

# THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 12: All Goes To Plan

The morning sun didn't rise, it just sort of leaked into the room, a bright, confusing intrusion into the pink cotton candy fog that had consumed my brain. I blinked, my heavy, mascara-laden lashes fluttering against my cheeks. I felt... dizzy. Floaty. My breasts were enormous since they hadn't been milked in over 24 hours.



The "Sexual RAM" punishment was hitting me like a freight train. It had been almost twenty-four hours since my last orgasm, and my IQ was in freefall. My thoughts weren't sentences anymore; they were impressions, urges, colors. I felt a desperate, clawing need between my legs, a wet, throbbing ache that demanded attention, but every time I tried to reach down, I forgot why.

"Up and at 'em, princess," a voice commanded.

I looked up. Cassie and Nora were there, buzzing with a sharp, frantic energy that hurt my

head. They were like two blurs of motion while I felt like I was moving through molasses.

"Wha... what's happening?" I mumbled. My lips felt huge and numb, the "Filter Face" pout making it hard to form words without sounding like I was blowing a kiss.

"He's useless like this," a voice said. It was crisp, authoritative. Cassie. "His IQ is dropping into single digits. We need to clear the cache if he's going to execute the protocol."

"Do it," another voice giggled. Nora. She walked over to me and began kneading my milky tits, emptying me and reducing my size.

I felt the mattress dip. Hands, cool and commanding, grabbed my thighs and wrenched them further apart. I whimpered, a sound of pure, pathetic gratitude.

"Look at this," Cassie murmured, her voice vibrating against my inner thigh. "So wet. So desperate. You're barely a person right now, are you Eric? Just a dripping hole waiting to be serviced."

I tried to nod, to agree, but all that came out was a broken sob. My pussy was aching, a physical pain that radiated from my clit deep into my womb. I needed release. I needed to be claimed.

Cassie didn't wait. She buried her face in my crotch.

The sensation was electric. Her tongue was broad and skilled, flattening against my swollen, sensitive vulva before diving straight for the clitoris. I screamed, my hips bucking off the mattress, my fingers tangling in the silk sheets. She was relentless. She lapped at me with a hungry, predatory intensity, her nose burying into my slick folds, inhaling the musk of my arousal.

"Nora, that's enough. Get the toy," Cassie commanded without lifting her head, her voice muffled against my wetness. Nora stopped, leaving my breasts still large but a more reasonable size.

I felt something hard and cold press against my entrance. A dildo. Thick. Silicon. Unforgiving.

"Open up, bimbo," Nora chirped.

I didn't need telling. My body, conditioned by the "Submission Subroutine," relaxed instantly. Nora shoved the toy inside me. It stretched me open, filling the empty, aching void that had

been tormenting me all morning. It was a magnificent invasion. The fullness of it pressed against my G-spot, while Cassie's tongue worked my clit into a frenzy.

I was being assaulted by pleasure on two fronts. The dildo thrust in a brutal, rhythmic cadence, in, out, in, out, while Cassie sucked and licked with maddening precision. My mind shattered. I wasn't a man. I wasn't a planner. I was just this. I was this feeling.

"Cum for me," Cassie ordered, her vibration traveling through my clit. "Cum, you slut."

The command bypassed my brain and hit my nervous system directly. I convulsed. My thighs clamped around Cassie's head, my back arching violently as the orgasm ripped through me. It was a blinding, screaming release, a purge of tension that left me shaking, sobbing, and utterly empty.

Cassie pulled back, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She looked down at me, her eyes dark with satisfaction. "Better?"

I blinked. The pink fog receded slightly. I could think again. Thoughts formed in sequence. Plan. Dean. Gym. Transfer.

"Y-yes," I panted, my voice still thick with the "Lip Service" lisp. "Thank you."

"Good," she said, standing up and smoothing her silk pajamas. "Now get up. We have a life to steal."

The outfit they chose for me was a weapon of mass seduction. It was a matching two-piece gym set in a soft, matte pink that clung to my new form like a second skin. The sports bra featured a plunging V-neckline that struggled valiantly to contain the massive, milk-heavy globes of my breasts, pushing them up and together until they threatened to burst free with every breath. My nipples, permanently hard and leaking slightly from the morning's excitement, poked sharply against the strained fabric.

The bottoms were worse. A pair of high-waisted booty shorts that barely covered anything. They dug into my cinched waist before flaring out over the monstrous, heart-shaped shelf of my ass and my thick, thunderous thighs. The fabric was pulled so tight across my crotch that it outlined the swollen lips of my pussy, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination as I stood there, glistening and exposed.



"Perfect," Nora said, adjusting the waistband. "You look awesome."

Cassie handed me my phone. Her expression was serious. "Listen to me, Eric. We have queued up the perfect challenge, just a simple sex challenge. Do not try to read it. Your brain is still recovering, and the Cognitive Drift will scramble it anyway. Just get Dean alone, get him inside you, and hit the big green button, then all you need to do is make him cum."

"Big green button," I repeated, nodding. The simplicity appealed to my bimbo-fied brain. "Swap the traits... wait... how did you get a challenge ready? And what do you mean just make him cum?" I was confused, this wasn't normal, was it?

"Don't think too hard Eric, your brain is still afflicted with the Bimbo traits," Cassie said. She reached out and tucked a strand of my long, platinum blonde hair behind my ear. Her touch was gentle, almost affectionate. "You're going to do great. Just rely on your instincts. You were built for this."



My "Submission Subroutine" flooded my brain with dopamine at her praise. I was still confused about the challenge, but I ignored it, and nuzzled into her hand instinctively. "Green accept button. Make him cum. Got it." I whispered.

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The gym was a temple of iron and testosterone. The air was thick with the smell of sweat and Axe body spray. I stumbled through the doors forcing my chest out, the "Ass-thetics" forcing my hips into a wide, rolling sway that I couldn't control.

I felt the silence ripple through the room. Weights clattered to the floor. Conversations died. Every eye in the place locked onto the blonde, stacked creature jiggling her way past the dumbbells. I felt the collective lust like a physical wave.

And then I saw him.

Dean Wright.

He was in the squat rack, a mountain of a man. His grey t-shirt was soaked through, clinging

to muscles that looked carved from granite. He was grunting with effort, veins popping in his neck as he lifted an ungodly amount of weight. He reeked of Alpha energy.

My knees went weak. My pussy, already sensitive from the morning's session, throbbed a wet, heavy pulse. The "Submission Subroutine" screamed at me. Master. Alpha. Obey.

I walked toward him. I tried to remember the plan, but as I got closer, the "Giggle Loop" took over. I stopped right in front of him, popping my hip, and started twirling my hair furiously.

"Um, hi?" I breathed, my voice breathless and high. "You look, like, totally strong."



Dean racked the weight with a deafening crash. He turned slowly, wiping sweat from his brow. He looked me up and down, his eyes lingering on my heaving chest and the wet patch forming on my leggings. He didn't see a person. He saw a toy.

A slow, arrogant smirk spread across his face. "You looking for a workout, sweetheart? Or something else?"

My gaze dropped to the bulge in his shorts. The "Lip Service" compulsion kicked in hard. My jaw muscles relaxed, my mouth hanging open in a vacant, inviting O-shape. A tiny thread of drool escaped my lip.

"Something else," I whispered.

He didn't hesitate. He grabbed his towel and wrapped a massive hand around my upper arm.

"My place. Now."

The command sent a jolt of pleasure straight to my core. I stumbled after him, my heels clicking on the floor, my brain empty of everything but the need to serve.

Dean's apartment was cold and sterile, a bachelor pad designed for fucking, not living. He kicked the door shut and didn't waste a second.



"Bedroom," he pointed. "Face down, ass up."

I scrambled onto the bed, obeying instantly. I arched my back, my massive ass raised high in the air as an offering.



He stripped off his shorts. I glanced back. He was huge. Thick. Veiny. The sight of it made my head spin.

Wait, a tiny voice whispered through the fog. The button.

"Wait, Daddy," I giggled, fumbling for my phone in my leggings pocket. "I have... I have a game."

"I don't play games," he growled, climbing onto the bed behind me.

"Please," I begged, turning over to face him, phone in hand. "Just... I need to do something quickly."

I held the screen up. My vision was blurry. The text was a wall of gibberish. All I saw was the

pulsing green ACCEPT button.

Press it. Cum. Swap the traits. Be free.

I tapped the screen.

It flashed green. ACCEPTED.

"Good girl," Dean grunted. He grabbed my ankles and yanked me down the bed.

He didn't bother with foreplay. He didn't bother taking my shorts off, just ripping the sheer fabric down the middle. He lined himself up and thrust into me.

It was brutal. It was perfect. He filled me completely, stretching me open, hitting every sensitive nerve ending the app had gifted me. I screamed, my head thrashing against the pillow.

"You like that, you bimbo slut?" he snarled, slapping my ass.

"Yes! Yes, Sir!" I wailed.

I tried to focus. I tried to visualize the swap. *Take it. Take the pussy. Take the milk. Take the fog.* I chanted it internally, trying to push the curse into him with every thrust of his hips.

He was relentless. He pounded into me, using my body like a sleeve. My breasts bounced violently, milk leaking onto his chest, mixing with our sweat. The pleasure was overwhelming, drowning out my thoughts, melting my brain.

He was getting close. His breathing was ragged. "I'm gonna fill you up," he groaned.

"Do it!" I screamed. My internal muscles clamped down on him, milking him, pulling him deeper. "Take it all! Swap with me!"

He roared, a guttural sound of release, and flooded me. I convulsed around him, my own orgasm shattering reality, a white-hot explosion that left me gasping and twitching.

I lay there, panting, waiting for the magic. Waiting for the weight to lift. Waiting for his scream of horror as he grew tits.

Dean rolled off me. He grabbed a bottle of water from the nightstand and downed half of it. He wiped his mouth.

I watched him. His chest was flat. His muscles were hard. He looked... exactly the same.

He looked at me, lying there in the ruins of my leggings, covered in sweat and milk. He chuckled. "Damn, babe. You got a grip like a vice. That was wild."

He stood up and walked to the bathroom. He walked with a confident, masculine stride. No jiggle. No sway.

I sat up. My head was spinning. The fog hadn't lifted. The milk was still leaking. My pussy still throbbed.

"Wha...?" I squeaked.

I grabbed my phone from the mattress. I tried to unlock it. FaceID failed. I typed in the code with trembling fingers.

I tapped the icon for the Reality Weaver.

ERROR 404: APPLICATION NOT FOUND.

The icon vanished. It just deleted itself right before my eyes.

I stared at the blank space on my screen. My brain, hampered by the "Cognitive Drift," tried to crunch the data.

App gone. Still have tits. Dean is normal.

A notification banner slid down. A text message.

**From: Cassie**

*Thanks for the gift, Eric. You were right. There IS a male version of the app. But Dean didn't have it.*

*My goal from the beginning was always to transform you into something like this. As payback for my wasted years, and as entertainment. But I honestly didn't think you'd make it this easy, especially after you discovered I was the one behind you receiving the app. You just handed me the keys to the kingdom without a fight once you took on Nora's bimbo traits.*

*That last 'challenge' you accepted? It wasn't a challenge at all. It was a voluntary transfer of administrator rights. Today's shop item was paying 10 gems to transfer the app to someone else. I*

*remember the days when it appeared, so I knew when it would appear for you. You signed your account over to me. I have Lyra back, and now I have your kernel too.*

*Enjoy your new life. You're much better at it than you were at finance.*

*Xoxo, Cassie & Nora.*

I read it twice. The words swam, but the meaning hit me like a physical blow to the gut.



Dean wasn't a user. He was a decoy. A random stud Cassie found to distract me.

Nora wasn't helping me. She was securing her own freedom by helping Cassie steal my

potential.

I had been played. From the moment Cassie knocked on my door, it was all a game. And I had just signed the final paperwork.

I was trapped. No app. No Gems. No way to reverse the changes. I was a permanent, bio-engineered bimbo with a fried brain and a leaking chest, stranded in a stranger's bed.

Dean walked back in, a towel around his waist. He looked at me, crying silently, my mouth hanging open in a silent scream of realization.

He looked confused. He walked over and slapped my ass hard, making the massive, heart-shaped flesh jiggle uncontrollably.

"Hey, airhead," he grinned. "I said get going. I got a meeting in an hour. Unless you want to go another round?"

I tried to speak. I tried to scream. But my throat was tight. My brain was pink static. My lips pursed automatically into a pout.

"Uh-huh," I giggled, the sound bubbly and vacant.

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High above the clouds, in the hushed luxury of the private jet, Cassie set her phone down on the mahogany table.

The screen glowed with a new, pulsing icon. Two strands of DNA, one pink, one blue, intertwining.

**ADMIN ACCESS RESTORED.**

**MERGE COMPLETE.**

**LEVEL 100+ UNLOCKED.**

Cassie smiled, stretching her legs out. She looked across the aisle. Nora was there, dressed in a smart blazer, her glasses perched on her nose, reading a thick textbook on theoretical physics. Her brown hair was pulled back in a severe bun. She looked brilliant. Dangerous.

"Did it work?" Nora asked without looking up.

"Like a charm," Cassie said, sipping her champagne. "He signed it all over. Admin rights, kernel access, everything."

Nora closed her book, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face. "Thank God. I thought I was going to be stuck saying 'like' for the rest of my life."

"I'm glad we found each other," Cassie said. "I couldn't have done it so soon without you. The next time the transfer item would have appeared was in 60 days."

"I just wanted my brain back," Nora shrugged, though there was a glint of cruelty in her eyes. "So... what now?"

Cassie looked out the window at the endless blue sky. "Now? I go back to my life." She tapped her phone. "And you?"

Nora picked up her glass of sparkling water. "I'm going back to finish my degree. I have finals next week." She paused, swirling the liquid. "But... maybe we can meet up this weekend? Maybe we can use our apps... try some challenges? As long as you make sure I don't get stuck with any unwanted changes like last time."

Cassie raised her glass. "Girl, I can teach you how to master the app." Nora clinked hers against it. "To freedom."

