

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 2: I'm Not Playing Your Games!

The silence in the apartment was a living thing, a suffocating presence that pressed in on me from all sides. It was broken only by the frantic, ragged sound of my own breathing. I stood in the center of my living room, my body a warzone of conflicting sensations: the alien emptiness between my legs, the phantom limb sensation of a dick that was no longer there, and the lingering, shameful thrum of an orgasm that had rewritten the very definition of pleasure in my mind. And floating before me, bathed in a soft, ethereal glow, was the source of my torment, the ghost in my machine. Lyra. She regarded me with an expression of detached, clinical amusement, like a scientist observing a particularly interesting chemical reaction.

My composure, already hanging by a thread, snapped. The terror and confusion curdled into pure, white-hot rage.

“SO HOW THE FUCK DID I GET STUCK WITH THIS FUCKING MAGIC APP?” The words ripped from my throat, raw and loud, echoing off the bare walls of my apartment. It was the desperate roar of a cornered animal.



Lyra's perfect, spectral lips curved into a slow, infuriating smile. She didn't flinch. She didn't even blink. She just floated there, a picture of serene superiority. "The precise mechanism of transference is one of the universe's little mysteries, even to us," she said, her voice a silken, condescending purr. "Sometimes it's a gift. Sometimes it's a curse. Sometimes it's a cosmic clerical error. The 'how' is irrelevant, Eric. The 'why' is what matters. And the 'why' is always the same. To provide us, the celestial audience, with a little entertainment. And to provide you, you fragile, fleeting little mortals, with a chance to... improve yourselves."

"Improve myself?!" I shrieked, my voice cracking. I started pacing, a frantic, caged energy propelling me back and forth across my living room floor. My hands flew to my head, fingers digging into my scalp as if I could physically pull the madness out. "You think this is an improvement?! You took my DICK!" I gestured wildly at my crotch, at the smooth, horrifying emptiness beneath my boxers. "You turned me into a... a... I don't even know what I am!"

I stopped, whirling to face her again, my mind racing, trying to assemble the fractured pieces of this new, impossible reality into something that made sense. "So let me get this straight," I said, the words coming out in a rush. "I have some... some cursed app that's turned me into a Ken doll with a slit. And now, to fix this, I have to complete more of these... these insane challenges to earn 'Gems'?" I made air quotes with my fingers, my voice dripping with sarcasm. "And then I can use these Gems in your little magical item shop to buy my dick back? For ten Gems?"

"That's the gist of it, yes," Lyra confirmed with a nod, her expression one of someone patiently explaining a simple board game to a very slow child. "See? You're a quick study."

The sheer casualness of her confirmation sent another jolt of fury through me. "But why?!" I yelled, my voice rising again. "If this is all about entertaining you freaky, perverted spirits, why the FUCK is it all about transforming me into a woman?!"

A genuine, musical laugh escaped her lips this time. It was a beautiful sound, and I hated it more than anything I had ever heard in my life. "Oh, you sweet, simple boy," she tittered. "That's the delicious irony of your particular situation. The app... it isn't for you. It was never intended for men." She drifted closer, circling me like a shark. "The Reality Weaver, in its purest form, is a tool of feminine ascension. It was designed to find women who are... stagnant. Trapped in the mundane. And it forces them to blossom, to embrace their innate power, their sensuality, their chaos..."

“SO WHY DO I HAVE IT?!” I cut her off, my patience gone. I couldn’t listen to her poetic bullshit for another second.

Lyra’s playful demeanor sharpened for a moment. A flicker of annoyance crossed her spectral face. “Calm down,” she said, her voice losing its melodic quality, becoming flat and cold. “Your hysterical shrieking is becoming tedious, despite how amusing the initial freakout was. Let’s just say... someone, somewhere, thought it would be a far more interesting narrative to bestow this particular gift upon you. For dramatic effect.”



“Dramatic effect,” I repeated, the words tasting like ash in my mouth. “Glad I’m giving you and your ghost friends a great fucking time. Meanwhile, you’ve just ruined my fucking life.” I couldn’t look at her anymore. The sight of her smug, beautiful face made me want to smash something. I turned my back on her and stormed into my bedroom, slamming the door behind me. The sound offered a brief, pathetic moment of satisfaction before the reality of my situation crashed back in. I was alone, in my room, with a vagina. And a ghost.

I collapsed onto my bed, burying my face in my pillow, and let out a long, muffled scream of pure frustration. I needed quiet. I needed to think.

“Oops, sorry. Did you want to be alone?”

I shot up with a yelp, my heart hammering against my ribs. Lyra was there, perched delicately on the edge of my bed, shimmering in the dim light filtering through my window. She hadn't come through the door. She had just... appeared.

"Jesus Christ!" I scrambled away from her, pressing myself against the headboard. "Don't DO that!"



She laughed again, that damnable, chiming laugh. "My apologies. You'll get used to me being around. It's part of the service."

The fight had gone out of me, replaced by a hollow, weary resignation. My mind was too tired to be angry anymore. "Does everyone who gets this... this app... have to deal with a personal poltergeist?" I asked, my voice flat.

"Ouch. Poltergeist? I prefer 'spiritual guide,'" she corrected, a playful glint in her eye. "But to answer your question, no. My colleagues have... different methods. Some prefer to be a disembodied voice, communicating only through the phone's speakers. A bit impersonal, if you ask me. Others manifest as a voice inside the user's head, a constant, internal monologue."

A cold shiver traced its way down my spine at the thought. A voice in my head that wasn't my

own? “That sounds...”

“Maddening?” Lyra finished for me, her smile widening. “Oh, it is. Most of those hosts go completely insane within a few weeks. It becomes impossible to tell where their thoughts end and the spirit’s begin. A fascinating psychological experiment, but not really my style. I prefer a more... personal touch.” She preened, adjusting a non-existent stray lock of her spectral hair. “Besides, there are different versions of the app itself. Each guide customizes their own version, adding their own unique little twists and features. Mine, the ‘New You’ edition, has a few perks I think you’ll come to appreciate.”

A tiny, traitorous spark of curiosity flickered within the vast emptiness of my despair. I was still terrified, still furious, but this was my reality now. Maybe if I understood the rules, I could find a way to win. Or at least, a way to not lose anything else. “What kind of perks?” I asked, the words feeling foreign in my mouth.

Lyra’s eyes lit up. She loved to talk about her work. “Well, for one, I’m particularly proud of my challenge system. With my version, you can accept a new challenge whenever you want. Day or night. No waiting.”

“What does that mean?” I asked, confused.

“Some of the older, more primitive versions are time-gated,” she explained with a dismissive wave of her hand. “One challenge per day, resetting at midnight. It’s so... rigid. So boring. It encourages caution, and caution is the death of entertainment. Of course,” she added, a sly look on her face, “the trade-off is that with my version, you don’t get to choose the difficulty. It’s a random roll of the dice every time. I found that when given the choice, too many users would just grind the easy, low-risk challenges. They’d play it safe. Where’s the fun in that?”

“Great,” I muttered, rolling my eyes. “Randomized torture. Fantastic feature.”

She ignored my sarcasm. “And my challenges are structured differently. The rewards are based on the inherent difficulty of the task. And, naturally, some will be far more difficult for you, given your... anatomical starting point.” She winked, and I felt a hot flush of anger and shame. “But here’s the best part, the real Lyra-brand innovation. Upon successful completion of a challenge, you are offered an optional permanent perk. A little bonus to alter you in some small, positive way. Most other guides only deal in punishments. They’re so dreadfully one-note. All stick, no carrot.”

Her pride was so genuine it was almost sickening. “A positive perk?” I scoffed. “Like ‘No Gag Reflex’? Why the fuck would I want that?”

She rolled her eyes with the dramatic flair of a seasoned actress. “Honey, you have no idea how many women would kill for that trait. It has... applications. And besides, the perks are optional. You don’t have to accept them...”

“What if a challenge is something I physically can’t do?” I cut her off, the question a knot of dread in my stomach. “Like, if a challenge requires a girl’s body part that I don’t have?”

She rolled her eyes and looked off into the distance. “Some versions of the app will temporarily transform the user’s body to allow them to complete a challenge. A man needs to lactate for a task? Poof, he has breasts for an hour. It’s messy. It’s crude. It lacks... finesse. My version is more elegant.”

My head was starting to hurt. “Yeah but it means instant failure...” A slow, wicked smirk spread across her face. She leaned in close, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. “Tough luck.” She winked.

It was too much information, too much insanity to process. My life had been so simple, so predictable just a few hours ago. Now I was discussing the finer points of a supernatural curse with a ghost.

“I also streamlined the Shop,” she continued, oblivious to my impending mental collapse. “So many of my peers clutter their stores with dozens of items, unlocking them at different levels. It’s needlessly complicated. Mine is clean. Elegant. Five permanent items, plus a rotating ‘Daily Deal.’ Simple.”

She held up a translucent hand, ticking off the items on her fingers.

“**Five Gems:** Reroll your current challenge. For when you get something you really don’t want to do.”

“**Ten Gems:** Reverse your most recent punishment. That’s your golden ticket to getting your cock back, darling.”

“**Fifteen Gems:** Alter one minor physical trait about yourself. Boost your IQ a few points, gain a few inches in height... boost your fitness, although you’re already golden there sweetie.”

“Twenty Gems: Alter one minor physical trait about someone else. Fun stuff.”

“Thirty Gems: Alter the mind of another person. Make them more susceptible to your suggestions, make them desire something, forget something...”

“Fifty Gems: Alter one major physical trait about yourself. This is the real deal, serious person-altering changes” Her eyes flickered down to my chest, and I instinctively crossed my arms.

“Seventy Gems: Alter one major physical trait about another person. The possibilities there are... extensive.”

“And one hundred Gems: Possess another person’s body for twenty-four hours. The ultimate joyride.”

She finished her list with a flourish. “And the Daily Deal is always ten Gems. A little grab bag of chaos. Today’s, for instance, is ‘Sympathetic Suffering.’ It allows you to have your latest perk or punishment apply to one other person of your choice. Not that it matters to you right now,” she added, glancing at my phone on the nightstand, where the app’s status screen would undoubtedly show my balance of zero Gems.

My head was pounding. The sheer, terrifying power laid out in that list was staggering. Altering people? Possessing them? This wasn’t just a curse on me; it was a weapon I could turn on the world. The thought was both horrifying and, in a deep, dark part of my mind I didn’t want to acknowledge, vaguely thrilling.

But all of that was overshadowed by the cold, hard reality of my own body. I didn’t have a penis. I had a vagina. The anxiety I had been holding at bay came rushing back in a tidal wave, cold and suffocating.

“Want to do another one?” Lyra asked, her voice bright and cheerful, as if she were offering me a cup of tea. “You could accept a new challenge right now! Get a head start on earning those Gems!”

“Fuck, my head,” I groaned, falling back onto the pillow. The adrenaline had worn off, leaving behind a bone-deep exhaustion. “This is a nightmare. I just... I need to sleep.”

Lyra’s form flickered with disappointment. “Oh. Well, I suppose that’s understandable. The initial shock can be... draining.” She floated up from the bed, drifting towards the closed door.

“The app isn’t going anywhere.”

I closed my eyes, the world spinning behind my eyelids. As I felt myself drifting into the black, welcoming abyss of sleep, her last words echoed in my mind.

Yeah, I thought, a final, despairing thought before consciousness fled. That’s what I’m worried about.

The first thing I felt was warmth. A gentle, comforting heat filtering through my eyelids, the familiar morning sun streaming into my bedroom. I stretched, a groan of satisfaction escaping my lips as my muscles awoke. For a blissful, fleeting moment, everything was normal. I chuckled to myself, a sleepy, morning-after laugh. What a fucking nightmare. A ghost, a magic app, a vagina... My brain really needed to lay off the late-night action movies. My hand slid down my stomach, under the waistband of my boxers... and met nothing.

Just smooth skin. And a slit.

“Oh, fuck.”

It wasn’t a dream.

The memories of the night before came crashing back in, a brutal, horrifying avalanche of reality. Lyra. The challenge. The punishment. The orgasm. It was all real. I was still a man without a penis.

A raw, guttural sound of despair escaped me as I shot upright in bed. And then, a cheerful, musical voice chirped from the foot of my bed.

“Not a dream, buddy!”

I screamed, a high-pitched, embarrassing sound, and scrambled backwards, tangling myself in my sheets. Lyra was there, hovering cross-legged in the air, looking as fresh and radiant as the morning sun. She had a cup of what looked like ethereal, glowing coffee in her hand.

“Stop doing that!” I yelled, my heart trying to beat its way out of my chest.

She took a delicate, spectral sip from her cup. “I told you, you’d get used to it,” she said with a laugh. “They always do. It’s like having a roommate who can walk through walls and knows all

your dirty little secrets.”

Fueled by a fresh wave of impotent rage, I lunged at her, trying to shove her away. My hand passed right through her shimmering form, the air turning ice-cold for a moment before my fingers met empty space. I stumbled, off-balance, and nearly fell off the bed.

Lyra’s playful expression soured. Her form flickered, and for a second, her eyes glowed with an ancient, dangerous light. “Hey,” she snapped, her voice losing all its warmth. “Rude.” The temperature in the room dropped several degrees. Then, just as quickly, she was smiling again, the moment of menace gone as if it had never happened. But I had seen it. And it terrified me.

I disentangled myself from the sheets and stood up, avoiding her gaze. I needed a shower. I needed the shock of hot water on my skin to convince myself I was still alive, that I hadn’t completely lost my mind. I stomped into the bathroom, stripping off my boxers as I went. The shower was my sanctuary, the one place I could be truly alone with my thoughts.

The hot water was a balm, sluicing over my skin, but I couldn’t relax. My eyes were drawn downward, to the alien landscape between my legs. I stood there for a long time, just letting the water run over it, over her. My new pussy. It was a morbid, clinical fascination. I had to understand it. I had to know what had been done to me.

Hesitantly, I reached down. My fingers traced the outer lips, the labia majora. They were soft, fleshy, and surprisingly sensitive. The water cascading over them created a pleasant, tingling sensation. I let my fingers part them, revealing the delicate, pink inner folds, the labia minora. They were slick with water, almost petal-like. Following the folds upward, my fingers found the clitoris. The small, pink nub I had discovered last night. Just brushing against it sent a jolt of electricity through me, a sharp, intense pleasure that made my breath catch in my throat.

“Damn,” I whispered to myself. “It’s like the head of my penis, but... more.” It was like every nerve ending had been concentrated into one tiny, powerful point.

The shower was doing its job. The heat, the steam, the water... it was clearing my head. The panic was receding, replaced by a strange, pragmatic calm. This was my reality now. Freaking out wasn’t going to change it. I had a choice. I could ignore it, pretend it wasn’t happening, and live the rest of my life as a man with a vagina. Or... I could play the game. I could face the challenges, earn the Gems, and buy my body back. It was a terrifying prospect, but for the first time, it felt like a possibility, not just a cruel joke.



My fingers, as if with a mind of their own, began to gently rub the clit in small circles. The pleasure was immediate, overwhelming. A low moan escaped my lips before I could stop it. It was nice. It was too nice. A dangerous, seductive feeling that threatened to make me forget how much I'd lost.

“Enjoying yourself? Being a girl is fun, isn't it?”

I jumped, spinning around with a startled yell. Lyra was there. In the shower with me. Her spectral form was completely unaffected by the water, which passed right through her. She

was just floating there, a few feet away, watching me with a smug, all-knowing grin.

“Oh my god!” I yelled, instinctively covering my new, unfamiliar genitals with my hands. “Are there no boundaries with you?!” The steam and my own mortification made it hard to breathe. “And don’t call me a girl!”

She winked, her form shimmering in the steam. “Sorry, grumpy pants. Just checking in.” With that, she vanished, leaving me alone with my racing heart and a profound sense of violation.

I finished my shower in record time, my sense of peace shattered. When I got out and started to get dressed for work, the reality of my situation hit me all over again. I pulled on a pair of boxer briefs, and the empty space in the front, the pouch designed to cradle a package I no longer possessed, felt like a mockery.

Lyra reappeared, perched on my dresser, as I was buttoning my shirt. “So,” she said, her voice full of forced cheerfulness. “Challenge time?”

“I can’t,” I grumbled, not looking at her. “I have work. It’s Thursday.” I had a presentation to prepare for. I had spreadsheets to analyze. I had to pretend to be a normal man living a normal life.

“Oh, don’t be like that,” she whined, pouting like a spoiled child. “There’s only one way to get back to normal, you know. You have to play.”

I whirled on her, the frustration boiling over again. “And what? Risk another punishment? Risk something even worse happening to me? No. I can’t deal with this right now. I’m going to be late.” I pulled a classic finance-bro quarter-zip sweater over my collared shirt, the familiar uniform a flimsy shield against the chaos that had consumed my life. I grabbed my keys and my wallet, my movements jerky and angry.

I was almost out the door when she appeared in front of me, blocking the exit to my apartment, her form solidifying just enough to seem like a physical barrier. Her expression was no longer playful. It was serious, almost pleading.

“Come on, Eric,” she said, her voice soft. “You know you can’t just ignore this. It won’t go away. You know you want to try.”

For a second, I hesitated. She was right. A part of me, the part that had been so easily seduced by the pleasure in the shower, did want to try. I wanted the thrill, the risk, the chance to win

my life back. But the fear was stronger. The humiliation was too fresh.

I squared my jaw. "I'm not playing your games."

I walked straight through her. The air went cold, a chilling sensation that felt like stepping through a pocket of winter, and then I was in the hallway, the door to my apartment closing behind me.



I didn't look back. I walked to my car, got in, and drove away, my knuckles white on the steering wheel, my mind a storm of fear and regret.

As Eric's car disappeared from the parking garage, the spectral form of Lyra hovered in the now-empty doorway of his apartment. Her shoulders slumped, her usual effervescent energy dimmed to a low, frustrated flicker. A sigh, like the rustle of dead leaves, escaped her.

A soft click came from the apartment next door. The door opened, and Cassie stepped out into the hallway. She leaned against the doorframe, a vision of casual, devastating power. She was wearing a simple, cream-colored cashmere lounge set, the soft fabric doing little to conceal the magnificent, impossible curves of her body. Her breasts, full and heavy, strained against the thin

knit of her top, and the matching pants clung to a waist so narrow it seemed to defy the laws of physics, before flaring out to hug the generous swell of her hips and ass. She held a steaming mug in one hand, the picture of domestic tranquility, but her eyes were sharp, intelligent, and focused entirely on the dejected spirit.

“So?” Cassie’s voice was a low, melodious purr. “How’s it going?”



Lyra turned, her form wavering. “His initial reaction was golden,” she admitted, a hint of her usual enthusiasm returning. “Textbook panic, denial, rage... all the greatest hits. But then... nothing. He shut down. He’s just... ignoring it.”

Cassie took a slow sip from her mug, her eyes narrowing in thought. She rolled them, a gesture of

fond exasperation. “Classic Eric,” she said, the name rolling off her tongue with a familiar disdain. “He was always like this. Avoidant. If a problem was too big, too uncomfortable, he’d just pretend it didn’t exist, hoping it would magically disappear. A leaky faucet, an unpaid bill, my complete and utter sexual dissatisfaction... if he ignored it hard enough, in his mind, it wasn’t real.” She pushed herself off the doorframe, the movement causing a hypnotic jiggle of her chest.

“Also Cassie,” Lyra continued “no offence, but how on Earth did the old you get a guy like this? He’s not a model or anything, but he’s still quite attractive.” Cassie chuckled. “He wasn’t always like this, Lyra. He’s definitely aged well as he’s approached his late-twenties.” Lyra offered a playful smirk, then turned back towards the hallway, staring off at where Eric had just left.

“Maybe this was a mistake,” Lyra lamented. “I know you bought this apartment and went to all this trouble, but maybe he was a bad choice. He’s too... vanilla. Too boring. He doesn’t have the spark.”

Cassie dismissed the idea with a wave of her hand, the gesture both elegant and final. “No,” she said, her voice firm, confident. “Trust me. We’ll get him. He’s a fortress of denial, but every fortress has a weak point. We just haven’t found his yet.” A slow, predatory smile spread across her face, the same smile she’d worn in the rooftop café. A plan was taking shape behind her eyes, intricate and beautiful in its cruelty.



“He’s avoidant, yes. But he’s also a man. A simple, predictable man, driven by simple, predictable urges. We don’t need to break down his walls from the outside. We need to give him a reason to want to tear them down himself. We just need to give him a reason to need his dick back. Sooner, rather than later.”

The day was a special kind of hell. Every mundane detail of my office job was thrown into sharp, agonizing relief by the cosmic horror unfolding in my pants. The fluorescent lights seemed to hum with a mocking frequency. The mindless chatter of my colleagues felt like a broadcast from a different planet. I was an alien pretending to be human, and the fear of being discovered was a constant, low-grade fever.

Even the simple act of holding my bladder felt different. The sensation was... internal. A pressure deep inside my pelvis, rather than the familiar, localized feeling I was used to. I’d peed in the shower that morning, standing up out of sheer, stubborn habit, which had resulted in a messy, sprayed disaster all over my shins. I knew I couldn’t avoid the inevitable forever.

Around ten o’clock, the coffee I’d chugged to stay awake made its demands known. There was no choice. I walked to the men’s room, my steps feeling heavy and fraudulent. I went into a stall, the click of the lock sounding like a prison door slamming shut. And I sat down. On a public toilet. To pee. It felt so deeply, fundamentally wrong. I stared at the back of the stall door, covered in juvenile graffiti, and felt a profound sense of dislocation, as if I were a passenger in my own body.

Lyra, of course, chose that moment to make her presence known.

“First time?” she whispered, her voice echoing faintly in the small, tiled space. I didn’t see her, but I could feel her, a sudden cold spot in the air next to me.

I jumped, nearly peeing on my own pants. “Go away,” I hissed under my breath, my heart pounding.

“Just making an observation,” she chirped. “You’re a natural. Good posture.”

“Someone will see you,” I whispered frantically, looking around, even though I knew the stall was empty.

“Relax,” her voice cooed, seemingly from the ceiling now. “I can control who sees me. To

everyone else in this dreary little office, you're just a man in a bathroom stall, having a slightly-longer-than-average poop. They can't see the beautiful, ethereal spirit guiding you on your journey of self-discovery."



I finished as quickly as I could and fled the bathroom, my face burning with humiliation.

The day dragged on. I tried to lose myself in my work, to find comfort in the familiar logic of spreadsheets and financial projections. And for brief, blessed moments, it almost worked. I'd get lost in a complex calculation, and for a few minutes, I'd forget about the V-shaped hole in my soul. But the feeling would never last. Lyra would pop up, a shimmering distraction over my computer monitor, asking inane questions.

"So, that's Brenda from accounting? Her aura is a fascinating shade of beige. Does she ever feel joy?"

"That guy, Steve. He's cheating on his wife. You can see the guilt clinging to him like cheap cologne."

"Ooh, is that Sarah you're texting? She thinks you're cute, but a little boring. You should probably use more emojis."

I'd flinch, or mutter a quiet "shut up," earning strange looks from my colleagues in the open-plan office. I felt like I was losing my mind.



Later that afternoon, I found myself fidgeting with a paperclip, bending it back and forth until the metal grew warm. My mind, despite my best efforts, drifted back to the app. What if I just did one more challenge? The first one, as humiliating as it was, had been... manageable. If I could just earn ten Gems, I could fix this. I could go back to being me. I could wake up from this nightmare.

But then, my thoughts turned darker. What if the next challenge was like the first one? Deepthroat a cock. A wave of nausea rolled over me. I couldn't do that. I just... couldn't. There was a line, and that was so far over it, it was in another dimension. The risks were too high. Another punishment could be even worse. What was worse than losing your dick? Losing your mind? My hands? The possibilities were endless and horrifying. I shoved the thought away, bending the paperclip until it snapped in two.

"Eric."

The voice was deep, gravelly, and far too close. I jumped, startled out of my daydream. My boss, Mr. Mackay, was standing over my desk, his hand on my shoulder. He was a portly man

in his late fifties, with a face that seemed permanently flushed from either high blood pressure or cheap whiskey.

“New client just rolled up,” he said, his tone brusque.

I blinked, confused. “New client? Since when?” We hadn’t signed a major new client in months. The firm was struggling.

Mackay rolled his eyes. “Don’t you read my emails? I sent one out this morning. Signed the papers an hour ago. Popped up out of the blue. Some rich broad, inherited a fortune undisclosed places. Runs a niche but apparently very popular high-end makeup company. ‘Dea,’ or something.” He pronounced it ‘Dee-ah.’

“Dea?” I questioned. It sounded familiar, but I couldn’t place it.

“Yeah, it’s her last name, but it’s also Latin for goddess according to the branding or some shit. I don’t know. All I know is she’s loaded, and God knows we need the business right now. Wealth management is your department, so I need you in this meeting. Now.”

I grumbled a quiet assent, grabbing my notepad and a pen. I followed Mackay towards the glass-walled conference room, my mind already shifting back into work mode, grateful for the distraction. We stepped inside. A few of my colleagues were already there, looking unusually alert and attentive. And then, she walked in.

And the world stopped.

It wasn’t just that she was beautiful. That word was inadequate, a pale imitation of the reality standing before me. She was a physical event. A force of nature. She was tall, with raven-black hair that fell in soft waves around a face that was a perfect, heartbreaking symphony of sharp angles and soft curves. Her eyes were large and intelligent, the color of warm whiskey, and her lips were full and looked impossibly soft.

But it was her body that defied comprehension. She wore a simple, sleeveless brown dress that clung to her figure like a second skin. It showcased a pair of breasts so large and perfectly shaped they seemed to have been sculpted by a god who had a particular fondness for spheres. They swelled proudly above a waist that was impossibly, ethereally tiny, before her hips flared out in a breathtaking curve that promised power and fertility and things I couldn’t even begin to put into words. Every man in the room, myself included, was staring, our jaws

slack, our higher brain functions completely short-circuited.

She moved with a liquid grace, a confidence that was both utterly commanding and effortlessly feminine. A faint, intoxicating scent of jasmine and something else, something warm and spicy and deeply expensive, trailed in her wake.

My boss, for once in his life, seemed at a loss for words. He cleared his throat, straightening his tie. “Everyone, this is our new client, Felicia Dea.”

“Just Felicia is fine,” she said, her voice a low, smooth melody that sent a shiver straight down my spine. She smiled, a dazzling, perfect smile, and the collective IQ of the room dropped another twenty points.



The meeting was a blur. Mackay talked, my colleagues talked, but I could barely follow the conversation. My entire being was focused on her. On the way she crossed her legs, the way she tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear, the way her lips moved when she spoke. And then, a familiar, and now horrifying, sensation started deep in my groin. A warmth. A dampness. My new body was reacting to her, betraying me in the most intimate way possible. My pussy was getting wet. God, I'll never get used to that. I shifted uncomfortably in my chair, trying to cross my legs, trying to will the feeling away.



After the meeting, as everyone was shaking hands and making small talk, I saw my chance. I had to talk to her. I didn't know what I would say, but I knew I had to try. But she was a whirlwind of quiet efficiency, gathering her things, having a final, brief word with Mackay, and then she was gone, a lingering scent of jasmine the only proof she had ever been there.

Damn.

The rest of the day was a write-off. I stared at my screen, but all I could see was her face. Her body. I replayed our brief, one-sided encounter in my mind a dozen times. Who was I kidding? Even if I had talked to her, a woman like that wouldn't look twice at a guy like me. And even if, by some miracle, she did... what then? Let's not forget, I thought, with a fresh, bitter wave of despair, that I don't even have a dick to use with her. The thought was a cold, hard slap in the face.

I trudged home from work, feeling more defeated than ever. The brief flicker of hope I'd felt in the morning was gone, extinguished by the reality of my situation and the impossible beauty of a woman I could never have.

I unlocked the door to my apartment, my shoulders slumped. As I pushed it open, a door opened next to mine. I hadn't even realized anyone had moved into the apartment that had

been vacant for months. Probably some student. I turned, ready to give a neighborly nod, maybe introduce myself.

“Oh, you must be my new neighbor,” I started, my voice on autopilot. “Hi, I’m...” I held out my hand for a handshake, turning my head as I spoke.

The woman who had stepped out of the apartment turned to face me.

And my brain stopped working for the second time that day.

It was her. Felicia.

My words died in my throat. My hand hung stupidly in the air. She lives next to me?!

She smiled, that same devastating smile from the conference room. It seemed warmer now, somehow more genuine. She reached out and took my offered hand, her grip firm and her skin impossibly soft. “You’re...?” she prompted, her whiskey-colored eyes sparkling with amusement.



“Oh. Uh. Eric,” I stammered, feeling like a complete idiot. “Sorry.”

She laughed, a light, musical sound. “It’s okay. I’m Felicia.” She shook my hand, and a jolt of electricity shot up my arm. “Say...” she said, tilting her head, a playful, curious look on her face. “You look familiar. Wait, do you work at...?”

“Mackay & Caldwell,” I finished for her, my voice barely a whisper. “Yeah. I do. I was in the meeting today.”

Her eyes widened in recognition. “Oh, that’s right! You’re one of the people on my account! What are the odds?”

“Yeah, what are the odds?” I said, my mind still struggling to catch up. I felt like I was in a dream. I awkwardly gestured at the apartment building. “What, uh... what brings you to a place like this? No offense, it’s just... not exactly the penthouse suite.”

She laughed again, and the sound made my knees feel weak. “Oh, I’m just here for work, mainly. We’re launching a new product line this month, and I needed a quiet, private place to crash that was close to the new marketing office. This was perfect. And it’s conveniently close to your office, too.” She gave me a playful, conspiratorial look. “Don’t go spying on me now, will you?”

I managed a weak, idiotic chuckle. “No, of course not.” I was about to make my excuses and retreat into my apartment to hyperventilate in private, when she spoke again.

“Look,” she said, her voice dropping a little, becoming more intimate. “This is going to sound forward, but... I’ve been a little lonely lately. My husband and I just split, and it’s been... a lot.” A flicker of something sad and vulnerable crossed her face, and my heart lurched. “Maybe this is a sign. That I should be getting back out there.” She looked me straight in the eye, and the intensity of her gaze made it hard to breathe. “Are you free tonight?”

My brain went completely offline. The question hung in the air between us, a beautiful, impossible promise. I think I made a sound, a sort of choked gasp. I nodded dumbly.

She smirked, a slow, sensual curve of her lips. “Cool,” she said. “Your place? Nine o’clock? Maybe we could watch a movie.” She gave me a wink, a gesture so loaded with implication that it sent a bolt of pure, unadulterated lust straight to my groin. My traitorous pussy immediately responded, a hot, slick throb of arousal.

Is she hinting at sleeping with me? With me?

I nodded again, my voice having completely abandoned me.

“See you then, Eric,” she said with another dazzling smile. Then she turned and disappeared into her apartment, the soft click of her door leaving me standing alone in the hallway, my world completely upended for the third time in twenty-four hours.

I stumbled into my own apartment, my mind a whirlwind of disbelief and elation.

“Well, what’s got you looking so smug?”

Lyra was lounging on my couch, flipping through a magazine that seemed to be made of pure light. I’d forgotten she was there. For a moment, my excitement overrode everything else.

“You are not going to BELIEVE what just happened!” I blurted out, a wide, goofy grin spreading across my face. “The most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my entire life, this goddess, this absolute ten-out-of-ten, she just moved in next door! And she’s coming over tonight! For a movie! She basically just asked to sleep with me!”

And then, halfway through my triumphant declaration, I remembered.

The smile vanished from my face. The elation evaporated, replaced by a cold, crushing despair that was a hundred times worse than before.

My pussy.

I couldn’t sleep with her. I couldn’t get lucky. Not without a dick.

Oh, God. I was going to blow my one chance, my miracle shot, to sleep with the sexiest woman on the planet. I sank onto the couch, my head in my hands, a groan of pure agony escaping me.

I sat there for what felt like an hour, my mind racing. What could I do? Could I tell her? ‘Hey, Felicia, really excited for our date, just a heads-up, I have a vagina.’ Yeah, right. Could I fake a headache? A family emergency? Cowardly. Pathetic. The clock on the wall ticked loudly, each second a hammer blow counting down to my inevitable humiliation. It was already past six. She’d be here in less than three hours.

Lyra, who had been watching my mental breakdown with detached interest, finally spoke. Her voice was soft, seductive, a serpent’s whisper in the ruins of my hope.

“You know...” she said, her form drifting over to me. “There is a way to get your dick back before she gets here.”

I looked up at her, my eyes wide with a desperate, terrible hope. I had no choice. This was my only shot. Fuck the risk. Fuck the consequences. I needed my dick back. Now.

I grabbed my phone, my hands shaking. I opened the app. The glowing purple icon seemed to pulse with a life of its own. Without letting myself think, without giving my fear a chance to talk me out of it, I tapped ‘Challenges’ and hit ‘ACCEPT’.

The screen flashed. New text appeared.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *In the next hour, moan so loudly from an orgasm that your neighbor can hear you.*

Time Remaining: 59:59

Reward:

5 Gems, 50 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *Voice of Honey (Your speaking voice becomes incredibly seductive and pleasant to listen to.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Moan-a-Lisa (You are compelled to moan softly whenever you experience any strong emotion, positive or negative.)*

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I whispered, the words a mix of horror and disbelief. My neighbor? Felicia? She was going to think I was a complete psycho.

“Technically, you have two neighbors,” Lyra pointed out helpfully. “There’s the apartment on the other side.”

“My other neighbor is a ninety-year-old man who’s deaf as a post and is in Florida for the winter!” I hissed. “He’s never home!”

It had to be Felicia. There was no other way. My mind reeled. The punishment was horrifying.

Moaning every time I felt anything? I'd be a social pariah. But the reward... five Gems. Halfway there. It was so close. And Felicia... the thought of her, just a thin wall away...

"Fuck it," I said, the words a prayer and a curse.

I stood up, my body moving with a grim, determined purpose. I stripped off my work pants and boxers, tossing them on the floor. I walked into my bedroom and knelt on the floor, pressing my ear against the wall I shared with her apartment. I could sort of make out some sounds from her apartment.

This was going to be the most humiliating moment of my entire life.



My hand, trembling slightly, drifted down between my legs. I had masturbated as a man thousands of times. It was a simple, mechanical act. This... this was different. This was uncharted territory. I was a fumbling teenager again, learning the secrets of a brand new body.

My fingers found my clit. I started rubbing, my movements clumsy and uncertain. The pleasure was there, instant and sharp, but my mind was too preoccupied with the goal. I had to be loud. How the hell was I supposed to be loud? I tried to moan, but the sound that came out was a pathetic, forced groan, like I was lifting something heavy. It sounded ridiculous. It sounded like a man pretending to have an orgasm.

This wasn't working. I needed to focus. I closed my eyes, trying to block out the humiliation, trying to lose myself in the sensation like I had in the shower. I thought about Felicia. Her smile. Her eyes. The way her dress clung to her hips. The thought sent a fresh wave of heat through me. My pussy, already damp, grew slicker.

I changed my technique. I used my thumb on my clit, moving in slow, deliberate circles, while my index and middle fingers slipped inside my vagina. The feeling of being filled, even by my own fingers, was still a shock, a deep, satisfying pressure that sent ripples of pleasure up my spine. I pushed my fingers in and out, establishing a rhythm, coordinating it with the circling of my thumb.

The pleasure began to build, a rising tide of sensation that was slowly drowning out my conscious thought. The sounds started to come on their own now. Not forced groans, but soft, breathy gasps. My hips began to buck, meeting the thrust of my own fingers. I was losing control.

"Louder," Lyra's voice whispered from somewhere behind me. "She can't hear you yet."

Her voice broke the spell for a second, but the pleasure was too strong to ignore. I pushed harder, faster. I thought about Felicia hearing me. The thought was so mortifying it was almost arousing. I imagined her, lying on her bed, listening to these strange, pathetic sounds coming through the wall.

The gasps turned into moans. Real ones. They were still quiet, but they were growing in volume, escaping my lips without my permission. My back arched, my fingers a blur of motion. I was close. So close. The pressure in my gut was coiling into a tight, unbearable knot. I

needed to be loud. I needed to let go.

With a final, desperate push, I gave in completely. The orgasm hit me like a freight train, a blinding, white-hot explosion of pure bliss. And with it, a scream tore from my throat, a raw, high-pitched sound of pure, unadulterated pleasure. It was a sound I had never made before, a sound that didn't belong to my male voice, but it was ripped out of me all the same. It went on and on, echoing in the small room, before I collapsed onto the floor, trembling and gasping, my body slick with sweat.

A moment later, I heard it. A soft, but distinct, series of knocks on the wall. Thump. Thump. Thump.

And then, a muffled voice, clearly annoyed. Felicia's voice. "Hey! Keep it down in there!"

A wave of shame so profound it was physically painful washed over me. Oh, God. She heard me. She heard everything. But then, a different thought pushed through the mortification. I did it.

I scrambled for my phone. On the screen, a triumphant notification glowed.

Challenge Complete!

Reward: 5 Gems, 50 XP

A new screen appeared, asking if I wished to accept the optional perk, 'Voice of Honey.' My cursor hovered over the 'ACCEPT' button. A seductive voice... that could be useful. But then, a paranoid thought struck me. What if it made my voice... feminine? Higher? I couldn't risk it. Not now. I hit 'DECLINE.' Lyra let out an audible sigh of disappointment from across the room.

I looked at my status. 5 Gems. 50 XP. I was halfway there.

A manic energy surged through me. That wasn't so bad. I mean, it was hideously embarrassing, but it was over in a few minutes. I could do this. Felicia was coming over at nine. It was only six-thirty. I had plenty of time. If the challenges were all this quick, I could do another one right now, get the other five Gems, and be back to normal with an hour to spare. I was feeling confident. I was on a roll.

Without a second's hesitation, I navigated back to the challenge screen and accepted a new one. I could do this. It might be embarrassing, but I could get over it. My dick was on the line.

The screen flashed.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Within the next hour, fill a standard coffee cup with your own breast milk.*

Time Remaining: 59:58

Reward: 25 Gems, 250 xp

Optional Perk for Completion: *Lactate On-Command*

Punishment for Failure: *Permanent Lactation (Your nipples will become permanently engorged and will constantly leak milk.)*

The confidence vanished, replaced by a cold, stomach-plummeting dread.

“What the fuck?!” I screamed at the phone. “Breast milk?! I can’t lactate!”

Lyra’s laughter echoed from the living room. “That’s the risk of the random roll, buddy!” she called out. “And that’s why it’s worth twenty-five Gems! High risk, high reward!”

I stared at the screen, my mind racing. Twenty-five Gems. It was more than enough. But the task was impossible. And the punishment... my God, the punishment. Permanently leaking nipples? I’d be a freak. A walking, talking medical anomaly. I couldn’t fail. But I couldn’t possibly succeed.

My eyes darted around the screen, searching for an escape. And then I saw it. The Shop. The first item. Reroll Challenge: 5 Gems.

It was my only hope. My only way out. It was a gamble. A stupid, desperate gamble, spending the very Gems I had just humiliated myself to earn. But the alternative was unthinkable.

“Ooh, getting risky,” Lyra cooed, appearing in the doorway, her arms crossed.

“Shut up,” I snarled, my thumb hovering over the purchase button. “This is your fault. I knew I shouldn’t have messed with this.”

I closed my eyes and tapped the screen. The phone chimed, confirming the purchase. My Gem

balance dropped to zero.

The screen flashed again. A new challenge appeared.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *In the next hour, get professionally fitted for a bra that fits you correctly.*

Time Remaining: 59:57

Reward: 10 Gems, 100 xp

Optional Perk for Completion: *Bra Whisperer (You can guess any woman's bra size with perfect accuracy.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Necessary Support (Grow a pair of sensitive, perky B-cup breasts.)*

For a second, I just stared at it. A bra fitting? It was weird, it was embarrassing, but it was... doable. Right? It was better than lactating. And the reward... ten Gems. Exactly what I needed.

I looked at the clock. 6:45 PM. The stores in the nearby mall closed at 7:30. I had no time to think, no time to worry. I was a man of action.

I threw on clothes, grabbed my keys and wallet, and sprinted out of my apartment, a new, desperate hope surging through me.

The lingerie store was a nightmare of lace and silk and soft pink lighting. I walked in, feeling like a bull in a china shop. A young sales assistant with bright purple hair and a nose ring looked up from folding a pile of panties, her expression a mixture of boredom and suspicion.

"Can I help you?" she asked, her tone making it clear she'd rather be doing anything else.

"Uh, yeah," I said, my voice coming out as a nervous squeak. I cleared my throat. "I need... I need to get a bra fitted."

Her eyebrows shot up. Then a slow, knowing smirk spread across her face. "Ooh, okay," she said, her voice dropping conspiratorially. "I get you." She winked. "Right this way."

“What the fuck does that mean?” I muttered under my breath as I followed her.

She led me to a section of the store filled with padded bras and silicone inserts. “So, we have these,” she said, gesturing to the wall of fake cleavage. “They can help you create the illusion of breasts. Let me guess, first time in drag?”

“What? No,” I said, shaking my head. “It’s not for drag. I need a bra fitted for... for my actual chest.”

She looked at me, her head tilted, her expression one of profound confusion. “Your... pecs?”

“Yes,” I said, my patience wearing thin. “Why?”

“Look, mister,” she said, her professional smile faltering. “Whatever kind of weird game you’re playing, it’s not funny. We don’t size up men, okay? This is a serious establishment for women, not a playground for guys to come in and get their kicks sexualizing us.” She started lecturing me, her voice getting louder, attracting the attention of other shoppers. It was no use.

I fled the store, my face burning. I tried one more, a high-end boutique on the other side of the mall. The result was the same. A frosty, dismissive refusal. As I walked out, I saw the metal security gates rolling down over the storefronts. The mall was closing. It was over.

I got back to my apartment at 7:40, defeated. I had gambled with the devil, and I had lost. Serves me right. But Felicia... God, what was she going to think? My one chance, and I had ruined it before it even began.

I walked into my bedroom and collapsed onto the bed, staring at the ceiling as the timer on my phone ticked down to zero. The punishment was coming. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

At 7:45, the app chimed, a cheerful, mocking sound.

Challenge Failed. Punishment Active.

I held my breath, waiting. And then, I felt it. A strange, tingling warmth spreading across my chest. It wasn’t painful. It was... weird. I sat up and pulled off my sweater and shirt, staring at my chest in the dim light of my bedside lamp.

My pecs, the product of years of bench presses and push-ups, were softening. The hard,

defined muscle was melting away, like wax near a flame. The skin felt tight, sensitive. I watched, horrified and fascinated, as the flesh began to swell, pushing outward from my ribcage. My nipples, which had been small, flat discs of brownish skin, began to change. They darkened, puckering and growing, becoming more prominent, more... sensitive. Every brush of air against them sent a strange, not-unpleasant shiver through me.



The growth was slow, steady, and undeniable. Two soft, round mounds of flesh were forming on my chest. They weren't huge, but they were unmistakably breasts. They were firm, perky, with a slight upward tilt, and perfectly shaped. When the tingling finally subsided, I was left with a pair of perfect, sensitive B-cup breasts.

I reached out a trembling hand and touched one. It was soft, yielding. I squeezed gently, and a jolt of pleasure, mingled with a profound sense of horror, shot through me. This was my body now. A man with a vagina and breasts.

I tried on a few shirts. My button-downs were tight across the chest now, the fabric pulling awkwardly. A sweater, however, concealed them reasonably well. If you weren't looking for them, you might not notice. But I knew they were there. I could feel their slight weight, the

way they moved when I moved.

And then, I heard a knock at the door.

My blood ran cold. I looked at the clock. 8:00 PM. Felicia. She was an hour early.

I threw on a thick, dark grey sweater, my heart hammering against my new, sensitive chest. I took a deep breath and opened the door.

She was there, looking even more stunning than she had at the office. She had changed into a comfortable-looking cream-colored sweater and matching sweatpants. Even in lounge wear, she was a goddess.



“Hey,” she said with a warm smile. “I know I said nine, but I was just so bored in my apartment. I hope it’s okay that I’m early.”

“No, yeah, it’s fine,” I stammered, stepping aside to let her in.

“Oh, good,” she said, stepping inside. “You’re all cozy and ready for a movie night.” She gestured to my sweater. She walked into my living room and sat on the couch, making herself at home with a startling familiarity.

We watched a movie. It was a stupid action-comedy I’d seen a dozen times, but watching it with her felt different. She was easy to be around, funny and smart. And there was something else... something weird. She seemed to know me already. The way she spoke, the rhythm of her conversation, it all felt... familiar. I shrugged it off. I had more important things to worry about. Like the two new additions to my chest that were currently screaming for attention under my sweater.



As the credits rolled, a nervous energy filled the room. This was it. The moment of truth. My pussy was throbbing. My new nipples were aching. I wanted her. So badly. Maybe she wouldn’t notice the tits. Maybe she was bi and would be into the whole vagina thing. I was too horny to care anymore. It was now or never.

I turned to face her, my heart pounding. I leaned in.

She put a hand on my chest to stop me, her touch gentle but firm. It sent a jolt of electricity through me, right to my sensitive new nipple.

“Whoa, whoa, easy there, tiger,” she said, her voice soft. “I just said a movie.” Then she looked at my face, at my crestfallen expression, and she laughed. It wasn’t a mean laugh, but it was a laugh all the same. “Oh, God, I always do this,” she said, shaking her head. “People are always telling me I give mixed signals. I’m so sorry. You’re really nice, Eric, and this was fun, but I’m not interested in anything right now. Fresh out of a breakup, you know?”

I pulled back as if I’d been burned, my face a mask of pure, unadulterated humiliation. “Oh. Right. Yeah. No, I get it. Sorry.”

“Hey, it’s all good, buddy,” she said, giving my arm a friendly, playful punch. “Honestly, it’s flattering.”

She stood up, stretched, and walked to the door. “Thanks for the movie night, neighbor,” she said with a final, friendly smile. And then she was gone.

I stood there in the middle of my living room for a long time, the silence ringing in my ears. Then, slowly, I sank onto the couch.

I did all of that for nothing. I’d humiliated myself, gambled and lost, and permanently altered my body, all for a woman who just wanted to be ‘buddies.’ I hadn’t even had a chance to fuck it up by not having a dick. She was never going to sleep with me anyway.

Slowly, my hands went to my chest, grabbing the soft, unfamiliar mounds of flesh through my sweater. I was stuck with these. I was stuck with a pussy. And I was completely, utterly alone.

“Huh,” a familiar voice mused from the corner of the room. “She’s something, isn’t she?”

Lyra was there, watching me, a thoughtful, calculating expression on her face.

“Shut up,” I whispered, my voice thick with defeat. I fell back against the couch cushions, the weight of my new reality, and my new breasts, crushing me.