

Mini-Story: Spellscrolling for Views (Man to E-Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Jared wants to be a popular game streamer, but just can't get the views. A spell scroll from Tila the Wandering Witch may help him, if he can follow the instructions correctly. Alas, when one gets cocky with magic, one may become rather un-cocky, in a very literal sense!

Spellscrolling for Views

Jared was still frustrated by his low view count. He was an excellent gamer, and he was certain that he had the charisma and natural charm and knowledge to make it as a popular game streamer. But no one was watching his streams of *Erutell Online*, no matter what amusing shenanigans he got up to, how maximised his builds were, or how much he tried to enhance and advertise his content. At thirty years old, he was starting to worry that his dream career was escaping him. Nothing was working, and part of him knew it was because he was an average looking black guy with no real physical draw. Not like those popular E-girls who could rack up views so easily!

Tila the Wandering Witch was in town, however. Jared had heard of her through a lot of online gossip, and had become convinced she was the real thing. The man sought her out, and eventually managed to find her carriage at the edge of town, covered in trinkets. She was an olive-skinned woman who appeared to be in her early forties, and yet a total MILF, at least in his view. She had a willowy body and dressed more like a classical witch, but she had a kind face and knew his name straight away.

“Jared! Come closer! I can sense that you’ve been looking for me. What can I do to help you?”

Jared was nervous, but eager. “Well, you see, I’m looking to become a popular gaming streamer. Well, I *am* a gaming streamer, but I’m just not popular. I’m really looking to try and find a way to be better looking and more charismatic and engage people, because I know my content is worth watching and I could really turn this into a whole career.”

Tila the Wandering Witch raised an eyebrow. “I’m sorry, young man, but . . . what exactly is a ‘gaming streamer’?”

At this, he had to chuckle. The woman operated a horse drawn carriage service and made alchemical potions and old-fashioned scrolls, why did he think she would know what a gaming streamer would be? He explained the concept as simply as he could, and she chuckled at this. “Well, how fascinating! I can’t say it appeals to me, but if people derive enjoyment from it, who am I to judge? Well, I can’t help you with great specifics, but I can

offer you a scroll for a few hundred dollars, one that has the power, when recited, to make you better looking for your audience and contain a more magnetic draw for more listeners and viewers.”

“That sounds perfect! Yeah, I’d be happy to pay!”

Just ten minutes later, he walked away with a scroll in his hands, and a set of instructions in his mind to follow the spell scroll to the letter when reading it out loud, and to read it in his head several times as a practice to make sure everything was right.

Well, Jared made sure to do so. It was several paragraphs long, and specified ways in which he could change to have a more ideal body for his audience, how to achieve fame and interest, and so on.

“Okay, well, this all seems pretty obvious . . . better hygiene, shinier hair, brighter smile, whiter teeth, healthier body.”

Jared was normally one to follow instructions, but he’d played enough games to know how to break their code, how to exploit glitches and loopholes, and he couldn’t help but think of this scroll as an example of such. So he took a piece of paper and scrawled some additional descriptions into it in order to make sure he really had the ideal body. Phrases like “incredible eight-pack of ab muscles, powerful pecs, six-foot-three height, manly jawline, baritone voice” and so forth abounded. Then, he readied himself in front of his computer, turned on the camera, and prepared his speech to his several hundred viewers.

“Okay, my wonderful subscribers, get ready for the ultimate gaming stream. Today I’ll not only be showing you through more of my *Erutell Online* Slayer build, but I’ll be looking a lot more fit, handsome, and totally *alpha* while doing so, thanks to some pure magic I’ve come into contact with. Don’t turn off your screens, this is the real deal, everyone! Listen up!”

He began to read from the scroll, citing the magical forces of the world and of nature, the harmony of body and spirit yada yada yada, so forth and so on. But when he reached the segment on his ideal body, he carefully inserted his own description before calling on the previous powers to make this change a reality.

“Make it so!” he recited. *“Grant me body and mind to gain the audience and following I seek!”*

But then everything went wrong. The scroll in his hand caught fire, and he yelped as he threw it across the room. It hovered in the air instead, no longer obeying gravity, and reality itself seemed to shift around it. Words burned across the page, becoming garbled, and his own voice turned back on him.

“Ideal body . . . audience . . . attention . . . attractive . . . hypnotic . . .”

“Oh shit!” he cried, looking back at the camera. “Are you guys seeing this? I’m starting to think adding my own lines wasn’t a great idea. I think it’s malfunctioning or some shit. Maybe it -”

But then the scroll *exploded*, sending bright purple light across the room. The scroll reverted to its most primal state, the new wording confusing the magic behind it. Instead of making him the manly figure he wanted, it simply reverted to giving him the ideal body to gain the most views. And unfortunately for Jared, that was going to be a *very female* body.

“Ohhhh! What’s h-happening to m-me!” he groaned, as the magic began to spiral around his form. He panted and struggled, heaving as his chest bloomed, pushing forward against his shirt. His nipples swelled, becoming almost painfully erect and sensitive, and yet at the same time his penis withdrew in his pants, eliciting a high-voiced squeak from the changing man. His curly hair grew out longer, becoming a gorgeous afro that was immediately held up by a scrunchy, making for a poofy afro-ponytail. His lips puffed up, his nose grew a little longer, and his rough skin lost all blemish and impurity, leaving him with gorgeous chocolate-coloured skin.

“Ahhh, s-someone help!” he cried to his followers, who were busy raving in the comment section. “I’m t-turning into a woman, I think! I - ohhhh!”

Age melted off of the man. His thighs thickened, and his ass exploded in size until he was carrying quite the dump truck, or sitting on one at the moment. His waist pulled in, and his new breasts pushed out further, flesh surging forth until they were full, heavy, and utterly *ripe*. The kind of tits he would desperately want to motorboat, if he were not the woman being motorboated.

“Noooo!” he cried. “Fuck! I didn’t mean to - NGHH!”

His penis and testicles pulled in with an audible *plop, plop, plop!* A new passage formed, and in moments his clothes changed, leaving him in little more than an ultra tight and hot pink crop top, one that was unzipped to show off a scandalous amount of deep cleavage. His trousers changed to pink booty shorts, so tight that they practically showed off some camel toe, and from his second monitor he had a view of himself; a woman who was twenty one years old at best, with a prominent set of F-cup boobs.

“Wait, how do I know my own damn cup size?”

The answer was that her brain was changing. She moaned again, writhing in her seat and causing her boobs to wobble heavily, as the mental changes hit her. Try as she might to fight it, the magic was turning her into a twenty-one year old college student streamer, one who doubled as a cam girl while making hot gaming streams. She moaned orgasmically, the final alterations to her body taking place, and she realised that her name was now Monica, with her stream name being MonnieXXX.

“Oh God,” she grunted. “Like, what the fuck, you guys? Are you seeing this shit? I just got turned into a woman! I swear I didn’t mean to do this! I mean, look at these tits?”

She was shocked, and desperate to change back, but her mental changes started to settle, and her attention shifted to the stream. For the first time, she had crossed over nine

hundred viewers. People were celebrating in the comments, and asking her to show off her new body. The numbers were ticking up. She was starting to *trend*.

The new woman licked her lips, feeling the call of her new e-girl instincts. She adjusted the camera and then stood up from her seat, letting her viewers take in her ultra hot, ultra curvaceous form.

“Well, boys,” she purred. “What should I do first, put on a show or play a game?”

The comment section went wild, and the viewers continued to rise.

“Hmm,” she said, beginning to remove her crop top to show off her lingerie beneath. “Maybe I got exactly what I wanted!”

The End