

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 10: The Only Way Out

The heat of the tarmac was a physical weight, shimmering in waves off the blacktop, but it was nothing compared to the icy glare waiting for us at the top of the stairs. Cassie stood in the doorway of the sleek, silver Gulfstream, her arms crossed beneath the shelf of her breasts, pushing them up into a display of impatient, terrifying perfection. She tapped a stiletto-clad foot, the rhythm echoing like a countdown.

“You’re late,” she stated, her voice cutting through the roar of the engines.

I hoisted my duffel bag, sweating profusely, trying desperately to hide the erratic bouncing of my un-milked chest. “We couldn’t find the private terminal,” I panted, reaching the top step. “I’ve never flown private before. The signage is terrible.” I gestured vaguely behind me at Nora, who was struggling up the stairs in her tight pencil skirt, her hips swaying with a mesmerizing, clumsy rhythm. “Plus, she kept getting distracted by... everything.”

Nora reached the top, breathless and flushed, her glasses slightly askew. She looked past Cassie, her eyes widening as she stared into the cockpit where the pilots were running pre-flight checks. “Ooooh,” she breathed, her voice dropping to a husky, awestruck whisper. “Is that where the, like, pilot man flies the plane? That is so... big.”

Cassie rolled her eyes so hard I thought they might get stuck.

“So sorry!” Nora squeaked, shaking her head as if to clear a fog. “I just... buttons. Shiny.”

“She can’t help it,” I muttered to Cassie, a bite of sarcasm in my tone. “It’s kind of why she’s helping us, remember?”

Cassie’s expression softened from annoyance to a sort of predatory amusement. She extended a perfectly manicured hand to Nora. “I’m Cassie. Try not to touch anything important.”

Nora took the hand, staring at Cassie with unabashed admiration. “Wow,” she said, her gaze raking over Cassie’s impossible hourglass figure. “You have an even sexier body than I do. Like, your waist is tiny.”

Cassie chuckled, a low, throaty sound. "I remember having a bimbo punishment once. 'The Giggle Loop,' I think it was called."

Nora's face lit up. "Omg, you get it! It's like, my brain is there, but my mouth is on, like, a delay!"

Within seconds, the tension evaporated. Cassie, the terrifying goddess, and Nora, the reluctant bimbo, were chatting excitedly about the inconveniences of supernatural hyper-sexuality as they moved into the cabin. I followed, feeling like a grim shadow trailing behind two stars.

The interior of the jet was obscene. Cream leather, polished mahogany, and champagne chilling in a silver bucket. I sank into a seat that cost more than my car, feeling the plush leather groan under my weight.

"If it weren't for the horrific body horror situation," I muttered, looking around, "this would be kinda cool."

Cassie shrugged, settling into the seat across from me, her legs crossing with a sound like silk whispering secrets. "You get used to it."

"I don't think I'd ever get used to this kind of luxury," I said, shaking my head.

Behind us, Nora was leaning over the bewildered flight attendant. "So, like, if we go really high, does the champagne get bubbles faster? Because of the physics?"

As the jet roared down the runway and climbed into the sky, the atmosphere shifted. Cassie turned her gaze to me, her eyes sharp and business-like.

"Alright," she said. "Let's talk strategy. We're flying blind into Miami. Step one is confirming this 'Alpha-Build' guy is real and not just some talented CGI artist living in his mom's basement."

She looked toward the empty seat next to me, where a shimmer of air indicated Lyra's presence. "You could just tell us if he's a user, you know," Cassie said dryly. "Save us the legwork."

Lyra materialized, lounging in the air upside down, her hair defying gravity. "Yeah, I could," she grinned. "But where is the fun in that? Spoilers are tacky."

Cassie glared at the spirit before turning back to me. "Okay. Assuming he is real. What then?"

“I guess we try and kidnap him?” I suggested, keeping my voice low. “Wait for him to leave his apartment, grab him, ask him what he knows? Then we force him to accept a challenge...”

“Seriously?” Cassie cut me off, looking at me with disdain. “Eric, look at you.”

I looked down. My arms, once thick with gym-honed muscle, were now slender and soft. My shoulders had narrowed. I was strong for a woman, maybe, but compared to the hulk I had seen in Alpha-Build’s videos, I was a twig.

“Not only could the three of us not hold down a man of his size,” Cassie continued, “but even if we did, he could just refuse to comply. The app requires intent. And if we tell him about the trait swapping... he has his own app, remember? He could try to swap his bad traits onto you. We don’t know what kind of active punishments he’s juggling.”

“So what do you suggest?” I asked, frustration bubbling up.

Cassie smiled, a slow, dangerous expression that made my blood run cold. “You’re going to need to seduce him.”

“What?” I choked.

“You need to complete a challenge on him,” she explained, her voice calm and logical. “The code mesh happens during the completion of a challenge, right? That’s the vulnerability window. If you seduce him, if you get him into bed under the guise of a hookup, he won’t be guarding his psychic firewall. He’ll be thinking with his dick. That’s when you swap the traits. When he’s distracted.”

“How do you expect me to do that looking like this?” I hissed, gesturing to my mask, my hat, and my baggy clothes. “I’m a freak! Half-man, half... this!”

“You’ll have to play to your strengths,” she said, her eyes raking over my covered chest. “And maybe become more of a woman first. Or at least... more convincing than this.”

The conundrum hit me like a physical blow. To get my manhood back, I had to be woman enough to seduce a hyper-masculine alpha male. If I failed, I’d be stuck even deeper in this hole. But if it worked...

“We don’t even know how the trait swapping code meshing works,” I argued, grasping for straws. “Let alone if it’s possible.”

We both looked back at Nora. She was currently holding a champagne flute up to the light, giggling at the bubbles.

“It’s either test it on her,” Cassie said ruthlessly, “or try it in the field with Alpha-Dude and risk losing everything.”

I sighed, sinking back into the leather. “Guess that’s my only option.”

An hour later, I was sitting with Nora in the back of the plane. Cassie was pretending to read a magazine, but I knew she was listening.

“I want to test that this actually works,” I explained softly. “With you. Before I try it on a stranger.”

“But you don’t want to become a silly bimbo like me,” Nora said, her face crumpling with genuine concern. “Trust me, Eric, it’s like... really hard to do math sometimes.”

“I know,” I said gently. “But we need to know if the swap mechanism is real. What active transformations do you have right now?”

She handed me her phone. I took it, scrolling through her status screen. It was a terrifying list of enforced feminization.

ACTIVE PUNISHMENTS (Permanent Negative Traits):

Cognitive Drift (Mental): Complex thoughts replaced by "like" and "totally."

Sexual RAM (Physiological): IQ drops the longer user goes without orgasm.

The Pneumatic Lift (Physical): Breasts permanently perky, round, and projecting. Compulsion to arch back.

Filter Face (Physical): Features altered to resemble a social media filter.

Giggle Loop (Behavioral): Involuntary giggling when confused.

Ass-thetics (Physical): Rapid fat redistribution to glutes and thighs.
Hip-swaying gait.

Submission Subroutine (Psychological): Dopamine rush from obeying authority.

Lip Service (Behavioral): Oral fixation.

Blonde Ambition (Physical): Hair is permanently platinum blonde.

UNLOCKED PERKS:

Silicon Valley Siren: Effect on STEM males.

Gag-B-Gone: No gag reflex.

Auto-Pout: Photogenic instinct.

Tech-Touch: Fast typing with nails.

I shuddered. It was a laundry list of degradation. "I don't really want any of these," I admitted. "But... I guess the ass one? 'Ass-thetics'? That seems the most... harmless? Can we test it by me taking that?"

Nora frowned, looking down at her own backside. She patted her hip. "I kind of want to keep that one," she said. "It makes my skirts look really good."

"Nora," I snapped, annoyed. "I thought you wanted to go back to normal?"

"I do!" she whined. "I don't know, it's hard to think. It's been a day since I've cum, and the Sexual RAM is kicking in. But like... I think I want some enhancements still? Just mainly the bimbo stuff needs to go."

“Fine,” I sighed. “Is there any trait you’re willing to give me that isn’t a mental lobotomy?”

She scrolled through her list, tapping her chin with a manicured nail. “You can have the booby one!”

“I definitely do not want more breast augmentations,” I said firmly. My current situation was bad enough without them defying gravity.

“Fine,” she huffed. “How about the hair? The blonde one?”

I looked at her shimmering platinum locks. “Okay,” I said. “It’s probably the least offensive one. It’s just hair dye, basically.”

“Okay, so what, we just have sexy time?” she asked, her voice raising a little too loudly.

“No,” I hushed her. “Remember? We need to complete a challenge on the target. That opens the connection.”

“Oh, duhhh,” she giggled, twirling a strand of hair. “Right. Sorry.”

“So which one of us is doing a challenge?” I asked.

“Not me!” she squeaked.

“Let’s flip a coin,” I said.

“Ugh, fine,” she pouted. “Heads! Because I love giving head!” She slapped her hands over her mouth, her face turning bright red. “Stupid Nora! Don’t say such things!”

I pulled a quarter from my pocket. I flipped it. It spun in the air, catching the cabin lights, and landed on the leather armrest.

Heads.

“Yay!” Nora cheered, clapping her hands. She whipped out her phone and tapped the screen before I could even process what had happened.

“Oh my god Nora, you won,” I realized, staring at the coin. “Which meant I was meant to accept the challenge!”

“Oopsies,” she said, not looking sorry at all. “Too late now!”

She turned her phone screen to me.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Bring a partner to orgasm using only your mouth within the next 20 minutes. You must maintain eye contact for at least 50% of the act.*

Reward: 20 Gems, 200 XP

Perk: *Vacuum Seal (You gain supernatural suction control and throat dexterity).*

Punishment: *Open For Business (Your jaw muscles relax permanently, mouth hangs open, drooling when unfocused).*

“Oh no!” Nora cried, reading the punishment. “I don’t want to drool!”

“It’s okay,” I said, my voice dropping to a reassuring, authoritative register. “We’re going to complete it. Right now.”

This calmed her instantly. She nodded, her eyes glazing over slightly. “Okay. Let’s do it.”

She stood up and moved between my legs. Without a word of warning, she grabbed the waistband of my sweatpants and yanked them down to my ankles.

The flight attendant, who had been walking past with a tray of canapés, let out a startled yelp and nearly dropped the tray.

“It’s okay!” Cassie called out from her seat, not even looking up from her tablet. “Just another one of my *sexy parties*. Please return to the galley.”

The attendant fled. Cassie turned her chair, angling herself for a better view. Slowly, deliberately, she slid her hand under her dress. “Proceed,” she commanded.

I sat back, spreading my legs. The cool cabin air hit my exposed skin. My pussy, already damp from the sheer stress and arousal of the situation, was on full display.

Nora dropped to her knees. Her eyes were wide, fixated on the slit between my legs. “Wow,” she whispered. “It’s so... pretty.”

She leaned in and dragged her tongue up the length of my slit in one long, wet stroke.

“Holy shit!” I gasped, my head falling back against the headrest. The sensation was electric,

immediate. I went to look at the ceiling, but then I remembered.

“Nora!” I gasped. “Eye contact!”

She pulled back, looking up at me. It was the most devastatingly erotic expression I had ever seen.

“Right,” she mumbled.

She went back to work, but she kept her head angled up, her eyes locked onto mine. She buried her face in my crotch, her tongue working with a frantic, desperate skill. It was messy. It was wet. The sounds of her slurping and sucking filled the silent cabin.

I gripped the armrests, my knuckles white. The sensation of her tongue flicking against my clit was overwhelming, but the visual—Nora, this brilliant woman forced into bimbohood, looking up at me with total submission while she ate me out—was what pushed me over the edge.

Cassie was watching intently, her hand moving rhythmically in her pants. “That’s it,” she murmured. “Good girl.”

The pressure built in my belly, a tight, coiling heat. Nora’s tongue was relentless, hitting the same spot over and over. I stared into her eyes, seeing my own reflection, seeing the blonde hair she had, seeing the destiny I was trying to avoid.

I was close.

“I’m gonna... oh god, Nora...”

I focused. I focused on the connection. The wet, sticky heat where our bodies met. I pictured the code. I pictured the blonde hair punishment transferring to me.

My hips bucked. A scream tore from my throat. I came hard, my thighs clamping around Nora’s head, my body shuddering with wave after wave of intense pleasure. Nora didn’t stop; she kept licking, drinking it in, her eyes never leaving mine.

“That’s so fucking hot,” Cassie groaned, her body stiffening as she found her own release.

In the haze of the orgasm, I pushed the thought forward. Take the hair. Take the hair.

As the waves subsided, I slumped back, panting. Nora pulled away, wiping her mouth with the

back of her hand. She blinked, looking confused.

“Did I do okay?” she asked.

I looked down at her. She was kneeling there, looking up at me... with mousy brown hair.

I gasped, my hands flying to my own head. My fingers tangled in something long. Silky.

I turned to the window. In the reflection, a stranger stared back. I had long blonde hair cascading over my shoulders, framing my face in a curtain of gold.

“It worked,” I whispered. I tugged a strand. It was real. It wasn’t a wig. “I thought it would just dye my short hair,” I said, stunned. “I didn’t think it would give me full girly locks.”

“Nice look,” Cassie said, pulling her hand out from under her dress. “Loving the Barbie vibe.”

Nora stood up, patting her own head. She pulled a strand of brown hair in front of her eyes.

“Oh my god!” she squealed, her voice suddenly sharper, less breathy. “It’s brown! I look like me again!” She looked at me, beaming. “Eric! You did it!”

We checked her phone. The challenge was complete. She accepted the ‘Vacuum Seal’ perk with a giggle.

“It works,” I said, looking at the two women. “The swap works.”

Miami was humid, the air thick with salt and money. We stood across the street from a gleaming glass tower that pierced the skyline.

“Are you sure this is it?” I asked, adjusting my mask. The long blonde hair kept getting in my eyes.

“If Bimbo over here is correct,” Cassie said, nodding at Nora, “then yeah.”

“Hey!” Nora protested.

“Okay, you’re up,” I said to Cassie. “Remember, you need to seduce him enough to confirm he’s a user. Check his phone if you can. And remember, your influence powers don’t work on users.”

Cassie laughed, flipping her dark hair. “Oh honey, I don’t need magic powers for this. Look at me.” She slapped her own ass, the sound echoing sharply. “This is all I need.”

She strutted across the street, her hips rolling with a weaponized sway.

While we waited in the rental car, Nora leaned over. “So, like, what’s it like?” she asked, touching my blonde hair.

“I haven’t really thought about it,” I said, feeling the silky texture. “It’s heavy. Hot. But it doesn’t matter. When I’m back to normal, it’ll be gone.”

“I like having my brown hair back,” she said softly. “I feel... closer to myself.”

Forty minutes later, Cassie returned.

She slid into the back seat, looking flushed and smug.

“Well?” I asked.

“He’s a user alright,” she smirked. “Dean Wright. Investment banker type. Arrogant. Huge.”

“Huge?”

“At least six-five,” she said. “And built like a tank. Muscles on muscles. I knocked, pretended to be looking for the penthouse party. He invited me in for a drink. Didn’t take long for him to start flexing.” She bit her lip. “We fucked. His dick was... obscene. At least a foot long. Thick. He seemed amazed I could take him. Damn, it was good.” She trailed off, clearly thinking back to it.

“Okay, focus!” I snapped, feeling a weird pang of jealousy I couldn’t identify.

“Right. Afterward, he hopped in the shower. I checked his phone. Saw him enter the passcode earlier. I got in. It’s there. The app. ‘Iron Will’ version or something. I didn’t see all the active traits, but the ones I saw were all about testosterone, muscle density, pheromones, dick size... dude stuff.”

“YES!” I punched the dashboard. “He’s our guy.”

Cassie dangled a sleek electronic fob from her finger. “And I swiped his spare key card.”

We drove to the penthouse Cassie had booked nearby. It was time to strategize.

“Here’s the plan,” I said, pacing the living room. My blonde hair swished around me. “We wait until morning. He leaves for the gym at 6 AM. I activate a challenge. Assuming I can complete it on him, we follow him. I approach him at the gym, complete the challenge, and the moment it’s done, I think really hard about giving him all my punishments.”

“That’s when we step in,” Cassie added. “We knock him unconscious. He’ll freak out if he sees the transformations happening. We drive him back to his place, dump him on his bed, and get the hell out.”

“Wait,” Cassie paused. “What about Nora?”

Nora looked up from her laptop, her face falling. “Yeah... what about me?”

“Well, after that’s done, you can do the same, right?” I asked.

“Eric, that won’t work,” Cassie said, shaking her head. “Think about it. Once this guy wakes up with tits and a pussy, he’s going to go nuclear. He might figure out the trait swapping thing just like we did, or will at least know someone who seduced him had something to do with it. If Nora tries to approach him later? He won’t trust her. He might even do something to hurt her. We need to get you two far away from him immediately.”

“I don’t want to be stuck like this!” Nora wailed, tears welling up.

Cassie put an arm around her. “It’s okay, sweetie. We’ll figure it out.” Cassie was clearly becoming quite fond of Nora. Maybe she’s seeing her as the friend she never had in this world of transformations.

But I was stumped. “Maybe we find another user?”

“Oh, really?” Cassie scoffed. “Because they’re so easy to find? It took a miracle to find this guy.”

Cassie’s eyes narrowed. She looked at Nora, then at me. “What if... what if we give you all of the punishments Nora wants to get rid of? Right now. Then you go do the swap with Alpha-Bro. You dump everything, yours AND hers, onto him in one go.”

“What?!” I yelled. “You mean... I become a ditz?”

“Think about it,” Cassie said. “It’s the only way to clear Nora’s slate. You become the vessel for all the garbage, then you flush it.”

“I don’t know...” I hesitated. The thought of taking on those bimbo traits was terrifying.

“Look, it’s either you do this, or I take little Nora to do it herself without you,” Cassie threatened. I looked at Nora. She looked so hopeful, so scared.

“Fine,” I groaned. “Fine. I’ll do it.”

Cassie smiled, but her eyes were critical. She looked me up and down. “One other problem,” she said. “He’s an guy... the alpha-type. He likes women like me. He’s never going to be seduced by... whatever this is. If you walk up to him looking like a guy in drag, he’s going to punch you, not fuck you.”

She stepped closer, poking my engorged breast.

“I think it’s time we take your transformation all the way.”

I gulped. “Does this mean...”

Lyra popped into existence, clapping her hands. “That’s right, darling! You need to take on challenges... and lose them. On purpose. You need to become fully a woman! And THEN take on the bimbo punishments from Nora.”

I stood there, the weight of the decision crushing me. To become a man again, I had to become the epitome of feminine sexuality first. I had to destroy Eric Linden completely to save him.

“Okay,” I whispered, seeing no other choice. “Let’s do it.”