

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 8: A New Objective

I stood in Cassie's kitchen watching her. She was still naked, still under my control (for now), and her back to me, leaning over the sleek, white marble of her kitchen island where her laptop sat. The narrow, elegant line of her shoulders, the dramatic, impossible curve of her waist, the two perfect, heart-shaped mounds of her ass... it was a landscape of pure, weaponized beauty. Her fingers flew across the keyboard, a furious, silent clicking that was the only sound in the room.



“Do you have to keep staring at me like that?” she asked, her voice a low, irritated grumble, without turning around.

“Sorry,” I said, and the apology was genuine. “It’s just... you really are fucking perfection.”

She let out a frustrated sigh, a sound that was pure, old-Cassie. “I know,” she grumbled. “It’s literally by design..”

And then, she stopped. Her fingers froze mid-keystroke. Her entire body went rigid for a fraction of a second, a single, sharp intake of breath. Then, a shudder wracked her frame, a violent, full-body tremor, as if she were shrugging off a heavy, invisible coat. The spell was broken. The hour was up.

She shook her head, a slow, dazed movement, and rubbed her eyes with the heels of her hands. “God,” she whispered, her voice thick and weary. “That was... fucking draining.” She turned, and the submissive look was gone, replaced by the familiar, fiery intelligence I was quickly learning to fear. Her eyes, the color of warm whiskey and ancient power, narrowed as they locked onto me.

Before I could even register her intent, she crossed the space between us in two fluid, predatory strides. I flinched, expecting... I don’t know what I expected. Her fist shot out, a blur of motion, and connected squarely with my bicep.



“OW!” I yelled, stumbling back, a sharp, stinging pain radiating up my arm. “Hey, what the fuck?!”

“That’s what you fucking get,” she snarled, her voice a low, dangerous growl. She poked a finger into my chest, her touch a brand of pure, righteous fury. “That’s for having sex with me

without my consent. And for making me your naked, kneeling, horny little research slave for the last hour.”

“Hey!” I shot back, my own anger flaring up to meet hers. I gestured wildly at my own body, at the massive, unnatural breasts straining against my tank top, at the feminine curve of my hips. “You cursed me with this! You turned my life into a fucking nightmare for your own amusement! You don’t get to play the victim here!”

She stared at me for a long, tense moment, her chest rising and falling with her ragged breaths. Then, the hard lines of her face softened, and a slow, wicked smirk spread across her perfect lips. “Okay,” she conceded, a strange, dangerous light dancing in her eyes. “So we’re even.”

She turned her back on me and walked into her bedroom, her movements a symphony of controlled, confident power. I followed her, my arm still throbbing. “So, now that you’re free,” I asked, my voice hesitant, “are you... are you still going to help me?”

She was rummaging through a drawer, pulling out a pair of black, lacy panties and a matching bra that looked like it was spun from shadow and moonlight. She began to get dressed, the simple act a mesmerizing display of casual, unselfconscious beauty. “Of course, I am,” she said, her voice muffled as she pulled a silk camisole over her head. “But I’m not going to be your little search engine anymore. We’re partners in this, Eric. You pull your own weight.”

She walked back into the living room, now fully dressed in a simple but elegant outfit of black silk pants and a matching top that did little to conceal the magnificent swell of her own breasts. She picked up her laptop from the floor where she’d left it. “Here,” she said, handing it to me. “I got you started. There’s a document open on the desktop. I’ve noted down a few links, a few forum posts that seemed... promising. The rest is on you. You do the digging. You tell me when you find a solid lead, and then I’ll help you follow up. Deal?”



“Deal,” I said, taking the laptop. It felt heavy in my hands, a burden and a key all at once.

She then walked over to where Lyra was hovering, her spectral form shimmering with a nervous, apologetic energy. Cassie crossed her arms, her expression stern, like a queen addressing a clumsy but favored courtier.

“I am so, so sorry, Cassie,” Lyra gushed, her voice a torrent of frantic remorse. “I had no idea he was so... clever. I never thought he’d use a Shop item like that, not on you. It’s my fault, I should have warned you, I should have...”

Cassie held up a hand, silencing her. “You really screwed up with this one, Lyra,” she said, her voice sharp but lacking any real venom. “But... it’s okay.” She let out a long sigh, a strange, thoughtful expression on her face. “Honestly? This might be for the best. This new path... finding others... it could be a lot more interesting than just watching Eric stumble through challenges.”

I stood there, watching them, feeling like an intruder in my own life’s drama. “I was... I was worried you’d do more,” I admitted, looking at Cassie. “For revenge.”

She turned to me, a genuine, musical laugh escaping her lips. It was the first honest,

non-malicious laugh I had heard from her. “Please, Eric,” she said, shaking her head. “I told you, I wanted entertainment. And I have to admit... that was VERY entertaining.” A sly, wicked glint appeared in her eyes. “It was fun, being helpless. For the first time in a very, very long time. You were surprisingly... dominant.”

A hot flush crept up my neck. I couldn't help but think about the feel of her body under mine, the sounds she had made. “I still can't get over how much you've changed,” I said, changing the subject, the words coming out before I could stop them. “The way you look, the way you act... but I have to admit, every now and then, I can still see... her. The Cassie I remember. She's in there somewhere, underneath all of... this.”

She smirked, a soft, almost vulnerable expression. “Some parts don't truly change, do they?” she said quietly, more to herself than to me. “Despite godhood.”

The moment of intimacy passed as quickly as it had come. She clapped her hands together, her demeanor shifting back to one of brisk, business-like authority. “Alright, that's enough heart-to-heart for one day. Get the fuck out of my apartment. You have work to do.”

I didn't need to be told twice. I clutched the laptop to my chest and walked out, the door clicking shut behind me.

Back in my own apartment, the sudden quiet was a shock. Lyra appeared a moment later, her arms crossed, a thunderous expression on her spectral face.

“If you ever,” she began, her voice a low, dangerous hiss, “pull a stunt like that again, if you ever use a Shop item to interfere with Cassie, I will...”

“You'll what?” I cut her off, my voice weary and cold. I sank onto my couch, the laptop a heavy weight on my knees. “You've already ruined my fucking life. What more can you possibly do to me?”

She opened her mouth to retort, then closed it. A slow, reluctant smile touched her lips. “Touche,” she conceded.

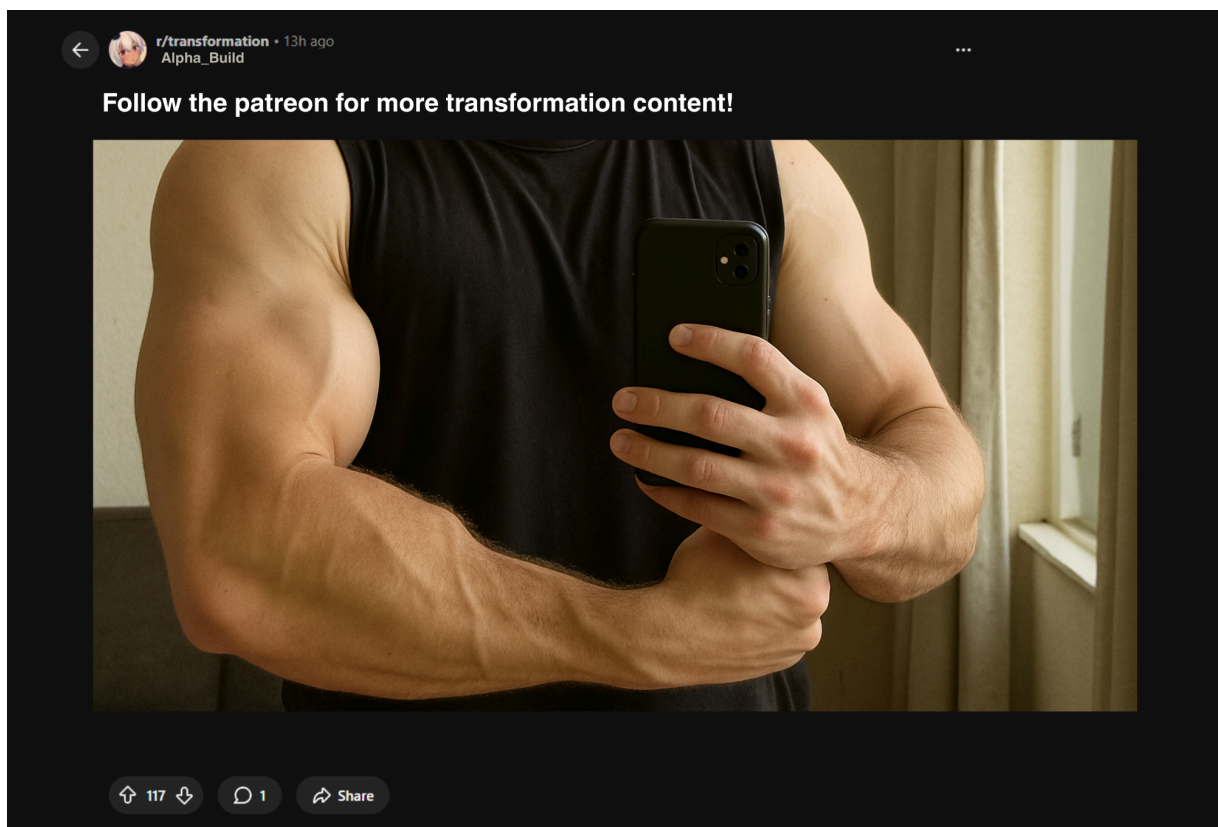
I opened the laptop. Cassie was as good as her word. The document was a meticulously organized list of links, notes, and potential leads. She was a genius, after all. A few Reddit posts on r/breastexpansion stood out immediately. The videos showed a young woman with her breasts growing in a smooth, seamless, and utterly convincing way. The comments were a

predictable mix of awe and skepticism, people debating which AI models or CGI software had been used. The original poster never responded. Interesting. But breast expansion wasn't what I was looking for. I needed the opposite.



There were other links. A story on a forum about a man who claimed a magic ring had turned him into a woman. It was a compelling read, but also not really what I was after even if it were real.

I scrolled further, my eyes scanning the lines of text. And then, I found it. A series of posts on r/transformation by a user named 'Alpha-Build.' The first post was a video of his bicep. It was already muscular, but as the video played, the muscle seemed to swell, to grow denser, the veins becoming more prominent. It was subtle, but undeniable. The next post was a photo. A before-and-after of his penis. The 'before' was... average. The 'after' was a monstrous, thick, veiny slab of meat that looked like it belonged on a different species.



My own body reacted with a strange, confusing pang of... something. Envy? Loss? I pushed the feeling away. This was a solid lead. The comments were a frenzy of disbelief and accusations of Photoshop, but 'Alpha-Build' was coy, deflecting questions with vague, teasing answers. And then, the final piece of the puzzle: a link to a Patreon. 'For my biggest fans,' the description read. 'Subscribers get access to exclusive, uncensored transformation videos. See the growth as it happens.'

Monetizing the app. The thought was both repulsive and brilliant. I glanced down at my own massive, unnatural breasts, and for a fleeting, shameful moment, I wondered how much people would pay to watch me go through these changes.

I was about to click the Patreon link when a strange, deep, aching sensation began to build in my chest. It was a familiar feeling, but this time it was different. More intense. A painful, swollen pressure, as if my breasts were being inflated from the inside.

"Oh, God," I whispered, looking at the time on the laptop. It had been two hours since I accepted that lactation challenge. I'd completely forgotten about it! I looked at Lyra, a silent, desperate plea in my eyes. She just floated there, her expression one of pure, rapt anticipation.

I ripped off my tank top and stared down at my chest as the punishment took effect. They were transforming again, but this time, it was different. It wasn't just about size. My breasts weren't just growing; they were... changing. The flesh was becoming firmer, rounder, the skin stretching taut and hot to the touch. They swelled into a high, perky shape, as if they were being pumped full of some dense, heavy fluid. The ache intensified, a deep, throbbing pain that was almost unbearable. My nipples, already prominent, hardened into tight, sensitive points, growing even larger, darker, and more prominent.



When the transformation finally subsided, I was left with a pair of breasts that were easily a full cup size larger, maybe two, but their shape was the most shocking part. They were perfectly, unnaturally round, like two massive, flesh-covered globes affixed to my chest. They felt dense, firm, and painfully full.

I reached out a trembling hand and gave one a gentle, tentative squeeze.

A thick, creamy-white stream of milk shot from my nipple, splattering against my stomach. And with it came a wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure so intense it made my knees buckle. I yelped, a high-pitched, involuntary sound.



“What the fuck gives?!” I gasped, looking at Lyra.

She was practically drooling, her spectral form shimmering with a vicarious excitement.

“Well,” she explained, her voice a purr of satisfaction, “I find that a little positive reinforcement goes a long way. The Weavers want to encourage certain behaviors, to cultivate a more... sensual reality. Making the act of milking intensely pleasurable? It just seemed like a good way to reinforce sexy, nurturing, feminine behavior.”

“It’s so fucked up,” I muttered, but my body was already betraying me. The pleasure was a

siren's call. I cupped my breast again, my thumb finding the now-aching nipple, and squeezed. Another jet of milk, another wave of bliss. I felt the tell-tale wetness bloom between my legs, my pussy slicking itself in response. My other hand, as if with a mind of its own, drifted down, my fingers slipping under the waistband of my jeans. I began to touch myself, my fingers finding my clit, as I rhythmically milked my own breast into the kitchen sink, the two distinct streams of pleasure converging into a tidal wave of sensation.

I was close, so close to coming, the pleasure almost too much to bear. With a surge of desperate willpower, I stopped. I couldn't lose myself in this. Not now. I looked down. My left breast, now emptied, had shrunk. It was still a breast, but it was smaller, softer, maybe a large B-cup. Holy shit.



I looked at Lyra, my eyes wide with a dawning realization.

“Isn’t that handy?” she chirped, winking. “You can basically control your size. A built-in feature of the punishment. The fuller you are, the bigger they are. It’s a wonderful party trick.”

A manic, giddy energy surged through me. Control. For the first time, I had a measure of control over this monstrous body. Excitedly, I grabbed my other breast and began to milk it, the pleasure a secondary concern now, my focus entirely on the result. When it too was empty, I stood before the mirror.



It was a revelation. My chest was still undeniably female, a pair of soft, perky B-cups, but they were... manageable. Hidden under a baggy shirt, they would be almost unnoticeable. My feminine frame, my pussy... those were still problems. But this... this was a victory.

I threw on a baggy t-shirt and went back to the laptop, my mind buzzing with a renewed sense of hope. I spent the next few hours digging, chasing down leads, falling down internet rabbit holes. I finally settled on two promising contacts. The first was ‘Alpha-Build,’ the Patreon guy. The second was a woman on a different forum, posting under the name ‘NiceNora27.’ Her posts were a frantic, desperate plea for help. She claimed a magic app was turning her into a bimbo against her will. Most people in the comments played into it

seemingly believing it to be a role-playing fantasy, but the fear in her words, the specific, bizarre details she described... they felt all too familiar.

I messaged both of them, a simple, direct message: 'I think I have a similar app that you do. One that is transforming me. We need to talk.' Now, it was a waiting game. I pulled out my phone and found Cassie's number in my phone, a ghost from a past life. I texted her: 'Got two leads. Will update you when they respond.'

A moment later, a reply buzzed back. A single, simple thumbs-up emoji. Well, I thought, a wry smile on my face. Guess that confirms it. It really is her.

I showered, ate a proper meal, and cleaned my apartment, the simple, mundane tasks a comforting anchor in the storm of my life. Before I knew it, it was 5 PM. I looked at the clock, and my heart sank. Phil's birthday.

I looked down at my chest. The milk had already started to replenish, my breasts swelling slightly. I went to the sink and quickly, efficiently milked myself back down to their smallest size. I pulled on a pair of baggy jeans, a loose black t-shirt, and a grey jacket. I looked at myself in the mirror.



It wasn't perfect. My shoulders were still too narrow, my hips too wide. But in a dark, crowded bar, with the jacket hanging by my side hiding my silhouette, and the baggy dark clothes... I could pass for normal.

Fuck it. I was going. I had to wait for a response from the Reddit people anyway. I wasn't going to let this curse turn me into a hermit. It was a risk, if I disappeared, someone might try to stop by and see if I'm okay. Who knows what state they could find me in.

I grabbed my keys and headed out, a nervous, defiant energy propelling me forward.

At the bar, I was a bundle of raw nerves. Before I even found my friends, I bellied up to the bar and ordered two shots of tequila. I slammed them back, the fiery liquid a welcome shock to my system, a liquid courage that I desperately needed.

"Whoa, going hard before you've even said hi? You okay, Eric?"

I jumped, startled, as a heavy arm draped around my shoulder. It was Nate, one of my oldest friends, his face a picture of friendly concern.

"Oh, uh, hey man," I said. I cleared my throat. "Just a long week at work."



"Tell me about it," he said with a grin. "Good to see ya, buddy! How you been?" He gave my shoulder a friendly squeeze, and then his expression shifted, a flicker of confusion in his eyes. "Hey, man... you been skipping the gym? And a few meals?" He looked me up and down, his

gaze lingering on my now-slenderer frame.

Panic flared in my chest. "First round's on me!" I blurted out, a desperate, clumsy deflection.

It worked. His eyes lit up. "Hell yeah! I'll have a beer."

We joined the rest of the group. I wished Phil a happy birthday, apologizing for not saying it earlier. He just laughed and clapped me on the back. "Glad you could make it, man," he said, leaning in close. "And nice to see you're looking a little more... yourself." He gave me a conspiratorial wink. Fuck. He really thought I was a secret cross-dresser.

The night went on. A few more jabs about my apparent weight loss, a few questions about whether I was feeling okay, but for the most part, it was... normal. The baggy clothes, the dim lighting, the alcohol... it was all working. I laughed at their stupid jokes, I talked about work, I drank beer. And for a few, blessed hours, floating on a sea of cheap lager and familiar camaraderie, I almost forgot about the pussy between my legs, about the milk-producing glands in my chest, about the cosmic horror that had consumed my life. I was just Eric. And it felt so, so good.

After a few rounds, someone pointed at me. "Eric's turn!"

"Okay, okay, I'm going," I said with a laugh, getting up from the table.

At the bar, while the bartender was pouring a tray of shots, I pulled out my phone. A new message on Reddit. It was from the bimbo girl, NiceNora27.

'OMG, for real?! I thought I was going crazy! Yes, we need to talk! Can you meet tomorrow? There's a park near me, we can meet there.'

My heart leaped. A solid lead. We quickly set a time and place. Perfect. I'd tell Cassie later.

"You okay there, man?" the bartender asked, giving me a strange look.

"Yeah, why?" I asked, a little tipsy, a little distracted.

"Looks like you spilled some beer on your shirt," he said, gesturing to my chest.

I looked down. There were two small, dark, wet patches on my black t-shirt. I touched one. It was damp. "Oh," I said, my mind a little fuzzy from the alcohol. "Must have been someone else spilling some beer on me." I grabbed the tray of shots and walked back to the table, dismissing

it without a second thought.

A little while later, I was talking to another friend, a guy named Kevin, off to the side of the table. Mid-conversation, he trailed off, a confused expression on his face. “Hey, man...” he said, his voice low. “Are you... are you wearing a bra?”

My blood ran cold. I looked down. The wet beer patches were larger now. But nobody had spilled anything on me had they? Not only that, but my breasts had swelled, creating a distinct, soft, rounded shape under my shirt. My heart sank. From the right angle, it looked exactly like I was wearing a padded bra. That’s when I realized these wet patches weren’t beer, they were milk. Leaking from my nipples.

“And is your shirt wet?” Kevin asked, pointing. “What’s going on, dude?”

Panic, pure and absolute, cut through the alcoholic haze. “Oh, no, it’s just the lighting, I think,” I stammered, standing up abruptly. “Be right back!”

I practically ran to the bathroom, my heart pounding a frantic, desperate rhythm. I stumbled inside, locked the door, and ripped off my hoodie and t-shirt. I stared at my reflection in the grimy mirror. It was a nightmare. My nipples were leaking, two dark, wet circles spreading across the fabric of my shirt. And my breasts were back to a full, noticeable C-cup. Fuck.



There was only one thing to do. I leaned over the sink, my back to the stalls lifting up my shirt and began to milk myself, the familiar, shameful pleasure a jarring contrast to the cold, hard terror gripping my heart. I squeezed, and a stream of milk shot into the sink. The pleasure was intense, making my knees weak and my pussy throb. I just had to get them smaller. I had to get back out there before anyone got suspicious. It shouldn't be much milk.



I was so focused on my task, so lost in the bizarre cocktail of pleasure and panic, that I didn't hear it. The click of a stall door opening. The soft scuff of a shoe on the tiled floor.

Just as I finished, just as my breasts had shrunk back down to their more manageable size, I heard a voice behind me. A voice I knew all too well.

"Eric? What... what the fuck?"

I froze, my hands still cupping my small, wet breasts, the remnants of my own milk swirling in the sink before me. Slowly, I turned.

Phil was standing there, his face a mask of pure, unadulterated shock. His eyes darted from my face, to my hands on my tits, to the milky residue in the sink, and then back to my face.

Fuck.