

Your Only Fan (Online Model TF RC)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for SlayerAngel

When a stuck up and rich college girl is cut off from her father, she becomes desperate and starts an OnlyFans. The only problem? She isn't popular enough to make a living.

Fortunately for her, an old bully victim messages her with a magical contract to help her achieve popularity. Little does the plain-faced Filipina realise that it means she'll be turned into an ultra-busty and bimbo-looking white girl! Can she escape her fate before it's too late?

Your Only Fan

Divina didn't much care about what she was doing. As far as she was concerned, using AI and paying off more academic students to do her college work for her was just part of the college experience, right? Besides, it gave her more time to be with her girlfriends and go out and party, not to mention spend all that nice tuition money her father sent her way to instead buy nice dresses. The end result was the same; she received great grades and got to thumb her nose at all the losers who were losing beauty sleep and time on all this pointless effort. As far as she was concerned, cheaters truly did prosper. Besides, her family was rich, so even if things did go belly up, then it would be absolutely fine.

Divina was a Filipina-American with long straight black hair and a plain figure that was not nearly as curvaceous as her mother's much to her chagrin. She had dark brown skin that she knew was quite lovely, and mesmerising dark eyes to be sure, but there was a reason she spent so much time wearing incredibly expensive designer clothing and stuffed her bras still to this day; she had an image to present to the world, and the one thing she *couldn't* buy were the kind of curves she desired. Not for no reason had she become quite the bully throughout her life. She enjoyed picking on girls who she felt better than, *especially* those blonde bimbo types with all the curves she wished she had, but none of the brains or sense. She called them sluts, trash, cum dumpsters, you name it. Of course, she also blasted her ire at anyone who was nerdy or socially awkward. It was important to establish a pecking order to stay on top, and that meant lashing out and diminishing the confidence of anyone who was a little socially awkward or on the spectrum as she saw it.

Which was why she scoffed as she entered the campus party secretly held at the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity, amused at the presence of some less-than-Alpha men.

"Oh, I didn't realise they'd started inviting the retards," she said, rolling her eyes at the group of nerds happily sipping beer together.

Her friends giggled with her, and she moved into the party, grinning and smiling and talking to those she deemed socially worthy, all while 'suggesting' to the party hosts that 'maybe' some people should just "go home."

"I'm just saying, those guys out there are so on the spectrum," she said, waving a hand back in their direction. Plus they said something very racist to me as I was walking past."

One man, a gullible jock named Brent, narrowed his eyes and clenched his fists shut.

"I'll go take care of them," he said.

Divina winked and smiled. "See that you do," she said.

Moments later, the sound of fists against faces began, and the pack of nerds were running off.

"Oh my God, Divina, you're so bad!" her friend Jessica said teasingly.

"Well, being bad pays off!" she declared. "And don't you forget it!"

The rest of the night was a blur. Divina wanted to get drunk and raunchy, and she partied hard, making sure to constantly reaffirm how expensive her attire was, how lucky she was to be *currently* single, and making sure to put down any girls who might be her competition. It paid off, as it usually did. While she knew, deep down, that she wasn't any guy's first choice, her money and transactional generosity made her an appealing figure for the man of the frat, and so in the end she was having fun getting fucked by Timothy Wellers, a rather handsome football player on the local team. She moaned in passion, gasping in glee, and she felt like she was on top of the world.

The rest of the night became rather hazy for her as she continued to drink, however. She knew she was taking it too far, but Divina was having the time of her life. She said some things, she wasn't sure what. Snapped at somebody. Yelled something. Someone grabbed her at some point, but she just shook free and laughed at them.

And then everything was darkness.

She'd gotten black out drunk.

When Divina woke up, it was with a crippling hangover. She groaned, clutching her head. She was back in her bed at her sorority, but the smell of vomit was in the room.

"Eugh," she groaned.

She stumbled out of bed. She was in her silken, rather expensive pyjamas, but she probably smelled horrible. She made her way straight to the shower to clean herself off, but her head was pounding. Even after twenty five minutes of a luxurious shower, during which

her sorority sisters banged on the door and demanded a free spot, her head was still wracked with a terrible headache. She'd definitely overdone it the previous night.

"One fucking minute!" she yelled. "Who do you think keeps the lights on here, you bitches!?"

Eventually, she exited, cleanly dressed but still feeling haggard. Jessica was standing before her, waiting in the living room alongside numerous members of their sorority.

"I think I overdid it last night," Divina mumbled.

Jessica crossed her arms, glaring at the Filipina woman. "You think? You fucking *think*, Divina? What might have given you that idea?"

Divina scoffed. "What's with the attitude, Jessica?"

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe it's because I've got 'big horse teeth' and a 'real slutty personality'? Does that ring a bell? Or maybe it's because you called Avi a 'whore.' Or maybe it's because you said you were better than all of us, and that we all depend on you and your money because we're so fucking poverty-stricken compared to your amazing wealth. Any of that ring a bell?"

Divina frowned. "What the fuck are you talking about, Jessica?"

Jess indicated to Avi, a pretty Asian-American girl. Too pretty by Divina's standards; she'd been doing her best to destroy her confidence so the girl didn't rise too high. Now, however, Avi looked furious as she walked over, a phone in her hand, a video already playing. Divina's eyes went wide as she took in the footage. The video already had thousands of views, and it had a suggestive title: *Crazy Karen Bitch Crashes Out at Party*. It looked like the video had already gone viral on Reddit. In it, a *very* drunk Divina was stumbling around drunkenly and yelling at the party. The music had stopped, and people were trying to remove her, but she was screaming.

"Don't you get it? I'm better than all of you! You're nothing to me! I just fucked Timothy Wellers and let me tell you, he's got a dick an inch long! I can do better! I can always do better, and I don't even have to try because I've got more money than all of you put together. That's why I paid Tyrone Stevens to do all my sociology essays, you morons. That's why I used AI to get my math course done! And none of it matters, because Tatay - my Daddy - can smooth it all over while Horse Teeth here has to beg for any scrap I give her! So you show me some fucking respect or I'll destroy you like that autistic Marcus kid back in high school!"

The video went on, and it got even worse. Divina was clasping her hand over her mouth, eyes wide.

"This - it's not what it looks like. I was drunk!"

Jessica was unsympathetic. "*In vino veritas*, bitch. We took a vote this morning. You're out."

“Out?”

“Yeah, pack your shit. You broke like fifteen rules in our charter last night. We can do without you.”

Divina was gobsmacked. “I’m not fucking out! My money-”

“Isn’t as necessary as you think it is. Go suck on your Daddy’s cock if you love what he gives you so much. But don’t do it here.”

Divina stormed off. Her mind was in a panic. Her vision was cloudy with shock. She stumbled up the stairs to her room, but managed to stagger. Her phone was buzzing, her emails and college messages going off. She’s crashed out and detonated everything, but perhaps she could fix it. Perhaps if she sent out the right apology, the right self-deprecating joke, the right combination of words, then perhaps-

The stuck up college girl paused as she looked at some of the messages. Many were from friends, all of whom were dumping her and cutting ties, not to mention some of her boytoys. But several were from the university. Her mind glazed over several of the words, trying to take it all in, but the big ones stood out.

Suspension.

Academic Probation.

Ethical Review.

Grounds for Temporary Hiatus.

Meeting to Defend Marks.

God, it was unravelling. Jesus Christ, it was falling apart.

“No no no no no no NO!” the young woman shouted. “Fuck this! No! It was one goddamn mistake! I’m not a bad person! I don’t deserve this! Ugh! How can this get any fucking worse?”

She soon found out, because just ten minutes later, while trying to compose a video apology that would garner her the most sympathy without providing a real, actual apology, her phone rang. It was from her father.

“Thank God,” she said, taking it. “Tatay will sort this out. We can do a propaganda blitz, pay off some local news outlets, talk to the Dean, something!”

She answered the call and placed the phone against her ear.

“Hi Tatay!” she announced sweetly, already thinking about how to manipulate her father into getting the outcome she so desperately needed. But the voice on the other end of the phone did not have the tone she expected.

“Don’t ‘Hi Tatay’ me, young miss! Not after that stunt you pulled last night that’s already going viral! Dear God, you were on the morning news, Divina! Do you have any idea what you’ve done?”

“Look, Dad, it’s not what it sounds like. I promise, I was just a bit drunk and-”

“You called your own mother a white bimbo whore!”

“She’s my step-mother, Tatay! Look, I went too far-”

“Oh, you’re damn right you did. I didn’t raise my daughter to be so vacuous, to cheat! And especially not to brag out loud about how she can use my influence to fix everything and give her all that she wants, while I’m none the wiser. Is this how I raised you to be?”

“Look, Tatay, I’m very sorry, but I just got carried away! I don’t see you like that! You’re not just a money bank to me, I swear!”

“You’re damn right I’m not, iha. Because as much as I love you, I’ve got to do this for your own good. You’re cut off. For good. No more financial help. No more help with tuition. No more expensive dresses or jewellery. You have to grow up, and manage your way out of this mess on your own.”

“Tatay! Dad! Please, don’t do this. I’m s-sorry, okay? You can’t cut me off, I’m still paying off so many dresses and I’ve got a party coming up and jewellery I want to buy and this new skin treatment I need to-”

“Forget it, it’s done, Divina. Don’t contact me again until you’ve found a way to support yourself. Goodbye.”

Her father hung up, leaving the Filipina-American woman trembling with a mix of anger, anxiety, and downright humiliation.

“FUUUUUCK!” she screamed.

Divina’s father kept his word, even blocking her when she kept harassing him. He was interstate, so she couldn’t exactly drive up to see him. She couldn’t drive at all, in fact; her expensive Porsche had payments she couldn’t keep up with, and so she soon lost out there, too. Her expensive lifestyle had vanished, seemingly overnight, and through sheer inertia she had already burned through much of her existing credit and liquidity. This left Divina desperate; she’d had to move out into a shitty little apartment that was far too far from campus to maintain a social life there, not that she had a social life anymore. And with her on academic probation, she was likely going to be expelled from her courses anyway, and barred from campus grounds.

It had all fallen apart, and the end result was desperation. Sheer, humiliating desperation. Because of her local infamy, she couldn’t even find a job, and the fact that she’d utterly mocked anyone who worked in the service industry only made her task more impossible. To her unbridled rage, she was forced to start selling her designer dresses and jewellery just to make ends meet, and soon she was actually wearing *common clothing*. When she went out, she wore cheap sunglasses in a pointless effort to hide who she was, to

stop people seeing her wear what she considered garbage; ordinary t-shirts and shorts that were even *on sale*. The horror. When she came across Jessica in town the woman actually giggled with her friends as she walked away.

The desperation grew. Divina was running low on funds. She had managed to get a few jobs at places willing to take a chance on her, but she had been fired from each of them, and all for the same reasons: she kept trying to get coworkers to pick up her slack, and she was always on her smartphone or complaining about customers to their face.

“I don’t deserve this!” she whined, banging her head on her pillow. “I’m going to end up homeless if I can’t find something! All I’ve got left is my body and . . . hang on.”

It wasn’t the kind of plan she ever would have considered if she were still rich and living it up, but perhaps this could be the way. Divina opened up her laptop and typed in *OnlyFans* in the search bar. She quickly created a profile and then confirmed it through her email.

“If I can just make a bit of money this way,” she murmured. “I can get back on my feet. That’s all I’ll need. Yeah, I can do this.”

She moved to the bathroom and took some photos of herself in her cheap crop tops and smaller skirts. She pouted her thicker lips and made various sexy gestures, thrusting out her slight chest. Then she took a few videos, suggestive things with dialogue like, “Wouldn’t you like to have a girl like me instead of who you’re currently with?” “I bet you could do all sorts of things to a body like mine, right?” “You know the thing about Filipinas? They always want it!”

When she was done, she uploaded her first videos and photos. She wasn’t stupid; she knew she wouldn’t see money straight away, but already she was forming plans in her head: what she could wear on each day. Poses in her lingerie. A few pics with her grabbing her naked breasts, and so on.

“Yes, this can work,” she said, biting her lip nervously. “Guys love a girl like me.”

It was one month later, and something was very, very clear: guys *didn’t* like girls like Divina. She was struggling to pay the rent, already falling behind and making promises to pay ‘soon.’ She’d only made a meagre income, and some of the comments and requests she’d gotten were obscene. She’d advertised all over Reddit, Youtube, Instagram, everywhere! But the comments were similar across the board.

‘Aren’t you that crazy bitch?’

‘I’m not paying to see a Filipina with no boobs and curves! You failed genetics, lol!’

‘Fuck this girl. She comes off as a bully in all her vids. Gross and no ass!’

It was demoralising as hell. It left her in tears. In fact, Divina was about to admit defeat and take a bus back to her Tatay's home and plead for forgiveness on his doorstep, that's how desperate she was becoming.

But then she got a message, and from a most unexpected source. It was Marcus Jackson, a peer from her high school days, and someone she had bullied relentlessly. His profile showed him to still be a tall, thin man with nerdy glasses and ordinary brown hair. She'd picked on him for being a bit on the spectrum and socially awkward, but his message now intrigued her.

'Hey Divina, long time no see. I hope you don't mind, but I saw you were struggling and now on OF. I work in media and contracts. If you want, I can visit and help you financially, if you want?'

Divina grinned. This fool. He was so on the spectrum that he was still simping for her, despite all her mockery. She typed a response: *'Marcus, great to hear from you! Let's meet in person!'*

The very next day he was at her doorstep. He was a little less scrawny than she remembered, and certainly taller, but still his awkward, bumbling self.

"H-hey Divina!" he said. "C-can I come in?"

"Duh," she said. "And hurry up, weirdo."

"Oh, yeah, you always called me that, right?"

"Yep!"

"Y-you don't have to, though, you know."

"I'll stop when you stop being weird! Dude, take off your shoes. This is what I'm talking about. Now, you had a proposal for me, right?"

Marcus nodded eagerly, and to her surprise pulled out a contract and placed it on the main room's dining table.

"What is this?" she said. "I thought you were gonna help me with cameras and editing."

"Oh, this is way better than that. You remember how I was super into magic and stuff?"

"I remember the nerdery," she noted. "It was really weird stuff. A total turn off."

He rubbed his neck, looking away. "Oh, okay. Well, uh, this is a contract. A *magical* contract. It will guarantee you an ever-increasing income but it will also cause *one* magical change a week. I've been tinkering with it a lot, but it's real, and it'll work. The change will be caused by your biggest donator: they can make one change to you."

Divina gave him a funny look. "Are you serious about this?"

"Very much so," he said, avoiding her gaze. "I promise you, it will work. I want to help you."

“And you’ll help me with the camera equipment and the like?”

“Of course! Definitely! I can also help you revive your social media presence.”

Divina didn’t much care if magic really was real or not; she certainly didn’t believe it to be. But she signed the contract immediately, recognising a pathetic little submissive man when she saw one, and how she could use him like putty in her hands.

“There!” she said. “Let’s get started, shall we?”

Maybe magic *was* real, because for the next seven days Divina suddenly found her income rising, enough even to pay off her bills. She filmed her content before her computer, but occasionally used Marcus’ borrowed equipment to set up a tripod cam of her posing in bed, or cupping her tits. Everything showy was technically offscreen, but for one little nip slip that made it through, but she was getting better at the sexualised content evidently, and Marcus was doing a great job shilling her online. He was such a compliant and easily manipulated beanpole of a nerd. All she had to do was advertise this ‘magical once a week donation change’ thing on her stream in order to keep him happy, and that was that. Divina was starting to get the feeling that she was going to be okay. Hell, if this all worked out, she could be wearing classy designer clothing again and ditch this OnlyFans thing after just a few months.

“That’s right, you can do *anything* you want with me,” she purred suggestively during a stream. She thrust out her chest, not that she had much of a chest, smirking at the camera. This was her seventh day since her meeting with Marcus, and she was amused at the thought of a big donor changing her. She was doing a one-on-one paid stream with him, and he was paying hundreds of dollars for the honour, this *ChangeCrusader*, as his username read.

‘I want you to be a sexy blonde,’ he commented.

“Sorry baby, I’m all dark. But I can get a nice wig sometime, how about that?”

‘I want you to be a sexy blonde,’ he said. *‘That’s the change I want.’*

Suddenly, however, she felt a strange sensation come over her, a sort of energy that rippled up into her scalp. Divinia winced at the unexpected pain, and then she gasped, clutching her scalp as it began to itch terribly.

“S-sorry, one moment!”

But she couldn’t stop the stream; for some reason her hand literally refused to get near her camera or her mouse and keyboard. She tried jumping out of her computer chair, but that was impossible too! She moaned as the burning increased, and then to her horror,

her hair literally *fell out*. All of it! In mere seconds, her straight black hair had fallen into her lap, leaving her scalp totally bald.

“Oh God! What the fuck!?” She gripped her dome, eyes wide. “How? Did you do this? Oh God, what the everloving shit just happened!? Why can’t I move!?”

ChangeCrusader was commenting.

‘Good, it’s working! Give her sexy blonde hair, slightly curly! Really long!’

Suddenly, the burning sensation rose again. Divina shrieked as new hairs sprouted painfully through her scalp. They grew and grew, extending through her pores and making her whine and shake in her seat. Suddenly, her hair obscured her vision, and it was *blonde*. A lovely golden blonde that fell in slight curls down her face and over her shoulders, nearly twice as long as her previous cut. It went all the way down to below her shoulders, almost to the small of her back, and then it finally stopped. The pain of the transformation ended immediately.

“Oh God, oh God!” she cried, parting her hair and looking at her reflection in the monitor’s cam recording. “This - this can’t be happening!”

ChangeCrusader just sent a clapping emoji to her and then logged out, leaving her in a state of confusion, her hair now totally, somehow *naturally* blonde.

“I told you, it’s a magical contract. It’s designed to make you popular!”

Divina gestured to her hair. “Are you kidding me? I thought you were joking! Now I’ve got blonde hair, you autistic fuckwit! Change me back!”

Marcus put up his hands. “S-sorry, but I can’t! The contract lasts at least six months! You can’t change back until you get to that point. I thought you, uh, wanted the money?”

Divina’s jaw hung. “Of course I want the money! But it took four days to get you back here! Now I’m going to be changed in just three! I don’t want to be changed!”

He scratched the back of his head. “Well, sorry, but it’s either that or the money. And it’s going up, right?”

He wasn’t wrong. She’d been able to buy a designer blouse again, though it was an unwise investment. “Fine!” she said. “But if this gets out of hand, I’ll sue your ass into the ground, spectrum boy, got it?”

He swallowed nervously, looking at the ground. “O-of course. Sorry.”

“Ugh, you’re the worst. Get out of here. You’re now seeing a cent of this, now.”

He left, and she prepared to do another shoot. She now had to pose with her *blonde* hair, which looked like it had been dyed to perfection. Except it was blonde to the *roots*. She gazed at her photos after posing in a bikini on the bed, and frowned with annoyance.

“Damn, I wish I had more curves.”

She got her wish just a few days later. This time, *Change Crusader* wanted her to livestream her next change to all her OF subscribers as a major event. It was utterly humiliating, especially since as her biggest donor she didn't have much choice; he'd asked that she film it in her living room with her standing up this time, wearing some nice lingerie. She'd had just enough money to buy some, and so she posed for her followers, talking about her favourite fashion and the designer trends coming out next year and how-

“Ugh!” she grunted, feeling that energy well up inside of her again. “What was that? *Change Crusader*, did you change me again? What did you comment?”

She moved closer to the monitor, keeping her body in view of the camera. To her shock, his comment wasn't actually that bad this time:

'I want you to grow bigger boobs this time. Make them bigger! We all want cleavage, right everyone?'

His comment had numerous likes and agreements, and others supporting his decision. The energy continued to flood through Divina's form, and the changing woman felt it pool around her breasts.

“Ahhhh, f-fuck! So hot! It was like the fat in her little A-cup breasts was literally boiling and *expanding*. It was uncomfortable as hell, and made her want to tear away her bra, but she had promised herself never to do actual naked stuff. Her skin began to stretch, however, and the flesh behind her nipples expanded, surging forward.

“Ohhhh! Ohhh, f-fuck! It hurts! It hurts so much! Aghhh! Oh God, don't m-make me tooo big!”

Thankfully, his comment didn't. The pain began to subside as her breasts grew outwards, stretching the confines of her bra until she had to undo the clasp in a panic. She let the bra fall to the ground and clutched her breasts in her hands. She had a lovely pair of C-cup palm fillers now, and this caused her to smile and bite her lip in a little aftershock of pleasure.

“Well, thank you!” she said. “I'm not down on the blonde hair yet, but *these* I can put up with. Wanna see them jiggle?”

The comments were a resounding yes, so she began to jiggle her breasts, cupping them as not to show too much.

Maybe this change thing wouldn't be too bad?

Yes, this whole magical contract thing was weird, that much was obvious. But Divina was actually starting to look upon it as a net positive. Sure, Marcus was still a total weirdo who

kept dropping by to see how she was going, but she needed him for some of the photoshoots, particularly to use more sexy camera angles and follow her down the hall and so forth. He stared at her new breasts, and even complimented them once.

“Don’t say a word, tech geek. Just get to filming and I *might* pay you a little for your time.”

He went along with it, seemingly unconcerned. The simpleton was just happy that she was making more money, and on that they could agree on. The changes being so damn physical wasn’t exactly lovely, but Divina couldn’t argue with the results. The third week, her biggest donor - still *ChangeCrusader* by far - had demanded that she get a *‘real ass that she can shake and wobble.’* She’d been hoping for such, though she didn’t want it to be *too* big. The heat rose within her, and again her subcutaneous fat bubbled and boiled, causing her to gasp in pain. She moaned as the skin stretched, as new tissue erupted into being. She clutched her ass as it devoured her lingerie, her underwear burying into her crack as her cheeks swelled and swelled and fucking *swelled*. She was left gasping at the final result, looking in awe at her peachy backside.

“Fuck yeah!” she cried exuberantly. “Let’s shake this moneymaker! Donate more, and you’ll see me really get these new cheeks out!”

She had no intention of ever thanking Marcus - that would make her indebted to such a loser - but she was certainly appreciating her new form, even if she was annoyed by her blonde hair. She was already making plans to move out to a much nicer place, one that had a pool in the backyard, perhaps. That way she could film some really sexy swimwear stuff.

But the bubble was about to pop for Divina. *ChangeCrusader* was always commenting on her posts, and starting to comment rather cryptically, with statements like:

‘Just wait till you see the next change in store for you.’

‘You’re not finished yet. This is just the beginning.’

‘Can’t wait to make you perfect. You’ll be such a hot bimbo slut.’

It made her uncomfortable, but she couldn’t cancel the creep. She’d tried, but Marcus explained that the magical contract prevented it. So once again, on a Friday night stream, she was showing her body off, cupping her tits and letting them bounce and giggling at the comments, responding to questions.

“No, I don’t know how I’ll change!” she announced. “Maybe I’ll get some nicer hips, though. Wouldn’t that be nice, *ChangeCrusader?*”

But his reply on the stream was not what she expected.

‘I want her to have big blue eyes. Real ocean blue. Like sexy bimbo eyes that go wide.’

“What?” she said. “You can’t be - aghh!”

The energy hit her, moving right up to her eye sockets. Her vision blurred, and Divina stumbled, nearly falling over as her world became fuzzy and almost blind. Her very eyelids changed shape, and she gasped as her sight cleared. She felt like nothing had changed, but as she touched the skin around her eyes, she recognised something had.

“No, no, no, no! Tell me you didn’t just - oh, what the hell!?”

The comment section went wild with amusement, cheer, and celebratory shock.

‘Hell yeah, big blue eyes!’

‘Got that sexy bimbo look now.’

‘Can you turn her white? Make her a slutty blonde girl next time!’

She blocked them out of her mental state, still staring at her reflection. Divina didn’t just have blue eyes now, replacing her previous dark brown ones. Now they were also *Caucasian* eyes. As in, her eyes were wider, rounder, and lacked any almond-shape or skin-folds that would mark her out as being South-East Asian in heritage. The rest of her matched, apart from her blonde hair. But her eyes . . .

“Oh no,” she said.

ChangeCrusader posted a giggling emoji.

‘Can’t wait to change you next week! You’re so fucking sexy, Divina!’

“You’ve got to reverse this!” Divina pleaded, gesturing to her body, to her face. “They’re making me look like some kind of white girl!”

Marcus adjusted his glasses. He circled her, looking her up and down, and Divina felt somewhat like a fish before a shark. He seemed more confident than before, even if he retained some of his initial awkwardness.

“Yeah, wow. I can, er, sorta see that, yeah.”

“*Sorta* see that!? Are you fucking blind even *with* your glasses, your dorky moron? I’ve got blue eyes! I’ve got blonde hair!”

“Well, I mean, you sort of have more curves. That’s not so ‘white’, right?”

Divine folded her arms beneath her larger chest. “I don’t mind *these* so much. I’ll keep them, thank you.”

“You can’t keep them *and* lose the other stuff.”

“Then fuck it, end the whole contract, or I’ll end you! My Daddy-”

“I thought your Dad wasn’t talking to you right now?”

Divina frowned. “Whatever! Just end this fucking thing.”

Marcus gestured out with his hands in a show of futility. “I told you, you can’t, um,

break the contract. It's set in stone. But you're making more money, right? Look at this place!"

Her new apartment was indeed ritzy. Expensive, and with a deeply impressive pool in the backyard that she'd used to increase her OnlyFans income, but it allowed her to finally indulge in her taste for the finer things again. She'd had to replace her whole wardrobe to accommodate her larger breasts and more expansive hips and butt, of course, but she didn't mind so much. But the blue eyes and blonde hair were a bridge too far.

"I'm not complaining about this! I'm glad I've got the contract, but you fucked this up, you autistic loser. I need to know how to fix this!?"

Marcus considered this, oddly unoffended by her words. "Maybe make a list on the stream of things you won't accept as a change. That could work?"

Divina rolled her eyes. "Yeah, and put a target on me? Go on, get out of here. I'll figure this out. I've got to figure this out."

Unfortunately, any attempt to ban or remove *ChangeCrusader* continued to fail. The magical contract simply ensured that she couldn't do anything to remove her biggest donor. He was paying her literally thousands of dollars a week, heads and shoulders above her other subscribers, and all she could think was to entice him in her streams.

"Thanks for another donation, *ChangeCrusader*," she told him while showing off her sexy pink lingerie. "I can't wait to see how you change me. I bet you'd love to see me with bigger tits, right? Maybe Double-D cups? Mhmmm, or with longer hair? Ohhhh, what if you made me really sensitive? I bet you'd like that."

She looked at the comment section, awaiting him to take the bait. Instead:

'I want you to have a pretty white girl's facial structure. Button nose, heart-shaped face, and blonde eyebrows. But keep the thick lips - only pinker and poutier - perfect for blowjobs!'

"What!?" she cried, halting the act. "You fucker! You can't keep changing my - oh God!"

The change occurred, the heat rising into her face. Divina clutched her features, groaning and grunting as the most uncomfortable change happened yet. This wasn't the filling of fat and tissue she'd experienced previously, nor did it have the aftershocks of pleasure that her breasts and ass received. Instead, she was subjected to the alien wrongness of her bones shifting and *crunching*, her jaw reshaping, the cartilage in her nose thinning and shrinking down, her cheekbones rising up to prominence. Her lips changed to become lighter in colour, but pushed forwards, as if they'd gained lip fillers. They now had a permanent semi-pout to them. The changed woman looked at her reflection and gasped. She now looked like a white girl, only with dark skin! But her facial structure was wrong; unrecognisable, in fact!

“No, no, no, no!” she cried. “That’s it, I’m not doing this anymore! No more OnlyFans. You can fuck off, subscribers, every one of you! Especially *you, ChangeCrusader!*”

Unfortunately, Divina couldn’t even make it through *one* day without posting to her OnlyFans again, including with some of her sauciest material yet. Her body was addicted to it, and the magical contract ensured that she had a need to produce content for her increasingly large fanbase. The comments were warring over whether her changes were genuine or for show, but regardless she’d managed to gain a massive following. With her changed body and greater curves, she posed sensually, pressing her tits together and doing conversation streams in her underwear and answering Q&A’s, including about what changes she expected next.

“Hopefully bigger tits?” she suggested. “I’m sure someone can pay more than *ChangeCrusader* and make me Filipina again, right? I’m be so, sooooo grateful.”

The happiest moment came a day before her next change, when a new subscriber became her highest paying one, promising to change her into a ‘sexy curvy Filipina Goddess’, which sounded alright by her. And then, mid-stream, just as she was lying on her bed and making moaning sounds, posing in her lingerie, she got an alert.

ChangeCrusader was now her biggest donor again, just in time, and he was making his next comment.

“No!” she cried.

‘I want you to be addicted to your changes and get a sexual rush when I make you more like a hot curvy white girl. I want you to feel a need to keep changing into her! You can’t help but love becoming a hot bimbo blonde girl.

The energy welled within her, causing her to gasp and tremble. She moaned, writhing on the bed, feeling that need grow within her. It was wrong, it was so very wrong and fucking *unacceptable*, but the mental change was immediate.

Divina now felt a strong, borderline addictive desire, to become a bimbo blonde. She tried to message Marcus, but he was out of town on ‘business.’ She searched him up, trying to get access to him and demand some workaround or think up a loophole with his big brain, but all she could find out was that he was much, *much* better off than she thought he was.

“Wait, he’s a fucking tech CEO? What the hell? That spectrum disorder kid is a goddamn multi-millionaire? Why didn’t he fucking help me that way? Why the magic? This is nuts!”

But the OnlyFans continued. She travelled into town, and none of her old friends recognised her, not even Jessica when they walked past one another in the mall. She went

to the beach, paying a photographer to take hot photos of her dripping wet in her bikini. She went on a hike, wearing a tight sports bra and itty bitty yoga shorts, emphasising her wiggle. The money rolled in, and her living standard rose ever further.

But the changes just. Kept. On. Coming.

'I want you to start talking like a bimbo. Saying 'like' and 'totes' and giggling all the time when you can't think of your next word.'

'I want you to have an itty bitty waist to make your figure a hot hourglass.'

'I want your tits to grow. Bigger than DD's. Let's make them fucking HOT F-cups!'

She moaned with each change, the dopamine rush *incredible*. It was humiliating; she was literally starting to orgasm multiple times on stream to her fans purely from the sheer pleasure of being subjected to her changes. Her thighs were slimmer now, her waist thinner, her arms and legs more slender thanks to *ChangeCrusader's* antics. More and more she looked like a white girl who just happened to be born with darker skin, a mixed-race girl who got the bone structure from one parent and the skin tone from another. She wanted to keep hating what she was becoming, and in those painful moments of transformation she could, but the release of changing further was making her an addict. When Marcus finally dropped by after numerous calls to get ahold of him, he looked surprised, though less surprised than she imagined.

"Wow, Divina. You, uh, you look really amazing. Really beautiful."

"I look like a *total* white girl doing some, like, kind of hate crime! I can't go out like this! I can't even, like, stop talking like a mega hot bimbo girl!"

"Maybe you'll change into a white girl completely?" he replied. "That wouldn't be so bad, would it? They're among the highest earners on OnlyFans anyway."

Divina bit her lip, trying to avoid moaning. The idea of changing further, it was fucking *intoxicating* to her, all thanks to that mental change from three weeks ago.

"When does, like, the contract end? Can't I, like, change back once it's over and stuff?"

Marcus looked away from her eyes. "You can, sure. I mean, if another contract was set up. It would take time. And only *if* you wanted to change back. I mean, you like the changes, right?"

She gasped, trying to avoid feeling herself in front of him. "Like, of course not! I mean, sorta. Ohhh, it's that, like, stupid mental change! It's making me like it!"

"Yeah, I can see that. I should have made you become nicer first, though. I think that should be your next change."

Divina halted, half touching her large, F-cup boobs. God, they were so big. Such big money-makers. But her blue eyes went wide as she realised what Marcus had just said. All the puzzle pieces connected.

“Like, omigod. You’re the one doing this. You’re *ChangeCrusader*, aren’t you?”

He gave a sheepish, half-blushing grin. “Guilty as charged! I thought you would have figured it out by now.”

“Why? Why are you, like, doing this to me?”

At this, Marcus became serious. “Because you were mean to me. You were a real bully back in high school, Divina. You made fun of me all the time. You made fun of me for having autism, for being socially awkward, for not being handsome. You destroyed my self-confidence, and now I want to destroy yours. But I also want, I guess, for us to be close.”

“What!?”

“Well, this is embarrassing, but I’ve always had a crush on you despite how mean you were. But my tastes changed over time, and I kinda wanted to pay you back, so now . . .”

Divina shuddered. “Now you want to turn me into a busty blonde bimbo girlfriend or something.”

“Yeah, exactly!” he said, socially off as ever. “Now you get it!”

“I, like, totes don’t! I hate you!”

“But you want to be changed more, right? Don’t worry, I’ll be watching your stream this Saturday, Divina. You just wait. I think we’re gonna make real progress, and I’ll let you see my face so you know I’m totally satisfied.”

Divine went to hit him. A big slap and a shove followed by a series of screams. But her hand hovered, unable to move forward.

“Read the fine print next time, I guess,” Marcus said. “I’ll let you have some time to yourself. If you don’t mind, can you wear that white crop top that lifts up your tits? I think you’ll look really good in that.”

He walked away, leaving Divina gobsmacked and horrified and humiliated and feeling pathetic and . . .

And *turned on*. She couldn’t help it, but her body needed to change more. God, she needed it. She hated Marcus, wanted revenge, to tear that lanky freak apart, but thanks to his mental changes upon her, she needed to change further. To become what he wanted her to be.

“I’m gonna, like, totes kill him!”

Divina fully expected to turn white that Saturday. To lose her skin colour and become Marcus’ blonde bimbo stereotype. She wore the white top he requested, bouncing on her

feet to make her colossal tits jiggle. They were so damn big, practically head-sized now that they were FF-cups, and so fucking sensitive to boot. Divina now had so many subscribers that she could probably buy a damn big house by the end of the year, yet Marcus was *still* her biggest subscriber.

“I can’t wait to change,” she purred, moaning as she removed her skirt and showed off her ass in her tight white thong. “I want you to change me, *ChangeCrusader*.”

The worst part was, it was the truth. He was holding off on her now, making her beg for it, even commenting as such. In the end, she was pleading.

“Please change me! I’m s-so fucking horny and I can’t get off until you change me! PLEASE!”

Marcus’ face was on the screen. He smirked, clearly aroused, and then typed his response.

‘I want you to have empathy. To know that being a bully and stuck-up bitch is wrong. I want you to be kinder, bubblier, ditzier. To be a new woman, one named Lily, to symbolise that.’

The heat bubbled up in her, manifesting in her mind. She screeched, the pain coursing through her brain as neural connections were severed, rewired, and formed all in different places. Divina was overcome by a flood of empathy, all hitting her at once. Every cruel memory, every moment she’d picked on her competitors, her lessers, the group of nerds at that party, Jessica behind her back, they were all needles in her mind. Tears flooded her eyes immediately, and she began to cry, her shoulders shaking and her huge boobs with them. The worst memories were of Marcus; all the horrid rumours she’d spread, the mocking she’d given him in private and in public, the relentless, endless bullying despite how nice he was. She more than deserved what he was doing to her; it was righteous retribution.

“I’m s-sorry Marcus!” she cried, her voice lighter, having lost any residual husk and now sounding like a bubbly, bimbo-like soprano. Even her crying was dramatic white-girl stereotype crying, all sniffles and big sobs. “I was soooooo mean to you! I’m, like, super super super *super* sorry! I can’t believe I said all those things! Please forgive me! I’m totes the worst, I just know it!”

She had to turn off the stream; she could *not* do sexy under these conditions. The commentators didn’t care though; evidently, they’d been waiting for her to get her just desserts.

The next day, Marcus visited. She wanted to hit him again for all he was doing to her, but she wanted far more to do what she actually did; rush into his arms and hug him, feeling her chest and curves against his body, weeping into his shoulder.

"I'm soooooo sorry!" she cried again. "I'm, like, the total worst! Oh God, this sooo embarrassing. I talk like a total bimbo and now I feel like a total cryer! Why can't I feel mean to you anymore?"

"You already know the reason," Marcus said bluntly. "The comment I made, remember? I didn't actually give you a bimbo mind, did I?"

She shook her head. "No, it was, like rhetorical. What are you, like . . ."

But she couldn't say a mean word. She *didn't want to*. The thought of such was anathema to her.

"You're not bad looking," she said instead. "Pretty cute, actually. And really, really, super smart, being a multi-millionaire and knowing magic and stuff."

"Aww, thanks Divina."

She shook her head, pouting her already pouty lips. "I'm Lily now, remember?"

"That's right! Liking your new name?"

She didn't want to, but instead she nodded slowly. "Yes, I . . . I really like it. It suits the changing me."

"More changes yet to come."

She stepped back, holding her chest with her forearms and sighing a little. "I w-want that. Ohmigod, I can't help but totally, like, want it. Ohhh, is this all for revenge?"

"Parts of it, but I really like this new you, Lily," he said, stepping forward. "Can I touch your hair?"

She nodded, not even weirded out by it. He touched her hair, then sniffed it. She licked her lips, feeling aroused. His eyes were on her face, then her cleavage.

"Do you like what you see?"

"I do."

"Does this mean . . . we can be, like, friends?"

"I would really love that," he said, and there was no malice in his words. "But I think we have to finish out the changes first before we go further. What do you think? Want to go all the way?"

Lily tried to rail against that desire, but it was too deep. It wasn't even a bodily addiction anymore; the need to become perfect for Marcus, to make it all up to him, was rooted in her newfound empathy as well. She giggled lightly, feeling awkward and embarrassed, wanting to be a better person. Her new morality had been crowbarred into her new mind, she knew, but it felt so genuine regardless.

"I want to go all the way," she said, placing a hand on his chest. "For you."

And this time, she meant it completely.

It was a private stream this time. Marcus was watching, his face now on her screen. The anticipation for this change rose within her, and Lily actually found herself *desiring* him to change her. To make that final leap that she knew was coming.

'I want you to have really fair skin with light freckles on your arms and on your cheeks. I want you to look like a bombshell blonde bimbo, my fantasy girl.'

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, touching her body, feeling herself up. She was topless this time, a first for her, her massive FF-cup boobs jutting out dramatically from her chest. She rubbed her nipples and squeezed her sensitive chest as the heat rose within her. This time it spread out to her skin. The pain began, causing her to gasp and whine in her high soprano voice.

"Ohmigod! It, like, really stings this time! Owie!"

But the pain was good. It was *deserved*. She knew she had to endure it to make up for all her past sins. Her skin singed and burned, and she found herself writhing on the spot, squirming and causing her various parts to jiggle. It would be a show for Marcus alright, and she took solace in pleasing this man she'd done far too much wrong to, enduring the burning sensation across her skin, from her scalp all the way to beneath her feet.

"Aahhhhh, ch-change me! Make me become Lily! I want to be all-Lily nowww! Ohhh!"

And she was. Her skin gradually lightened, going from her gorgeous mid-tone brown to light brown and then to a creamy olive and then to a tan Caucasian before finally ending at a lovely fair skin. It was, she realised, just as beautiful as her old skin. There was sadness at leaving her glorious skin tone behind, but this wasn't bad either; it was beautiful in a different way. In a *new* way that suited the *new* her; a total blonde bimbo ditz who wanted to be kind and sexy, seeing no contradiction between the two.

"Ahhhh - ahhh - ahhh - thank you! Thank you, M-Marcus! Ohhh, I feel so good! I need - I need to masturbate right now. I need - do you want to, like, watch?"

The answer was immediate. 'Yes.'

She rested back in her chair, slipping her fingers underneath her underwear. She fondled her breasts, looking down at her white skin. Her reflection showed her now to be a beautiful blonde white girl with a massive rack and perfect curves. It wasn't how she imagined herself if she were more curvaceous, and yet it felt so right. She giggled again, laughing at how happy she was, but then her laughter turned to erotic moans as she pleased herself. Marcus was watching, and she could see him begin to lower his hand, clearly unbuckling his own belt.

"Y-yes," she moaned. "I want you to j-jack off to me, Marcus! I want you to totes cum when I cum! Would you like that?"

A one-handed series of taps.

'Fuck yes.'

"Mhmmm," she moaned, the pleasure growing. She was so changed, so different, but she had to make it up to Marcus. She liked making him happy - making *everyone* happy - and this was the best way; with her sexy new body! Her skin was so fair and different, it aroused her how much she had changed.

"Ohhhh, I'm gonna c-cum! I'm gonna - ahhhhh!!"

Marcus groaned on the stream, grabbing a box of tissues quickly. It aroused her even further, making her cum wildly. Her breasts jiggled heavily on her naked chest, her nipples hard, perfect and now pink in colour.

"Ahhh . . . am I f-finished?" she gasped.

Marcus took some time to come down from his own climax. But after cleaning himself, he tapped on the keys.

'Almost. Just a few more tweaks, and then we can see each other in person.'

Lily licked her lips. "I totes can't wait!"

It only took three more changes, but Marcus stayed away, building up to their eventual reunion. The remaining changes were all mental; she was physically finished, her OnlyFans skyrocketing, but she eagerly looked forward to Marcus' final tweaks. The first was one she rejoiced in:

'You LOVE being submissive. I want you to love the idea of being a sexy submissive bimbo, and to always show off your body even when NOT doing OnlyFans. That means tight outfits, sexy crop tops, the works. I want you to get aroused by people checking you out.'

And now she was. Lily was going out and being social again. She hit the mall, went on walks at the park as well as jogs around the neighbourhood. She had to pleasure herself when she got home, so aroused was she by the all the attention she gathered. She was still obsessed with designer clothing, but now she wore *slutty* designer clothing, the kind that displayed her huge boobs and made men salivate at the sight of them. She thought several times of sleeping with some men, testing out her new white girl body, but something made her loyal to Marcus. She didn't feel she deserved that pleasure yet; something was coming, and she was hopeful for it.

The next change was simple, but it made her giggle in pleasure.

'I want you to have a crazy high libido so long as the man you're with wants it. You ALWAYS have multiple orgasms too. And no matter what, you ALWAYS move and pose sexy, wherever you are.'

Now she was always swinging her hips and letting her boobs bounce in a sexy, exaggerated manner. She drank through a straw with sensual moans, she sucked on pens when she was thinking about writing something. She purred her words when buying fast food at the mall, and moved as if she were an actress in a film trying to get her break in a soon-to-be famously sexy scene. She always stuck out her chest, wore high heels, and generally made every man in a five mile radius think about leaving their wives. Her OnlyFans income was now so high that she was looking for houses to buy. Houses *plural*. She wanted to produce hot content in a rural area as well, perhaps in a sexy farmgirl outfit. Lily was also showing her tits off now, even going naked in some videos. If her Tatay could see her now, he'd disown her completely, but she was a new person, and had no desire to connect with that old life. She simply wanted the new.

Finally, three weeks on from becoming a white girl, the final change occurred. Marcus wasn't visibly on the stream, but he was able to comment. Lily was in a tight pink dress, and she was removing it while teasing her subscribers.

"You'd like to, like, totally do me, wouldn't you? Feel my big tits. I bet you'd all like to suck on them, wouldn't you? Mhmmm. It's my last change day, you know. My very last one. But I'm not turning back. I'm gonna, like, keep making the super sexiest content for you. It's gonna be soooooo hot. I hope the change is the one I want. Is my sexy biggest donor going to change me?"

She had just removed her bra, releasing her huge tits, fondling them and squeezing them together and becoming aroused from the attention she was getting on the stream.

There was a pause, and Marcus began to type. She could see he was writing from a phone, not his computer, which was odd. But then his words popped up, causing her to hold her cheeks and giggle in delight, shaking her boobs for her audience in the same motion.

'I want you to be my perfect, adoring girlfriend and future wife. I want you to be submissive to me, to love me completely, to have my babies one day, and to be my all-around sexy bimbo trophy. Do you think you can do that?'

There wasn't even a hint of energy building up in her, and Lily knew immediately why. Across her six months of changes - some gradual, others major - she'd changed so completely as a person that no magic was needed for this next part. She wanted this.

She wanted to be Marcus' perfect woman.

"Marcus!" she moaned. "H-how fast can you get here?"

Suddenly, there was a series of knocks upon her door. Lily's jaw fell; she knew *exactly* who was there. In her excitement she didn't even think to throw on a shirt or bra. She ran in her pink lingerie straight to the front door and hurled it open. Marcus was on the other side, wearing a professional white shirt and smart jeans, his hair done up more

professionally than usual. He still looked like such a nerd, and his eyes were struggling to stay in contact with hers, roaming across her perfect curves and blessed chest instead.

“D-do you like the new you?” he asked.

She grabbed him and pulled his head into her cleavage, suffocating him between her glorious mounds.

“I love it!” she squealed. “I love it, I love it, I just *love it!* Ohhhh, and I love *you*, Marcus. I love you, like, soooo soooo sooooo much!”

She brought his head up and kissed him, locking her lips upon hers and moaning into his mouth. Her naked chest was against him, her nipples rubbing upon his shirt. It made her wet between her thighs, and she knew immediately how to make everything up to him for all of her bullying. How to make it up to him for the rest of their *lives together*.

“I want to fuck you!” she gasped. “N-no, that’s not right! I want you to fuck meeee! Please make me your hot, submissive, slutty sexy girl!”

Marcus actually looked a bit nervous about this. “I - I will. I’ll do my best. I mean, I wanted this, but in person it’s a lot to-”

“Don’t worry, sexy, I’ll do everything to make you cum. I’ll be perfect for you! C’mon!”

She continued to kiss and make out with him as they moved to her bed; the bed he’d seen many times in her streams. She let him suck on her breasts, and then she helped remove his clothing as she took off her underwear. She rested him back, naked upon the bed, and then lowered herself upon his cock, which was reasonably sized. Marcus gasped, clearly nervous for this bit, she started to fondle his balls while licking his shaft. She’d never imagined herself being this submissive, but it was arousing as all hell, particularly once she sucked on the head of his penis, making him rigid and throbbing.

“Oh, this is magnificent,” he said, gripping her hair. “Don’t stop! No, wait, ride me. I want to feel your big tits.”

She climbed up on top of him. “Your wish is, like, totally my command, master! I’m so, so glad you’re gonna be my man! I want to serve you so fucking bad. I’m *dripping*.”

“Holy shit.”

Marcus gripped her hips, and she lowered herself upon him, inserting his cock into her. She ground her hips upon him, working up and down and writhing in pleasure as she pumped away at his cock. This was the most magnificent sensation she’d ever experienced or could ever imagine, and it made her moan loudly. She was Lily now, a busty blonde white girl, and she never wanted to go back. She’d been pretty before, but rotten at her core. Now she was bubbly and sweet on the outside, and so long as she looked perfect for her man, she was happy.

“Ohhhhh, I’m sooo fucking close!” she cried, gripping his shoulders and bouncing on his cock even more aggressively. “Suck on my super big titties! I know you want to.”

He did so, while gripping her ass, fondling it and causing more arousal.

“You’re - so - perfect!” he announced between licks and sucks of her breasts. He moved his hands to squeeze her tits, and she knew in that moment that the climax was coming.

“C-cum inside me! Make me y-yours! Please!”

He grunted, and then exploded within her, gasping away as he flooded her insides. It caused a domino effect of orgasms, more powerful than she had ever imagined, coursing through her body and causing her to wail loudly.

“Ohhhh, yes! Yes! YES! YESSSSS!”

She collapsed upon him, the pair breathing heavily, his hands upon her body, stroking her skin. She loved it all. The sensation of it. It was magnificent. Lily was reborn fully now, she knew, and she was never going back. She raised her head, her golden hair framing Marcus’ face, and she found herself giggling.

“What is it?” he said, smiling at her.

“I’m just, like, sooo glad you’re my only fan,” she said.

“Well, there’s a whole lot of guys who still want to see you, you know.”

“I don’t wanna stop. I wanna be a sexy OnlyFans girl now. For good. And for us. But you can get everything. Does . . . does that work?”

Marcus grinned, his eyes finally meeting hers.

“Consider it a contract, my sexy girlfriend.”

They sealed it with a kiss.

The End