

# THE WOMAN WITHIN

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 4: A Step Up

The morning sun sliced through the blinds, casting stripes of light across the rumpled sheets and the curve of Claire's hip. I woke to the soft weight of her head on my chest, the faint, sweet smell of her shampoo a grounding, pleasant anchor in the chaotic new reality of my life.

"Morning," she mumbled, her voice thick and warm against my skin. She stretched, a long, cat-like motion that sent a pleasant friction across my newly defined torso. Her hand slid down my stomach, her fingers tracing the ridges of my abs. "God, you feel... solid."

"Morning," I replied, my voice a low, satisfied rumble that felt earned, not bought. "Trying to stay in shape."

We didn't linger. An unspoken understanding hung in the air... this was still new, fragile. The comfortable domesticity of a shared breakfast was a level we hadn't unlocked yet. She showered first, the sound of the water a soothing hiss. I padded into the kitchen, the cool linoleum a shock to my bare feet, and put on a pot of coffee. When she emerged, wrapped in one of my towels, my enhanced physique and its effect on her was palpable. Her eyes lingered, a little wider, a little more appreciative than they had been on our previous dates.

By eight-thirty, she was dressed and standing at my door, her handbag slung over her shoulder. The awkwardness of a first morning after was there, but it was undercut by a current of genuine excitement.

"So," she said, a small, hopeful smile playing on her lips as she fidgeted with the strap of her bag. "This was... really, really great."

"Yeah," I agreed, leaning against the doorframe, trying to project a casual confidence that, for the first time, didn't feel entirely faked. "It was."

"Maybe I'll see you this weekend?" The question hung in the air, a delicate, hopeful thing. It wasn't the vague 'we should do this again sometime' I was used to; it was a concrete request.

“Definitely,” I said, and the relief that washed over her face was a small, satisfying victory. She leaned in, stood on her toes, and gave me a quick, firm kiss, her lips warm and tasting of coffee. “Call me,” she whispered, and then she was gone, leaving me alone in the quiet of my apartment, the ghost of her perfume and the very real memory of our incredible night hanging in the air.

Getting ready for work was a revelation. My body, even after a night of wine and vigorous activity that would normally leave me feeling sluggish and sore, felt fantastic. It was energized, humming with a low-level power. The new fitness was real. I did a few push-ups on the living room floor, just to test it out. I breezed through thirty without breaking a sweat, my muscles contracting with a smooth, efficient power I’d never known. I threw on a pair of slacks and a crisp button-down, and for the first time, I felt like the man in the clothing ad, not the schlub who bought it on sale. The clothes just fit better, draping over a frame that finally felt like it belonged to an adult man who had his shit together.

The office was a victory lap. The promotion was real, although me and Frank had different ideas on what my “own office” meant. Turns out there are only a handful of dedicated offices in the building and they’re reserved for partners, but the larger dedicated desk in a nice brick corner of the building I’d been given was still an upgrade. Even just having a desk with my name on it was nice since most lower level employees have to share workspaces.

My old desk in the cubicle farm was already being cleared out. Frank clapped me on the back with a new, genuine respect, the other associates offered their congratulations, their smiles a mix of sincerity and professional envy. The handover of my old duties was blessedly simple.

The guy taking my spot, Todd, had transferred from finance. He was a short, balding man in his late thirties with a perpetually nervous energy, as if he expected to be fired at any moment. He’d been trying to move into the ‘creative’ side of the business for years.

“Alex, man, thank you. Seriously,” he said, shaking my hand with a damp, eager grip. “You have no idea. My wife has been on my case to get out of accounting. Says it’s crushing my soul.”

“Happy to help, Todd,” I said, feeling a magnanimous, god-like benevolence. I had not only improved my own life, but I had inadvertently saved this man’s soul from the tyranny of spreadsheets. Everyone wins. It was amazing how smoothly life flowed when you could just...

nudge reality in the right direction. The ring hadn't just changed me; it had greased the wheels of my entire world.

The quiet of my new office, however, was a dangerous thing. With Todd happily immersing himself in the intricacies of report formatting and my new project briefs not due until the end of the week, I had a commodity I hadn't possessed in years: free time. And my thoughts, untethered from the usual deluge of menial tasks, inevitably circled back to the small, leather-bound book tucked away in the hidden pocket of my messenger bag.

I pulled out the journal. The ring was in my pocket, its surface smooth and cool, the number etched on its side a stark, beautiful '0'. I had spent everything, but god, it had been worth it. The memory of Claire screaming my name as we came together was a vivid, electrifying testament to that.

But now, I was hungry. The satisfaction was already fading, replaced by the gnawing, insatiable itch of potential. I opened the journal to a fresh page, pen in hand, my mind alight with the sheer, intoxicating possibility of it all. This wasn't about need anymore; this was about want. This was about seeing what was possible. I was window shopping in the cosmic catalog of self-improvement, and the prices were the only thing holding me back.

I started with the big one, the desire that felt both monumental and deeply necessary.

*Alex Winters has an IQ of 160 30*

The ink settled, and a number materialized beside the text, a bold, intimidating red: 30. Thirty Influence. A genius-level intellect. The ability to outthink, outmaneuver, and outcreate everyone around me. It was the ultimate power-up. But thirty points... that was a serious investment. It would take six straight days of my new lunchtime routine, or... one very, very debauched weekend. The thought was both repulsive and thrilling. I let the text fade, the page returning to its pristine blankness.

*Alex Winters is 20% more attractive 6*

This one was more reasonable, a tantalizingly achievable luxury: 6. Just six Influence to give myself a subtle, quantifiable boost. A more symmetrical face, a stronger jawline, clearer skin, maybe eyes that were a slightly more compelling shade of brown. It was the kind of change

that wouldn't make people stop and stare, but would make them subconsciously like me more, trust me more. It was a social lubricant, a cheat code for life. I mentally bookmarked it.

My thoughts drifted back to last night, to Claire. The connection we'd had felt real, but what if I could make it... permanent?

### *Claire Corbin is in love with Alex Winters 55*

The number that appeared sent a chill down my spine: 55. It was a staggering price for a staggering act. For fifty-five points, I could bypass all the uncertainty, the awkward dates, the risk of rejection, the possibility of heartbreak, and just... have her. Utterly and completely. The thought was deeply seductive and profoundly disturbing. It felt like a line, a bright, screaming red line I wasn't ready to cross. Cheating on my own body was one thing; hijacking someone else's free will felt like a different category of sin entirely. I let the words fade, feeling slightly sick.

What about something less... invasive? Something that was, in a twisted way, a gift?

### *Claire Corbin has a perfect hourglass figure 25*

25. The price to play Pygmalion. To sculpt her body to my own specifications. Thinner waist, wider hips, maybe bump her from a B-cup to a C. Would she even notice? Or would she just wake up one morning, look in the mirror, and feel a surge of inexplicable confidence? Was it a violation, or a kindness? The moral ambiguity of it all was a dizzying, addictive puzzle.

My mind, now buzzing with the possibilities, spiraled outwards from myself. I started thinking about the people in my life, running them through the Matron's arbitrary pricing algorithm. My best friend Dave, who I was meeting for a beer on Friday, was always complaining about going bald.

### *Dave Chen has a full head of hair 4*

4. Four fucking Influence. It was so cheap. I could solve one of his biggest insecurities, something that genuinely affected his confidence, for less than the cost of a round of drinks. The power to so casually fix the lives of others was almost more intoxicating than the power to fix my own.

My mom, who I had to call this weekend.

### *Francine Winters' arthritis is cured 18*

I could literally erase her daily pain, the stiffness in her hands that made her garden, her greatest joy, a struggle. It would take some work to earn it, but it was possible. The pricing remained a complete mystery. It was, as the Matron had said, entirely arbitrary. I tested it, writing similar concepts to see the fluctuations.

### *Alex Winters is a master pianist 22*

### *Alex Winters is a master guitarist 15*

Why? Did the succubus just prefer rock and roll to classical?

### *Sarah Jenkins finds Alex Winters irresistible 12*

(Sarah was a graphic designer on the third floor with legs that had fueled many a silent fantasy).

### *Frank Hayes sees Alex Winters as his successor 40*

It really did feel like she was pricing things based on what she wanted to see, a cosmic producer green-lighting the storylines she found most entertaining. A workplace romance? Cheap and easy drama. A long-term corporate succession plot? A bigger investment. The only constant was that the bigger, more reality-bending the change, the higher the price tag.

Suddenly, I felt a hand touch my shoulder. I snapped the journal shut so fast the leather cover made a soft thwump. I turned around, but it was just Frank.

“Whatcha workin’ on so intently in there, Winters? Plotting your next big move?”

I shoved the book under a stack of papers, my heart hammering a frantic rhythm against my ribs. “Just, uh... taking some notes. Brainstorming for the OmniCorp campaign.”

He waved a dismissive hand, stepping back. “Ah, I’m just bustin’ your balls. Came to see how

the handover with Todd is going.”

“Good, good,” I said, my voice a little shaky as my adrenaline subsided. “He’s, uh, taking an early lunch, but we’re almost through it all. He seems to be picking it up quickly.”

“Excellent.” Frank leaned against the doorframe, a look of genuine satisfaction on his face. “You really earned this one, Alex. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.” He winked, then gave me my first real assignment. “Speaking of OmniCorp, their VP of marketing, a real ball-buster named Henderson, wants a preliminary strategy deck by Monday. I need you to take the lead. Put something together that’ll knock his socks off.”

“On it, Frank,” I said, a surge of real, non-magical confidence rising to meet the challenge.

He strolled off, whistling that same damn tune. I let out a breath I didn’t realize I’d been holding. That was too close. I looked down at the journal, its plain black cover belying the universe of power contained within. Okay, enough daydreaming. Fantasizing about spending Influence was pointless when I didn’t have any. My goal was set. I needed to earn.

Lunchtime arrived, and just like yesterday, I slipped out of my office and found my way to the shared cafe space, securing a private call booth. The transformation was becoming routine, the vertigo a mere flicker.

I emerged as her, wearing my male work clothes, which were now comfortably baggy. A quick tuck of my shirt, a confident stride, and I was just another girl in the office.

I couldn't use the sweet accountant from yesterday. The challenges specified a new man. My eyes scanned the bustling shared cafe and landed on a fresh target. He was a skinny guy in a polo shirt with a company logo I didn’t recognize, probably from the tech start-up on the fourth floor. He had kind eyes and a nervous energy, hunched over a laptop at a small table. Perfect.

I approached him, putting on my most charmingly flustered act. “Excuse me, hi, sorry to bother you, but the credit card reader on the coffee machine just ate my last dollar. I’m dying here. Any chance you could spot me for a latte? I can Venmo you right back.”

He looked up, startled, and a light blush crept up his neck. “Oh! Uh, sure. Don’t worry about it.” He got up, bought me the coffee, and handed it to me with a shy smile.

Pulse. The ring on my finger hummed. One Influence.

“You’re a lifesaver,” I said, my voice full of genuine gratitude. “I’m Alex.” On an impulse, driven by the thrill of the game, I leaned in and gave him an enthusiastic, friendly hug, pressing my small, braless breasts firmly against his chest.

He froze, his hands hovering awkwardly before settling on my back. When I pulled away, his blush had deepened to a crimson red, and his eyes darted away, refusing to meet mine. He subtly adjusted his position in his chair, a tell-tale tenting appearing in the fabric of his slacks.

Pulse. Another two Influence.

“Well, thank you again...?” I trailed off, realizing I hadn’t gotten his name.

“Kevin,” he squeaked.

“Thanks, Kevin,” I said with a bright smile. Three points. It was a small, efficient haul. But when I was considering going further, I paused. I can’t just keep doing this day in day out, can I? Surely word would spread that some chick nobody knows is going around kissing and flashing people. I said bye to Kevin, and I turned and walked away, not pushing my luck. I changed back in the booth and spent the rest of my lunch hour at my desk, the three Influence a warm, secret glow in my pocket.

But three points wouldn’t even buy Dave a full head of hair, let alone anything I actually wanted. I needed to earn some real points. It was settled. Tonight, I would venture out. Tonight, I would finish the Tier 1 challenges. I told myself I had no intention of ever going beyond that. The challenges there were flirty, a little risqué, but they weren’t... sordid. The rewards would be slower to accumulate, but that was fine. I was in no rush.

The workday ended, and on the way home, I made a detour. The fluorescent lights of Target hummed overhead as I pushed a cart through the women’s section, feeling a strange mixture of awkwardness and purpose. As a man, I was suddenly hyper-aware of how out of place I looked, lingering in the lingerie aisle.

“Shopping for your girlfriend?” a cheerful sales associate asked, startling me.

“Uh, yeah!” I stammered, grabbing a random, lacy red bra from the rack. “Anniversary. Trying to surprise her.”

The associate gave me a pitying look. “Do you know her size?”

“Size?” I panicked. “Uh... medium?”

She sighed, a long-suffering sound. “Okay, honey. Let’s start with the basics.” The next ten minutes were a crash course in female engineering that left my head spinning. Underwire, push-up, bralette, band size, cup size. It was a foreign language. I ended up just grabbing a random assortment of bras in various sizes. A, B, C cups, different band numbers... some plain cotton, some lacy. A pack of simple panties. Then, the real clothes: a few pairs of women’s-cut jeans, some basic t-shirts, a camisole, a couple of simple slip dresses, a denim skirt, and some tank tops. It was a basic, interchangeable wardrobe for a person who didn’t exist. The first paycheck from my promotion hadn’t come in yet, so this would have to do.

Back in my apartment, I dumped the plastic bags onto my bed. The colorful pile of fabric was a tangible symbol of my new double life. Okay. Here’s the plan. Find an outfit. Uber to a bar. Finish the Tier 1 challenges. Come home with enough Influence to make a real change.

I stripped naked, pausing in front of the mirror. I couldn’t help but admire the results of my first expenditure. The defined lines of my abs, the solid curve of my biceps. I made a mental note to hit the gym tomorrow, to see what this new body could actually do. Then, with a deep breath, I slipped the ring on.

The world softened, my body flowing into its female counterpart. I stood there for a moment, reacquainted myself with the sensations. The lightness, the soft weight on my chest, the complete and utter lack of anything between my legs. It was still a shock, but the panic was gone, replaced by a strange, proprietary familiarity.

Time to get dressed. It was a process of frustrating trial and error. I started with the underwear, pulling out a lacy, light-colored set. The panties fit snugly, the thin strip of fabric nestled in my cleft a strange, new sensation. But the first bra I tried was a disaster. The B-cup was too large, the cups gaping comically away from my small breasts.

After a few failed attempts, I found a simple bralette that fit perfectly. It offered a little support and a lot of comfort. So, a small B-cup. Good to know. The band size was still a mystery, but this one felt right.

Next, the outfit. I pulled on a white, long-sleeved ribbed top. It was tight, hugging every curve of my torso and ending in a modest mock turtleneck. God, why were women’s clothes so constricting? But I had to admit, it looked good. It made my small breasts look a little more

substantial and highlighted my narrow waist. I tried a pair of jeans, but the look felt too plain, too boring for a night out.

My eyes landed on a navy blue slip dress. I remembered seeing girls layer them. On a whim, I took the jeans off and slid the silky dress on over the white top. The thin straps rested on my shoulders, and the fabric skimmed over my hips. Huh. It actually looked... cute. The high neck of the top meant I wasn't showing any cleavage (not that I had much to show) but the combination felt stylish, a little bit trendy, and comfortably modest.

I slipped on a pair of new white sneakers, grabbed the cheap little black handbag I'd bought, and transferred my phone, wallet, and keys into it. I looked in the mirror one last time. I felt oddly... pretty.

The Uber dropped me off in front of a place called 'The Gilded Lily,' a trendy-looking bar with a dark wood interior and a lively crowd. Okay. Just like yesterday. Head in, find a guy, complete the challenges. Simple.

I felt more confident this time, walking through the crowded room with a sense of purpose. It didn't take long. A guy with a finance-bro haircut and a shirt that was two buttons too low spotted me immediately. He bought me a drink, a challenge I'd already completed, but a necessary social lubricant. His name was Nick. He was cocky and a little sleazy, but he was also handsome and clearly interested. He was perfect for my purposes.

After about twenty minutes of feigned interest in his stories about quarterly earnings reports and his crypto portfolio, I made my move. To kick things off, I leaned in and gave him a quick, soft kiss on the lips. "Thanks for the drink," I said, pulling back with a shy smile. Pulse. Two Influence.

Then I gestured to the back of the bar. "Can you walk me to the bathroom? It's so crowded in here." He grinned, seeing it as an invitation. He led me through the throng to the back. It had a modern layout: a short hallway with three identical gender-neutral doors leading to private, self-contained toilet rooms. Perfect. As we reached the short hall, I fumbled with my bag.

"Come in?" he said, looking confused. "I can just hold it out he..."

I didn't let him finish. I grabbed his arm, pulled him into an empty room, and quickly locked the door behind us. The click of the lock echoed in the small space. It was just a toilet and a

single pedestal sink, the air smelling faintly of soap. He looked down at me, a predatory grin spreading across his face. “Well, well. Eager, are we?”

“Something like that,” I said, my mind racing. Okay, three challenges left in Tier 1: get touched inappropriately, flash him, and get asked out. I just needed to execute this perfectly. He was already hot and bothered; it should be easy. I took a step back, my mind going over the plan. Okay, first the flash. I’ll lift my top, he’ll get excited, probably touch them, then he’ll definitely ask me out. Simple. My fingers went to the hem of the silky slip dress...

...And then my heart sank.

The long-sleeved, high-necked top. It was just under the dress. To show him my breasts, I’d have to take the entire dress off over my head, then pull the tight top off. God, that’s going to be exposing. I hadn’t really considered the logistics of this outfit.

Nick was watching me, his eyes hungry. He took a step forward, reaching for me. “What’s the matter, beautiful? Cat got your tongue?”

I had to improvise. My eyes darted around the small room, my mind scrambling for a new plan. The challenges didn’t specify what body part. Just an inappropriate one. An idea, bold and reckless, sparked in my mind. My eyes met his, and I let a slow, wicked smile spread across my face.

Before he could make a move, I took his hand. His fingers were warm, his palm rough with calluses. I guided his hand down, past my waist, over the silky fabric of my dress. His eyes followed the movement, his breath catching. I pressed his hand firmly against the apex of my thighs, holding it there.

“Whoa,” he breathed, his eyes widening as his fingers registered the soft mound beneath the silk.

I held his hand there, pressing his palm flat against me. The rough texture of his skin through the thin layers of fabric was an electrifying friction against the most sensitive part of my new body. A jolt, not of violation but of pure, shocking arousal, shot through my core. I hadn’t expected that. I had thought it would feel gross, clinical, a means to an end. But the weight of his hand, the implied power of the gesture... it was intensely erotic. My male brain short-circuited, overwhelmed by a sensation it had no frame of reference for. My body was responding on a primal level, a faint wetness already blooming against my panties. I pushed

through the mental static of 'it's a guy, this is weird' and focused on the feeling, forcing a playful smile onto my face.

Pulse.

The familiar, subtle vibration from the ring on my finger. Three Influence. Challenge complete.

Now for the flash. He was already captivated, his gaze locked on where his hand rested. I reached under the hem of my dress, my movements slow and deliberate. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my lacy panties and slid them down my legs, kicking them into the corner by the toilet. Then, with his eyes still locked on me, I lifted the navy silk of my dress, holding it up at my waist, baring myself to him completely.

Nick's jaw went slack. He stared, his gaze fixed on my smooth mound, the delicate pink folds now slick with arousal. He was mesmerized, like a moth to a flame. The power of it was a heady rush. I, Alex Winters, a normal, average guy, was holding this handsome, arrogant stranger completely spellbound with a part of a body that wasn't even technically mine. God, men are so easy.

Pulse.

Another four Influence. Two down.

But then Nick did something I hadn't anticipated. Something that wasn't in my plan. He dropped to his knees.

Before I could process what was happening, his face was buried between my thighs. His mouth, hot and wet, closed over me.

A strangled gasp escaped my lips. My first instinct was to push him away, my mind screaming in protest. But then... the sensation hit me. His tongue, slick and skillful, flicked against my clitoris. The shockwave of pleasure that ripped through me was so intense my knees almost buckled. It was... incredible. My carefully constructed plans, my clinical detachment, it all shattered into a million pieces.

I had given him all the wrong signals. Or, from his perspective, all the right ones. Dragging him into a private, locked room, putting his hand on my crotch, showing him my pussy... in what universe was that not an invitation for this? My brain was a roaring inferno of conflict.

This is a man, a stranger, this is wrong. But my body... my body was singing a different song, a siren song of pure, overwhelming sensation. The dress fell from my hands, curtaining his head from my view. I couldn't see him, only feel him. That small detail made it easier to detach, to ignore the inconvenient fact of his gender and just surrender.

It was wild. The pleasure built differently than when I touched myself. It was deeper, more complex, almost painfully intense at times. I found myself instinctively guiding him, my hands tangling in his hair, my hips beginning to move in a rhythm I didn't know I knew.

Pulse.

A stronger vibration, a deeper thrum from the ring. My mind, hazy with pleasure, struggled to catch up. A new challenge? I remembered the list. The first one in Tier 2. Receive oral sex from a man you just met. Six Influence. I had just completed it. Accidentally. And holy shit, it was amazing.

The feeling was becoming overwhelming. I half-stumbled, half-sat down on the closed toilet lid, my legs trembling. Nick, undeterred, just repositioned himself on the floor, his head disappearing under the curtain of my dress once more. He couldn't see me now. Which meant...

My handbag was on the floor beside me. With a trembling hand, I reached down and pulled out the journal. Holding it in my lap, shielded by the dress, I flipped it open to the challenges page. It was hard to focus, the words swimming before my eyes as another wave of pleasure washed over me, but I found the line. The 'oral sex' challenge was greyed out. And below it, a new one had materialized.

### ***Have a new man make you cum: 8 Influence.***

Whoa. Eight points. Holy shit. And judging by the coiling tightness in my stomach, the frantic beating of my heart, I was already close. I dropped the book and gave myself over to the moment completely, all pretense of control gone.

"Right there," I gasped, my hips starting to buck against his mouth. "Faster... yes, just like that."

He followed my instructions perfectly, a master of an instrument he'd only just discovered. The world dissolved into a pinpoint of white-hot sensation. It was coming. I arched my back,

my fingers digging into his shoulders, and then the world shattered. The orgasm was a violent, full-body convulsion, a tidal wave of bliss that erupted from my core and radiated out to every nerve ending. It left me gasping, trembling, and utterly obliterated.

It took a full minute for the world to swim back into focus. Nick finally came up for air, a deeply satisfied, triumphant smirk on his face. He stood up and turned to the sink right next to him. "Gotta wash my hands," he said, turning on the tap.

His back was turned, the sound of running water filling the small space. It was now or never. I snatched the book again. The 'make you cum' challenge was greyed out. And below it, a new one.

### ***Have a new penis in your mouth: 10 Influence.***

Ten. For just... putting it in my mouth. My stomach churned with a mixture of revulsion and avarice. But ten Influence... The challenge didn't say for how long. Before I could debate it, Nick turned off the tap and turned back around. He was unbuttoning his pants. Oh, god. He was expecting it. My blood ran cold. I could just say no. But he had me trapped in this tiny room. Is this what it felt like? This terrifying vulnerability? I could always take the ring off... but the thought of my male body suddenly appearing in a dress, my new muscles ripping the seams... it would be an apocalypse. Maybe it was just easier to go along with it.

He dropped his pants and his boxers. He looked at me expectantly. Fuck it. I got on my knees, the cool tile a shock against my bare skin. I took him in my hand. It felt thick and hot, shockingly alive.

Closing my eyes, I leaned forward and took him into my mouth.

The sensation was overwhelming. The sheer volume of it, the hard ridge pressing against the roof of my mouth, the musky, distinctly male smell. The taste was... not as bad as I'd feared. Salty, but not pleasant. Just... alien. The texture against my tongue, the feeling of it pulsing in my throat, it was all wrong. I forced myself to move, my lips sliding up and down the shaft for what felt like an eternity, my mind a screaming void of disgust and clinical focus.

One second. Two. Five. Ten.

Pulse.

The second I felt the vibration, I pulled back, spitting discreetly into the toilet. I scrambled to my feet, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. Done. Ten Influence.

But Nick was looking at me, his face a mask of confusion. “Hey, what’s up? Why’d you stop?”

“Uhhh... I’m just not really feeling it tonight.”

His face darkened. “Oh my god. Classic woman. Such a fucking tease.”

“Hey, you’re the one who said you were a ‘giver.’”

“Yeah, with the intention of receiving something back!” he snapped. “What kind of girl doesn’t give head back after that?”

“Not much of a giver, then, are you?” I shot back.

He looked genuinely pissed. But instead of getting violent, he just let out a frustrated growl, pulled up his pants, and stormed out, leaving me alone in the locked room.

I let out a long, shaky breath. What an experience. I never even finished Tier 1, and I’d blasted halfway through Tier 2. I took a moment, then slid the ring off my finger. The familiar stretching sensation was accompanied by a new, uncomfortable tightness. I looked in the small mirror above the sink. My broad, masculine shoulders were straining against the seams of the tight, ribbed top. The silky dress was clinging to my now-muscular frame. I laughed, a raw, incredulous sound. There I was, Alex Winters, standing in a bar bathroom dressed like a chick. Luckily, my enhanced dick wasn’t constrained by the panties I’d kicked into the corner.

I quickly put the ring back on, my female form returning. I glanced at the ring on my finger. The tiny number etched on the side glowed. 36. Thirty-six fucking Influence. I was rich. The revulsion was already fading, overshadowed by the sheer, exhilarating weight of my earnings. Maybe... it had been worth it. Gross.

I pulled out the journal one last time. A new challenge had unlocked.

***Have penetrative sex with a complete stranger without learning his name: 12  
Influence.***

Suddenly, a loud banging on the door made me jump. “Hurry up in there!” a woman’s voice called. “There’s a line!”

I chuckled, stuffing the journal in my bag. I unlocked the door, offered a quick “Sorry!”, and walked out.

Have sex with a stranger. The thought, which would have been unthinkable this morning, now seemed... plausible. The taste of Nick’s cock was a faint, unpleasant memory (I was definitely buying mouthwash on the way home) but as I walked out of the bar, I thought about everything that had just happened. The power, the pleasure, the fear, the reward. Tonight had pushed my boundaries in ways I could never have imagined. I wasn’t ready for sex. Not yet. But I’d gone further tonight than I thought I ever would.

For now, I had influence to use. I pulled out my phone and called an Uber, my mind already racing with the possibilities. Thirty-six Influence. I could hardly wait to get home.

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**For the rules of the book and the challenges, [visit this page](#).**