

Big Beautiful Influencer

For Tom J

By TheSpiralledEye

A man desperate for internet fame finds himself transforming into a big, beautiful woman and finding popularity online.

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I scrolled through my Instagram feed, eyes glued to the polished lives of the people I followed. Each post is meticulously crafted, showcasing their seemingly perfect lives; private yachts, 5am workout routines, perfectly organised fridges. They jet-set around the globe, adorned in designer clothes, their smiles carefree and positively radiant.

What I wouldn't give to step into their shoes, if only for a moment. Their followers count in the millions, their every word seemingly gospel to their devoted fans; showering them with praise and money for every sponsorship. I longed for that kind of adoration, that kind of influence. Maybe then, I'd feel like I truly mattered.

I'd been set on that life for years but no matter what I did, nothing seemed to work. I'm just a regular guy, living a regular life; there was no spice, no zest. I had tried the gym bro route with work out reels and topless shots. But I just didn't have the body. I'd tried lifestyle videos, but my ideas were all just rehashes of ones I'd seen.

My posts garner a handful of likes, maybe a comment or two from friends and family. It's a stark contrast to the sea of engagement that floods the profiles of those I idolise.

I'd tried to emulate them, curating my feed with carefully staged photos, trying to capture that elusive essence of coolness and luxury. I'd even paid to take photos on a boat to pretend it was mine. But no matter how hard I try, I always fall short. There's always someone with better lighting, better angles, a better life.

As I scroll, I feel a pang of emptiness gnawing at me. It's not just about the likes or the followers anymore. It's about validation. It's about feeling worthy of admiration. At first, I'd scoffed at the idea of buying followers or using bots to boost my engagement; it just seemed pathetic but as I grew more desperate I couldn't resist any longer. Maybe if people thought I was already popular, they'd follow and then I'd get a real following and not need the bots.

It didn't work, so I started to pay people online to comment on my stuff to try and boost the algorithm. I'd been doing that for about a month now and nothing had changed. So

my fingers hovered over the purchase button once more; this time on a website that guaranteed results.

Instagram Success Guaranteed! Our special 'magic' algorithm will analyse your content and then find a niche for you to fill! One simple payment and you'll be showered in likes in no time!

It was expensive, ridiculously so but if I became a famous influencer, this sort of money wouldn't mean anything to me, right? I clicked the button and let out a sharp sigh; I'd really fallen far. This was the last time I tried scams like this, at least that's what I told myself as I flopped down on the bed with a groan.

"Why did I do that?" I muttered to my empty room. "So obviously a scam, fuck me..."

I laid there, feeling sorry for myself for a while when suddenly I heard a sound. A ping from my phone and my heart froze in my chest; was that the sound...of a new follower? Another, then another ping. Light lightning I was across the bed and grasping at my mobile, opening the app with shaky hands to see not just one or two, but over a dozen new followers.

My heart was not in my throat; holy shit! It had actually worked! I watched with delight as the followers just kept coming and then, comments!

Babe you are something else!

Woah!

Fire! #Hot

Where are you at? What city?

My brow furrowed; those...weren't the sort of comments I was expecting to get. Especially from guys. I felt something heavy forming in my gut, a sense of dread. I opened my follower account and found that almost all my new followers were men. Not that I had anything against that but it was odd that all of them were male.

I flicked over to my profile to find out which posts were getting those comments and found, to my shock, that most of my posts had been deleted. I now only had a handful of photos and reels left and they were not what I was expecting.

Selfies of a curvaceous, busty brunette with dark eyes and a big stomach smiled back at me. A reel of her in a bikini doing a little dance on the beach with her tits and ass bouncing to the beat stopped me dead in its tracks. That....that wasn't me! That heavy feeling in my stomach seemed to settle into something more solid and I felt my eyes leaning down to see bare skin. Bare, round skin.

“What!?”

My clothing had disappeared; replaced with an empty bra and what looked like a ruffled short skirt over black panties. Even more shocking though was the round belly I was stuck staring at, I'd never been the fittest dude but I wasn't fat by any means! At least, I hadn't been a few seconds ago. Another ping as a comment flooded in.

Those are some S tier tits hun

My mouth went dry as I stared at the photo the comment had been made on, the curvy woman was smiling at the camera coyly, her massive cleavage on full display. As I stared, I could feel that heavy sensation shifting from my stomach to my chest and looked down to see the bra filling. Slowly at first, then rapidly as my new breasts grew in.

“Oh, ooooh what? No! No this can't be happening!”

I tried to squish them back into my chest as my cheeks burned; this was so humiliating. They were enormous, far bigger than a normal woman's. These had to be H cups at the very least and they were so heavy I could feel my back straining. The heft forced me to bend over slightly so they hung toward the ground, jiggling at my slightest movement. Despite everything that was happening with my body; my eyes stayed glued to the screen as more comments came flooding in.

Shake that ass!

Sit on me please!

Oh no. As they mentioned my butt I felt the same heaviness forming there. I groaned as my hips stretched wider and wider, all while my ass cheeks turned peachy and round, then heavy to match my massive chest.

This was so humiliating! My body was totally out of control becoming a big, curvy woman and I couldn't do anything to stop it. But I couldn't help but notice as my embarrassment climbed, so did my follower count. The rush of dopamine was impossible to ignore; I was becoming popular, something to be admired at last. It just so happened to be that it was a big, beautiful woman.

And I was beautiful, I couldn't deny that. Yes I was heavy set but that only made all my new womanly features that much more noticeable.

I could kiss those lips all night

My lips tingled and I pressed a hand to them and moaned. They were becoming so full; thanks to the pictures I didn't even need a mirror to see just how pretty they were; pert yet full without looking botoxed. It was a rare look; a beautiful one.

More dance videos PLEASE I need to see those curves moving more!!

I looked down at myself, in my underwear and frilly skirt; the idea of dancing for thousands of people to see was so embarrassing it made my face turn crimson. But then I saw the follower count slowing. If this is what it took to get the influencer life I wanted...what was one little dance?

I set up the phone and hit record; the second that little red dot appeared it was like a whole new persona flooded my brain. I smiled easily, giving a wink to the camera before stepping back and putting my hands on my wide hips. I shimmied from side to side, feeling my butt bounce with the movement. After a few seconds my face was burning with shame but the idea of more followers fueled me.

I turned around to hide my face and twerked for the camera for a moment before finally, the embarrassment became too much and I shut the camera off. I couldn't post that! I couldn't even watch it, what the hell had I been thinking.

Then my phone began to ping. Constantly.

With horror, I realised I'd been live. Hundreds of likes poured across the reel and comments flooded in talking about how hot I was.

Your face is so hot when you're blushing

#sitonme

More more more!!

BBW FTW!!

They really liked me. A lot. It felt so good to be liked and wanted; even if I had to embarrass myself to do it. I looked at my page as the follower count climbed, my inbox already had a message from a sponsor; a company that specialises in underwear for big women. The money they were offering was just as tempting as I'd imagined it would be.

My new pussy moistened and I shuddered with excitement. This was too good. I laid back on my bed, feeling the mattress dip under my weight, and started replying to comments. People clamoured for my attention; begging for private pictures or a DM. Plenty of them wanted me to start OnlyFans; another humiliating but interesting prospect.

A smile formed on my curvy cheeks and I gave a little squeal of excitement. I didn't care if it was embarrassing, I didn't even care how it happened. I was finally popular; one of the beautiful influences who's word people hung off; and I didn't plan on giving it up any time soon.