

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4: Double Or Nothing

The dildo was a secret I kept with my own body.

After the adrenaline of the morning's disastrous challenge had faded, I'd settled onto my couch with a sandwich, the first real food I'd had all day. The overwhelming, invasive mental chatter was gone, silenced by the silicone plug nestled deep inside me. I had swapped the vibrating one for a simpler, non-electronic model from the bag... a smooth, curved rod that was just as effective at keeping the punishment at bay. The relief was immense, but it was replaced by a different kind of awareness.

Every time I shifted my weight on the couch, I could feel it. A solid, unyielding pressure against the inner walls of my vagina. It wasn't uncomfortable, not exactly. It was just... noticeable. A constant, physical reminder of the alien anatomy I possessed and the punishment I was enduring. At certain angles, if I leaned forward or crossed my legs a certain way, the tip would press against a spot deep inside that sent a distracting, unwelcome little jolt of pleasure through me. I was getting used to it, and that was the most disturbing part of all.



My sandwich finished, I picked up my phone, my fingers almost instinctively opening the app. Lyra's form shimmered into existence by the television, her interest piqued. My status screen glowed back at me.

XP: 100/200

Level: 1

"Hey," I said, my brow furrowing. "My XP is at 100. Why haven't I hit Level 2 yet?"

Lyra drifted closer, peering at the screen over my shoulder. "Oh, that," she said with a dismissive wave of her spectral hand. "The first level is a bit of a grind. You need 200 XP to get to Level 2. Think of it as an adjustment period."

"So the next milestone is 300 XP for Level 3?" I asked, trying to understand the logic of this insane game.

"Exactly," she confirmed. "We felt the user needs a bit of time to acclimate before we start throwing new features and higher stakes at them. The first level is the tutorial, darling. Two hundred XP is a good way to ensure you've gotten your feet wet before we toss you into the deep end."

I stared at the screen, a grim calculation forming in my mind. It was 1:00 PM on a Friday. My weekend stretched before me, a terrifying expanse of time to be trapped in this body.

"Thinking about doing another challenge already?" Lyra's voice was a silken, tempting whisper, laced with the predatory glee of a dealer watching a gambling addict eye the chips.

I looked up from the phone, my gaze meeting hers. "Kinda," I admitted, the word tasting like defeat. "I know it's like doubling down at a casino to win back your losses. I know it's stupid and reckless. But I don't see any other way out of this. Losing money is one thing. Losing your body... it's different. I have to play."

A slow, satisfied smirk spread across Lyra's face. "Don't think I don't know what you're doing," I snapped, my voice laced with a bitter resentment. "You want me to get sucked into this. You want me to fall deeper into the app, don't you?"

"Guilty," she chirped, without a hint of shame. "What can I say? You've been very entertaining so far."

I glared at her. “Well, I guess you’re getting what you want. Because unless I feel like explaining these tits and this... situation... to everyone I know, I don’t really have a choice, do I?”

Lyra’s face fell into a theatrical pout. “Don’t be like that. There are positives to come from this, you know! Think of all the fun things you can spend your Gems on once you’ve earned enough to fix yourself. Power, influence... revenge.” Her eyes glittered. “And you have to admit,” she added, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial murmur, “a female orgasm is way better, isn’t it?”

I didn’t respond, but a hot flush crept up my neck. She was right, and I hated that she was right. The thought immediately brought my awareness back to the phallic object lodged deep inside my vagina, a silent testament to my new, complicated relationship with pleasure.

Fuck it. I could either sit here and wallow in my own surreal misery, or I could do something about it.

I picked up the phone, my thumb hovering over the button. I hit ‘ACCEPT’

The screen flashed, displaying my next trial.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Go commando in a short minidress (no bra or panties) and flash your pussy to someone in public within the next 4 hours.*

Time Remaining: 3:59:57

Reward: 10 Gems, 100 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *Arousing Scent (Your natural pheromones become incredibly potent and alluring to those you find attractive.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Skirts Only (You become physically incapable of wearing any garment below the waist other than a dress or a skirt. Pants, shorts, and even trousers will feel painfully restrictive and cause a panic attack if worn.)*

My stomach did its now-familiar lurch of dread, but this time, something was different. The

initial wave of panic was shorter, shallower. The public humiliation, the cross-dressing, the sheer transgressive weirdness of it all... it was still horrifying, but it no longer felt insurmountable. After the series of failures and mortifications I'd already endured, my resilience was building. I was becoming calloused to the curse's insanity.

"Wow," Lyra commented, her spectral form perched on the arm of my couch. "Look at you. No screaming. No pacing. Just a quiet, grim acceptance. I'm impressed with how quickly you're springing into action these days."



I ignored her, my mind already churning, breaking the problem down into its logistical components. "The problem," I said out loud, thinking through the steps, "is the dress. I don't own any dresses." My eyes scanned my apartment, as if a slinky little black number might magically materialize. "I guess I'll have to go to Target or something. Find the cheapest thing they have."

Lyra let out a groan of pure, theatrical frustration. "Target? Eric, no! That's so... pedestrian! The spirit of the game demands a little flair! A little sex appeal! You can't properly complete a slutty challenge in a sad, polyester sack dress!"

"It's not a fashion show, Lyra," I shot back. "It's a hostage negotiation. And hell no, I'm not spending good money on a dress I'm going to wear for an hour and then hopefully never see

again.” I started brainstorming, my practical, frugal mind kicking into gear. “Maybe a thrift shop. I could dig through the bargain bins, find something for a couple of bucks...”

“That’s even worse!” she wailed. “You’re killing the fantasy!” She was about to launch into another tirade about aesthetics, but then she just... stopped. Her form flickered, and she vanished.

“Lyra?” I called out, looking around the empty room. Nothing. That was new.

Oh well. No time to worry about it. I pulled out my phone and Googled ‘cheap thrift stores near me.’ A list popped up. I was about to grab my keys when a sharp knock echoed from my front door.

I opened it, and my brain short-circuited for the second time in as many days. It was Felicia.



She was wearing a simple, white tank top that clung to her magnificent chest and a pair of tiny, grey athletic shorts that did very little to hide the perfect, heart-shaped curve of her ass. She was holding a large, black trash bag that was stuffed to the brim.

“Hey, sorry to bother you,” she said, her voice a little breathless. “This is a weird question, but do you know where the trash chute is on this floor? I’ve got a huge bag of old clothes I’m clearing out, and I can’t seem to find it.”

My mind, still reeling from her sudden appearance, latched onto a single phrase. A huge bag of old clothes.

The timing was too perfect. The coincidence was too insane. But I was too desperate to question it.

“Uh, no, don’t throw them out!” I said, the words tumbling out of me in a rush. “I was just... I was just on my way to a thrift store. My... my sister, she needs some clothes. Here, just give them to me. I’ll take care of them.”

I expected her to ask questions. To find my sudden, desperate need for a bag of her old clothes suspicious. But she just beamed, her smile as bright and warm as the sun. “Oh, wow, that’s so sweet of you!” she said. “Thanks, sweetie!” She shoved the heavy bag into my arms, turned with a little wave, and disappeared back into her apartment.

Weird, I thought, but the feeling was immediately washed away by a wave of profound relief. This was perfect.

I dragged the bag into my living room and dumped its contents onto the floor. It was a treasure trove. A cascade of expensive fabrics and designer labels tumbled out. There were tops, pants, shorts, and... yes. Dresses. Several of them. And among them, two ridiculously sexy minidresses. One was a tight, pink, spandex-like number, and the other was a blood-red slip dress made of what felt like pure silk. They were both incredibly short and looked at least a size too small.

Lyra reappeared, hovering by the window. “Where the hell were you?” I demanded.

“Right here,” she said with an innocent, unconvincing smile.

I was suspicious, but I pushed the thought away. I had a challenge to complete. “Whatever,” I grumbled, holding up the pink dress. “You think one of these will work?”

Her eyes lit up. “Yes! They’re perfect! So much better than some dreary thrift store garbage.”

I rolled my eyes, stripped off my jeans and hoodie, and began the awkward, humiliating process of squeezing myself into the dress. God, why couldn’t there be a black one. Why pink and red?

It was a battle. The fabric was unforgiving, designed to cling to a body with curves I didn’t have and accommodate a frame far more delicate than my own. My shoulders were too broad, my back too wide. I had to contort myself, sucking in my gut, to get it on. When I finally succeeded, I looked in the reflection of my dark TV screen.



The sight was ridiculous. I was a man in a dress. A muscular, hairy-legged man with B-cup breasts, stuffed into a garment that was stretched to its absolute limit. It was so short that the hem barely covered the essentials. And without panties on, I felt utterly, terrifyingly exposed. The dildo inside me, no longer held in place by the pressure of my jeans, felt like it was threatening to slip out with every movement.

Lyra was covering her spectral mouth, trying and failing to stifle a fit of giggles.

“Fuck you,” I muttered, my face burning. “I can’t believe I’m even considering this. Why do they have to be so goddamn tight too?! I should have just gone to a thrift store and gotten some oversized dress.”

“Darling time is ticking. It’s either this, or get used to this being your new full-time look,” she reminded me.

That was all the motivation I needed. Before I could change my mind, I grabbed my keys, shoved my phone and wallet into my pocket—the dress had no pockets, of course—and headed for the door. I peeked out into the hallway, saw the coast was clear, and made a mad dash for the elevator, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm against my ribs.

Once inside my car, I could finally breathe. It was a small, mobile bubble of safety.

“So, where to this time?” Lyra asked, appearing in the passenger seat. “Going to find a dark alley somewhere?”

“I’m driving to the other side of town,” I said, starting the engine. “Just in case I run into someone I know.”

“Boring,” she sighed.

I ignored her and drove, the unfamiliar sensation of the dress riding up my thighs a constant, unnerving distraction.

It was 2:20 PM by the time I found a parking spot in a neighborhood I’d never been to before. I drove around, casing the area, my mind racing. A busy café? Too many people, too bright. A bar? Too early, and I’d stand out. A doctor’s office? Too weird. Then, I saw it. Tucked away on a side street, it was a gay club, the same one I’d been to before, ‘The Velvet Curtain.’ A large, garish poster was taped to the front window, a rainbow-colored explosion of text.

'CROSSDRESS FRIDAYS! Come as you are, or come as you've always wanted to be! Drink specials all afternoon!'

Perfect. I would blend right in.

"Smart thinking, buddy," Lyra said, a note of genuine approval in her voice.

I got out of the car, my movements stiff and self-conscious. I tugged the hem of the dress down, a futile gesture. I walked to the club's entrance, took a deep breath, and pushed the door open.

The inside was dark, cool, and throbbing with a low, bass-heavy beat. My eyes adjusted to the dim light, and a wave of relief washed over me. The place was dotted with patrons, a diverse collection of men, all in various forms of female attire. Some were in full drag, with elaborate wigs and makeup. Others, like me, were more subdued, just a guy in a dress. Some were masculine, some were feminine, some were somewhere in between. For the first time all day, I didn't feel like a complete freak.

I slid into an empty booth in a dark corner. A server with a handlebar mustache and a sequined tube top came over. "What can I get you, hun?"

"Uh, a beer?" I asked.

He laughed. "We only serve cocktails on Fridays, darling. It's part of the theme."

"Okay, whatever your house cocktail is, then," I said.

He returned a minute later with a tall, pink drink in a curvy glass, adorned with a slice of pineapple, a tiny umbrella, and a straw shaped like a penis. Fucking gross. I took a sip. It was sickly sweet, but strong.

I scanned the room, looking for a target. My eyes locked with a man sitting alone at the bar. He was slender, with sharp, delicate features and perfectly styled hair. He was wearing a simple, elegant black dress that looked a thousand times better on him than mine did on me. He caught my eye and gave me a slow, seductive smile. Here we go.

I returned the smile with what I hoped was a seductive smirk of my own. Then, under the relative cover of the booth's table, I shifted my position. I spread my legs slightly, angled myself towards him, and with a single, decisive movement, I lifted the hem of my dress,

exposing my bare, plugged pussy for a brief, three-second flash.



His eyes widened. His smirk faltered, replaced by a look of genuine shock, and then... disappointment. He mouthed the word, 'Sorry,' and gave a little shake of his head, gesturing vaguely at his own crotch. He was only into guys with dicks. I gave a small, understanding nod

and turned away, my heart thumping.

I pulled out my phone.

Challenge Complete!

Reward: 10 Gems, 100 XP

LEVEL UP!

A wave of pure, triumphant joy surged through me. Yes! I did it. I looked at my status.

XP: 0/300

Level: 2

Gems: 15

Fifteen Gems. I had enough. I could reverse a punishment. I quickly accepted the optional perk, 'Arousing Scent.' Seemed like it could only help my situation.

I stood up, my mission accomplished, and walked towards the exit. As I passed the bar, the man in the black dress caught my arm.

"Hey," he said, his voice soft. "No hard feelings. I just have to say, whatever hormones you're on, they are working amazingly. You look great." He thought I was trans.

I just smirked at him, a flicker of genuine confidence in the gesture. "Thanks," I said, and walked out of the club, leaving him staring after me.

"God, that guy has no idea, does he?" Lyra cackled as I got back into the car.

I didn't respond. I opened the app, my fingers flying across the screen, navigating to the Shop. I was going to fix this. I was going to get my body back. I tapped on the 'Reverse Punishment' item. A new screen appeared.

Select which punishment to reverse:

[Always Plugged]

My thumb froze over the button. "HEY, LYRA!" I yelled, whirling on her spectral form. "What the fuck is this? You said if I reversed the pussy, the dildo punishment would go away too! This

only gives me the option to reverse the dildo one!”

She giggled, a maddening, tinkling sound. “Oh, sweetie, you need to listen more carefully. That’s not what you asked. You asked if reversing the pussy punishment would make the other one go away. And yes, it would. No pussy, no pussy punishment. But the app only allows you to reverse your most recent active punishment. And that, my dear, was the one that has you keeping a dildo in your vagina all day.”

“You could have been more clear!” I raged.

“And where’s the fun in that?” she purred.

I seethed, but she was right. I had been careless. Still, a win was a win. It was a step in the right direction. Without a second thought, I confirmed the purchase. 10 Gems. Gone.

Tentatively, I reached down under the hem of my dress and pulled the dildo out. I waited, holding my breath, for the mental itch, for the invasive, horny thoughts to return.

Nothing. Just sweet, blessed silence in my own head.

“Thank God,” I whispered, tossing the dildo onto the passenger floor mat.

“That was actually kind of fun, right?” Lyra commented.

I didn’t answer her, but a part of me, a deep, secret part, had to admit that it was. The thrill of the risk, the triumph of success... I was feeling accomplished. I was feeling confident. I could do this. It was only 2:52 PM. I had the whole day.

Before I even put the car in drive, I tapped on the app again. I’d completely forgotten about the Daily Deal. I checked the shop.

Today’s Daily Deal: *Glimpse of the Weave (A one-use information tool.*

Upon purchase, the app reveals the full text (Objective, Reward, Perk, Punishment) of the next three potential challenges in your random queue.

You can then choose to lock in one of them as your next challenge, or ignore the vision and let fate decide as normal).

Interesting. But I had other priorities. I checked my balance. I was expecting to see 5 Gems

left. But the screen read: 10 Gems.

“What the...?”

“Level up bonus, darling,” Lyra chimed in. “Every time you level up, you get a little gift. An extra 5 Gems for your trouble.”

Holy shit. Ten Gems. I had another ten Gems. I could reverse another punishment. Right now.

My fingers flew back to the Shop. I hit ‘Reverse Punishment’ again. The most recent punishment was now my breasts. I didn’t hesitate. I hit ‘CONFIRM.’



I felt it immediately. A strange, deflating sensation in my chest. A pleasant warmth as the soft, sensitive breast tissue seemed to melt away, the skin tightening, the hard, familiar muscle of my pecs reasserting itself beneath. My nipples shrank, becoming less prominent. I looked down, pulling at the tight fabric of the dress. They were gone. My pecs were back. I was so fucking excited.

I was almost me again. Just the pussy left. One more successful challenge, and I could be whole again by tonight.

“I thought you’d be more annoyed,” I said to Lyra, a genuine, giddy laugh bubbling up from my chest. “I’m almost done with your stupid app!”

She smiled, a serene, knowing expression on her face. “Oh, darling, this has all been incredibly entertaining. I’m just happy to watch the process unfold.”

My mind was racing, buzzing with the high of my victory. If I could just get another ten-Gem challenge, I could be done with this nightmare before dinner. Back to normal. Free.

High on adrenaline and hope, I navigated back to the challenge screen. Before I could really consider the wisdom of pushing my luck, I hit ‘ACCEPT’

The screen flashed.

And my stomach dropped into the fucking floor.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Within the next hour, bring a man to orgasm using only your breasts.*

Time Remaining: 59:59

Reward: 20 Gems, 200 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *The Magic Touch (You gain the magical ability to mentally delay a man's orgasm until you are ready for him to cum.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Tit-Fuck Ready (Your breasts will grow to a massive, heavy DD-cup size.)*

I looked down. At my flat, masculine, completely tit-less chest.

“Fuck.”

Lyra just started laughing. A loud, unrestrained, hysterical peal of laughter that filled the small car. “Oh, my God,” she wheezed, clutching her spectral sides. “Oh, this is better than I could have ever imagined!”

“WHAT THE FUCK, LYRA?!” I roared, but the anger was hollow, already consumed by a tidal wave of despair.

She finally caught her breath, wiping a non-existent tear from her eye. “Oh, honey,” she said, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. “Maybe you should have considered the fact that, as much as you hated your little feminine additions, they did, in fact, help you complete challenges that were designed for women.”

I was about to yell at her again, to scream about the unfairness of it all, but I couldn't. Because she was right. Utterly, crushingly right. If I had just kept the B-cups for a few more hours... I could have run back into that club, found some guy, and completed this challenge easily. I would have had 30 Gems. Enough to reverse both the breasts and the pussy, with plenty to spare. My own impatience, my own desperation to feel normal, had been my undoing.

I tried to think of a solution, but there was none. “Will fake tits work?” I asked, my voice a pathetic whisper.

“The challenge says ‘your breasts,’ darling,” Lyra replied sweetly. “Not ‘some silicone inserts you bought at Walmart.’ Sorry.”

Defeated, I turned the key in the ignition and started the long, silent drive home, the cheap red dress a scratchy, mocking shroud around my body.

I parked in my designated spot, the timer on the app showing ten minutes until my failure was finalized. I snuck up the elevator, my earlier triumph a bitter memory. The hallway was empty. I rushed to my door, keys in hand, desperate to get inside and hide from the world before the inevitable punishment began.

But before I could even get the key in the lock, the door to the apartment next to mine swung open. Felicia stepped out, and I practically collided with her.

I stumbled back, startled. She looked at me, her eyes widening in surprise, her gaze dropping from my face, down my body, taking in the cheap, tight dress I was still wearing. But this time, her eyes lingered on my chest. My flat, masculine chest.

A slow, confused laugh escaped her lips. “Well,” she said, an odd, unreadable expression on her face. “When I gave you those clothes... I didn't think you'd actually wear them.”



My face went crimson. I couldn't speak. I was paralyzed by a shame so profound it felt like a physical weight. I just fumbled my door open, scrambled inside, and slammed it shut, not daring to look back. How? How does she keep doing that? Her timing was too perfect. It was too cruel. She had to know. She had to be toying with me.

I leaned against the door, my breath coming in ragged gasps. She must think I'm a complete psycho. A creepy, cross-dressing weirdo who hits on her and then wears her discarded clothing.

I looked down at the stupid dress, about to rip it from my body and burn it. But before I could move, I felt it.

The tingling.

It started in my nipples, a warm, itching sensation that was terrifyingly familiar. I looked down, my heart sinking, and watched as the fabric of the dress began to tighten across my chest. My pecs softened, the hard muscle melting away like butter in a pan. My nipples darkened and puckered, pushing insistently against the thin red silk, growing larger, more sensitive, more prominent than they had ever been before.

The skin on my chest felt tight, stretching to accommodate the rapid, aggressive growth beneath. A dull, aching weight began to build. But unlike before, it didn't stop at a manageable, perky B-cup. It kept going. The mounds of flesh swelled outward, growing fuller, rounder, heavier with every passing second. They pushed against the confines of the tiny dress, the neckline straining, the fabric groaning in protest. They grew past a C-cup, the weight starting to pull at my back, and kept going, expanding into a full, heavy, undeniably massive D-cup. And then, for good measure, they swelled just a little bit more, settling into a pair of enormous, pendulous DD-cup breasts that dominated my entire torso.



The tingling finally subsided. I stood in the middle of my living room, my breath hitched in my throat. I slowly, hesitantly, reached up and cupped them. They were immense. Soft, heavy, and so, so real. They spilled over my hands, their sheer volume almost too much to comprehend. The irony was so bitter it was almost funny. I had spent ten Gems to get rid of my breasts, only to be punished with a pair that were four times the size.

I groaned, a sound of pure, abject despair, and grabbed my new, massive tits through the straining fabric of Felicia's old dress.