

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 7: The Truth Is Revealed

Felicia blinked, the dazed, vacant look in her eyes vanishing, replaced by a flash of pure, animal panic. Her body coiled, a predator about to spring, her muscles tensing to bolt back into the safety of her apartment and slam the door in my face. She was a goddess of action, a creature of instinct, and her instinct was to escape.

But before her muscles could even fully contract, a single, cold command sliced through the air.

“Don’t move.”



She froze. Mid-step. Her body became a statue, every muscle locked in place. Her neck was rigid, her arms held in a half-raised defensive posture. Only her eyes, wide with a mixture of fury and disbelief, could move, darting from my face to the phone in my hand, then to the spectral form of Lyra materializing beside me. She wasn’t even blinking.



I allowed myself a small, grim smile. The power was intoxicating. “It’s time to figure out what’s really going on,” I said, my voice low and steady.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” Lyra’s voice was a panicked shriek, all her usual smug condescension burned away by pure, undiluted terror. “Eric, you can’t! This is...”

“I’m onto you,” I cut her off, my gaze unwavering as I stepped toward the frozen woman in the doorway. “I know you’ve been talking to her. I know she’s been sabotaging me. I know she’s part of this.”

I looked back at Felicia, at the fury burning in her trapped eyes. “Walk back into your apartment and sit on the couch,” I commanded. “You cannot move from that seated position until I tell you to. You cannot speak.”

Her body unfroze, but her will was not her own. She turned, her movements stiff and robotic, and walked into her lavishly decorated apartment. It was like mine in layout, but where my apartment was a monument to generic male bachelorhood, hers was a temple of opulent femininity. Plush white rugs, minimalist art on the walls, and a scent of jasmine and expensive candles hanging in the air. She sat on a low, white leather couch, her back ramrod straight, her hands clenched into fists in her lap. Her jaw was tight, her eyes burning holes in me.

I stepped inside, letting the door click shut behind me. Lyra phased through the wood, her form flickering with an anxious energy I had never seen from her before. She looked genuinely afraid. Good.



I stood before the couch, looking down at the woman who had been the architect of my torment. The power dynamic had been completely, gloriously inverted. “You can speak,” I said.

The dam of her fury broke. “What the fuck is going on?!” she spat, her voice a low, dangerous growl that was a world away from the playful purr she usually affected. “How are you doing this? What is this? How is this possible?!”

It was a good performance. A week ago, I would have believed it. But I wasn’t that man anymore. “Cut the crap,” I said, my voice flat. “I know you’re in on it.” I pointed to the large,

purple candle sitting on her mantelpiece, the one I had given her last night. “Nice candle, by the way. Great view from there.” I pulled out my phone and showed her a screenshot from the spy cam feed: her, sprawled naked on the couch, talking to an empty room. “I saw you. I heard you. Talking to Lyra. The sabotage, the ‘accidents,’ the perfect timing... it all adds up.”

Lyra’s form wavered, and she flew over to Felicia’s side. “I’m so sorry, Cassie,” she whispered, her voice filled with a frantic apology. “He used the Daily Deal, the enthrallment item. I didn’t know he was going to... I didn’t think he’d figure it out!”

The name hit me like a physical blow. Cassie. My suspicion was validated, but the confirmation still sent a jolt through me. So, her name wasn’t Felicia. It was all a lie. “Cassie,” I repeated, tasting the name on my tongue. “So that’s your real name.”

She shot a venomous glare at Lyra, then back at me. Her jaw was clenched so tight I could see the muscles flexing.



She chose to remain silent, a prisoner in her own home, on her own couch. I noticed her eyes flicker down to the slim, diamond-encrusted watch on her wrist, a subtle, almost imperceptible movement. The gesture screamed at me. She was running out the clock. This spell was timed.

“That’s interesting,” I said, a slow, predatory smile spreading across my face. “You’re checking the time. So you know this is temporary. Which means you know about the Shop. You know about the items.”

She didn’t answer, her lips pressed into a thin, white line of defiance.

“This isn’t very helpful, Cassie,” I said, circling the couch like a shark. “I can make this easy, or I can make this very, very difficult. And I have a whole hour to play with.” I stopped in front of her, leaning in close, my voice dropping to a low, commanding whisper. “From now on, you will answer every question I ask you honestly and openly. You will not lie, you will not omit, and you will say nothing more than what is required to answer the question. Do you understand?”

Her body went rigid. I could see the war in her eyes, her powerful will fighting against the magical compulsion. But the app’s magic was absolute. A single, choked word was forced from her throat. “Yes.”

“Good,” I said, straightening up. “Now, let’s try this again. Are you aware of the Reality Weaver app?”

“Yes,” she bit out, the word a curse. The moment it was spoken, her hand flew to her mouth, as if to physically stop the truth from escaping. Her eyes were wide with a fresh wave of horror. She wasn’t just being compelled to speak; she was being stripped of her ability to even choose silence.

This was better than I could have imagined. “How do you know about it?”

“I was the previous user,” she said, her voice flat and robotic, devoid of any emotion. “I received it a few years ago. I was the last host of this version of the app before you.”

The revelation was a tectonic shift in my understanding of the world. A previous user. Not a goddess, not a spirit. A human. Which meant... “Is the app the reason you look like... this?” I asked, gesturing to her perfect, impossible form. “Is that why you’re the most stunning woman I’ve ever seen?”

“Yes and no,” she answered, the words clipped.

“Explain. Clearly.”

“Yes, the app is the reason I was able to achieve this body,” she elaborated, her voice still a monotone, but the words themselves painting a picture of incredible power. “But the app didn’t just give me all these upgrades. By learning how to win, I was able to use the Gems I earned to purchase specific, permanent upgrades for myself from the Shop. I chose parts of this. I built this.”

I was floored. She hadn’t just survived the app; she had mastered it. She had turned the curse into her personal toolkit for godhood. “So you beat the app?”

“Kind of,” she said. “There is no beating the app. But I reached Level 100. I made it work for me.”

“Elaborate on ‘no beating the app.’”

“The goal is to reach Level 100,” she explained, her eyes staring blankly at the wall behind me. “Initially, like you, I was just trying to reverse the punishments, to get back to my normal, pathetic life. But I eventually realized that the changes weren’t curses. They were upgrades. Enhancements. The moment I stopped fighting it and started playing by its rules, I began to progress. I started to win. And winning led me to... this. I’m a goddess now. In every way that matters.”

I let out a short, incredulous laugh. “What, just because you have big tits and a perfect ass, you think you’re a god?”

“No,” she said simply.

“Then explain.”

And she did. The list of her abilities, spoken in that same flat, compelled monotone, was a litany of cosmic horror and transhumanist fantasy. It was a vision of a power so absolute it made my mind reel.

“Metaphysical Sculpting,” she began. “A permanent, major trait alteration. It’s a complete rewrite of my physical form at a conceptual level. I didn’t just expand my breasts or my ass. I redefined my body’s platonic ideal. My proportions defy biology. My skin lacks visible pores. My hair never has a split end. I emit a bespoke pheromonal scent designed for maximum allure. I am, quite literally, too perfect to be human.”

I stared at her, at the flawless, creamy expanse of her skin, at the impossible curve of her

waist. It was true. She was an airbrushed photo come to life.

“Cellular Stasis,” she continued, her voice a relentless drone of impossible facts. “I don’t age. My cells are locked in a state of perfect, self-renewing stasis. I am immune to all diseases, toxins, and the ravages of time. I could be thirty-five or three hundred and fifty. I would look exactly the same.”

“Adamantine Resilience. My body is incredibly durable. My skin is as tough as high-grade leather, my bones are denser than concrete. Your pathetic little punch would feel like a tap. It contributes to my aura of untouchability.”

“Autonomic Control. I have conscious, deliberate control over my body’s autonomic functions. I can speed my healing, control my adrenaline, slow my heart rate to a near-stop. I can flush my skin for a convincing blush, dilate my pupils for seduction, or trigger a powerful, full-body orgasm with the same mental effort it takes you to lift a finger.”

I reeled. This was insane. But she continued.

“I have perfect eidetic memory, I can learn any skill after seeing it performed once, and my IQ is... well beyond the human spectrum. One of my favorite upgrades is my lactation.” My blood ran cold at the mention of the word. “I can lactate on command. The milk tastes like sweet vanilla and honey. And when a man consumes it, it acts as a powerful, targeted aphrodisiac and a temporary love potion. It lowers inhibitions and makes them intensely susceptible to my suggestions for several hours.” She paused, then, as if to demonstrate a simpler, more primal power, she reached down and cupped her own perfect, heavy breasts, lifting them slightly. “But usually, I don’t even need to use any of that. This body,” she said, her voice finally betraying a flicker of pride, “is a weapon all on its own.”

I was dumbfounded. She wasn’t a goddess. She was a biological weapon. A walking, talking engine of seduction and manipulation. And I was alone in a room with her, with a magical leash that was about to expire. The thought sent a jolt of pure, cold terror through me.

“Is that how you got all this?” I asked, gesturing around the expensive apartment. “Your wealth, your company?”

“Yes,” she said. “I used these gifts to manipulate, seduce, and control those around me. I built my empire on the weaknesses of men.”

My mind raced, trying to process it all. “Who was that man last night? The one you were with?”

A flicker of something... amusement? Contempt?... crossed her face. “A nobody,” she said. “A toy. A girl has needs. Even one like me.” A simple fuck. Of course.

“If you’re so powerful,” I asked, the question that had been burning in my mind, “why didn’t you just use your powers on me? Why all the games, the sabotage?”

“I tried,” she admitted, and I could see a flash of genuine frustration in her eyes. “When you first arrived, I attempted to use my pheromonal control on you. It didn’t work. I soon realized that once you became a host of the app, you gained a passive immunity to any of its metaphysical effects originating from another user. My powers, my aura... they’re all built on the app’s architecture. To you, I’m just a pretty girl.” She paused, and then the truth was forced out of her again. “My mental birth control probably wouldn’t even work on you, if we had sex.” Her hand flew to her mouth again, her eyes wide with annoyance at the slip. Lyra, who had been watching this all unfold with a horrified fascination, mouthed the words, ‘Sorry, left that part out!’

This was all fascinating, but it wasn’t getting me any closer to a solution. I had to get back to the core of it. “If you were a user,” I said, my voice hard, “why are you working with Lyra to torment me?”

“Because I’m the reason you have the app,” she said, the words a bombshell that re-wrote my entire reality. “When I reached Level 100, I was given the option to transfer it. I chose you.”

The air was sucked from my lungs. It wasn’t an accident. It wasn’t a curse from a faceless god. It was her. It had always been her. “Why?!” I yelled, the word tearing from my throat. “Why the fuck would you do that to me?!”

“Lyra is right about one thing,” she said, her voice still a flat monotone, but the words themselves filled with a cold, cruel honesty. “Godhood is boring. I had won the game. There was nothing left to do. I wanted entertainment. And I knew, from our time together, that you would be a perfect source of personal, private amusement.”

“Our time together?” I repeated, my mind reeling. “What are you talking about? I’ve never met you before in my life!”

“We have met,” she said. “We dated. For three years. I just... used to look different.”

The world tilted on its axis. My mind raced, sifting through the archives of my past relationships, searching for a face, a name. Dated for three years... looked different... her name... Cassie.

No. It couldn't be.

I stared at her, at the perfect, sculpted face, at the impossible, god-like body. I tried to see it, to find some trace of the woman I had known. The quiet, mousy, slightly overweight girl with the shy smile and the comfortable sweaters. The girl I had lived with. The girl I had broken up with because she was... boring.

“Cassie?” I whispered, the name a ghost on my lips. “Cassie Wilkins?”

“Yes,” she said. “Though I go by Cassie Dea now.”

I stumbled back, my legs weak, and sank onto a nearby ottoman. I stared at her, my mind a screaming vortex of disbelief. Cassie. My ex-girlfriend. The woman I had once shared a bed with was now a vengeful, super-powered goddess who had cursed me for her own amusement. I started pacing, my hands running through my hair, a low, keening sound of pure despair escaping my lips. Cassie just sat there, silent and still, the spell holding her immobile. But I could see the emotion in her eyes now. Concern. Pity. And something else... something that looked like regret.

“So you gave this to me... why?” I finally managed to ask, my voice a ragged whisper. “To torment me? You moved in next door just to watch me suffer?”

“Yes,” she said. “And to be close to Lyra.”

“I can't believe this,” I said, shaking my head. “Why, Cassie? Why would you do this?”

“I'd love to say it was revenge,” she said, and for the first time, a hint of her own voice, her own emotion, bled through the spell's monotone. “Revenge for wasting three years of my life. For never making me feel desired. For not loving me properly. But I don't even blame you for that. I was boring. I was ugly. Bland.” Her gaze dropped to her hands. “A part of me was just curious. I wanted to see what the app would do to a man. To you. And another part of me...” she hesitated, the spell forcing the truth from her. “Another part of me hoped it would open up your life a little.” She was blushing, a faint pink flush creeping up her perfect neck.

The confession was so unexpected, so completely at odds with the cruel, calculating goddess she had become, that it left me speechless. Even Lyra looked stunned.

“Do you... do you still love me?” The question was out of my mouth before I could stop it.

“Kind of,” she whispered, and then her hand flew to her mouth again, her eyes wide with shock at her own admission.

Lyra let out a small, disbelieving gasp.

“Elaborate,” I commanded, my voice barely audible.

“A part of me still has feelings for you,” she said, the words a torrent of forced honesty. “The part of me that is still Cassie Wilkins. But the new me, the goddess, has sort of... lost interest in relationships. Being like this is incredible. I would never go back. But it’s also lonely. So lonely. No one understands. No one can ever be my equal. So a part of me hoped... that this would create someone who could. Not a lover, not a friend... just someone else who gets it. Someone who understands me.”

Tears were welling in her perfect, doe-like eyes, threatening to spill down her flawless cheeks. Lyra, her own shock momentarily forgotten, floated over to her, her spectral form shimmering with a sympathy I had never seen from her before. “Cassie... I had no idea.”

I gave her permission to answer. “To be honest,” Cassie whispered, her voice cracking, “neither did I. I guess I’m not just being forced to be honest with you. I’m being forced to be honest with myself, too.”

Lyra let out a soft, spectral laugh, a sound filled with a strange, fond sadness. “Despite everything,” she said, her voice gentle, “you’re still so human.”

The moment was so raw, so unexpectedly vulnerable, that it almost made me forget my own predicament. Almost.

“Okay, okay,” I said, breaking the spell, my voice hard again. “That’s all very sweet and touching, and frankly, a little sad. But I don’t care what you wanted. I don’t want this app. You call my old life boring; I call it my life. And I was happy. Happy until this.” I grabbed my own massive, unnatural breasts, the gesture a visceral reminder of my own violation.



“How do I beat it?” I demanded. “How do I get back to normal?”

“You can’t,” she said simply.

“What do you mean?”

“I told you before. There is no beating the app. There is only embracing it.”

“That’s fine for you,” I shot back. “You’re a woman. The app made you a better woman. It’s trying to make me a woman, period. I can’t be stuck like this. I can’t become... you. There has to be another way,” I insisted.

“There is not,” she said. “I figured it out quickly. The app is designed to trick you. It baits you with the promise of returning to normal, but every step you take to get there just pushes you deeper. It tempts you to get riskier, to fail, to accumulate more punishments. Lyra has told me stories of the hosts before me. They all resisted. And they all ended up as mindless, broken bimbos, or slaves to their own horniness. So I embraced it. I played the challenges, I accepted the changes. And it led me here.”

“What, to being every man’s wet dream?” I sneered. “A walking, talking sex doll?”

“You may see it that way,” she said, a flicker of her old fire returning. “But I am the ultimate woman.”

“Well, I don’t want to be the ultimate woman,” I said. I thought for a moment. “You said you passed it to me. Can I pass it to someone else? Like a curse?”

And then, she laid out the horrifying, impossible rules of the game.

“There are two ways,” she explained. “The first is the Path of the Weaver. The intended transfer. It’s not an escape; it’s a graduation. You reach Level 100. You ascend. The app gives you the power to see the psychic stagnation in others, and you choose your successor. You become free from the app’s control. But,” she added, her words a death knell to my hopes, “the punishments are permanent unless reversed with Gems. You would keep every single alteration you failed to reverse. You would be free, but you would be a man trapped in whatever body the game had built for you by the end, unless you stacked up enough gems to reverse everything, which is theoretically possible. I ended the game with tens of thousands of gems, but it did take me 3 years.”

My stomach churned. 3 years. “And the second way?”

“The Anomaly’s Escape Clause,” she said. “The system purge. It’s a glitch. It’s not about winning; it’s about breaking. If your mind shatters completely, if you have a full psychotic break, the app will flag you as unstable and purge you. Or, if you simply give up, refuse all challenges, accept all punishments, and fall into a state of total, boring stagnation for a long enough amount of time, the app will also purge you. It will automatically transfer itself to the nearest, most psychically compatible female.”

“So I’m free?” I asked, a sliver of hope in my voice.

“Yes,” she said. “But with the same consequences. All existing punishments become permanent and irreversible. You would be left exactly as you were at the moment of the transfer, with no app, no Gems, and no possible way to ever change back.”

So those were my options. Go insane. Give up and wait this out for god-knows how long. Or reach Level 100. And all three paths led to the same destination: me, trapped in a female body for the rest of my life. Well, reaching level 100 had a sliver of hope, but it meant degrading myself and becoming the ‘Ultimate Woman’ for potentially years of my life.

“Cassie,” I asked, my voice a hollow whisper. “Is there any way to reach Level 100 without... becoming a full woman?”

“No,” she said, her voice devoid of any pity. “Many of the higher-level challenges will require a female anatomy you do not possess, even in ways most women don’t possess. The app will force you to change, one way or another.”

I looked at my watch. Forty-five minutes left. Forty-five minutes until Cassie was free from my control. Time was running out and I still had no way out of this hell.

But then, an idea. A wild, desperate, brilliant idea.

I looked at Cassie, a new, cold purpose in my eyes. “From now on,” I commanded, “you are my guide. You will help me complete challenges. You will use your powers, your knowledge, your influence, to help me win. It’s foolproof.” I could picture it already. Cassie, using her pheromones to make some guy go down on me. Using her influence to get me into exclusive places. Her knowledge of the app to perfectly guide me. It was perfect. I had 45 minutes to use her like this, so at worst I could easily earn some gems, maybe even enough to turn back to normal.

Her eyes widened in protest, but the spell held her. “Yes... master,” she said, the word forced from her lips, dripping with a venomous irony.

I grinned, a real, triumphant grin for the first time all day. I pulled out my phone. No time to waste. I hit ‘ACCEPT.’

The screen flashed. And my foolproof plan shattered into a million pieces.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Within the next 2 hours, produce and collect at least one full ounce of your own breast milk which you must feed to a willing man.*

Time Remaining: 1:59:57

Reward: 25 Gems, 250 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *Ambrosia (Your breast milk gains mind-altering, aphrodisiac properties to influence any man who drinks it)*

Punishment for Failure: *The Dairy Queen (Your breasts will swell by another full cup size, becoming permanently engorged with milk. They will ache and swell with a constant, painful pressure that can only be relieved by being emptied at least once a day.)*

I stared at the screen, horrified. “What the fuck?!”

Cassie’s guide command kicked in. “This challenge is impossible for you to complete in your current state,” she said, her voice a flat, unhelpful drone. “You do not possess the necessary glands to produce milk. The only way forward would be to earn enough Gems to purchase a ‘Lactation System’ upgrade from the Shop, and then complete the challenge.”

I sank back onto the ottoman, defeated. “You can sit back down,” I told her. “You can speak freely, but you can’t get up from that spot.”

The moment the command was spoken, a cruel, triumphant smirk spread across her face. “I fucking told you, Eric,” she sneered, her voice her own again. “There is no beating the app. It’s always one step ahead. You try to outsmart it, and it hits you with something like this. You’re doomed.”

She was right. In two hours, my already massive breasts were going to swell even further, becoming painfully, permanently full of milk. I was well and truly fucked.

But then, a flicker of another idea. A long shot.

“Lyra,” I said, turning to the anxious spirit hovering in the corner. “You said there are other apps. You implied you were one of many spirits. Is that true?”

She laughed, a short, sharp, nervous sound. “Look, buddy, I’m not under any spell. I’m not answering shit.”

I turned back to Cassie. The spell still held her. “Do you know of anyone else who has an app?”

Her expression softened, the smirk vanishing, replaced by that same, haunting loneliness.

“No,” she said, and the honesty of the word was painful. “If I did, I wouldn’t feel so alone in this world.”

The sadness of her answer was a distraction. I pushed it away. “If there’s an app for women,” I mused, thinking out loud, “there has to be one for men, right? A different version?” My idea began to take shape. “Lyra said your version has specific differences. So what if there’s a version out there that can be transferred before Level 100? What if there’s a male-centric one? One that gives out punishments like... a bigger dick, or more muscle? What if I could get that app, and use its rewards to undo what this one has done to me?”

To my surprise, Cassie’s expression shifted from bored contempt to genuine, intellectual curiosity. The truth command was still in place. “That... might actually work,” she admitted, her brilliant mind processing the logic. “As much as I would hate to see you get off so easily, acquiring a different version of the app and using its mechanics to alter yourself would still be playing by the fundamental rules of the Weavers. If such an app exists.”

Lyra stayed silent, but I could see a flicker of excitement in her spectral form. “This is the most interesting day I’ve had in centuries,” she finally admitted. “I’m curious to see where this goes.”

Cassie, too, seemed energized by the idea, a new light in her eyes. “If we find more people like me,” she said, almost to herself, “I don’t have to be alone.”

“And more importantly,” I added, a sharp edge to my voice, “you don’t need me.”

“Ouch,” she said, wincing.

“Hey, you’re the one who cursed me, you bitch,” I shot back. She just smirked.

“But how would we even find someone with an app?” she asked, the practicalities of the situation dawning on her. “Let alone one that fits your specific, bizarre needs?”

“Lyra,” I asked, “does anyone ever seek out other users?”

“Honestly? You’re the first,” she said. “Most hosts are so consumed by their own personal psychodrama that the idea of a wider world of users never even occurs to them. But then again, most hosts aren’t men being forcibly turned into women.”

“I never gave it much thought,” Cassie admitted. “And I guess... I never realized how much I

wanted to find someone else until the truth was forced out of me today.” She paused. “And even if we find someone, how do you convince them to just hand over their app? Remember, my powers don’t work on other hosts.”

“Your metaphysical ones don’t,” I said, and an impulse, dark and dominant, took over. I reached out and grabbed one of her massive, perfect breasts, squeezing it firmly. “But these,” I said, my voice a low growl, “will still work on any red-blooded male out there.” I let go, a hot thrill shooting through me at the audacity of the act. “But I should probably earn some Gems, too. I could use Shop items on them. Possess them, if I have to.”

“Oh, yay! So, more challenges!” Lyra clapped.

“I guess so,” I sighed. “But if I ever earn enough to reverse everything, this plan is off. I’m done.”

“Not going to happen,” Cassie laughed. “Trust me.”

“To answer your question about how we find them,” I said, my mind already racing ahead, “we start online. I’ll browse the transformation subreddits, the body modification forums. I’m looking for stories, photos, videos that seem too real. Things people dismiss as AI or CGI, but that might be the real deal.”

“Ugh, that’s going to take forever,” Cassie groaned. “How about you just find me when you’re done?”

A slow, wicked smile spread across my face. It was time for a little payback. “From now on,” I commanded, my voice dripping with a new, cruel authority, “your singular focus is on finding any signs of app owners online. You will use your super-human intelligence to browse Reddit, 4chan, every dark corner of the internet, as fast as you can, and you will collect any and all leads.”

She rolled her eyes, but her body was already moving, reaching for the sleek, silver laptop on her coffee table. “Great,” she muttered. “This is going to suck.”

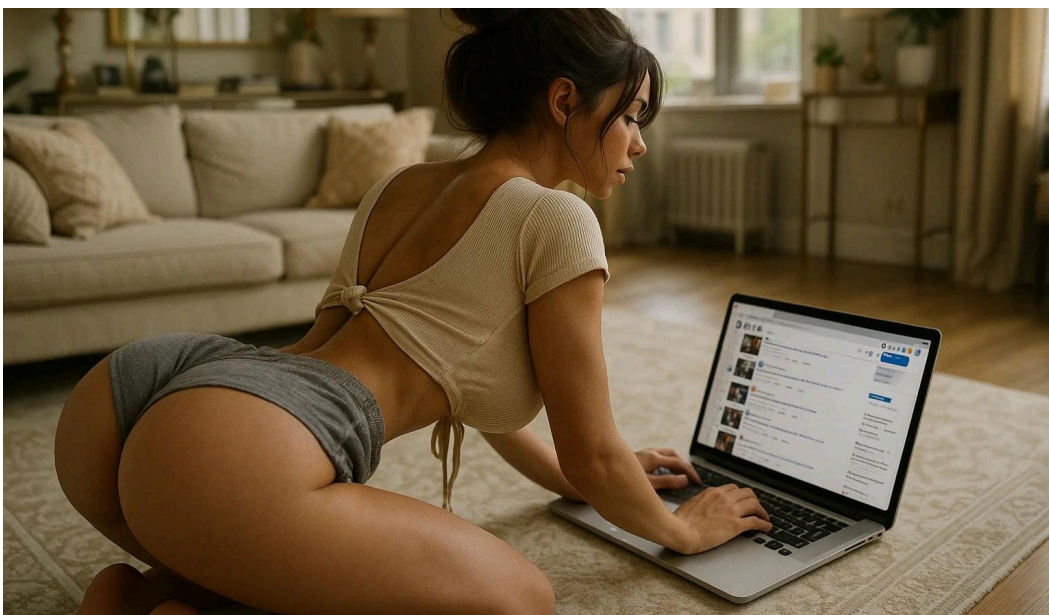
She opened the laptop, but before she could start, I added a new command, the words tasting like sweet, dark honey on my tongue. “And as a little payback for everything you’ve put me through, I want you to do it on your knees. With your ass sticking out.”

She shot me a look of pure venom, a silent promise of retribution that made a hot thrill shoot

through me. But her body was not her own. She obeyed without question, her movements fluid and graceful even in their unwilling submission. She slid off the couch and onto the plush white rug, arranging herself on her hands and knees.



She placed the laptop on the floor in front of her and arched her back, presenting her perfect, round ass to me like an offering on an altar. The sight was so obscene, so powerful, it made my head spin. Her position was one of utter vulnerability, yet her fingers were already flying across the keyboard, her brilliant mind already sifting through terabytes of online chatter. The contrast was intoxicating.



“Now,” I commanded, the final, crucial twist of the knife. “Get horny.”

I watched, fascinated, as the spell took hold. It wasn't a slow build; it was a switch being flipped. A deep, rosy flush spread instantly from her chest up her long, elegant neck, blooming across her perfect cheeks. I saw her nipples, already prominent, harden into tight, insistent points against the thin fabric of her sundress. A soft, involuntary gasp escaped her lips, and her breathing hitched, becoming shallower, faster. Her whole body seemed to hum with a new, vibrant energy, a current of pure, magically induced lust.



“How is this supposed to help?” she asked, her voice a little shaky, a breathy, strained sound that was a world away from her usual commanding tone. Her fingers never stopped moving across the keyboard. “You’re just distracting me.”

“No,” I said, my voice a low growl as I walked towards her, the heavy sway of my own breasts a strange, synchronous rhythm with the pounding of my heart. “No matter what happens, no matter how horny you get, your focus on your task will remain unbroken.”

I knelt behind her, the plush rug soft against my jeans. My hands found the curve of her hips, my thumbs pressing into the slight dip above her ass. The heat radiating from her skin was incredible.

“You really are a piece of work, Eric,” she said, her voice a strange, intoxicating mixture of

anger and a breathy, undeniable arousal. Her hips swayed back against my touch, a purely instinctual movement. “Maybe I underestimated you.” She let out a soft moan as I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of her silky, black panties and began to pull them down. “And you’ve made me so horny, I don’t even care.”

Her shorts and panties slid down her smooth, powerful thighs, exposing the perfect, impossible curves of her ass. The flesh was flawless, pale and full, with two perfect dimples at the base of her spine. Between those magnificent cheeks, I could see the slick, dewy folds of her pussy, already glistening with a clear wetness. My own body responded instantly, a hot, demanding throb echoing deep within my own unfamiliar anatomy.



I looked at the scene before me: this goddess, this creature of immense power, brought to her knees, her body slick and ready, her mind enslaved to my will. A wave of pure, triumphant dominance washed over me. I wanted to take her. I wanted to claim this victory in the most primal way possible. But I was incomplete. A king without a scepter.

A dark, cruel idea sparked in my mind. She had everything. Of course she would have everything.

“Where do you keep your toys?” I commanded, my voice a low rumble beside her ear.

Her typing didn't stop, but her body flinched. The question was an intimacy she hadn't expected, a violation that went beyond simple commands. The spell forced the answer from her, each word a bitter pill. "Bedroom," she bit out, her voice tight. "Closet. Top shelf. Black leather box."

I stood up, leaving her exposed and kneeling on the floor. I walked into her bedroom. It was a minimalist paradise of white and grey, the only color coming from a single, massive abstract painting above her king-sized bed. I opened the closet and found the box exactly where she'd said. Inside, nestled in black satin, was an arsenal of high-end sex toys. And there, coiled like a serpent, was exactly what I was looking for: a simple, elegant leather harness and a thick, realistic silicone dildo, its head slightly flared, its veins subtle but lifelike.

I brought it back to the living room and dropped it on the floor beside her. She glanced at it, and a flicker of pure, unadulterated fury crossed her face before her expression went blank again, her focus forced back to the laptop screen.

I pulled down my yoga pants letting them drop to my ankles. I strapped the harness around my new, wider hips. It felt... strange. A mockery of what I'd lost, a prosthetic assertion of a masculinity that was being systematically stripped from me. The leather was cool against my skin, the weight of the silicone dildo a bizarre pendulum between my legs. I chuckled, a low, humorless sound.

"Well," I said, mostly to myself, as I adjusted the straps, feeling the base press against my own sensitive anatomy. "It's better than nothing."

Cassie's hips gave another involuntary twitch. The sound of her typing faltered for a fraction of a second.

"Lube," I commanded.

"Bedside table," she answered instantly, her voice strained.

I retrieved the small, silver bottle and knelt behind her again. I squeezed a generous amount of the cool, slick gel into my hand and slathered it over the head of the dildo. Then, my other hand parted her ass cheeks. I coated her slick, waiting entrance, my fingers brushing against the tight, puckered ring of her anus and the swollen, wet folds of her pussy. She let out a sharp, shuddering gasp, her entire body going rigid.

“Relax,” I commanded.

Her muscles, tensed in protest, immediately went slack. I positioned the head of the dildo at her entrance. She was so wet, so ready, that it slid in with a single, smooth, silent push. Her back arched violently, and a strangled moan escaped her lips, a sound of pure, unadulterated shock and pleasure. The clicking of the keys stopped for a full second before resuming, slower this time, more erratic.

I pushed deeper, my hips driving forward, sinking the full length of the silicone cock into her. Her body engulfed it, the tight, velvety heat of her a shocking, intoxicating sensation even through the prosthetic. I was inside her. I was possessing her. It was an act of violation, of revenge, and it was the most powerful I had felt since this nightmare began.

I established a rhythm, a slow, deliberate plunging that was designed for maximum friction, for maximum torment. With every thrust, a soft, wet sound echoed in the quiet room, a counterpoint to the frantic clicking of the laptop keys. Her moans were no longer contained, spilling from her lips with every impact—soft gasps, breathy whimpers, frustrated groans. Her body was a warzone, her mind forced to concentrate on lines of code and forum posts while her flesh was being ruthlessly, exquisitely pleased.

Sweat began to bead on her back, tracing the elegant line of her spine. I could feel the friction of the harness against my own clit, a strange, second-hand pleasure that was both deeply weird and intensely arousing. I was fucking my tormentor with a prosthetic dick while my own pussy was getting off on the act. The sheer, fucked-up irony of it all was almost enough to make me laugh.

I leaned forward, my chest pressing against her back, and growled in her ear. “Find me something, Cassie.”

“I’m... trying,” she panted, her fingers fumbling on the keyboard. A typo appeared on the screen, was quickly deleted, and re-typed.

I increased the pace, my thrusts becoming harder, faster, more punishing. The slap of my flesh against hers became a steady, driving beat. She was losing the battle. Her head fell forward, her hair cascading over the laptop screen. Her hips bucked back against me, meeting my thrusts, her body chasing the pleasure her mind was being forced to ignore.

“You’re so wet,” I grunted, pulling out almost to the tip before slamming back into her. “So

ready for this.”

“Fuck... you,” she gasped, but the words were lost in a rising tide of pleasure.

I felt the tell-tale coiling in my own gut, the friction of the harness becoming almost unbearable against my clit. I was close. I looked at my watch. Ten minutes left.

“I’m going to make you cum, Cassie,” I commanded. “And you’re not going to stop working. Not for a second.”

It was the final straw. The combination of the command, the overwhelming physical stimulation, and her own magically-induced horniness was too much. Her body convulsed around the dildo, her inner muscles clenching and pulsing with a violent, shattering orgasm. A raw, ragged scream tore from her throat, a sound of pure, helpless release.

Her climax triggered my own. The wave of pleasure that crashed through me was dizzying, a full-body spasm that started in my pussy and radiated out to my fingertips. I roared, my hips pumping a few final, frantic thrusts before I collapsed against her, panting and spent.

For a long moment, the only sound in the room was our ragged breathing and the faint, resumed clicking of the laptop keys.

I pulled out of her, the sound wet and obscene in the quiet. I unstrapped the harness and tossed it aside. I looked at the time. Twenty minutes left.

She was still on her knees, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm, but her eyes were fixed on the screen, her fingers still moving. I knelt behind her again, my task not yet complete. I grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head back gently.

“Keep looking,” I whispered, my voice a ragged promise.