

For the Socials (Himbo to Bimbo Influencer TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Chad is a Californian blonde beach himbo, a rising star on social media who regularly advertises scam products and harasses women on the beach while rating them for his followers. But when a follower diagnoses his symptoms as Lumin's Syndrome, Chad shows no interest in understanding a disease that will make him a woman, viewing such a thing as impossible. Soon, the malicious himbo begins to become a dumb, bubbly beach bimbo, not even realising why his follower counts are now skyrocketing.

For the Socials

Chad was in a good mood. The sun was up, the surf was up, and most importantly, the hot women were up and wearing *bikinis*. For the Cali-based influencer, this was all he could ask for, as it formed the basis of his rising-star status on InstaHit, the latest mega-app that was proving to be the next big thing in social media engagement. He'd jumped on the bandwagon early, hoping to catch a wave of popularity. With his tanned, toned, muscled body and bleached blond hair, he was the very image of the stereotypical west coast surfer type, and he damn well knew it. He had dropped out of college after finding it boring, particularly since he'd never been the book smart type - or a 'smart' type of any kind - but had found a great deal of success in talking up his own manliness. This success was most often with women, who he picked up and discarded like tissue paper, but it had also led to him practically stumbling upon a winning formula, one he was readying to continue at that very moment.

"Hey followers and Chad-wannabes," he announced to his phone as he took a selfie video. "I'm here at the beach on another fine day, and as you can see Chad here is the finest damn thing on it. Been doing my workouts this morning, taking my supplements - catch the link in the descrip as always - and my tan is all natural with just a bit of help from the pharma boys who give us the Goldenshine pill. Great stuff, goes down easy, and as you can see from all the sexy ladies looking my way in the background, it definitely works to attract all the attention.

"Today I'll be doing my regular routine, trying some new moves, and showing all your Chad-wannabes what it takes to be a real man. Remember, girls are, like, high up on the sexual hierarchy and stuff, but it's men that make all the real decisions. They know we're the workers, we hunted the mammoth and all that, so they're looking to gain what I call the HSV; the Highest Sexual Value. They want a dude who will protect them, who can provide for

them, and in turn they sell their sex in exchange for it. They think they hold all the power, but in reality we just have to, like, flip the script. That's what I'm doing today; I'm going to flip the script and ask these women what they want in a man, and together we'll call them out on their bullshit. Who knows, maybe I'll find an honest chick who knows what she's about, and if she's hot enough, maybe I'll even let her get it. But I'll hold all the power. Don't forget, Chad-wannabes, you have the power, not them! Don't be slaves to pussy, make pussy a slave to you!"

He got some distasteful looks from members of the crowd as he ended the video with his usual 'tongue out and a rock hand gesture' to the camera. With that, he ended the video and did a quick scan of the beach. There were plenty of uggos around, in his view, and plenty of Plain Janes. His followers ate it up when he mocked them for not fulfilling their sexual potential and lacking any power, but it was the hot bitches being taken down that always got the most likes. He had an entire following of men in their twenties and younger who wanted to be like him, and so he put forth his rather simplified worldview - not that he saw it that way - and continued to feed their outrage and frustration. Of course, it didn't hurt that he had sponsorship deals with plenty of pill companies and other masculine products that he liked to hawk. They gave him nice shit, so he didn't much care if it was bad for you or not. All that mattered was that it gave him plenty of hits on his socials, which only made him more popular and famous.

"Fuck yeah, there's a couple of hotties," he said, having turned his phone camera on again. He started recording as he approached two women, one dark-skinned and the other Caucasian, who were quite attractive, busty, and wearing some revealing bikinis.

"Hey hot ladies," he said, halting in front of them. "I'm here to do a survey of ladies on the beach. Would you describe for me your perfect man?"

"Sorry, we're going somewhere," one said.

"That's okay, it'll only take a couple of seconds for a luscious lady to answer the question. I mean, you two are obviously showing off, otherwise you wouldn't be wearing such tight bikinis. So tell me, what are you, like, trying to achieve by this?"

"Dude, get the fuck back," the darker one said, trying to push him aside. "And don't comment on our bodies. It's fucking weird."

"Oh, so we're just meant to look but not comment, is that why half your asses are hanging out? Why have those tits if not for show? Do you really think we'll just let you get away with it? We all know you're here to pick up some dick - so what kind of dick do you prefer?"

The two scampered off, giving him foul looks. It didn't matter; he had good footage. Not to mention some great shots of their asses and tits; the zoom function was the best thing invented by man. He turned the camera back on himself.

“So you see, Chad-wannabes, even the hottest of girls need taking down a peg. They’re here to show off and get men to treat them like queens, but we won’t, like, let them! We hunted the mammoth! We’re the leaders of the new manosphere!”

He gave a shit-eating grin, then moved to approach other women, perverting on them readily at the same time. Some were more intimidated, willing to give him answers he could either ridicule or play with. Some even laughed at his antics, felt his biceps, and admitted they would sleep with him. And, as always, he even got a few numbers. They didn’t know it, but he’d rate them all by looks and bodies at the end before uploading the video, having chosen the girl he intended to ring - days later, of course, when she was desperate - and fuck before leaving her.

“Like I said, followers, it’s all about flipping the script. Be dangerous, be in control, and don’t be afraid to denigrate. I think that’s the word. You don’t have to be smart - playing mindgames is for chickenshits and women - you’ve just got to be tough, uncompromising, and willing to let even the hottest girls know you won’t be defined by their value. Chad out!”

He stuck out his tongue, made the rock hand gesture, and ended the video. Satisfied with the fact that he had perverted on enough girls for the day and had plenty of fun putting them in their place, he decided to change tactics and find a hot blonde bimbo type to sleep with. They were his absolutely favourite. Dropping the antagonistic act, he sauntered over to one who looked to be by herself and struck up a conversation.

“Hey, I’m Chad,” he said, half-posing.

“I’m Ella,” she replied. “Lovely day, isn’t it?”

“It’s lovely now,” he replied, looking her up and down before winking.

She giggled, and he knew he had her. Sure, it was a betrayal of what his video had just been about, but that was just for the socials. He wanted some pussy, and was willing to be nice for it. He could always discard this girl later, though with her double-D cup looking tits and hourglass figure, she was certainly almost up to his standards.

“You look like a girl who wants a good time with a guy as hot as her,” he said.

“Oh, is that so?”

“Yeah, I bet it is,” he said, flexing his muscles. “And trust me, I know hot.”

The sex was good, though when they went the third round he made sure to delay her cumming as long as possible just to tease her, and let her know her place. Except it all went a bit wrong, because while Ella or whatever her name was - he’d forgotten it quickly - eventually came, he somehow managed not to.

“It’s okay, you already came twice earlier,” she said, pressing herself against him.
“Not a bad refractory period.”

“A what now? I don’t do reflection. I do action.”

“I mean refractory period. Your recharge. You know.”

He got the point, and blushed. “Yeah, whatever. Maybe you just needed to up your game. No offence, but I’ve had hotter. Anyway, you know where the door is. Don’t go spreading shit about me and my reflexive period or whatever either. I’ve got nearly a hundred thousand followers InstaHot, and it’s growing everyday. I’m a fucking megastar influencer.”

Ella left, looking quite confused and annoyed at the sudden turn of events. She’d probably expected to stay the night given it was seven o’clock by that point, but Chad didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of dwelling on it. He was the alpha male, and he owned this space. Besides, he didn’t like it when girls that looked like bimbos used big words that confused him. It made him feel dumb, and that just didn’t fit with his worldview.

“What the fuck, Chad?” he said to himself. “Since when can’t you go, like, three times in one day? You’re a goddamn animal in the bedroom!”

There was only one conclusion, really. It must have been *her* fault. She wasn’t up to his standards, or didn’t bring her proper value to the act of sex, or something. He decided to add a little addendum to his video, partially doxxing her when he uploaded it, explaining what had happened from *his* point of view, and how a man needs to take control and not always finish with a woman, because that way “she’ll be more willing to be dirty and desperate to please you the next time around. That’s how you hold the power, Chad-wannabes!”

He made the video shirtless, flexing his muscles and letting the sight of the still disorganised sheets of his room show hints of sex. As always, he’d hidden away the woman’s panties to keep as a trophy, and he held them up triumphantly, laughing.

It was only later that he saw a strangely detailed comment from one of his regular followers, one who’d given a lot of money to him and his products over the past year.

Wannabe-JACKed: Hey Chad, your latest video was hella good. Loved you putting them bitches in their place. One thing I have to point out, and maybe I’m just being a total worry wart here and need to man up, but given you didn’t go your regular three rounds (which you might remember is part of your Three-for-Three Method you like to sell us on), and that your nipples look a bit distended and you have lost some body hair (despite always talking about how ‘birds don’t make nests in bare trees’, amirite?), then maybe something medical is going on? I only ask because your voice is cracking.

Without wanting to dox myself, I work in a specialist medical field, and have dealt with some patients with Lumin’s Syndrome. You might have it - I really hope not, because

taht would be a total disaster! But best to get checked out. Here's a link to order a test form just in case it's a problem. Again, maybe I'm just being an idiot, but just in case!

www.luminsyndrometestme.com

It was one of the most downvoted comments Chad had ever seen, with a flurry of hateful comments bombarding this *WannabeJACKed* character, claiming that it was impossible because Chad himself was the height of manliness. One even made a joke he didn't quite get: *Lumin's Syndrome? Yeah, Chad fucks the beach bimbos, he doesn't become one!*

He'd never heard of this Lumin's Syndrome before, but perhaps it was another item he could hawk? He did a quick search on the web for the companies involved, and indeed there were numerous gels, shampoos, injections, pills, and so on all claiming to cure it. As far as he could tell from surfing the web, it wasn't a big deal. It seemed to mostly affect women or something? He could probably figure it out further but a lot of the details were about chromosomal shifts and sciency bullshit, so he just ordered the test in case and called it a day. It wasn't like he was sick, after all. In fact, he felt great.

Mind, his nipples *were* a little sore.

The test came, he gave it a little swab sample, and he sent it off. He had started feeling quite positive about it, especially since constantly hawking the same protein bars and shakes and tanning pills was getting a little old, and he wanted to keep striking iron when the fire was hot, or whatever the saying was. He'd already made some orders to various gels and the like connected to this Lumin's Syndrome, and he'd gone a lot harder on it than usual, since it seemed to be somehow connected to manhood in a way. And since, in Chad's opinion, he was the king of manhood, then what better way to hype up some fear and outrage over this weird condition than to sell the cure before they all caught it?

Which was why it was so surprising when the test came back as a clear and resounding positive. He had Lumin's Syndrome. It recommended he see a doctor immediately and consider his 'options for transition and chromosomal change', whatever that really meant. It sounded like bullshit to him. In fact, he was fairly convinced it *was* bullshit, especially since more searching online about Lumin's Syndrome only turned up weird pictures of hot women next to ordinary-looking guys, and a tale of a big-boobed cheerleader who used to look like a footballer, according to her. There were even memes about men turning into women. He wasn't all in or knowledgeable about that trans stuff and didn't understand it, nor did he want to. But the thrust of the condition seemed to be about fear of feminisation, and *that* was something he could latch onto. Hell, all the Lumin-based products

was about retaining manhood, and given how much his Chad-wannabe followers were desperate to be real men like him, then perhaps he could milk this made up syndrome for all it was worth. Besides, chicks loved a sob story. He was sure he could land some good pussy when he told them about his 'struggles' and how he was overcoming them with his fitness routines and epic surfer life.

"Yeah, this'll be fucking perfect," he said. He had to swallow awkwardly, because his voice cracked a little, hitting an odd high note. He rubbed it, coughing until he got his voice back. "Ugh, that was weird. Need some more protein shake. Get those hairs back on my chest and build up that muscle again."

After all, his chest was way more hairless than usual, and surely his biceps were meant to be bigger than that?

Chad was posting more and more. His viewership count had surprisingly gone up on InstaHit and his other socials, and it was making him as happy as Larry. If things continued like this, he could finally become a mega star online and actually buy those Bugattis that he claimed to own a lot of. Hell, he could be owning mansions and travelling to other countries and fucking hot women everywhere. As he liked to say often, 'who needs beta smarts when you've got alpha looks and confidence?'

It was weird though, because his socials got a huge boost in engagement ever since he casually mentioned he'd tested positive for Lumin's Syndrome. It had just been a casual thing, something to name drop so he could mention supplements and ways to 'retain manhood' at the end of the video, but the comment section went absolutely *nuts*. He normally didn't read much from his Chad-wannabes - who wanted to read anyway? That kind of shit was for nerds! Still, it was great to see the engagement, even if a number were a bunch of weird troll accounts of something. They *had* to be. Why else would he be getting messages from a ton of new subscribers saying stuff like:

'Oh man, this is hilarious! One of the biggest up-and-coming misogynists on the internet is going to be GROWING TITS IN REAL TIME.'

'This is fucking hilarious. NO ONE TELL HIM. NO ONE, Y'HEAR?'

'Chad, I'm a longtime fan but I have to unsubscribe. I know it's not your fault, but you always said that bitches are second on any ladder compared to the alpha male. How can you be an alpha male when you'll be one of the bitches?'

"OMG Chad is literally going to turn into a woman. Literally. This is fucking HYPE. How does he not know what Lumin's does?"

'Chad, I know you always say book smarts are for book saps, but maybe read up on this! I hope the supplements work.'

'He'll beat this. He's got TOO MUCH TESTOSTERONE BOIS! He's taking us to the moon, just you watch! He won't end up like that other crypto-bro. I mean, if he does, at least he'll be fucking stacked and hot like her, but Chad is TOO MUCH ALPHA BABY.'

'Hahahahahahaha fuck you Chad you perv! Can't wait for guys to comment on your tits and your pussy and your body! I'm subscribing just to see this train wreck!'

It was all very weird, and it made him look further into Lumin's Syndrome. Again though, it always threw up results about chromosomes and genetic alteration and 'drift in consciousness' and all sorts of weird terms that just gave him a headache. He finally found one on a dictionary website which summarised it easily:

'Lumin's Syndrome is a rare genetic condition that causes one's gender to slowly drift to become that of the opposite sex, usually across a period of one to four weeks. It is characterised by a change in personality, mental prowess, and even habits and interests.'

The definition just made him chuckle. "Yeah, someone's yanking my chain. So it's a condition that makes it harder to be a man or something, not anything else. I bet a bunch of girly SJW's are trying to prank me by putting these sex-change things everywhere. All because of a dumb joke!"

It only made him double down on his interpretation. It gave him a good excuse to sell a heap of manly merch and how he was combating Lumin's in style, and staying entirely manly. His followers ate it up, and the profits were going crazy, which meant that as an influencer he was making fine profits too. He celebrated by going surfing at the beach and hitting on the cute bikini chicks with stacked chests. Afterwards, he took some photos and placed them online for his followers to rate their hotness: the hotter they were voted, the more he'd pursue them. After making sure they knew he was the king of the damn beach, of course.

Only this time, when he approached one of the women - an Arabian looking chick with a slim rack but goddamn amazing hips - she actually *giggled* at his flirting.

"Oh, you find me funny, do you? I like a hot chick that knows a good sense of humour."

"No, it's not that!" she said, and her friends giggled with her. "It's just . . . I'm sorry, this is going to sound so rude, but you have really big nipples. I - I can't stop looking at them!"

Frustrated, he looked down. His nipples did look bigger. Yeah, they were kind of swollen and oddly pinker than normal. They'd even expanded a little, like they'd grown . . .

whatever the bit around a woman's nipple was called. He wasn't a goddamned egghead, why would he learn the term?

"Well, I bet you guys have some nice nipples as well," he said. "I'm an expert at how to treat them. I can make a girl cum just from playing with her tits. Multiple times, in fact."

But the girls just laughed again.

"Does it work in reverse?" one asked. "If we play with your titty nipples, do you cum too?"

"What the hell are you talking about? Check out these damn pecs? You need better friends, lady - she must be blind not to notice these muscles."

"Oh, they're good muscles alright," she said, trying to stifle a laugh, "but your pecs are a bit soft! And no offence, I like some chest hair. Have you had a wax or something?"

They moved away from him, giggling, and he took some quick pictures and put a caption to them online. It was a petty revenge, but his ego felt smashed.

'These girls are a bunch of bitches? Anyone want to guess why? Go wild!'

The responses came in, driving further engagement. A couple of comments were direction back about Lumin's, but he didn't want to think about it. He looked down at his body again, and briefly fondled his right nipple. It was a bit sensitive, and yes a bit swollen, but hadn't it always been that way? He was certain of it. He hadn't waxed though.

"I've never been big into chest hair, though," he said to himself. "In fact, I'll make a video about it tonight. Dudes don't need chest hair to land women. They're into a guy who's sculpted and laid bare. Like the Romans in Ancient China, or whatever."

He went in search of the kind of bitches who would truly appreciate his perfect figure and confidence. A real brainless chick, one even simpler than he was, who he could have fun railing and then post about on his blog. His fans loved to hear about his exploits, especially lately.

It was several days later that Chad noticed his reflection was a bit odd. He couldn't quite pinpoint exactly the nature of why he looked different, only that something was a little uncomfortably off. His skin was smooth as it had ever been, and his chest and face hairless just the way he liked it. His eyes were blue, though they did seem a bit brighter than usual, and it occurred to him that despite the fact that he always put on the bleached-blond look, he hadn't actually used product in his hair for a while.

"No way, is my hair naturally blond? Is that what the Lumin's thing is about?"

It had to be, because his hair had grown with alarming rapidity, and yet the roots needed no bleaching. They were as white-blond as the rest, a transition that was utterly seamless.

“No way,” he said, before coughing a little. Once again, his voice had done that little crack where it jumped up an octave or two. It almost made him sound a little girly. “I better not do that when I stream. Don’t want my wannabes thinking I’m some sort of ball-squeaking bimbo or something.”

He grinned, flexing in the mirror. “But then again who could think I was a bimbo when I look like this?”

He started filming. “What’s up, wannabes? Chad here with all your manly advice and mentorship. Thought I’d show you what my workout routine is doing for me, and why I’m still getting laid while *you* need to keep self-improving. Check this shit out.”

He made another pose and laughed.

“Pretty fucking alpha, right?”

The transforming man took in his reflection, completely unaware due to a mix of his own stupidity as well as the mental effects of his condition that he had already radically changed. Beyond the fact that his Adam’s apple was disappearing, and his swollen nipples, there were also broader changes to his overall body structure. Chad prided himself on his six-foot-one height. It allowed him to hit on hot chicks while not having to fear their boyfriends nearby. But now he was less than six feet, and still shrinking. His shoulders had pulled in noticeably, becoming sleeker. His muscle mass was waning in his arms and legs, and while his thighs remained thick, they were more thick in the way he liked a woman to be thick. ‘*Thicc*’, as he often typed it out on his rambling blog. Even his hands and feet were becoming more dainty, and it looked like he’d had a filler job on his lips. They felt a little funny.

“Wait, hang on,” he said, looking closely at his face. His cheeks were a little rounder, his nose a little more button-shaped. “That’s - what the fuck? That’s not how I’m meant to look. Oh God, how did I, like, not notice this shit? Am I shorter? Fuck! I am! I’m - Nggh!!”

Suddenly, a wave of nausea hit him. It was as if just by finally noticing that his body was changing, the torrent could finally be unleashed. He gasped and groaned as his chest pushed forward, fat flowing from other parts of his body to fill out his chest. His nipples rose upon these new mounds, which expanded to become B-cup breasts, ones on the smaller side sure, but breasts nonetheless. He moaned, feeling them on his naked chest, even as his square jaw became a little more rounded, and his hips widened. It was like an act of dislocation; first one hip pushed out, then the other, and then they sort of ‘popped’ audibly back in, leaving his stance wider. A numbness spread over his crotch which left the cocky

man reeling, but he wouldn't be 'cocky' for long, because in mere moments he was whining as his member began to shrink, his balls too.

"What is h-happening to m-me!? The Lumin's c-can't be real! It can't b-be like this! Nothing said it was like - Ohhhhh!"

His voice shot up in timbre, but this time it didn't go down. He now sounded just slightly effeminate as he clasped his crotch, begging the sensations to end. More fat flowed into his ass, and it meant that his centre of gravity shifted yet lower, making him nearly topple over as he adjusted to it. His hair grew out further, staying that same bleach-blonde, albeit now an impossibly natural colour, as opposed to actually having been bleached. Something shifted in his stomach, the beginning of a new organ, a womb, that pushed aside his intestines to make room. It was utterly alien in sensation, but it's growth slowed as the other changes did, and Chad collapsed against the sink

After some seconds, he managed to raise himself. He was livestreaming, and that put a panic in him, but he couldn't quite remember why. The nausea had passed, and all that was left was a series of electric activity across his brain, as if it were being rewired. He spluttered a little, managed to regain his cool, and addressed the camera that was pointing out his reflection.

"Sorry about that, Chads! Must be a little sick or something, or perhaps I just haven't been taking the best treatment for my Lumin's. As you can see though, I'm still the same old alpha me, and I'm heading back to the beach today for some epic surfing, and most of all to let some chicks know that us dudes rule the beach, and they owe us a little something for that. It's gonna be, like, totes pretty good."

He posed again, flexing his heavily reduced muscles, an act that caused a formation of genuine cleavage on his chest. He had no idea that he'd just gone through some severe changes, and despite his far more androgynous, even girly appearance, all he could think of himself as was a manly man.

"Looking forward to your comments, Chad-wannabes," he said, finishing with his classic pose and rock sign.

He went about the rest of his day as he normally would have, though it was a bit weird that his shirts were suddenly so loose, except for around the hips, and that his chest jiggled a little. He took it to be that his pecs were getting so impressive that they needed a bit of containment, and so he was happy to show his chest off at the beach until a lifeguard told him to cover up. It was only after an argument that the guard seemed astonished that he was a man.

"I didn't realise!" he'd said. "My apologies!"

"Yeah? Do I look like a girl to you, you fucking chump? I'm drowning in, like, entire pools of pussy, dickhead!"

He practically shoved the lifeguard aside. He'd meant to actually do that, but his strength failed him for a moment, despite the guard not even being that ripped. It ruined his attitude for the rest of the day, and he attributed that to why he was struggling to pick up girls. A number of them showed no interest, even when he went for all the classic pick up artist tricks and negged the hell out of them. He even deliberately went for the less hot one of a sister pair, bringing her down in order to make her desperate.

"You know, I really like girls who don't get told they're beautiful enough, just because they're in someone's shadow. I'd be willing to go out with you and have some fun."

She just cocked her eyebrow. "Yeah, well I'd prefer to go out with a guy who doesn't have a pair of tits and a funny voice. Be seeing you, assface."

"Pair of bitches," he mumbled, only for one of them to hear. She summoned her boyfriend, who was taller and more muscular than him. It gave him a brief moment of cognitive dissonance, even for his himbo mind, because he could have *sworn* that he used to be that tall.

"Scram, little man," the other fellow said. "Or I'll kick you so hard in the nuts that there won't be any more mystery over whether you're an asshole dude or an asshole lesbian."

Chad couldn't believe it, but for the first time in his life, he actually backed down. Worse, he'd caught it all on stream, since his camera was strapped to his upper arm as part of his social media shtick. He retreated nervously, and it made him feel oddly emotion. He wiped his eyes and hoped that it didn't get picked up by his followers.

It very much was.

When he checked some of the comments that night, after taking a few more selfies and uploading them, he was taken back by more of those weird comments. The first was from *wannabeJACKed*, who he was starting to dislike.

'Seriously Chad, you need to get this sorted out! There's a clinic near where you live that can help with testing on Lumin's. I've done some reading, and in a few cases of this already rare disease, your memory and comprehension of your own changes can be limited, until the changes are finished and it's too late because further mental ones have set in. But the good news is this clinic can help treat those symptoms so you can be fully aware and deal with them. There may even be hope of treatment. I know it sucks but you need to do it - I don't want my alpha hero turning into a total slut of a woman! We all look up to you man!'

"Fucking weirdo," Chad said to himself. "I'm not turning into a woman. Hell, Lumin's merch is making me mad bank. It's, like, he's a total idiot or something. Lol."

He didn't even notice that his own speech pattern was becoming even bubblier and simplified. Instead, he looked at other comments, and found them equally mystified.

'He's got tits. TITTTTTTS! How does he not know?'

'This is a prank right? I bet he's pranking us. He's gonna show us all that he's got one over us, and that he's got an even better supplement to make us all alphas.'

'Everyone shut the EFFF up and don't tell him! I've got the popcorn out, this is hilarious! He's gonna be a blonde beach bimbo! A total airhead barbie and I AM HERE FOR IT SISTAH.'

And so on. It was all weird and confusing to him, even more than usual. So instead he just focused on his viewership count. A little over a week ago he'd had a mere one hundred thousand. Now he was already verging close to a *million* subscribers.

"That's, like, the only thing matters in my book!" he declared. Then he giggled to himself as if he were a bubbly beach bimbo already. He pushed his longer blonde hair behind his ear and headed for bed. Tomorrow, he planned to run a series of V-logs as he went on the road and hit different beaches, and he was already starting to think about how to make himself look much nicer for the camera.

It wasn't *too* unmanly to wear a little make up, right? Chicks digged sensitive souls, and so did dudes.

"Like, why am I thinking about dudes?" he said aloud as he went to bed. "I'm not into their big, meaty cocks or whatever."

The changes progressed, and the only times Chad noticed were when his body entered a state of rapid change, whereupon the horrible truth would come over him for just a minute or so before blissful ignorance returned. As the days passed, and his viewership continued to skyrocket, his breasts also surged forth. They expanded to full C's, and he even started wearing a wrap to help contain them, which in his mind seemed like a very normal thing to do. His shoulders slimmed, and his waist pulled inwards, leaving him with an increasingly hourglass-shaped figure, especially as his hips were flaring outwards. His face was looking more Barbie-like everyday, with his hair now reaching his shoulders and showing no sign of stopping. He had started wearing makeup, first men's, then women's, and it wasn't long before pink was the order of the day.

"Chick dig it, trust me. Being a man is, like, a state of mind and stuff. You gotta be tough to wear pink."

That was the mindset he preached to his confused followers, most of whom had been replaced by a much larger crowd driven by morbid curiosity, or even an outright relish in what the man was unknowingly becoming. His ass was bigger too, and it was noticeable in many v-logs he took, especially when he went shopping and purchased shorts from the women's section because they were the only things to fit his hips and ass. A server thought

he was a woman and he angrily corrected them, but even his voice was by that point unconvincing.

“I’m, like, totally a guy! Do I look like a bitch to you? I *land* bitches.”

But despite that statement, he actually wasn’t, not anymore. He hadn’t managed to get even a plain Jane looking his way, and when he perved on girls at the beach his heart just wasn’t in it, especially since much larger dudes were chasing him down. He was now down to being merely five-foot-seven, and there was no sign of that stopping. In those brief moments of change where he recognised it, he freaked out right on stream.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck! I forgot again!” he cried several days later, as his bust blossomed into full, heavy D-cups. “You can’t, like, let this happen to me, Chad-wannabes! Someone totes get me help! God, I feel, like, real stupid and stuff! I don’t know what to do, and my dick is really, really small now! Shit, am I gonna, like, forget again?”

Another series of changes hit him, and his hair grew further down to his shoulder blades. He moaned, voice becoming a sweet soprano to the point where said moans sounded borderline sexual. His breasts pushed outwards yet further, becoming double-D cups. They strained the wrapping around his chest, rising upwards like two impressive cakes to form a wonderful line of cleavage. His Adam’s apple was entirely gone by this point, and his face oozed femininity. His hips flared out yet further, and his cock became so small it almost looked like the beginnings of a swollen clit. That same shifting around in his lower stomach rumbled within him, his new womb nearing its completed state.

“Ohhhhhhh, God! This can’t, like, be happening! I’m meant to be, like, a total alpha male and stuff! I don’t wanna be a sexy beach babe bimbo you guys! It’s supes not fair! And I definitely don’t want to be super into cock and hot hunky dudes and stuff!”

He froze, wondering why exactly he’d said that. His mind was still rippling with further mental changes, and the latest connections being severed and reformed into new patterns were making for one of the most extreme changes yet. In an instant, it was like his sexuality had been turned off, switched tracks, and turned on again. His mind was filled with images of a new and rising lust, but it wasn’t for women anymore.

No, it was for *men*. Hot, handsome, muscled men who could protect him. Who could *fuck* him.

“Fuuuuuuuck, I’m really hot for dudes now! Why did no one tell me Lumin’s did this? Why did no one - ahhhhhh!”

One final expansion of his rear, leaving it a shapely derriere, and his mind reverted. In an instant, his ability to recognise his own changes was gone, and he was giggling on stream.

“Lol, sorry about that, you guys! I totes went to an airhead space, hehe! What was I saying? Oh yeah, to be a real tough alpha you’ve got to show off your super hot bod. Make

sure you put your lipstick on right - I'm still learning but I bet I'll look soooo great soon - and use eyeshadow. Also, it's really sexy to show off your midriff and your boobs. Mine are looking really big and manly. I mean, sorry. I don't have boobs. I don't know why I said that. I mean my big, swollen, ripe and bouncy pec muscles, obviously!"

He shifted on the spot, causing them to bounce and jiggle. It felt *wonderful*. He couldn't wait to show them off at the beach so everyone could see what a total winner of a man he was. No doubt his social media figures would go craaaaaazy. He already had five million subscribers, and they were all saying such super kind and wonderful things, at least from his perspective:

'Holy shit, Chad is becoming such a total hottie. I shouldn't be wanking off to this but I am. It's fucking hoooooot.'

'Seeing Chad grow a pair of big 'pecs' is the absolute highlight of this year, bar none.'

'Damn, what beaches is he visiting? If 'he's' nearly finished in his changes, maybe I can be the new alpha to our former one!'

'Goddamn, who would have thought that our God Chad would become the hottest girl ever? Fucking prime tits! Make 'em bigger! MAKE 'EM HEAD-SIZED!'

The comments made him giggle. His fans were so damn nice! It made him feel much better about advertising more practical stuff like the makeup and eyeshadow and even the women's swimwear that was perfect for men because it fit him so well. Now he could make great sponsorship money without being such an icky scam artist.

"My fans are so appreciative! I hope they love me as much as I totally love them!"

Chad's socials were going absolutely nuts. He could understand why. A wonderfully kind anonymous fan had sent him a box of pink beach clothing - including swimwear - that fit just perfectly! Sure, it was a little weird to be wearing a bikini, but even his Chad-wannabes had to admit that it looked really, really good on him, right? He even did a posing video where he put on the pink video and danced around a little bit; he had so much weird energy lately, and it made him giggle to feel his large pecs bounce and wobble on his chest. The comments only made him happier.

'Holy fuck, there's barely a cock left. He's going all woman and looking S-E-X-Y!'

'Shake those big 'pecs' Chad! You were a good alpha male, but you'll make a GREAT beach babe! Can't wait to see the V-log today!'

'I bet all the guys will be looking 'his' way, lol!'

The last comment made him feel really strange. Of course, his entire shtick was about putting women in their place and letting them know they were there to be submissive

and fuckable. He was meant to be 'flipping the script' so he could maintain manly power over women. But more and more, his thoughts were drifting to the other gender instead. His own gender. He'd begun having the most sensual dreams about thickly-muscled men dominating him, their hard dicks fully erect and ready to penetrate his wet pussy. Not that he had a pussy, of course, even if it *did* look like he was developing a slit between his thighs. Some small part of his bimbofied brain recognised that something weird was up, but he was quickly distracted instead by those same thoughts again.

"It's just, like, me wanting them to respect me. Um, I mean them *having* to respect me. And also seriously recognising how totally sexy I'll look in this bikini. Seriously, I look soooo hot."

He certainly felt so when he hit the beach. His hips swayed from side to side, his ass bouncing, now a pert peachy rear that you could bounce a quarter off of. There was something a little *off* about wearing a bikini, as well as hot pink shades and having long blonde hair down to the small of his back, but he couldn't quite put a dainty finger on it, and besides, it was just too much fun having his big DD's bouncing in his top, though he still thought of them as pectoral muscles. Everywhere he went along the beach, eyes turned his way, almost all of them men. Several of them whistled at him, while others hollered or made comments, and still others asked him to join them. It made him blush and giggle, and it was almost impossible to maintain an alpha stance.

"S-sorry, boys!" he replied in his cutesy voice. "I gotta, like, run my V-log for all my wonderful and sexy fans!"

He did so, showing his full body in the video and eliciting another explosion of followers in the half-hour that followed.

"Like, so I'm here on the beach again, and it's a really really nice day. I think I look really cool and confident and all that in my bikini. I know some people think it's really girly but I'm actually being a total alpha just by putting it on. Guys are all looking at me, and that's, like, a sign of respect and stuff. They really, like, respect my hawt body. Gawd, what a body it is! I feel so tiny lately, but weirdly good. I can't explain it, lol!"

She giggled again, causing her chest to wobble.

"But why don't we track down some cute hotties and, you know, put them in their place and stuff. Flip the script and show how us men are the ones with the real power. We, like, hunted the elephant or that big tiger with the tusks and stuff. I forget, but you totes know what I mean, sexy fans!"

She strode across the beach, continuing to experience the gazes of libidinous men everywhere. Chad hadn't even quite realised it, but *he* was now thinking of himself as a *she*. It wasn't entirely inappropriate either, as his penis was beginning its final withdrawal into his body, his testes already having melted away. They pulled slowly within him, and the

strangely pleasurable sensation was followed by a great rise in arousal. Without meaning too, she was soon breathing more heavily, showing off her tits a little more, and even smiling at some of the cute, muscular boys looking her way.

“Gawd, they’re so, like, handsome, aren’t they? Handsome like me, but also totally different. Mhmmm . . . wait, why am I thinking about guys that way? I’m meant to be into girls. I can be suuuuuch an airhead, you wannabes. I shouldn’t call you wannabes, even on the stream. I just realised how totally mean it is. Just super mean! I promise I’ll be a lot nicer to you guys! You’re all so sexy and cute! Now let’s find some girls to go out with me! I mean, to dominate and stuff!”

It didn’t actually sound all that nice to dominate someone. In fact, the new woman was thinking that it would just be better to have some flirty lovemaking and sex and all that. Wasn’t that so much better? She adopted this tactic with several women, but there was a sort of confused amusement as she interviewed them.

“What kind of guy would you have, like, have a one-night stand with?” she asked a group of women in bikinis and one-pieces.

“Well, tall and muscular,” one said. “But he’d have to be caring, that’s beyond the surface stuff.”

“Yeah, we’d love to find boyfriends - or one-night stands - who actually respect us,” the second said. “Especially if they want to be given a booty call ever again!”

They giggled at that, and Chad along with them.

“So, a guy like me?” she said.

They paused.

“Um, maybe?” one said laughing. “I mean, I’m bi, so I’d be up for it! I’m Emily, by the way.”

“Emily, you look sooooo gorgeous. I love your red hair. So you’d like to date a tough manly man like I am?”

“Uh, sure! But I’m in a relationship, so not now. But I’m sure a ‘man’ like you would be better than some actual men I’ve slept with!”

Again, they laughed together, but after they parted, Chad couldn’t escape that something was wrong. Her mind was verging closer and closer to the truth, falling just shy of the final revelation. But before she could grasp how far she had fallen (or, perhaps, risen, at least in joyful niceness), there was a tap upon her shoulder. She wheeled about, her delightful DD’s bouncing heavily on her chest, as she came face to face with a deeply handsome looking man. He was the image of a classic surfer; olive skin that was tanned further from the sun, handsome boyish features, and longer-than-usual dark hair that was in slight curls. His ethnicity was ambiguous to her, but his muscular body and perfect abs caught her gaze immediately, as did his easy confidence and charisma.

“Hey, I have to ask, what’s your name?”

“M-my name?”

“Yeah,” he said, his voice having that wonderful beach boy twang. “I’ve been surfing at this beach for years and never seen a woman like you before. Are you from around here?”

“Y-yeah, I’ve been here for, like, a while. My name is Ch-”

She stopped. *Chad* just seemed all wrong, though she couldn’t quite figure out why.

“Your name is Ch?” he said, chuckling.

“No! My name is, ummmm, it’s Charlie! That’s right, my name is Charlie!”

“I like that name. It’s hot, just like you. I’m Elijah. It’s good to meet you, Charlie. Are you here alone, or did you want to hang out and do some surfing with me? I can show you.”

“I know how to surf!” she protested, but then she realised what he was offering. She was here to pick up chicks, but there was something about this man that was so magnetic. It didn’t hurt that her womanhood was in the final moments of completion, and was already becoming damp with arousal. Her nipples were obvious against her bikini top’s material, stiffening at the mere sight of his washboard abs.

“But - but maybe you could give me, like, some refreshers?” she said, biting her lip.

Elijah gave a confident grin that practically melted her.

“Sure, let’s go. I’ll be you look great in the water.”

“Ohhhhh, I sooo would!”

“So I’m, like, at Elijah’s house right now. It’s super lovely and he’s sooo fucking hot. I can’t wait to get lucky with him. He really, really knows how to treat a lady. But I figure I’d let all my fans know that I’m totally landing a hot guy right now just like I always wanted. He’s a real super alpha kind of guy but also really, really sweet. I bet he’s got, like, a monster dong. Just thinking about it is making me all wet and stuff. Gawd, I want him! I’ll make this super short, but in the description I’ve managed to find out the exact bikini I’m wearing that was sent to me, and also the makeup I wore to the beach - it’s water resistant so it’s super nice to look hella good while also being really sexy! Anyway, I hear him coming and I want to surprise him with a full show, so I’ll end the video now. Leave your likes below and tell your friends about this channel. Thanks soooo much for supporting it!”

She turned off the stream and put her phone on the nearest shelf. Elijah re-entered the room only to pause.

“Woah,” he said.

“Like what you see, big boy?” she asked. She was, of course, completely naked, her perfect breasts on display, her hands on her hips, her chest thrust out. She made a pose if

profile, turning to run her hand down her hip and over her ass, emphasising its rondure shape.

“Sweet Jesus, I do,” he replied. “I was thinking a bit more lead up was in the works, but this is far, far better.”

“Mhmm, then come over here! I really, like, want you right now!”

She had intended to get women at the beach, but why had that been? This strong specimen before her, already taking off his shirt and hastily removing his pants and underwear, was so much better. Especially when she saw his big, rigid cock. He was hard as iron, and it made her even more lustful. She licked her lips on approach, staring at it, daunted and amazed by it.

“Yeah, I thought you might like it,” Elijah said. He pulled her against him and she savoured the feeling of her nipples rubbing against his marvellous pecs. They kissed, long and passionately, their tongues intertwining in each other’s mouths, and soon they were withdrawing to his bedroom, both making sounds of pleasure. Her body was utterly submissive to him, desperate for his cock. Already she could feel her new juices sliding down her thighs. Her tunnel was moist and ready to receive him, and after he had finished sucking on her nipples - a goddamned wonderful sensation - she was already parting her legs to receive him.

“F-fuck my dumb brains out!” she cried. “I want to be, like, your hot bimbo for the night! I want you to cum in me!”

“Damn, how can I refuse that request?” he said. He gripped his long cock and positioned himself at her entrance, and before she could say another word he plunged into her. She went rigid for a moment, unfamiliar with the sensation, but then after a brief stab of pain the bliss followed. She gripped him with her thighs, moving her hips in time with his as she became slicker. Her pussy muscled held tightly to his manhood, milking it for all it was worth. It was heaven, though it was also hell to a tiny remaining piece of her consciousness. She ignored it, raked her nails down his back, held onto him for dear life as he thrust deeply into her again and again and again.

“Ohhhhhh, I’m going t-to cum! I’m going to c-cum sooooo hard! AAAIIIEEEE!!!”

She did cum, harder than she ever had in her entire life. The pleasure washed over her in tidal waves, slamming against her, pushing her into an ocean of unending joy that was impossible to navigate. Elijah grunted forcefully, like a dominant beast, and in doing so he came into her. His seed flooded her tunnel, making her giggle in delight as it entered her womb. It was warm and sticky and flushed her with further heart.

“Yesssssssss,” she moaned. “Sooooooo good.”

But even as she said it, the final connections in her brain formed. The fog of memory was lifted, the transformed former himbo realised just what had happened, and how far she

had fallen. She had become a girl! Not just a girl, but a total bimbo of a beach babe. If she'd been pretty simple and uneducated before, she was now dumb as two bricks smashed together. Worse, she was one hundred percent straight for dudes, and incredibly, incredibly horny for them as well. She had humiliated herself on her socials, made people cheer for her transformation, and now they all knew she'd had sex thanks to that last pre-sex video she'd posted. God, it was shameful! Embarrassing!

And yet . . .

It was also deeply intoxicating. She'd just had the best sex she'd ever had. She also just felt freer. Nicer. No longer mean and pervy and horribly, but bubbly and sweet and feminine and fashionable. She didn't feel the need to show off her success, just her good looks. And they were *great* looks, really. Enough so that her social media presence had finally hit the stardom status she'd been chasing forever. It was all wrong, she was never meant to have a pussy and big tits and an hourglass figure and long blonde hair and a gorgeous vacant-eyed smile or a silly feminine giggle or a sweet soprano voice.

And yet . . .

She smiled. Charlie couldn't help it. She couldn't think of herself as Chad anymore. She was still caught in the post-coital throes of delirious bliss, intertwined with her male lover, and as much as she felt awkward about her new female self, she couldn't deny how wonderful it felt. She looked up at her lover, who was staring at her beauty, and having him on top of her brought a wonderful feeling of submission, better than being any so-called 'alpha male.'

"What are you thinking about?" Elijah asked her.

She giggled. "Nothing much. Just the future."

"Oh, you have something in mind?"

She bit her lip, giving a mischievous look. "Well, I was totes thinking that my fans would loooooove to hear some updates about how my date went. *After* you fuck me silly again. I wanna feel like your beach babe bimbo."

It didn't take long for Elijah to rise to the occasion, nor for her to embrace her new self when he was within her once more. She couldn't wait to make her next post though. Charlie was certain that her fans would soon be nearly as satisfied as she was.

Nearly.

The End