

How To Be A Popular Streamer

Siggy Commission for Mona Megistus

Within a dingy old apartment flat with dishes left half done in the basin with a wrinkly old trash bag fermenting by the door, faint noises of a clacking keyboard and a jovial voice bounce off the darkened halls, emanating from behind a closed door.

But while the voice was clearly that of a man, the tone and mannerisms sounded like that of a ditzy highschool dropout one might envision within their minds if they were to hear it.

"Deadtom115! Thanksies for the donation!"

Through the door, the room that lay beyond was nothing like the unkempt kitchen and living room outside, filled with high end equipment, designer goods and a messy bed with comics and other assorted bits of entertainment strewn across its crumpled sheets.

And seated in the corner in front of a spacious desk outfitted like a science fiction movie set for a command centre was a lanky individual with sharp rat-like eyes and yellowish tinted skin that looked like it had never been graced by the light of day before. Seated like a princess (quite literally) with each movement coming off as exaggerated and overtly feminine.

But while it was a comical sight to the uninformed, for **Franklin Mendez**, it was a serious affair. One small mistake, anything that would make his actions seem inconsistent enough to 'break character', and his career would be over.

While streaming was an incredibly lucrative venture, the ability to entertain a live audience with good social skills to keep them hooked was what ultimately determined whether a channel lived or died.

Or if Franklin's eloquently worded opinion on the matter was to be believed: looks and sexual appeal mattered more than anything else. *'Unless you're some big tiddy slut who's only worth anything cuz of her looks'*. While it was true to an extent, the way Franklin seemed to apply that mentality to every female streamer in existence was enough to make him a reviled personality to be around, making him a social outcast no one wanted to befriend. Devolving from a complex resulting from a string of failed relationships and intense bullying in high school, coupled with neglectful parents, it wasn't hard to see why Franklin had turned into the man he was today.

Not like it mattered much to the snivelling creep as he rakes in the dough day after day through the use of advanced AI algorithms and real time rendering programmes to create the impeccable facade that was the busty blonde female wrapped up in a skimpy tank top on screen where Franklin should've been, overlaying the image of eye candy and a salacious voice over the malignant tumour that was Franklin. Posing as a ditzy gamer girl with a loyal following online. And with his skill and knowledge in computer science and engineering, the chances of anyone finding out their beloved Stella was actually some creepy pervert were close to zero.

To the self centred narcissist; he wrote the book on what a streamer needed to do to remain popular and how to walk that path. Uncaring of the lies and heads he stepped over to do it. Confident in his ability to remain undetected with his legion of mindless simps to defend his every action.

Except tonight would be the night where the foul cretin would finally get his just desserts, unaware of the otherworldly forces at play in the midnight sky as an email notification pops up in his inbox. Cackling in his mind at the idea of yet another clueless company reaching out for a sponsorship.

Only to be met with disappointment and anger once he realises it was some form of scam, talking about how his *'true identity had been discovered'* and how they would *'make him pay for what he had done to his brother'*. It was written with such dramatic flair that Franklin almost couldn't believe the scammer thought this would work. He was familiar with their gig after numerous attempts by jealous rivals or over ambitious rats; claim they knew who he really was before demanding a ransom be paid or a scandalous image taken to prove himself real.

Except this message contained no ransom or visible bogus links, just the simple threat of revenge for someone he had wronged. So what if he scammed people out their asses for false products he never fulfilled under the guise of a shitty distributor? So what if he held fake charity drives with donations that went directly into his own pockets? These fool's only had themselves to blame for being blind simps in a cutthroat world.

'Keh! If anything your brother's a real dumbass! Did he come crawling to you after giving me all his life savings or something? Deserved!'

Shutting off the inbox before going back to entertain his loyal viewers with a game of Nadir Anomaly, booting up a game as he eyes the rapid influx of messages before calling out another big spender, one he hadn't seen before as the ping notification for a newcomer rings in his ears. Unaware of the mysterious mist drifting into his room from the window, snaking around his feet before slithering up his legs and around his head before worming into an open ear, vanishing into Franklin's cranium...

"FraudBreaker63! Thanksies for the donation! Your name sounds real familiar, have I like, seen you around before?"

Loading into a lobby with his eyes lazily darting back and forth between the two monitors on his desk with one displaying the stream chat log and the game on the other, a large, oily hand gripping the mouse slowly begins to clean itself off while slimming down as yet another message pops up in the feed; a reply from his newest donor.

FraudBreaker63 : Have u forgotten already? I'm ur biggest fan Stella.

That had him raising a brow in mock surprise as he brings a manicured finger up to his lips, playing the part of the airheaded Stella all the while oblivious to the fact that his formerly flabby hand was now a lean, slender branch with barely any body hair left atop porcelain smooth skin, the sleeves of his jacket hanging loosely off his wrists as the dainty finger jabbing against his cracked lips paints itself over in a new coat of cocoa brown, inking its way downward like an invisible brush dabbing across the canvas that is Franklin's skin, replacing the deathly pallor with a shimmering hue of oily brown. Notably different from its predecessor with how soft and healthy it looked.

"Hmm...Can't say I have...it'd be **totes awesome** if you'd jog my memory tho~"

With a suggestive wink at the camera, Franklin focuses his attention back onto the game with no real intention of rewarding that creep, being an avid gamer in addition to his already impressive skill set, the man was prepared for yet another win he would score for his team.

*'Why do these noobs even try, like honestly? They should just **totally leave everything to me!**'*

But playing a computer game with delicate nails that were far longer than they were a minute ago would prove to be a challenge, hampering Franklin's usual dexterity with his finger coordination and nifty hotkeys, soon resulting in a swift knockout from the first match as a slip in his thumb causes a perfect lineup for a headshot that the opposing team takes. Sighing in frustration while tucking a long lock of silken hair behind his ears.

"Damn it! That'd **better not have chipped my nails or something...**"

Doing a cursory check over his pretty pink nails with his mind still tricking himself into thinking this was all a simple act, Franklin diverts his attention back toward the chat, running a tongue over fuller lips with each appreciative comment leaving tingles in his belly. Sleazy eyes gradually changing into sleek, foxy slits with each loving message filtering through them into his attention starved brain. Reading through the many donations he had failed to callout earlier.

Until another sizeable donation ping grabs his attention, a vapid grin widening on a kinder visage devoid of the scabs and pimples previously dotted around the cratered surface that was Franklin's face, a generous layer of lipstick helping to bring out the allure of his newly inflated cocksuckers with subtle hints floating by in his mind on how best to use them. The disdain from earlier now replaced with earnest excitement upon seeing that same mysterious donor drop another big sum of cash. *'Oh Em Gee! It's that guy again!'*

FraudBreaker63 : Hope that helps my dear, u can be quite a ditz sometimes but that just makes u so much more adorable!

Letting loose a giggle that sounded more at home on a sorority girl as naturally as he breathed, Franklin leans back in his chair as an uncharacteristic look of embarrassment washes over his face, none the wiser to how girly it now was as he fidgets in his chair, rubbing plump thighs together with his stained trousers annihilating themselves into tight fitting hot shorts that showed

plenty of skin; leading down to two shapely pillars lined with firm muscle and squeezable fat glimmering in the same oily brown skin that now coated his entire body as it finishes forming. It would've been a sight to enjoy were it not for the bulge of Franklin's manhood pushing up in protest against the overly tight shorts, erect and in need of a good jerk with all the juicy thoughts running in Franklin's mind unlocking memories of a few weeks ago where this new fan had begun donating massive sums in avid support, quickly becoming one of his favourite names to see pop up in the chat.



It didn't help that he was a really smoothtalker as well, so brave and undaunting in the face of her rabid fans screaming bloody murder as he sent digital letters filled with love and appreciation toward her. *'Totally not like these limpdick asswipes...'* As much as she loved the money these simpletons threw her way, they only ever served as her loyal meat shield against rivals and incredulous claims to her popularity. They were nothing compared to her number one fan.

And with those thoughts bubbling away in Franklin's mind, the ongoing transformation afflicting his body ramps up tenfold as if the tip from male to female in Franklin's mind had set off an imbalance the physical changes were rushing to fill. Midway through his second round after the disastrous first, the struggling man grunts in discomfort as his obese torso begins to crush in on itself; snapping bones and shifting meat realigning into a more compact and very feminine figure, complete with small rounded shoulders and a tight core flanked by curvy handlebars with sexy muscle definition pressing up against sensitive skin, beneath which a new batch of organs formed from the remnants of his testicles begins to pump pheromones and chemicals throughout his body.

With an uncontrollable urge to plunge his hands down his pants breaking all hopes of concentration, Franklin loses yet again as a globular pair of melons burst forth from his chest to announce his defeat, the arousal from having his amped up nipples rubbing up hard against the rough jacket proving too much for the inexperienced streamer as his back arches inward, letting loose a girly moan masked as a frustrated whine of defeat with a new wave of depraved comments flooding in about the sexy broad on their screen. Leering at her chat with her brain

running wild at all the wild things these boys were sending her way. Enraptured by their seditious words and perverted statements...blissfully unaware as she enters the last stages of her transformation, unfocused eyes widening at the latest message to pop up on the screen, accompanied by that oh so familiar jingle as the stupefied remains of Francis are washed away under a deluge of raw emotion and new memories as the man he once was fades from his mind.

An unavoidable fate now that things had come this far with **Stella** now in full control of her new body.

FraudBreaker63 : U know what to do now Stella, U lose, U strip.

Knowing just what to do with a raunchy giggle slipping free from Stella's mouth, eager hands rise to her newly altered long sleeved shirt as she tugs at the hem, raising it up to her neckline with some interference from her massive double D tits to reveal her nubile young body in all its naked glory, clothed only by a ridiculously small bikini top with a sexy half finished tan showing off the outline of the skimpy one piece swimsuit now hanging on the wall where a stuffy jacket once hung, wearing it to the beach with the sun bathing down on her skin in the hopes of



snagging herself good time, realised in a frisky encounter in the bathroom after scoring the attention of the hunky lifeguard, purring as she fingers the tight choker slinging itself around her neck, simulating rough hands grabbing her tight just how she liked it.

Images of a nameless man slogging through college to earn his reputation as a tech wiz replaced with scenes of a younger, more untamed Stella sleeping with every man imaginable in high school; from big dicked boy toys to nerdy wimps she only ever used as backup dildos to plug her pussy with when there was nothing to fill its hunger, hazy grey eyes turning a lustrous gold at the memory of the school's most popular jock pinning her against the locker room wall in a tight stranglehold while having his way with her. Coinciding with the final warcry from her now flaccid member as it slithers back up into a newly formed slit between her legs, wasting no time in lubricating its warm, tight innards with

juices of the feminine sort, vaginal muscles clenching and flexing in need for a non-existent penis to wrap around as her tongue casually mimics the way she remembered cleaning up after that warm afternoon...the way she cleaned up after every good dicking from that day onward.

She couldn't believe how much of a tomboy she was back then when compared to the drop-dead gorgeous minx she had grown to become. Running a hand over her toned navel, still pulsing with muscle from her days in the girls volleyball team. But unlike her old days, the increased time she spent indoors had ruined her tan somewhat, and after that distraction at the beach, she probably needed something more revealing than that swimsuit if she wanted that delicious ebony she used to sport. But the overwhelming hunger for something to fill the mouth between her legs was overpowering to the point where she had to restrain herself. She couldn't risk anything too naughty on stream after all. Raising her hand off her belly with a quick flick downward aimed at her tingling clit.



'God damn tho~ I totes need some dick right now...' The ditzy look of lust on her wanton face giving rise to more comments from her viewers serving as fuel for her debauchery, with the game all but forgotten and her attention focused on her needy body, Stella rises off the chair

with her hearty ass bubbling behind her, drawing her hands downward, popping buttons loose before putting on a show for her loyal audience, gyrating her hips hypnotically from side to side as she lowers the pants down just a tiny bit, loving the reaction with the reveal of a matching thong wrapping up tight between her legs with the visible outline of a camel toe pressing up against the fabric, squeezing her pussy with a practised manoeuvre of her abdominal muscles, squealing in surprise as her eyes roll back up into her head at the sudden pang of pleasure shooting through her womb all the way up to her aching tits as a liberal spray of cum splashes over the webcam, soaking clean through her already soaked panties. Even with all the vivid memories of Stella's sexual encounters now embedded in her head, nothing could prepare her for the real thing with her transfigured body bearing the brunt of the intensity behind a woman's orgasm for the first time. Smiling happily to herself as she leans toward the camera, reaching for some wipes from her cutesy pink tissue box to clean up the mess she had made, dabbing gingerly at her soaking loins before noticing how much steam her hot bod was giving off, absentmindedly reaching for her girified phone to snap a pic before posting the image to her newly rewritten social media page. Captioning the implicating photo with a simple 'Oopsies~' but hesitating before her finger thumbs the post button, twiddling the length of her fringe with a manicured finger.

"Hmm, I guess ponytails are snazzy and stuff, should be totes fun to pull on!"

With the post going live, the individual known as Franklin Mendez no longer exists with the last remnants of his memory in the digital realm subsumed entirely by the vindictive vixen; Stella Marie, no longer a renowned gamer girl but an e celeb of sorts in the darker, more erotic side of the next, extending her reach to adult oriented streaming services after her current one had been shut down from a reputed breach of the TOS after a little nip slip had gotten her in hot water, not like she cared much at all. With her own personal blog with paywalls to access her gravure shots and AV flicks, the setback to her streaming career was minor at best.

But looking around her room, something at the back of Stella's mind begins to gnaw at her, making her feel uneasy as her eyes scan over her rather ordinary room; from the wardrobe containing her clothes to the bedside nightstand where she knew her trusty dildo stood ready to be used, before her eyes glue themselves to the playgirl magazines on her bed whiting out any thoughts that something was off as a line of drool runs down her lips at the sight of all those muscular men posing in ways that accentuated every inch of their powerful bodies, with a tingle in her cunt upon sighting those massive sausages in their awfully suffocating pants. She couldn't hold back any longer...

She needed one right now.

"I-I'm gonna have to like, cut the stream off right now, i've totes got stuff i really need to do!"

And as usual, her raving audience decried her announcement, begging for more as donations came pouring in. And with such devotion from her fans, how could she say no? Especially when

a certain someone drops yet another hefty chunk to make her evening while reminding her of the reward she had in mind for after the stream ended.

FraudBreaker63 : Sad to see u off again my dear, here's another tip so u don't leave us hanging ;)

“Easy there~ I won't leave you hanging...not when you've all been such good boys~”



Spinning around toward her wardrobe, Stella picks out a suitable outfit to wear as she slips out of her drenched pants, making sure to slowly take her time with her underwear; moving over onto the bed as she raises her feet high in the air with the added flexibility allowing her to spread them wide apart, giving the camera a clear view of her puckered snatch before folding her legs over each other, concealing that small piece of heaven as she dislodges the rest of her stuffy shirt now soaked clean with her sweat, leaving her fully in the nude as her hands wrap around her back to undo the straps holding the bikini together, allowing for her milkers to jiggle free of their restraints as she gives her right breast a firm squeeze, winking at the camera before slipping on her skimpy new clothes as she lays down on the bed just before the inactivity timer on her camera ends off the stream with a last shot of Stella's banging body laid out on the bed for her viewers to mindlessly fawn over.

But the night wasn't done, at least, not until she finished the last segment to her usual schedule that was only accessible to those in the highest tiers of her membership who had managed to catch her eye in private meetups that usually resulted in one time flings to satisfy her ever burning thirst for sex...but out of the dozen or so men that had ever gotten to grace the pleasures offered to the by their goddesses body, Stella had only picked one to be her go-to stud for everything in her streaming career; from filming her AV flicks to streaming games with

where the loser would have to acquiesce to the winners demands...and she always made sure to lose.

'As much as I like going commando...It's so last year...smexy underwear is where it's at these days!'

Making her way outside to the now revamped living room and sparkling clean kitchen Stella always made sure to maintain, the horny minx props her phone up against the holder already waiting by the sink with a veritable setup of cameras aimed all over the place, covering the entire kitchen in every single angle imaginable right as the door to her house opens, shivering in anticipation at the sight of the overbearing young man slipping inside uninvited. After all, what would she have to fear from the stud she had personally entrusted to be her 'workhorse'?

It didn't take much for the newcomer to get hard at the sight of the scantily dressed babe bent over the kitchen counter shooting him an eager smile with her loose clothes and an erotic string one piece bikini doing little to hide how excited her body was; with hardened nibs tenting her top and a damp stain lining her half done shorts. Sidling over towards her rear before running large firm hands over her exposed midriff, loving how slick her tanned skin was as he gives Stella's slim branch of a neck a wet lick, forcing a shiver down her spine as he breathes down her ears, sucking up the wispy smoke slithering out of her ears with his eyes glowing cyan blue. Satisfied with the work of art mewling in his hands.



But the goods needed testing, and for what the sleazy slimebag had done to extort his lesser minded kin of all his earnings, Fred had every intention of pounding Stella till she couldn't walk straight for a week. And once she recovered? He'd come back and do it again, with his newly minted sexpet of an E-girl being none the wiser to her predicament, enjoying her punishment she now perceived to be her job; flaunting her body and looks for money when sitting in front of a computer streaming games just couldn't cut it. Franklin was now the very thing he believed all female streamers to ever be good at as the secret to their success; nothing more than a digital prostitute for men looking for a sexy girl to carry out their depraved fantasies for good money.

Tugging hard on Stella's dirty blonde ponytail with a pained moan as her back arches in ecstasy, rubbing her huge ass against his boner and letting him know just how hard she wanted him with a deep kiss on his lips.

"Sorry Stella, was dealing with some ingrate on the phone earlier...I wasn't too late now was I?"

"Mnn~ I was just getting started babe~ Now if you could like, be a dear and start that would be totes super!"

THE END