

# THE WOMAN WITHIN

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 5: It's An Investment

The shower was scalding, but it was the only thing that felt like it could scrub the night from my skin. I used a ton of my mint-scented mouthwash, swishing and spitting with a vengeance, trying to erase the ghost taste of dick that lingered long after I'd taken the ring off. It was a phantom limb of sensation, a memory imprinted on a mouth that hadn't even been there. Finally, clean and wrapped in the anonymous comfort of a grey t-shirt and sweatpants, I collapsed onto the couch.

It was 8:30 PM. The ring sat in his palm and the journal sat on the coffee table, a pair of innocuous objects that had completely detonated my reality.

I stared at the tiny number etched into the gold band. 36. Thirty-six Influence. I had earned in one chaotic, debauched hour what I thought would take me weeks of careful, flirty maneuvering. My plan to dip my toes in the shallow end of Tier 1 was a smoking crater. I'd cannonballed straight into the deep, murky waters of Tier 2, and the truth was... a part of me had loved it. The thrill, the raw, intoxicating power of holding a man's undivided attention, of making his body betray him with nothing but a look and a touch. And the feeling... God, the feeling of him going down on me. It was a symphony of sensation my male body was simply incapable of producing, a pleasure so profound it had temporarily short-circuited every wire in my brain.

But the cock... that had been a line. A hard, definitive boundary I'd crossed in a moment of panicked calculation. It was gross, alien. Although, I had to admit, it hadn't been for that long. Just a few seconds, long enough for the ring to pulse and confirm the transaction. Maybe I could get used to it? The thought was immediately followed by a wave of self-loathing. What would that even entail? Guys would expect me to finish them, wouldn't they? Could I actually do that? Go all the way, feel him shudder and spill that hot, salty fluid into my mouth?

My eyes caught my reflection in the dark screen of the TV. A normal guy, sitting on his couch, contemplating the finer points of giving head. What the fuck was I thinking? I shook my head, trying to physically dislodge the thought. No. No fucking way. The challenges were off the table until tomorrow anyway. My focus needed to be on the reward, not the work. I had

a fortune to spend.

I picked up the journal, its worn leather cover feeling heavy with potential. I flipped to a blank page, pen in hand. My biggest desire, the one that felt like a true game-changer, came to mind first.

*Alex Winters has an IQ of 160 30*

The cost appeared beside it, a familiar, taunting red. 30. It was almost everything I'd earned. A thought occurred to me. If I boosted my IQ, would she get smarter too? The book said they were separate entities for physical alterations. But the mind... that felt different. I flipped to the Questions page.

*If I alter my mind, say, giving myself an IQ boost, does my IQ stay boosted in female form?*

The Matron's elegant script flowed onto the page beneath my question.

**Yes. Changes are only form-specific when they affect your physical state. Mental changes are inherent to your consciousness and thus transcend the flesh.**

Okay. That was reassuring. It also meant that if I wanted to make my female form enjoy the challenges more, to make her interested in cock to make my 'work' easier, that change would bleed over into my male self. No. Fucking. Way. That was a line I would never, ever cross.

Maybe 160 was too ambitious. What about a smaller jump?

*Alex Winters has an IQ of 125 30*

The cost remained the same: 30. Red. Clearly, the Matron wasn't interested in small, incremental intelligence boosts. It was all or nothing. I let the text fade. I could blow almost my entire fortune on one upgrade, or I could be smarter about it. I had to think like her. What changes would be... entertaining? What would create more drama, more story? My mind drifted from intellect to aesthetics.

## *Alex Winters is 25% more attractive 5*

A small, satisfying green number appeared. 5. Five Influence for a complete facial tune-up. That was a bargain. The Matron was clearly more interested in seeing how people reacted to a prettier me than a smarter me. Fuck it. It was a vanity I could afford. I underlined the sentence.

The change was a subtle, pleasant warmth that spread across my face, like stepping into a sunbeam. There was no stretching or cracking, just a soft, internal hum. When it faded, I walked to the mirror and stared. It was still me, but a version of me that had been passed through a minor glam filter. My jawline was a little sharper, the angle more defined. My cheekbones were a touch higher. My eyes seemed a little larger, the brown a deeper, more compelling shade. My hair seemed nicer too, more stylish. It wasn't a different face, but it was a better face. The kind of subtle shift that people wouldn't be able to put their finger on. They'd just think I looked... good. Healthier. Rested. I hoped. The change was so much more noticeable to me, the person who saw this face every day. It was a solid upgrade. A fantastic investment.

I sat back down, my new, slightly more handsome face feeling tight with a grin. I took stock of my recent enhancements. Better body, better dick, better face, enhanced sexual stamina. There wasn't much more I could do to my physical self without people starting to ask serious questions. How was I going to explain this to Dave? Or my family? Yeah, I just started a new skincare routine and I'm eating clean. The lies felt flimsy, but what other explanation was there? They'd have to believe it.

Okay, enough about me. It was time to play God with someone else's life. Dave was first on my list. Helping him out felt like the right thing to do, a way to balance the cosmic scales for all the selfish shit I was doing.

## *Dave Chen is not balding 5*

The price had gone up. 5. Yesterday it had been four. The Matron's whims were a fickle thing. But it was still cheap. It was worth it to help my best friend. I underlined it. I was seeing him tomorrow night for a beer. This was going to be fun.

My thoughts drifted to Claire. The night had been incredible, but my work on her was far

from over. She was hot, but she could be hotter. Her ass was nice, but a little more up top would really balance things out. Maybe I could make her a blonde? No, that was too much. She'd freak out. It had to be subtle. It had to feel earned.

*Claire Corbin suddenly gets inspiration to hit the gym every day, and over the course of the next month regardless of what her workouts are, her waist will thin out by 20%, her bust will increase by 25%, and her butt will increase in plumpness and firmness by 25%, and she will believe it's all due to her workouts 10*

It was a mouthful, a complex piece of biological programming. The cost appeared: 10. A bargain. It was a slow burn, but that made it safer. More believable. I underlined it, feeling a phantom thrill at the thought of watching her transform before my very eyes, completely unaware of the architect behind her new body.

But I wanted a more immediate payoff, too. Something for the weekend.

*Claire Corbin loves showing her tits to Alex Winters 5*

*Claire Corbin loves when Alex Winters touches her butt 2*

They were cheap, targeted little behavioral hacks. I underlined them both without a second thought. My phone was on the table. I picked it up and texted her.

**Me:** Hey, you wanna come over for a movie Saturday?

Her reply came back almost instantly, way faster than usual.

**Claire:** Sure! 7?

**Me:** Perfect.

Oh, Saturday was going to be very, very interesting.

I did the math. I started with 36. Five on my face, five on Dave's hair, ten on Claire's body,

five on her tits, and two on her butt. That left me with nine Influence. What next? My family. My mom.

*Francine Winters has no arthritis pain 18*

The cost was still 18. Too much. But maybe a smaller improvement? Something to ease her burden.

*Francine Winters is 5 years younger 6*

That would put her at fifty-eight, not forty-five, but the sentiment was the same. Young enough to feel more energetic, to hopefully ease some of her daily aches and pains, but not so drastic a change that she'd think she was losing her mind. The cost: 6. It was more than I'd spent on my own face, but this was my mom. A single mom who had worked her ass off for me and Allie. I underlined it.

Three Influence left. A small, almost useless amount. But then, thinking of my mom's newfound energy, I had an idea for myself. I'd tried a big energy boost before and it was too expensive.

*Alex Winters has the energy he had when he was 18 10*

Red. Still too much. What about something more specific?

*Alex Winters has 50% improved cardio 3*

Boom. 3. Green. It was the perfect final purchase. I underlined it. I didn't feel any different, but I knew the next time I hit the gym or ran up a flight of stairs, it would be there. A small, practical, invisible upgrade.

And just like that, I was back at zero. The thirty-six Influence hadn't gone nearly as far as I'd hoped. But the changes I'd made were real, tangible. This was addictive. The earning, the spending, the constant, obsessive planning. I needed more.

And I knew exactly how to get it....

The next two weeks were a wild, intoxicating blur. My new life settled into a rhythm, a strange duality of mundane reality and secret, nocturnal adventures.

Seeing Dave the next night was everything I'd hoped for. We met at our usual sports bar, and the first thing he said when he saw me was, "Whoa, dude. You look... fantastic. Have you been working out? Something's different with your face, too."

I just grinned, leaning back in the booth. "Hitting the gym hard, man. And I, uh, started a new skincare routine."

"Well, whatever it is, it's working," he said, shaking his head in disbelief. "Damn, dude."

He was classic Dave, all dusty blonde hair and surfer-dude energy, but I noticed he wasn't wearing his usual baseball cap. He kept running his hands through his hair, a nervous habit that had been replaced by a new, unconscious confidence. After a couple of beers, he leaned in, a conspiratorial grin on his face.

"Oh, dude, almost forgot, great news! You know how I was freaking out about my hair? The meds the doc gave me must be working. Had a check-up today, and he said the recession has completely stopped. He said it looks like it's even getting thicker, which he's never seen before."

I had to take a long sip of my beer to keep from bursting out laughing. It worked. It fucking worked a treat.

My Saturday with Claire was even better. Her body hadn't changed much yet, though I thought I could see a new firmness in her ass when she walked away to grab us snacks. But the mental changes... they were in full effect. We were watching a movie, and halfway through, she just casually lifted her shirt. "Is it hot in here?" she asked, completely nonchalant as she fanned her perfect, bare breasts. Later, when I wrapped my arm around her, my hand instinctively came to rest on her ass, and she melted into the touch, pushing back against my palm with a contented sigh. The sex, once again, was mind-blowing. She begged me to cum inside her, a desperate, needy plea that was incredibly hot, but I held back, much to her vocal disappointment. I made a mental note: make myself sterile until I choose otherwise. That had to be a high-ticket item.

Work was great. The Henderson deck was a resounding success, and Frank was beginning to treat me like a protégé. Life was, for the first time ever, perfect.

But perfection required maintenance. It required Influence. And so, my 'work' began. Most nights, on my way home from the gym, I'd find a new bar in a different neighborhood. I'd slip into the bathroom with some women's clothing in a small bag, change into Alex, and get to work.

It became a game, a checklist of depravity. I'd smash out some Tier 1 challenges, and sometimes move on to the easier Tier 2s. Some nights were a bust; I wasn't a supermodel, and my approachable cuteness didn't work on everyone. Other nights, I was a whirlwind of feminine charm, leaving a trail of bought drinks, stolen kisses, and confused, hard men in my wake. But most nights I managed to complete at least a few challenges to earn some influence.

The one thing I couldn't get used to was the Dick. Late in the second week feeling especially reckless and frustrated at how slow I was earning gems, I spent a hard-earned 2 Influence.

### *To Alex Winters, the taste of cock is like a lollipop 2*

It was a stupid, juvenile solution, but it worked. The next time I had a stranger's dick in my mouth, it tasted vaguely of cherry. It was still gross, but it was a manageable gross. That investment, however, led to a bigger one. The guys were getting frustrated with my five-second-then-flee routine. I needed to be more efficient.

### *Alex Winters is so good at giving head he can make any man cum in under two minutes 30*

That one cost me a staggering 30 Influence, my biggest single purchase yet. But it was an investment in my business. It paid for itself in a few nights. I became a master, a prodigy of fellatio. I could get the job done quickly, efficiently, always making them finish into a wad of toilet paper. I would never cross that line.

My earnings grew. Never a massive windfall, but a steady stream. I bought the arthritis fix for my mom, though I hadn't seen her or Allie yet to witness the results. I started the slow-burn physique improvement for Dave, a mirror of what I'd done for Claire. And I finally bought a small IQ boost, bumping myself up to a respectable 130. My brain just... worked better now.

And some nights, if the hunt was unsuccessful, I'd come home, change into Alex, and take care of myself. I bought a collection of dildos, and the feeling of that thick, silicone shape stretching my pussy, filling me up in a way my own fingers never could, was on a whole other level of erotic. It was a safe, controlled way to explore this new body, this new world of pleasure.

This was my routine. Safe. Profitable. I never went further than oral. Sex with a stranger was a boundary I wouldn't cross. I wasn't gay. This was just a job. A weird, supernatural, soul-crushing job, but a job nonetheless. The big-ticket items, like getting Fridays off (a whopping 50 Influence), would have to wait. Everything was going according to plan.

Until it wasn't.

It had been three weeks since I'd found the ring. We were at my apartment, sinking into my worn-out couch, a half-empty beer bottle sweating in my hand. We were deep into a session of Mario Kart, the air thick with the smell of cheap pizza and friendly competition. Dave was looking great. His hair was thick, his body was toning up. He kept attributing it to "beginner gains" at the gym, and I just kept nodding along, the secret a warm, pleasant hum in my chest.

"Gotta take a leak," I announced, tossing my controller onto the cushion as I headed to the bathroom.

When I came back, Dave wasn't there...

Sitting on the couch, staring down at her own body with wide, terrified eyes, was a girl. She was wearing Dave's clothes, a baggy white t-shirt and cargo shorts, and she looked... like Dave. A female twin, with the same dusty blonde hair, now hanging to her shoulders, and the same bone structure, just softer, more feminine. She let out a choked, terrified sob, her hands flying to a pair of surprisingly full breasts.

Her eyes darted around the room, wild with panic, and landed on a small, gold band on her finger. She clawed at it, yanking it off and throwing it onto the coffee table with a clatter.

In a seamless, dizzying ripple, she transformed back into Dave.

"Dude, what the fuck..." he started, his voice a panicked squeak, but I cut him off.

"Dude," I said, my voice unnaturally calm. "I can explain."

He jumped up, pacing the small living room like a caged animal. “I was a... I was a girl! I had tits! What the FUCK, Alex?”

“I know, I know,” I said, holding up my hands in a placating gesture. “Just calm down. Sit down.” I guided him back to the couch, his body trembling. He’d found the ring. It must have fallen out of my pocket.

He looked at me, his eyes wide with a million questions. “What was that? What is happening?”

I took a deep breath. There was no way around this. “I found a ring three weeks ago,” I started. “It turns you into a girl.”

His jaw dropped. “You... you’ve been... a girl? Why? How is this even possible?”

I made a split-second decision. I couldn’t keep this from him. He was my best friend. And besides, he’d already experienced it. I told him everything. Finding the ring in the dusty box, the journal, the succubus, the challenges, the Influence. I told him about my promotion, about the changes to my body, about the ‘work’ I was doing at night. By the end of it, he was just staring at me, his face a mask of stunned disbelief.

“Show me,” he finally whispered. “I need to see it again. To know I’m not crazy.” I let out a short, humorless laugh. “Alright.” I picked up the ring from the coffee table and slid it onto my finger.

The transformation was second nature to me now, smooth and effortless. “Ta da,” I said, my alto voice filling the room. “Meet Alex. Well, girl Alex.”

Dave just stared, his eyes wide. “No fucking way. This is real.”

“Yeah, it is,” I said. “Here, let me show you.” I grabbed the journal. “I have 15 Influence right now, what do you want to change?”

He snatched the book from my hand before I could react. My female form was slighter, weaker. I couldn’t stop him. “Hey!”

He ignored me, his eyes scanning the pages, his expression shifting from disbelief to dawning horror, and then to something else... understanding. “Dude... this is so fucked up. You reversed my balding? My body...” He’d found the underlined entries.

I snatched the book back, changing back into my male form with an annoyed sigh. “Be careful with that! And yes. I did.”

He looked down at his own hands, at his body, as if seeing it for the first time. “So... if I just did nothing for the next month... I’d still get fitter?”

“Yeah,” I finished for him. “Until you hit the 30% fitness improvement I outlined.”

A slow grin spread across his face. “Dude. This is incredible.”

I was surprised. He was taking this remarkably well. “Can I try again?” he asked, his eyes gleaming with a manic excitement.

“Sure,” I said, handing him the ring. As I did, a thought struck me. How did this work with other people? Could he earn Influence that I could spend?

I watched as Dave transformed again. He smirked, his female face a playful, prettier version of his own. The first thing he did was pull off his t-shirt, grabbing his new breasts with a sense of wonder. “Am I hot?” he asked, his new voice a throaty contralto.

I laughed. “I don’t know, man, it’s weird. It’s like looking at your twin sister.”

“So I’m hot. Hell yeah.” He turned, admiring his reflection in the dark TV screen. I noticed the ring on his finger. The etched number read ‘0’. Interesting. He took it off, transforming back. I slid it onto my own finger becoming female Alex. My Influence was still there: 15. So, it was individual. He couldn’t spend my earnings, and he’d have to earn his own. A nice little safeguard.

I stayed as female Alex, feeling it would somehow help him come to terms with this situation more easily. I filled in the gaps, the details of the challenges, the close calls, the sheer weirdness of it all. He was shocked by the sexual acts, but more surprised that I hadn’t gone further.

“If I were you, I would have fucked so many guys by now,” he said with a laugh.

“It’s different when it’s you,” I said. “Kissing a guy is still gross. The stubble, the smell of dick... it’s a line I don’t want to cross.”

“Fair enough,” he conceded. Then he asked a question that completely blindsided me. “So, why haven’t you improved her?” He gestured at my female body.

I was confused. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve enhanced your male self, but why haven’t you enhanced this version of you?”

“I don’t know,” I said honestly. “It’s not really me. Why would I waste Influence on this form?”

Dave shook his head, a look of profound disappointment on his face. “Dude, you’re thinking way too small. Think about that thirty-point upgrade for your BJ skills. That was an investment, right? It made earning easier.”

I was still not following.

“Let me spell it out for you,” he said, leaning forward, his engineering brain taking over. “You said you sometimes have trouble attracting guys because you’re not a showstopper. What if you were? What if you had bigger tits? A bigger ass? Wouldn’t it be easier to earn Influence? A better tool makes for a better worker. Think of it as investing in your equipment.”

He was right. It was so obvious, so logical, yet it had never occurred to me.

“Let’s do it now!” he said, his eyes alight. “You’ve got 15 points. Stand up. Strip. Let’s see what we can improve.”

I laughed, a nervous, fluttering sound. “No way, dude. I’m not getting naked for you.”

“Oh my god, don’t be stupid. It’s not even your real body.”

“I’m not!” I insisted.

“Fine,” he sighed. “Go get changed into something less baggy, then. Something we can actually work with.”

I hesitated, but his logic was sound. I went to my room and rummaged through the clothes I’d bought for my female form. I came back out wearing a tight pink workout set... booty shorts and a matching sports bra.

Dave let out a low whistle. “Okay, now we’re talking. Let’s see.”

I stood there awkwardly as he circled me, his eyes critical. “Let’s start simple,” he declared. “Your butt could use a little work.”

I felt a weird flush of self-consciousness. “My butt?”

“Yeah! Your butt! Turn around.” I did, feeling like I was at a bizarre audition. “Yep,” he confirmed. “It’s a little... flat. Try improving that.”

I reached back and gave it a squeeze. He was right. I grabbed the journal.

### *Alex Winters has a bubble butt 7*

“It’s only 7 Influence,” I told Dave, surprised at the low cost. The Matron clearly approved of this line of thinking.

“Perfect! You have 15, right? Underline it!”

I did. The sensation was bizarre, a deep, rippling pressure in my glutes. It was a much more significant change than any I’d made before. When it stopped, Dave’s eyes were wide.

“Damn, dude! It looks... plump! Now that’s an ass!”

I had to admit, it was a definite improvement. It felt heavier, fuller. When I sat on the couch, there was a new, soft cushioning.

“Hmmm,” Dave said, stroking his chin. “Not quite there, though.”

“What now?”

“The legs. The hips. They don’t match. The ass is great, but from the front, you can barely tell. And when you were standing, it looked a little... fake. Out of place.”

He had a point. I picked up the journal again.

### *Alex Winters has sexy hips and legs 8*

“Eight Influence,” I said. It was the rest of my stash. I underlined it.

I felt the change immediately, a warmth spreading down my thighs, a subtle widening at my hips. It was a pleasant, stretching sensation.

When it was over, I stood up and did a slow turn. Dave was grinning. He was right. My body was transformed. It wasn’t over the top, but where I’d been a 6/10 before, I was now a solid

7.5. My legs were toned and shapely, my hips flared out in a gentle, feminine curve that made my waist look thinner by comparison. And the ass... with the wider hips as a foundation, it looked incredible.

I reached back and grabbed a handful of the new flesh, giving it a playful jiggle. The motion made Dave's eyes glaze over, and I felt a familiar pulse from the ring.

I laughed. "Dude, are you hard right now?"

He blushed, trying to play it off. "What? No."

"Liar," I teased, showing him the unlocked challenge in the book for making a new guy erect. "I just earned two Influence off you." He looked mortified. "Don't worry," I added. "It only works once per guy."

I took the ring off, the world stretching back to normal.

"What, why'd you do that?" Dave asked, looking disappointed.

"I'm not 'working' tonight," I said, tossing the ring on the table. "I want to hang out."

"Okay," he said. "But... can I wear it?"

I thought about it for a second, then shrugged. "Whatever, man. But I'm still going to smash girl-you at Mario Kart."

His face lit up. He snatched the ring, slid it on, and immediately transformed. The first thing he did was grin and pull off his t-shirt, grabbing his own, larger breasts. "Hell yeah."

He sat back down, picked up his controller, and we continued our night.

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