

# THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 9: NiceNora27

Phil just stood there, his mouth opening and closing like a fish, his brain refusing to process the impossible sight before him. Me. His best friend. Topless, with a slimmer body and small, soft, undeniably female breasts, frantically trying to hide the milky residue swirling in the sink.



“How...” he stammered, his voice a strangled whisper. “What... but... you...”



The shock in his eyes was a physical blow. It was one thing to be cursed, to be tormented by a supernatural entity in the privacy of my own home. It was another thing entirely to have that curse laid bare before the one person whose opinion of me mattered more than anyone's.

A surge of adrenaline, cold and sharp, cut through the alcoholic haze in my brain. I had to control this. I had to stop the spiral before it consumed us both. I yanked my t-shirt back on, the damp fabric cold against my skin. "Look, dude," I said, my voice low and urgent, my words a frantic, desperate tumble. "I'll explain later, I promise. But the short story is... I've been cursed. By this magic challenge app. It's... it's slowly transforming me into a woman and..." Even as I said it, the words sounded insane, the ravings of a lunatic.

Phil was frozen, his face a pale, bloodless mask of shock. His eyes were locked on my chest, on the soft, damning curves beneath my shirt.

"Phil," I said, my voice pleading. "Please. I promise I'll explain everything tomorrow. Just... don't tell anyone. Please."

He finally blinked, a slow, dazed movement. He nodded, a single, jerky motion. It was all I was going to get.

The bathroom door swung open, and Kevin, another one of our friends, walked in. "There you guys are," he said with a boozy grin. "We were about to send out a search party." His grin faltered as he took in the scene, the palpable tension in the small room. "Whoa, Phil," he said, his brow furrowing. "You okay, man? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Phil just stood there, silent and still. I could see the gears in his mind grinding, trying to formulate a lie. I held my breath.

"Yeah," Phil finally managed to say, his voice a little shaky. "Yeah, I just... feel a little sick, I think."

Kevin laughed, clapping him on the back. "One too many tequila shots, buddy. Happens to the best of us." He turned to me, oblivious. "Come on, guys, Nate's about to do his terrible magic trick."

As Kevin led the way out, I caught Phil's eye and mouthed the words, 'Thank you.' He just gave me another slow, dazed nod.



I didn't stay much longer. The easy camaraderie of the group was gone, replaced by a suffocating paranoia. I could feel Phil's eyes on me, his gaze a physical weight. Every laugh, every shouted conversation, felt like it was directed at me, at my secret. I made my excuses, claiming my "fever" from the day before was coming back, and slipped out into the cool night air. As I left, I caught Phil's eye one last time. "Meet me at my place tomorrow morning," I said, my voice low. "I'll explain."

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The next morning, the smell of brewing coffee was the only normal thing in my apartment. Phil was pacing back and forth across my living room floor, his hands running through his hair, his face a mask of exhausted disbelief. I had just finished laying it all out for him. The app. The challenges. The punishments. Lyra. Cassie. The whole, sordid, impossible story.

He had arrived before I'd even had a chance to milk myself, so my breasts were at their full, painfully swollen morning peak, a pair of undeniable arguments for the truth of my insane tale. As annoying as it was to be so top-heavy, it was a necessary visual aid.



“So let me get this straight,” he said, stopping his pacing to stare at me, his eyes wide with a kind of frantic, desperate need to understand. “Your psycho ex-girlfriend, who is now some kind of super-powered goddess, cursed you with a magic slut-app for her own amusement. And now this ghost, this... this pervy poltergeist, follows you around, forcing you to do these insane challenges that are slowly turning you into a woman. And right now, you have a vagina, and your tits are full of... milk.” He said the last word as if it were a foreign object in his mouth.

“Yeah, basically,” I said, handing him a mug of coffee. My own hands were shaking slightly. Saying it all out loud, to a real person, had made it feel more real, and more insane, than ever before.

And, as if on cue, Lyra chose that exact moment to make her grand entrance. “Hello!” she chirped, her spectral form shimmering into existence right between us. “Is this the friend you were telling me about? He’s cute!”

Phil let out a scream, a high-pitched, terrified sound I had never heard from him in my life. He scrambled backwards, tripping over my coffee table and landing in a heap on the floor, his coffee sloshing over his hand and onto the rug.

“Jesus Christ!” he yelled, crab-walking away from her. “It’s real! You’re real!”

“You’ll get used to her,” I said with a weary sigh, helping him to his feet.



“I don’t want to get used to her!” he shot back, his eyes still wide with terror. “This is fucking CRAZY, Eric! This is the craziest fucking thing I have ever heard in my entire life!”

“Yeah, well, it’s my life now,” I said, my voice flat. “And until I can get it back to normal, I need your help. I need you to cover for me. Especially with my family. My mom’s been texting me all week about coming over for dinner. I can’t... I can’t let her see me like this.”

He grumbled, his fear slowly being replaced by the dawning, horrifying reality of what I was asking. “Eric, I can’t just lie to your mom...”

“Phil,” I cut him off, my voice dropping, my gaze locking onto his. “Do you remember junior year? When your dad’s car ‘mysteriously’ got those dents in the side after that party? Who spent the entire weekend helping you bondo and repaint that fender so he’d never know?”

He winced, the memory a clear and potent one. He let out a long, defeated sigh. “Fine,” he said, his shoulders slumping. “Fine. I’ll cover for you. But I swear to God, Eric, I’m going to need so much therapy after this.”

I managed a weak smile. “Get in line.” I asked him if he wanted to hang out, to watch a movie,

to do something, anything, normal. I was craving it, a lifeline to the man I used to be. But he just shook his head, his eyes still darting nervously at Lyra. “I... I think I just need the day to process all this,” he said. And then he was gone, leaving me alone with my curse once more.

“Well, that was fun,” Lyra commented, a bored pout on her face. “So, what now? You have that meeting with the little bimbo from Reddit, right?”

“Yeah, I know,” I said, glancing at the clock. “No way in hell I’m missing that.”

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The park was a sea of humanity, a vibrant, chaotic tapestry of tourists, locals, dog-walkers, and sunbathers. I sat on a bench, a solitary, anxious island in the middle of it all. I’d told Nora to look for a guy with a mustache sitting alone. It was a vague descriptor, but hopefully enough.

Before leaving, I had a choice to make. I’d half milked myself, but then, a thought. I could milk myself down to my smallest, most concealable size. Or I could go as I was, my breasts still bigger and undeniably present. I chose the latter. It felt... important. A show of good faith to this mystery woman. Proof that I wasn’t just some internet troll playing a game. But now, sitting here, I was regretting it. My t-shirt, which I’d thought was baggy, was stretched tight across my chest. I felt like I was wearing a sign that said, ‘FREAK.’ I could feel people’s eyes on me, their gazes lingering a little too long. It was probably just my paranoia, but it was a heavy, suffocating weight.

“Excuse me?”

The voice was soft, hesitant, and tinged with a strange, bubbly cadence. I looked up. And there she was.

She was exactly as her photos suggested, and yet, so much more. Her face was a perfect, soft oval, her skin fair and smooth, her big, warm brown eyes intelligent and curious behind a pair of stylish, round glasses. But her body was a warzone of conflicting signals. She was dressed like a grad student, in a simple, tight grey sweater and a dark green skirt, but the clothes clung to a figure that was subtly, undeniably, becoming something else. Her waist was too small, her hips and thighs too soft and full. Her chest, while not as ridiculously large as my own, was unnaturally perky, pushing against the thin fabric of her sweater in a way that was both modest and incredibly alluring. She was trying to hunch, to make herself smaller, but it was

like her body was fighting her, constantly nudging her posture into a more confident, chest-forward stance.



“NiceNora27?” I asked, standing up.



Her face lit up with a smile that was so bright, so genuinely effervescent, that it seemed to startle even her. “Oh my god, like, for real?!” she exclaimed, her hands flying to her cheeks in a gesture of pure, ditzzy excitement. Then, her expression soured, her brow furrowing in frustration at her own reaction. “Ugh, sorry,” she muttered, her voice dropping. “Like, you can just call me Nora.”



The way she spoke, that forced, bubbly tone warring with the clear intelligence in her eyes... it was her. It had to be.

“I’m Eric,” I said. The sound of my name made her jump up and down, a little giddy bounce of her new, soft hips, before she caught herself again, a flash of annoyance crossing her face.

I gestured to my own chest, to the undeniable mounds straining against my t-shirt. “There’s... more changes than this,” I said, the understatement of the century.

She looked me up and down, her eyes taking in every detail of my bizarre, hybrid form. A look of profound, empathetic understanding crossed her face. “Wow,” she whispered. “Okay. Let’s, like, go get a coffee or something. We need to talk.”

As we walked, a steady stream of words poured out of her, a frantic, desperate confession. “I am, like, so sorry about how I sound,” she began, her hands gesturing helplessly. “It’s one of the... the things. The punishments. I literally can’t, like, not sound like a total ditz. It’s so... ugh, frus-frustra... it’s so annoying! I can’t even talk to my parents anymore. The only person who knows is my roommate, Chloe. She’s been, like, a total lifesaver.”

She told me everything. She was a computer science major, top of her class, just a few months away from graduating. The app had appeared on her phone after a particularly bad breakup, a night spent wallowing in self-pity and junk food. The challenges, she explained, were all hideously, creatively sexual. Things she, a quiet, bookish girl, could never bring herself to do normally. And every failure, every refusal, brought a new punishment. A ditzier voice. A more airheaded personality. A plumper pout. A bigger, bouncier ass.

“It’s like it’s trying to turn me into... into this,” she said, gesturing helplessly at her own body, at the burgeoning curves and the forced, perky posture. “This... this bimbo. And I’m so scared there’s no way to, like, go back. The only way is...”

“...earning enough Gems to reverse the punishments,” I finished for her.

Her eyes went wide. “Yes! Oh my god, yes! So you, like, have the same thing?” It was like she couldn’t contain her excitement in this form. It was kinda cute.



I told her my story. Cassie. The male host anomaly. My own, specific brand of body-horror punishment. And Lyra.

“A ghost?!” she exclaimed, her eyes wide with a mixture of terror and fascination. “My app doesn’t have a ghost. It just has, like, this text chat thing. I can type questions and it, like,

answers them. It calls itself ‘The Guide.’”

“Well, isn’t that special,” a familiar, sarcastic voice chirped from beside me. Lyra appeared, her arms crossed, an unimpressed look on her face.

Nora shrieked, jumping back and nearly tripping over her own feet. I grabbed her arm to steady her. “It’s okay,” I said. “It’s her.” Nora looked around wildly, but no one else in the crowded park seemed to have noticed the shimmering, translucent woman who had just appeared out of thin air. We explained that Lyra was invisible to everyone else.

“A text chat?” Lyra scoffed, looking Nora up and down with a critical eye. “Ugh, I think I know who runs that version. Zephyra. So lazy. Honestly, they should have her app revoked for lack of effort.”

We found a small cafe and squeezed into a tiny table in the corner. As we sat down, I couldn’t help but notice the way men’s eyes were drawn to Nora. It was like a magnetic pull. Her bubbly voice, her pretty face, her new, alluring curves... they were a siren’s call. It was a strange kind of blessing; their attention on her meant less attention on my own bizarre physique.

“That must be nice a nice perk at least,” I commented, gesturing to the admiring glances she was getting. “All the attention.”

She scowled, the expression a stark contrast to her bubbly voice. “No,” she grumbled. “It’s, like, the worst. I just want to be me again. The quiet girl who was, like, totally invisible. The girl who just wanted to code and get her degree.” She fumbled in her purse and pulled out a worn, slightly bent photograph. She slid it across the table to me.

I picked it up. It was a picture of her, but not her. The girl in the photo was slim, almost boyish, with straight, mousy brown hair and a shy, hesitant smile. She was clutching a laptop to her chest like a shield. The glasses were the same, but the eyes behind them were different. Quieter. More reserved. I could see the similarities, the underlying bone structure, but the difference was staggering.



“See?” she said, her voice small and fragile. “See how, like, dire this is?”

I stared at the photo, a profound sense of empathy washing over me. I knew exactly how she felt.

Suddenly, her eyes went wide, a flash of genuine excitement cutting through her frustration. “Oh my god!” she exclaimed, leaning forward, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “I, like, totally almost forgot! The whole reason I reached out! I think... I think I found something. A way out. Maybe.”

Her bimbo curse was a real liability; she was so forgetful. I could see the frustration on her face as she tried to gather her thoughts. I gently nudged her, “It’s okay, take your time.” She thanked me, a grateful smile on her face.

“Okay, so,” she began, her voice a strange, fascinating mixture of ditzy hesitation and brilliant, technical jargon. “I’m, like, a computer science major, right? So the first thing I did when I got this stupid app was try to, like, pick it apart. Decompile it. And the code... it was, like, insane. It’s not written in any language that, like, exists. It’s... alien. But there were, like, patterns. Echoes of stuff I recognized. And after I realized that, like, doing the challenges was just

making me stupider and sluttier, I started spending all my time just digging through the code. And last week... I found something.”

I leaned in, my heart pounding.

“Okay, so, like, it’s super weird,” she continued, her hands gesturing wildly as she struggled to find the right words. “But there’s this, like, sub... uh... subroutine? A bit of code that seems to be... searching. For a connection. It’s like... you know how your phone is always looking for, like, a Wi-Fi signal or a Bluetooth device? It’s like that. The app is, like, constantly pinging, looking for other versions of itself.”

I was starting to follow. “So the apps can connect to each other?”

“Theoretically!” she exclaimed, her eyes wide with excitement. “And there’s this, like, flaw in the code. Or maybe it’s a feature? I can’t tell. But it looks like... if two apps, like, collide? If they connect? There might be a way to, like, transfer data between them.”

“Data?” I asked, confused. “Like, you could send me a file?”

“No, no, not like that,” she said, shaking her head, her voluminous hair bouncing. She took a deep breath, trying to simplify. “Okay, look. If we can find a way to, like, make our apps touch? We might be able to, like, move stuff from one app to the other. Like... punishments. Or perks.”

The implications of her words hit me like a ton of bricks. “What?” I whispered. “So, you’re saying... if we connected our apps, I could, like, give you one of my punishments?” I looked down at my lactating breasts, then at her. “Not that you’d want these.”

“And I could, like, give you my hair color or something,” she finished. “Exactly! It’s like... like an AirDrop. For transformations.”

A wild, desperate hope surged through me. A way to get rid of these changes without having to reverse them. A way to offload them onto someone else. “But how do we connect them?” I asked, my mind racing. “It can’t be as simple as just putting our phones next to each other, right?”

“Right,” she said. “The connection isn’t just about the app. It’s about the... the host. The person. The code seems to need, like, a physical and a metaphysical connection at the same time. The app and the individual have to, like, blend.”

“So what if...” I began, an idea sparking in my mind, “what if I completed a challenge on another app user?”

Her eyes went wide. “Like... what do you mean?”

“Like, say I had a challenge to have sex with someone,” I explained, the plan forming as I spoke. “And the person I had sex with was also an app user. That would be a connection, right? The challenge, the physical act... it would be blending our code, and us.”

She stared at me for a long moment, her brilliant mind processing the logic. Then, a slow, dazzling smile spread across her face. “Oh my god,” she whispered. “You’re right. The app feeds on, like, that kind of energy, right? Sex, chaos, whatever. The moment of, like, completing a challenge, especially a sexual one... that would have to be the strongest connection point. The firewall would, like, totally drop. And in that moment... we could, like, mentally force a swap. A trade.”

We stared at each other, the same, wild hope reflected in our eyes. A way out. A real, tangible way out.

But then, reality came crashing back in. “Wait,” I said, the excitement draining away. “We can’t use each other for this. I don’t want your bimbo voice, no offense. And I’m guessing you don’t want my tits.”

“Totally understandable,” she said, nodding. “So we need someone else.”

“Do you know anyone?” I asked. She shook her head. “Me neither. But... I might have a lead.” I told her about Alpha-Build, the guy on Reddit. I pulled out my phone to check my messages. And there it was. A reply.

*An app? Dude, I don’t know what you’re talking about.*

My heart sank. It was a dead end. But Nora wasn’t convinced. “Let me see that,” she said, taking my phone. She looked at the message, a thoughtful, analytical expression on her face that was so at odds with her ditzy voice. Then, she browsed his videos. Muscle growth, height growth, dick growth... “No, no, he’s, like, totally lying. The way he phrased that... it’s too defensive. He’s one of us. I can feel it.” She looked up at me, a determined glint in her eye. “And I can find him.”

“How?” I asked.

“I may, like, sound like an idiot,” she said with a smirk, “but I’m still a really, really good hacker. I can track his IP address from that message. We can find out where he lives.”

And just like that, the hope was back, brighter and more powerful than ever. “Let’s do it,” I said.

We paid for our coffees and headed back to her dorm, a new, shared sense of purpose humming between us.

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Her dorm room was exactly what I’d expected: books stacked everywhere, complex equations scrawled on a whiteboard, and a massive, custom-built PC rig that looked like something out of a sci-fi movie, humming quietly in the corner. It was the room of a brilliant, dedicated student, a stark, poignant reminder of the woman she was desperately trying to be again.

I looked at the photos taped to her wall, pictures of her with her friends, with her family. The old Nora, the shy, mousy girl from the photograph, smiled out at me from all of them. It was a gut punch. I knew exactly how she felt.

When I turned back around, my breath caught in my throat.

She had stripped down to her underwear. She was standing in the middle of the room, her eyes squeezed shut, her hands massaging her temples. She was rubbing her pussy, a desperate, almost clinical motion.

“Whoa!” I yelped, startled.

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” she said, her voice strained. “But my brain... it’s, like, so foggy. The longer I go without... without cumming, the worse it gets. The airheadedness punishment. It’s, like, cumulative. I can’t... I can’t do complex coding with this much fog in my head. I need... I need you to, like, help me. Please.”

I stared at her, at the soft, new curves of her body, at the desperate, pleading look in her eyes. And I felt my own pussy, my own traitorous body, respond with a hot, slick throb of arousal.



“My roommate will be back in, like, thirty minutes,” she said, her voice a breathy, urgent whisper. “We don’t have a lot of time.” She closed the space between us and pulled me into a kiss.

Her lips were soft, plump, and tasted of coffee and cherry lip gloss. The kiss was desperate, hungry, a search for clarity more than passion. My body, however, didn’t know the difference.

I stripped off my own clothes, my movements clumsy and rushed. She reached out and grabbed my breasts, her touch surprisingly firm, her eyes wide with a kind of clinical curiosity. “God,” she whispered, her voice a mixture of awe and pity. “They’re, like, even bigger than when we met.”



“Yeah,” I grunted. “They keep doing that.”

She then moved her hands lower, her fingers tracing the line of my hips, her gaze dropping to my crotch. Her face fell. “Oh my god, seriously?” she groaned, a note of genuine frustration in

her voice.

“Yeah,” I said, the word a bitter pill. “That’s kind of what I’m trying to fix.”

“It’s okay,” she said, her practical, problem-solving mind already kicking in. “There’s, like, a dildo in the closet. One of the challenges. Don’t, like, ask.”

I found it, a simple, realistic silicone model. And then, there on the floor of her dorm room, surrounded by textbooks and lines of code, we had the most bizarre, desperate, and intensely erotic sex. She showed me things, her hands guiding mine, her voice a strange, breathless mixture of bimbo-speak and surprisingly technical instruction. “No, like, a little to the left... yeah, right there... oh my god, that’s it...” She hit spots on my own body I didn’t even know existed, her touch both clinical and incredibly skilled.

“You sure know a lot,” I panted, my body arching against her touch.

“I was quiet, not, like, asexual,” she gasped back. “I still had... desires.”

The whole thing was a whirlwind of sensation and surrealism. Her, a brilliant mind trapped in a bimbo’s body, her moans loud and theatrical, her words a string of ditzy superlatives. Me, a man trapped in a woman’s body, topping her with a prosthetic dick while she made my own pussy sing. It was a perfect, fucked-up metaphor for our entire situation.

Finally, with a final, shuddering cry, she came, her body convulsing in my arms. And as the aftershocks subsided, a profound, visible change came over her. The tension in her face eased. The ditzy haze in her eyes cleared, replaced by a sharp, focused intelligence. The bubbly cadence of her voice softened, becoming more... normal. The bimboism was still there, a subtle, frustrating undercurrent, but it was no longer in the driver’s seat.

“Thank you,” she said, her voice clear and sincere. She pushed me gently away, got dressed with a brisk, no-nonsense efficiency, and ran to her computer. The transformation was startling. One moment, a ditzy, orgasmic mess. The next, a master hacker, her fingers flying across the keyboard, her eyes scanning lines of code with a speed and intensity that was breathtaking.

“Okay,” she said, her voice a low, focused murmur. “Give me his username. And the message he sent you.”

I watched, mesmerized, as she worked. She was a whirlwind of digital activity, bypassing

firewalls, tracing IP addresses, her face illuminated by the glow of the screen.

And then, after what felt like an eternity, she said it. “Got it.”

Her face sank.

“What?” I asked, my heart dropping. “What is it?”

“His IP address,” she said, her voice a low, frustrated sigh. “It’s in Miami.” She turned to face me, the hope in her eyes replaced by a weary resignation. “How the hell are we supposed to get to Miami?”



I paused. Then, a slow, wicked smile spread across my face. I pulled out my phone and sent a text.

*Hey Cassie. Need a favor. How do you feel about a trip to Miami? Need to get there ASAP.*

A moment later, my phone buzzed. Her reply was a single, perfect, infuriating sentence.

*If this is for our little project, consider it done. We can use my private jet.*

I looked at Nora, my smile widening. “Leave that to me.”