curvier. Then, finally, she was starting to grow some tits. They were tiny, barely filling an A-cup when they finished swelling, but at least it was better than nothing. They curved outward, and a bra appeared on her chest to cradle her tiny bosom.

The changes then swept up to her face as George still struggled with her new memories. She didn't even notice that her vision disappeared for a few brief moments as her eyes changed, becoming somewhat slanted from the genetics she inherited from her father's side of the family. George's blue iris shifted and turned into a deep and dark brown, becoming almost black, and they seemed to swallow the light around them. Her cheekbones rose, her lips swelled slightly, and her androgynous face began to look quite girly. It was finally reaching the point where she looked like a girl, even if it was an average and not very curvy woman. George groaned as her neck itched from her vocal cords changed, and the voice that left her lips sounded even more feminine than before.

"*Dios Mio...*" George muttered as her language center got assailed. She had grown up learning English as her primary language, but Spanish lay close to her heart since it was the only language her *Abuela* spoke. She also knew a bit of Korean from her father's side, but it was little more than a few phrases.

The changes continued and swept over her brown hair, and her locks were getting rapidly darker. The genetics she had inherited from both sides of her family soon turned her mousy-brown hair into a thick and voluminous mess of black curls that framed her face perfectly. The strands thickened up thanks to the genes from her father's side, and it was hard not to be in awe at her long locks. It affected her eyebrows and every other bodily hair, including the trimmed patch of pubic hair above her tight little pussy.

It was soon over, and George opened her slanted eyes to see the red letters of defeat on the screen. It finally dawned on her that she must've changed again, and her eyes went wide with surprise as she stared at her second monitor.

"Oh..." It was the only thing George could say as she stared at the woman on the screen.

She barely looked like her former self anymore. Not only did she look prettier than ever, but her slanted eyes and the healthy glow of her skin really drew attention to her. George could see that she was ethnically ambiguous, even if her eyes did lean towards some Asian heritage.

At that point, George wanted to cry. She had always wanted to be a woman, but never in her wildest dream did she think she could look this exotic and beautiful. George stared at herself on the second monitor, running a hand through her black hair and admiring her dark eyes that gleamed in the light. She was so mesmerized by her looks that she didn't even notice what was happening in the chat. Eventually, she managed to snap out of her daze and remember that she was still streaming.

"Oh, uh, sorry about that," George said, trying to hide another tear that trailed down her cute cheek. "I must've spaced out there for a few moments."

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[19:51] Boltagon99: Another loss, too bad! Hopefully, you'll win the next game.

[19:51] xXJimminiXx: Why haven't I noticed this cutie streaming before today?

[19:51] TerraMose: Does [@GeoBlast](#) look different today?

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George read through the chat, marveling at how oblivious everyone there was. No one seemed to notice her changing or that they were inadvertently helping Simone change her. She found it amusing and couldn't help but smile as she read through the partially confused and partially excited messages from her viewers.

Then, as she looked at the second monitor, George noticed something odd. She saw that her description on Twitch and that her title for today's stream had changed, including her profile picture. It seemed that even her stream got altered along with her, and she couldn't help but feel a tingle of excitement as she looked through everything.

George noticed that her profile picture was of her new face, smiling with a wink, and she felt all tingly when the realization that this was her face washed over her. Next, she saw that all the pronouns had changed to 'she' and 'her,' which made her beam with pride. Finally, George noticed that even her real name on the stream was different. Her old name was gone from her description, and she could feel her entire head tingling as she read her new name. Gloria Lopez. A wave of new memories came washing in as she read it, and she could feel how her old name was pushed to the back of her mind and faded.

Gloria leaned back in her chair, rubbing her temples as she remembered her childhood. The memories of growing up as a boy continued to fade, pushing deeper into her mind, and she could feel how her new name etched itself harder into her brain. Gloria remembered her parents' names, David Kim and Sophia Lopez, and how they argued about which surname they should use. She remembered how she eventually went with her mother's last name, thanks to *Abuela's* insistent nagging and partially due to having a closer connection to the roots on her mother's side.

A wave of more shifts and changes happened in her apartment as these new memories flooded in. The untidy place seemed to get a bit cleaner as her upbringing got a bit more strict, leaving her with the discipline to clean every day. A vanity mirror appeared on one side of the room, and the table near it got filled with dozens of makeup products. That reflected on her face as it suddenly started to look even more gorgeous as lipstick, eyeliner, and mascara appeared. She could taste the lipgloss on her lips and feel the weight of her longer and fuller lashes. It felt weird but strangely good at the same time. Her mind tingled as new information poured into her skull, filling her head with everything a woman in her early thirties might need to know.

All of this left Gloria dazed, and she snapped back to reality a few moments later. She realized she was still streaming and that there were messages in the chat wondering if she was doing okay.

"I-I'm fine," Gloria said, trying to calm herself down and prevent herself from crying with happiness since she knew it would ruin her makeup. She talked without an accent, even if she spoke both English and Spanish fluently. Her Chicago dialect was hard to miss, though. "Let's continue playing the game."

She had barely joined the game before there was a new ding in her headphones, and Gloria saw a new donation message on her screen.

-'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'-

-'Looking good, girl! It's remarkable how successful your stream is despite being so young. Only 21 years old and looking sexy as hell~ I'm sure your stream will only grow from here!'-

Gloria blinked as she read the message. It seemed like Simone knew how to surprise her over and over again. She knew she was becoming a woman and expected more changes along that line, but getting younger? Gloria had to fight the tears again as the tingling sensation spread up her arms and through her body, causing her entire figure to buzz and shudder. She could feel

her body changing, but it was hard to see any difference. Her internal clock began to turn backward, undoing the ravages of time on her body and giving back the lost youth to her figure. It was causing minor blemishes to disappear and caused her curves to look perkier and better than ever. It was most noticeable on her face as it lost its maturity and gained a youthful innocence, her eyes now sparkling with the vigor of someone in their early twenties.

However, at the same time, Gloria didn't realize that this meant losing what she had learned in the last decade. The Marketing Degree on her wall disappeared, and the memory of even graduating college faded. She soon remembered dropping out of college after only a year and how she had begun streaming instead, among other things. She soon remembered her Instagram account, her TikTok, and all the other things her youthful and attention-seeking brain craved. Pictures, videos, and snaps filled her social media accounts, each of which gained more and more followers every moment. Even Gloria's stream seemed to gain more viewers, soon going from barely twenty to almost seventy people. The lost years also resulted in some loss in intelligence, leaving her less experienced and far less mature in the process.

Finally, the word 'sexy' seemed to affect her body. Soft pops and gentle snaps echoed through the room as her hips widened, going from girly yet narrow to curvy and wide within moments. She gained more than a few inches there, putting Gloria closer to forty inches around her hips. Even her ass seemed to swell and grow, becoming perky and heart-shaped as it stretched her jeans. Even her waist caved in, leaving it thinner and causing her hips to look even more impressive. The only thing that didn't grow was her breasts, which left her very curvy below her waist and nearly flat on her chest. Gloria's face altered as it got younger, with her lips swelling and her features softening to the point where she could only be called beautiful.

Even her choice of clothes changed, and her T-shirt began to shift. It shrank, showing off more of her sexy waist and becoming sleeveless, soon turning into a black low-cut crop that would have showed off her cleavage quite well if she had been busty. Her jeans began to change fabric, becoming thinner and softer until they were nothing but a pair of tight yoga pants that hugged her bubble butt lovingly.

It was over as soon as it began, and Gloria was left dazed by the changes. Unsurprisingly, she lost yet another game due to it.

"*Mierda...*" Gloria muttered as she clicked out of the loss screen, sighing deeply. Yet, she couldn't help but smile as she examined herself on the other screen, loving the young and sexy girl she saw there.

Gloria didn't seem to notice how the last set of changes hadn't just changed her body but also her personality. Now that she was younger, she had grown up in a different time under different circumstances. Even her memories shifted and caused her to become a bit less attentive and more attention-craving. Even her choice of dropping out of college, and doing worse in high school due to her sexier body and the attention it gave her, meant that she was actually a bit dumber. Yet, she didn't notice a thing, partially due to loving her new looks and not being as intelligent anymore.

She didn't even notice herself giggling as she marveled at her looks and admired how her outfit hugged her body. Her gaze wandered over to the chat, where she saw more people and new messages, and the attention-seeking part of her brain buzzed with happiness.

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[20:13] 00Delinger00: Close game! You'll win the next one~

[20:14] BlabbingBoo: Go go, [@GeoBlast!](#)

[20:14] HyperCypher: I love how cute your frown is when you lose.

[20:14] xXJimminiyXx: Why does this feel like a different stream than before?

[20:14] TerraMose: How does she get her hair to look that great?

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"Thanks for the kind words, guys," Gloria said, her voice chirpier and younger than before. "I promise I'm going to get us that win!"

Gloria felt high. The sensation of her body changing and the loving attention she got from her viewers was enough to make her head spin.

She couldn't believe this was happening, and she fell deeper and deeper into her new life. She moved her manicured hand to the mouse again and queued up for a new game, her kissable lips curled into a smile as she brushed a few luscious locks from her face with the other. She wasn't surprised to hear a new donation alert in her headphones, but she was a little surprised to see it wasn't from Simone. The donation came from one of her new viewers wishing her good luck in the game, and she couldn't help but almost giggle when she saw it.

"Hey, thanks, HyperCypher! I'm going to do my best! Oh, and I **love** your username~," Gloria said, not even noticing the almost seductive tone she used.

The donation fueled her high, and it got more intense as a few more donations poured in. She had never earned much money from streaming before as a man since she only did it as a side gig. But now? At this rate, and with the new subs she was getting, she'd be able to do this for a living.

Eventually, she got another donation from a name she had seen a lot during this stream, and her heart skipped a beat as she wondered what Simone had in store for her next.

-*'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'*-

-*'Another question for the chat! What's your thought on boobs? Do you prefer them big or small?'*-

Gloria's heart skipped a beat as she rubbed her hand over her nearly flat chest with anticipation when she read the donation. As a guy, she had always been a breast-man. There wasn't a size too big for her, and she had always wondered what it would feel like to have a pair of sizable tits hanging from her chest. She lost track of the game and got eliminated more than a few times as she glanced at the second monitor and the chat.

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[20:13] BalloonBubblexXx: HUUUUUGGGEEEEEEEE

[20:14] YmerBummer: What a weird question to ask...

[20:14] TerraMose: I'm more of an ass-man, but I guess I prefer big tits over small ones?

[20:14] ChildishManChild: Bigger is always better!

[20:14] xXSepthirothXx: I don't know. Big, I guess?

[20:14] JokerHocus: I don't care, as long as they are perky.

[20:14] BulletBillyBoy: Wait, people like small titties? omegaLUL

...

Gloria found herself obsessed with what she read. Her fingers itched, her heart raced, and even her nipples were throbbing. Every inch of her body was ready for this, and she could feel herself starting to sweat a bit. She knew she shouldn't be this excited or obsessed about it, but she didn't care. She stared at the chat, reading every single message that popped in, and it was clear that they were somewhat unanimous.

There was then a ding in her headphones, and she stared at her monitor with excitement dancing in her eyes.

-'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits'-

-'The chat has decided. Big it is! I hope you're having fun, Gloria, and please enjoy my gift to you~'-

"Thank you," Gloria mouthed, unable to hide the smile on her pouting lips.

Unlike before, she didn't queue up for a game. Instead, she told the chat she was taking a small break and muted her microphone. Gloria didn't turn off the camera since she wasn't sure if Simone could do her magic without it, but she did turn around in her chair so people wouldn't see what she did. She waited to do it until after she felt the tingling sensation passing up through her arms through her mouse and keyboard. Soon enough, she sat with her back against the camera and stared down at her unimpressive chest as it began to itch and buzz from the unknown force.

Then, to her delight, she could feel something happening. Fat began to pour into the area, and she could see how her tiny bosom started to curve out from her chest as it grew and swelled. Each breath she took made them inflate, like air flowing steadily into a pair of balloons, and the sensations she felt as it happened were indescribable. It was pleasurable, but not just in a physical way. It made her entire body and mind tingle with joy, and she could feel a gentle warmth washing over her chest and loins as her tits continued to grow.

"Come on, bigger..." Gloria muttered as she bit down on her lip and put her hands on her chest, letting their increased size fill out the palm of her hands. "*Las quiero más grandes...*"

Gloria could feel a bead of sweat running down her face as her breasts grew bigger, stretching her bra and straining the fabric of her shirt. She could feel how her clothes altered as her tits grew in size, but not as quickly as they swelled. There were a few moments where it felt like her bra would snap from trying to contain her increasingly heavier bosom, and that thought made her wet. She glanced down at her chest and watched as her cleavage grew, and she smiled as the valley got more and more impressive.

A soft and effeminate moan escaped her lips as she squeezed down on her growing breasts, her loins itching as pleasure danced through her entire body. Her nipples had grown hard and pulsed with need, the things pushing hard against her hands through the fabric as the changes continued. She stifled another moan by biting down on her lip and tilted her head back as she basked in the sensations that washed over her.

It wasn't just her breasts that were changing. Her social media accounts soon began to fill up with pictures and videos where she showed off her body, her tits being the center of attention in each one. Even her outfits changed to match her increasingly more attention-loving mind, and it wasn't long before she didn't own anything that wasn't low-cut or showing off her tits as much as possible. Even the camera on her stream got tilted upward, so her chest would be impossible to miss without making it too obvious.

Gloria moaned again as her breasts outgrew the palm of her hands, overflowing her dainty fingers and feeling heavy in her slim arms. They blew through the early part of the alphabet, going from As to Ds within a few moments. They didn't stop growing until they were around a G-cup, where each mound was smaller than her head but not by much. They dominated her slim and short body, pushing outwards almost defiantly and demanding everyone to notice them. Gloria could feel the growth was slowing down, but she certainly didn't feel disappointed. She pushed her breasts up in her hands, letting the weight rest in her dainty limbs for a few moments as she basked in the sensations it sent through her body. Her attention-loving brain was buzzing from the sight of the giant orbs hanging from her chest, stretching her top and resting gently in her bra. Honestly, if she weren't streaming, she'd probably be naked in front of the mirror now.

"*Dios Mio...*" Gloria muttered with a smile, her fingers pressing and squeezing down on her tits as she marveled at their size. "*Me gusta esto.*"

Gloria eventually stopped playing with her new tits and turned around in her chair, facing the screens and camera again. She unmuted her mic and smiled as she got back to her stream.

"Sorry about that, guys," Gloria said, her cheeks flushed and rosy red from the sensations she had experienced when her tits had grown.

The woman looked into the second monitor and saw how hard it was to miss her tits now. The camera had clearly moved to give everyone a better look at them, and she was almost worried that the amount of cleavage she was showing off was against Twitch's terms of service. For now, she wasn't worried about it.

Gloria was somewhat shocked that her viewers had gone up again, now close to a hundred, and that not a single one seemed to realize that she had been a guy earlier this evening. She read the comments and basked in the pleasurable feelings that washed over her whenever she read anything that regarded her looks or body. She wasn't even aware how much she loved it, and her addiction to attention was only growing with each second.

Gloria soon got a donation from one of her new viewers, and the woman was almost too intoxicated by the attention to even notice what she said or did.

"Oh my god, thanks so much for the donation, TrickyTriskle!" Gloria said without realizing that she was bouncing in her seat with happiness, causing her giant tits to wobble and shake in front of the camera. "*¡Lo aprecio!* Alright, guys, how about I finally get us that win I promised you?"

Gloria was riding the high as she queued into another game, the former man finding herself falling more and more in love with her new life and body.

She didn't care if anything else changed about her now. She felt perfect now that she had the tits she had always longed to have. The only that surprised her negatively was the slight in her back as she sat in her chair, and she figured that the two new weights on her chest were straining it. It was a small price to pay for breasts like this, and it was one she was willing to pay twice over.

She didn't get to play for very long before there was another ding in her headphones, and she saw that she had another donation from a familiar name.

- 'SimoneBnB cheered for a 100 bits' -

- 'I'm so happy to see you smiling like this, LuluPunny! I'll be heading off now, but not before giving you one last gift~ I love your hair and how you've dyed it! Purple and teal really look amazing on you! Is it for one of the cosplays you're working on?' -

Gloria could feel the tingling sensation spreading up her arms again, cascading through her body before heading straight to her scalp. She could feel how it pulsed through her hair, slowly but surely changing the color of her locks. Her original black color remained near her scalp, but it slowly faded to a vibrant purple only a third of the way out. Then, further from her scalp, the

color shifted to a mix between purple and teal before becoming a bright turquoise hue at her tips. Her hair gained a bit more volume and took on a wavy look, almost as if she had just been to the stylist earlier that day.

She giggled as she ran her hands through her hair, her mind buzzing as her dyed hair surely would give her even more attention she craved. Gloria could feel her brain buzzing as new ideas popped up in her head.

'What if I fade my hair from black to green next week?' Gloria thought. 'Oh, or dye it blonde and do a Mercy cosplay for her stream?'

Soon, more dyes and makeup products appeared in her apartment, along with some cosplay outfits she had bought or partially made herself. Gloria's mind tingled and buzzed as new information flowed in, and she could feel her interest in watching people in cosplay change to wanting to be one of the girls wearing the cute and great outfits herself. Soon, her social media accounts filled with new images and pictures of herself in various cosplay costumes, each designed to make everyone notice her and her gorgeous figure.

Gloria's brain was marinating in the hot stew of emotions that flowed through her body. She could feel her body itching with excitement at the mere thought of being in front of a camera and showing herself off to anyone that gave her attention. The girl couldn't be happier as she continued to play, only briefly admiring her new hair as she was finally crushing it in the Overwatch game. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, she got the win with Tracer she had been seeking.

"Yes!" Gloria shouted, feeling overjoyed for winning the game and finally becoming who she knew she was supposed to be. "Finally, we got it!"

She sat there, smiling and leaning back in her chair as she stared at her second monitor. Gloria was looking at the chat and mouthed a 'thanks' to the camera as she saw a message from Simone popping up. She had no idea how she had been or why Simone did it, but none of that mattered to her.

All Gloria could focus on was herself, staring lovingly at her own stream as she admired every detail of her body. She knew she wouldn't stream for much more tonight, not with a body like this that needed to be explored meticulously in bed. For now, she basked in the intoxicating buzz she felt from the attention she got from her hundred viewers and tried her best not to shed another tear of happiness.

"*Gracias*, HurdleDurdle! Thanks so much for the donation!" Gloria said, smiling as she bounced in her chair with joy. "I'm hoping you're enjoying the stream!"

Simone lay in her bed as she watched the stream on her phone, the girl smiling as she watched the former man bounce and shake her tits on her stream without a care in the world. There was

no shame or regret on her face, just pure, unfiltered joy as she streamed in her Mercy outfit that left very little to the imagination. The black girl had been a little worried that George would have some difficulties adjusting to her new body and life, but it was clear that Gloria was doing just fine. She had been a woman for less than a week and acted like she had been this busty e-girl her entire life.

The black girl always marveled at how different people looked and behaved when they were their true selves. It was hard to believe that the energetic e-girl giggling and smiling on stream had once been a relaxed and modest man only a week ago. In the end, Simone was just happy to help someone. For now, she closed the stream and began scrolling through Gloria's social media accounts, smiling as she saw how much the girl posted on them.

"Well, looks like someone's happy," Simone said as she switched back to the Twitch app, her eyes scanning through the list of smaller streamers. "Now, let's see if I can't find someone else needing some change in their life."