

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 3: I Guess I'm Playing

I was standing in front of my open closet on the verge of a complete and total breakdown.

The problem was the breasts.

They were a foreign, hostile occupation of my own torso. Last night, in the dim light, under the concealing bulk of a sweater, they had been a horrifying but manageable concept. This morning, in the full light of day, they were a catastrophe. I had spent the last twenty minutes in a frantic, escalating cycle of denial and despair, pulling on and ripping off every shirt I owned.

My favorite grey t-shirt, once a comfortable staple, now clung to my chest in the most obscene way possible. The soft cotton stretched taut over the two soft mounds, outlining them with pornographic clarity. My nipples, now larger and more sensitive than I could have ever imagined, poked against the fabric like two hard little pebbles, announcing their presence to the world. I looked like a man who had stolen a bra and stuffed it with water balloons.



A button-down shirt was even worse. The fabric pulled and strained across my chest, creating a series of horizontal tension lines that pointed directly to my new, unwanted assets. The gap between the buttons, the dreaded 'boob gap' I'd heard women complain about, was a real and present danger. One deep breath and a button would go flying, revealing my secret shame to the world.

"This isn't happening," I muttered, my voice a ragged whisper. I tore the shirt off, the buttons scratching against my sensitive skin, and threw it onto the rapidly growing pile of rejected clothing on my bed.

"Oh, but it is," a cheerful, musical voice chirped from the corner of the room.

I whirled around. Lyra was hovering near the ceiling, her spectral form shimmering in a sunbeam, looking as fresh and unconcerned as a Disney princess. She was idly inspecting her translucent fingernails, the very picture of detached amusement.

"I'm so fucked," I said, the words a raw groan of despair. My hands went to my chest, cupping the soft, alien flesh. The gesture was so instinctively feminine it made me feel sick to my stomach. "You know that, right? This is fucked. How did it get so fucked, so fast?"

Lyra's chiming laugh echoed in the room. "Darling, try to get some perspective. Half the population of the planet has them. It's not the end of the world. Some people even pay a lot of money for them."

Her flippancy was a match to the gasoline of my panic. "Half the female population!" I shrieked, my voice cracking with hysteria. "What man, what single fucking man in the history of the world, has magically grown a pair of tits overnight?! And a pussy?! What the fuck am I?!"

Lyra's gaze drifted down from the ceiling, her eyes, the color of ancient starlight, locking onto mine. Her playful smile didn't change, but the look in her eyes was sharp, cold, and utterly merciless. "Well," she said, her voice dropping to a soft, devastating purr. "I guess you're not a man, then."

The words hit me with the force of a physical blow. "Fuck you," I whispered, the words lacking any of their intended force. I was furious, but the fury was a thin shield over a deep, trembling well of existential terror.

I couldn't go to work. I couldn't face the world like this. The only thing that would even

remotely conceal my new topography was a thick, heavy sweater, and it was already eighty degrees outside. I'd look like a lunatic. Or worse, someone who was very obviously trying to hide something.

There was only one option. I snatched my phone from the nightstand, my fingers fumbling with the screen. I found my boss's number in my contacts and hit dial, my heart hammering against my ribs. It rang twice before he picked up.

"Mackay." His voice was a gravelly bark.

I took a deep breath and forced a cough, a dry, pathetic little rasp. "Hey, Mr. Mackay," I croaked, trying to sound as pathetic as I felt. "It's Eric. Listen, I'm not going to be able to make it in today. I think I've come down with something. Woke up with a killer fever."

A long, heavy silence stretched from the other end of the line. Then, an explosive sigh.

"Linden, you have got to be kidding me. On a Friday? The day after we sign the biggest client this firm has seen in three years? I need you here. We have strategy meetings all day. Dea is expecting a preliminary portfolio analysis by Monday morning."

The mention of her name, Felicia, was a fresh twist of the knife in my gut. "I know, I'm so sorry," I said, injecting another weak cough for effect. "I feel terrible about it. I'm just... I'm useless like this. You don't want me spreading germs all over the office."

"I want you spreading numbers on a spreadsheet!" he roared. "Goddammit, Linden. Fine. But you'd better be back on Monday, and you'd better be firing on all cylinders. This Dea account is our lifeline."

"I will be," I promised, the lie tasting like ash in my mouth. "Thanks, Mr. Mackay." I hung up before he could yell at me again and collapsed onto my bed, the phone slipping from my sweaty grasp.

The apartment was silent again, save for the distant hum of the city. The immediate crisis was averted, but the larger one loomed, more terrifying than ever. I had the day. I had the whole weekend. But come Monday morning, I had to be normal again. I had to be a man again.

I pushed myself into a sitting position, my new breasts jiggling with the movement. The sensation was bizarre, a constant, physical reminder of my failure. I looked over at Lyra, who was now floating cross-legged in the middle of the room, watching me with an unnervingly

patient expression. The anger was gone, burned out and replaced by a cold, desperate pragmatism. This was a game, and I was losing badly. It was time to learn the rules.

“Okay,” I said, my voice steady and clear. “So. I need ten Gems to reverse a punishment, right?”

Lyra nodded, a slow, encouraging smile on her face. “That’s right.”



“And I have two punishments active,” I continued, ticking them off on my fingers. “The vagina, and the breasts. So that only reverses one of them?”

“Bingo,” she chirped. “Your most recent one. So ten Gems would get rid of your lovely new lady-lumps.”

“So I need twenty Gems,” I concluded, the number sounding impossibly large. “Twenty Gems to get fully back to normal.”

“Yep,” she said, popping the ‘p’ with infuriating cheerfulness.

I stared into the middle distance, the gears in my mind turning. Was I really going to do this? Was I going to willingly subject myself to more of this... this supernatural torture? The memory of the failed seduction challenge, the creeping, insidious horror of the punishment

that followed, was still fresh in my mind. But what was the alternative? To live like this forever? A freak, a hybrid, a man with a woman's body parts, hiding from the world?

No. That wasn't a life. This was my only chance. My only way back.

A grim resolve settled over me, cold and hard as steel. It was reckless. It was insane. But it was the only path forward. I had to be me again by Monday. My friend Phil's birthday was tomorrow night. We were all supposed to meet at our usual bar. I couldn't show up like this. If I wasn't back to normal by then, I'd have to cancel, make up some excuse. The thought of lying to my friends, of isolating myself, was more terrifying than any challenge.

I picked up my phone. I opened the app. The swirling purple nebula on the screen seemed to mock me, to whisper promises of power and threats of ruin. I navigated to the 'Challenges' tab. My thumb hovered over the 'ACCEPT' button. For a heartbeat, I hesitated. This was the point of no return. I was no longer a passive victim of this curse. I was becoming an active participant. I was choosing to play.

Before I could change my mind, before the fear could paralyze me again, I pressed the button.

The screen flashed.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Within the next hour, be wearing a bra that fits you correctly.*

Time Remaining: 59:58

Reward: 5 Gems, 50 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *Nipple Command (Gain the mental ability to control your nipple sensitivity and erection, preventing them from showing through clothing unless you desire them to.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Double Down (Your breasts will grow to a heavy, pendulous D-cup size, requiring constant support to avoid discomfort.)*

I stared at the screen, my breath catching in my throat. A bra. The same challenge I had failed so spectacularly last night. But there was a crucial difference in the wording. It didn't say 'get professionally fitted.' It just said 'wear a bra that fits.'

A slow, dangerous spark of hope ignited in my chest. I reached up and cupped my breasts through my bare skin. They felt soft, full, and undeniably real. The punishment for failure was a nightmare I didn't even want to contemplate. DDs? Saggy? I would be a monster. But the challenge itself...

"Okay," I whispered to the empty room. "Okay. I can do this."

I didn't need a professional like the last challenge, I just needed to find the right size. It was a simple matter of logistics. Trial and error. I could do this.

Adrenaline surged through me, a potent cocktail of fear and determination. I sprang into action. I pulled on a pair of jeans and the thickest, baggiest hoodie I owned, zipping it up to my chin despite the heat. I grabbed my keys and my wallet and stormed out of the bedroom.

As I yanked open my apartment door, I practically collided with a solid, fragrant wall of warm, feminine flesh.

"Whoa there, speedy!"



It was Felicia. She was dressed in a workout outfit that was less clothing and more a second, impossibly flattering skin. A tiny sports bra struggled valiantly to contain the magnificent

swell of her own breasts, and a pair of matching high-waisted leggings clung to every curve of her hips, thighs, and ass, showcasing a figure that seemed to have been designed by a committee of horny gods. Her hair was pulled back in a high ponytail, and her face was flushed and dewy from what was probably a grueling workout. She looked incredible.

“Oh, shit, sorry,” I stammered, stumbling back a step. My hands had instinctively flown out to steady myself, and they had landed squarely on her chest. Or, more accurately, on the firm, solid muscle of her upper chest and shoulders. But the brief contact sent a jolt of electricity through me.

“It’s okay,” she said with a laugh, her whiskey-colored eyes sparkling. She playfully pushed my hands away. “No harm done.” She looked me up and down, a teasing smirk playing on her lips. “Damn, Eric,” she said, her voice a low purr. “Your chest felt... soft. You skipping chest day at the gym?”

Panic, cold and absolute, seized me. My blood turned to ice. She knew. She could feel it. It was that obvious. My God, she could tell I had tits. My face must have been a mask of pure, abject terror, because her expression softened, and she laughed again, a light, musical sound.

“Hey, relax,” she said, giving my arm a playful nudge. “I’m just messing with you.”

I forced a weak, awkward laugh, my heart still trying to beat its way out of my chest. Of course she was messing with me. What else could it be? She couldn’t possibly know the truth. But for a split second, the way she had looked at me... it felt like she could see right through my hoodie, right through my skin, right into the core of my humiliating secret.

“You heading out to work?” she asked, oblivious to my internal meltdown.

“No, uh... I called in sick. I got... errands to do,” I managed to choke out.

“Oh, uh... well, have fun with that,” she said with a dazzling smile. “See you later, neighbor!” She gave a little wave and disappeared into her own apartment, leaving me standing in the hallway, my body buzzing with a confusing mix of fear, embarrassment, and a deep, shameful throb of arousal.

“She has no idea how right she was,” Lyra’s voice whispered in my ear as I stepped into the elevator. “Your chest is soft.”

“Shut up,” I muttered, jabbing the button for the ground floor. The doors slid shut, and I

leaned against the cool metal wall, trying to get my breathing under control. The encounter had rattled me, but it had also solidified my resolve. I needed to get this done. Now.

The fluorescent lights of the Walmart Supercenter were as harsh and unforgiving as I remembered. I kept my head down, my hood pulled up, and made a beeline for the back of the store, past the garden center and the automotive section, to the department that was my own personal circle of hell: Women's Apparel.

The lingerie aisle was a dizzying, terrifying explosion of pink, lace, and satin. It felt like I had wandered into a foreign country without knowing the language. Racks and racks of bras, in a thousand different styles and colors, stretched out before me. Push-up, balconette, bralette, full-coverage, T-shirt bra... the terminology was a complete mystery. And the sizing... 32A, 38D, 40C... it was like trying to decipher an ancient, secret code.

I checked my phone. Forty-five minutes left on the clock. Panic began to bubble in my throat. This was not going to be as easy as I thought.

I just had to guess. I grabbed a handful of bras from a rack, trying to eyeball what might fit my new, unwanted frame. I picked a few that looked... medium-sized? A 34B, a 36B, a 34C. I clutched them to my chest like a guilty secret and scurried towards the fitting rooms, feeling the imagined weight of a hundred judgmental stares on my back.

The fitting room was a small, claustrophobic box with a flimsy curtain for a door and a mirror that seemed to amplify every one of my flaws. I took a deep breath, pulled off my hoodie, and looked at my reflection. There they were. My breasts. Sitting on my chest like two unwanted, fleshy parasites.

"Okay, Eric," I whispered to my reflection. "You can do this."

I picked up the first bra, the 34A. It was a simple, beige T-shirt bra. I fumbled with the clasp at the back, my fingers feeling thick and clumsy. I had unhooked dozens of these things in my life, from the other side, in the dark. Doing it on myself was a completely different challenge. After a minute of frustrating contortion, I finally got it hooked.

It was too tight. The band dug into my ribs, and the cups were too small, causing my breast tissue to spill out over the top in an unflattering quad-boob effect. I tore it off, a frustrated groan escaping my lips.

Next, the 36AA. AA means bigger right? I managed the clasp a little faster this time. The band felt better, more comfortable around my chest, but the cups were even smaller! My nipples were pressed painfully against the inside of the fabric.

My hopes began to sink. What if none of them fit? What if I couldn't figure it out in time? I imagined my tits swelling, growing heavy and pendulous, pulling at my skin... I shuddered. I had to make this work.

I picked up the last one I had grabbed: the 34B. It looked... bigger. Maybe too big. With a sense of impending doom, I put it on. I hooked the clasp, adjusted the straps, and then, using a half-remembered technique I'd seen an ex-girlfriend do once, I leaned forward and scooped my breast tissue into the cups.



And then I stood up straight and looked in the mirror.

It fit.

It fit perfectly. The band was snug but not tight. And the cups... the cups encased my breasts perfectly, lifting and supporting them, giving them a smooth, rounded shape I hadn't known they could possess.

My phone chimed in my pocket. A triumphant, musical little sound.

Challenge Complete!

Reward: 5 Gems, 50 XP

A wave of relief so profound it almost made my knees buckle washed over me. I did it. I fucking did it. I sagged against the wall of the fitting room, a breathless, giddy laugh escaping my lips.

“See?” Lyra’s voice chirped from just outside the curtain. “That wasn’t so hard, was it? You’re a natural!”

A new screen appeared on my phone, asking if I wanted to accept the ‘Nipple Command’ perk. This time, I didn’t hesitate. The thought of being able to prevent my nipples from poking through my shirts was a godsend. I hit ‘ACCEPT.’ A strange, tingling sensation, like a tiny muscle flexing, radiated from my nipples for a second, and then it was gone.

I looked at myself in the mirror again. The bra... it was actually comfortable. The slight weight of my breasts, which had been a constant, annoying distraction, was now supported. It felt... better. Secure.

“Fuck it,” I said to myself. I was going to buy it. Just in case. Maybe it would make sleeping more comfortable. I didn’t want to think about the implications of that thought too deeply.

I took the bra off, got dressed, mentally made my nipples less poking (nice perk), and walked out of the fitting room, leaving the rejected sizes behind. I headed for the self-checkout, my heart still thumping with a triumphant rhythm. I scanned the barcode on the bra, shoved it into a plastic bag, and paid with my card, all without making eye contact with a single human being. It was a small, perfect victory.

I practically floated out of the store, a wide, stupid grin on my face. I got into my car in the sprawling, sun-baked parking lot and tossed the bag onto the passenger seat. I pulled out my phone and checked my status. 5 Gems. 50 XP. Halfway to reversing one punishment. I was halfway to being halfway normal.

“Feeling good about yourself, champ?” Lyra asked, her form shimmering into existence in the passenger seat next to me.

“Yeah,” I admitted, the grin still plastered on my face. “Yeah, I actually am. That wasn’t so bad. Five more Gems, and I can get rid of these tits. I can do this.”

“Well,” she said, a sly, tempting glint in her eyes. “You know you can accept a new challenge at any time. No need to wait.”

I looked at her, then at my phone. The adrenaline from my victory was still pumping through my veins. I felt bold. I felt capable. I had the whole day free. Why wait? The sooner I got this done, the sooner I could go back to my life. The risk was there, of course. The last time I had gotten cocky, it had ended in disaster. But this time felt different. I was on a roll.

“Fuck it,” I said, echoing the sentiment from the fitting room. My confidence was a high I wanted to keep riding.

I opened the app, navigated to the challenges, and, with a sense of reckless, triumphant abandon, I hit ‘ACCEPT.’

My heart dropped into my stomach so fast I felt a wave of nausea.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Within the next hour, seduce a man to the point where he propositions you for sex, then gracefully turn him down.*

Time Remaining: 59:55

Reward: 10 Gems, 100 XP

Optional Perk for Completion: *Master Seductress (You gain an innate and devastatingly effective understanding of flirtation and seduction.)*

Punishment for Failure: *Always Plugged (When your vagina is empty, you will experience an increasingly intense psychological and physical craving to be filled by a penis.)*

“LYRA, WHAT THE FUCK?!” I roared, slamming my fist against the steering wheel. The car horn blared, making a woman loading groceries into a nearby minivan jump and glare at me.

“The last one was so easy! Five Gems for wearing a bra! How is this only worth ten?!”



Lyra giggled, a sound that made me want to tear my own hair out. “Remember, darling,” she cooed, completely unsympathetic. “The difficulty rating is based on the app’s intended user. For a woman, this is a Tuesday afternoon. For you... well, it’s a bit more of a challenge, isn’t it?”

I stared at the screen, my blood running cold. Seduce a man? Get him to proposition me? How the fuck was I supposed to do that? I was a man. A man with tits and a pussy, yes, but still a man. And the punishment... oh, God, the punishment. I read it again, the words searing themselves into my brain. An increasingly intense craving to be filled by a penis.

My stomach churned. I imagined it. A constant, gnawing hunger. A mental invasion, forcing me to want something that disgusted me. I imagined my mind being filled with thoughts of men, of their bodies, of their dicks. I imagined craving being fucked. The thought was so vile, so horrifying, it made me feel physically ill. I could not let that happen. Failure was not an option.

“How?” I whispered, my voice shaking. “How the fuck am I supposed to do this?”

My mind raced, frantically searching for a solution. A straight man wasn’t going to proposition me. That left one option.

“A gay bar,” I said out loud. “That’s it. It’s my only shot.”

I threw the car into reverse, squealing out of the parking spot, and sped out of the Walmart lot. I knew of a couple of gay bars downtown. It was my only hope. I drove like a man possessed, weaving through traffic, my knuckles white on the wheel.

I pulled up outside ‘The Velvet Curtain,’ the most popular gay club in the city, my tires screeching against the curb. I looked at the entrance. The doors were shut. The windows were dark. A small, discreet sign listed the hours of operation. Opens at 6 PM.

“Fuck!” I screamed, pounding the steering wheel again. “It’s closed! It’s ten o’clock in the morning!”

“You could try a coffee shop,” Lyra suggested, ever the helpful tormentor. “Find a trendy one. There are bound to be some artistic, sensitive types there.”

“And what are the chances of finding a gay guy who’s single, into me, and horny enough to proposition a stranger in a coffee shop in the middle of the morning?!” I yelled at her.

But I was desperate. It was a stupid, long-shot plan, but it was the only plan I had. I drove to the trendiest, most hipster-infested neighborhood I knew of. I spent the next forty minutes rushing in and out of artisanal coffee shops and minimalist cafes, my eyes scanning the crowds of laptop-tappers and avocado-toast-eaters.

The closest I came was a handsome, well-dressed couple walking a perfectly groomed French bulldog, waiting in line for a matcha latte. They were laughing together, their hands intertwined. Definitely not an option. Everyone else was either a woman, a straight couple, or an old man reading a newspaper.

It was hopeless. I got back in my car, defeated. I watched the timer on the app tick down the last few seconds. 3... 2... 1...

Challenge Failed. Punishment Active.

The notification was a death sentence.

“This is so fucking stupid!” I yelled at Lyra, my voice hoarse with rage and despair. “The challenge was impossible! It was a trap!”

“Now, now,” she said, her tone infuriatingly calm. “No need for a tantrum. At least it’s not a physical change this time. It’s all in your head.”

And then, I felt it.

It started as a subtle, almost unnoticeable sensation. A faint itch, deep inside my vagina. It wasn’t a normal itch, the kind you could scratch. It was deeper, more... internal. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, trying to ignore it. While driving, I reflexively reached down, intending to adjust my jeans, but my fingers seemed to have a mind of their own. They slipped under the waistband of my boxers, found the entrance to my pussy, and slid one finger inside.

The relief was instantaneous. The itching stopped. But a moment later, the horror of what I had just done washed over me. I had just fingered myself, subconsciously, while driving. I snatched my hand away as if I’d been burned.

“What the fuck did I do that for?” I muttered, my face flushing with shame.

The moment my finger left my body, the itching started again. But this time, it was different. It was accompanied by a thought, a sliver of an idea that slid into my mind, unbidden and unwelcome.

It would be nice if a guy put his dick there.

I shook my head violently, trying to dislodge the thought. “No,” I said out loud. “No, it wouldn’t.” Dicks grossed me out. The thought of one inside me was repulsive.

And yet... the thought returned, stronger this time. It wasn’t just an idea; it was a scene, playing out in my mind’s eye. A man, faceless but strong, pushing his cock into me. The feeling of being filled, stretched, taken. My body arching to meet his thrusts. I could almost feel it. A wave of heat washed over me, and I realized with a fresh surge of horror that my pussy was getting wet.

“LYRA, THIS IS FUCKED!” I screamed, pulling the car over into a random parking bay, my hands shaking too much to drive.

She was giggling. Actually, audibly giggling. “Sounds like someone needs to get their little virgin pussy popped,” she teased.

“NOT HELPING!” I roared. I looked out the window, trying to focus on anything else, trying to

ground myself in reality. I was parked on a busy street, shoppers and business people walking by on the sidewalk. A handsome man in a sharp suit walked past, talking on his phone. He was objectively attractive, I could admit that. But my mind didn't just register it as an objective fact. It took the observation and twisted it.

I wonder what his cock looks like. I bet it's thick. I wonder how it would feel, just for a few strokes. Just to see...

The urge was so strong, so visceral, that I actually reached for the door handle. I was going to get out of the car. I was going to proposition him. Me. Eric Linden.

My rational mind, the small, screaming part of me that was still my own, fought back. With a surge of desperate willpower, I forced my hand back down between my legs, plunging a finger back inside myself.

The urges stopped. The mental chatter went silent. The craving vanished, replaced by the simple, clean sensation of my own finger filling my own body. The relief was so profound, so total, that I let out a shuddering sigh and slumped against the headrest. Thank God. Back to normal. It even felt... nice. Comforting.

But then, the chilling reality of the punishment's wording came back to me. Craving to be filled by a penis. Not just an itch to be scratched. Filled.

I turned to Lyra, not daring to take my finger out. "What, so I'm just supposed to walk around with my finger in my pussy for the rest of my life?!"

She laughed, a full, hearty laugh this time. "Oh, darling, don't be so dramatic. There are plenty of other things that can go in there. Things that don't require you to keep your hand in your pants all day."

Her spectral gaze drifted towards the street outside. I followed her look. And I saw it. Across the road, nestled between a vape shop and a high-end bakery, was an adult store. 'The Pleasure Palace.' Its windows were tastefully frosted, a discreet neon sign glowing in the window.

She was right. Of course she was right.

I didn't see any other option. The thought of those invasive, alien cravings returning was more terrifying than any amount of public humiliation. With my finger still lodged inside me, I got

out of the car, my movements stiff and awkward. The moment my hand left my crotch to open the car door, the itching and the mental static began to creep back in. It was manageable for now, a low hum of wrongness, but I knew it would grow.

I rushed across the street, my head down, and pushed through the door of The Pleasure Palace. The inside was surprisingly clean and well-lit, not the seedy den I had imagined. It smelled faintly of vanilla and rubber. A bored-looking woman with snakebite piercings sat behind the counter, scrolling on her phone. She didn't even look up as I entered.

I was a man on a mission. I ignored the racks of DVDs, the shelves of lubricants, the wall of intimidating BDSM gear. I went straight for the dildos. There were hundreds of them. All shapes, all sizes, all colors of the rainbow. Realistic, fantastical, glass, silicone. The sheer variety was overwhelming.



I didn't have time to be picky. I just started grabbing them. A small, simple one that looked manageable. A slightly larger, more realistic one. One that was curved. One that was a frankly terrifying shade of purple. The urges were growing stronger, my pussy getting wetter with every passing second. I could feel a damp spot forming in my boxers. I just needed to get out of here.

I dumped my armful of phalluses on the counter. The cashier finally looked up, her eyebrows raising a fraction of an inch as she took in my selection. She didn't say a word, just started scanning them with a practiced, weary air. I paid with my card, my face burning, not daring to meet her gaze. She shoved my purchases into a plain brown paper bag.

I snatched the bag and practically ran out of the store, the little bell on the door chiming mockingly behind me. I jaywalked back across the street, fumbling with my car keys, the craving now a loud, insistent buzzing in my mind.

I threw myself into the driver's seat and ripped open the bag. I pulled out the smallest one, a simple, non-threatening silicone rod about the size of a thick cigar. It was still in its plastic packaging. My fingers, slick with my own nervous sweat, tore at the plastic. Some weird remote was in the packaging too, but I tossed it back into the bag.

I unbuttoned my jeans, pulled down the waistband of my boxers, and looked down. I was dripping wet, a clear, slick fluid coating the entrance to my pussy. The sight was both disgusting and intensely arousing.



With a trembling hand, I guided the tip of the dildo to my entrance. I hesitated for a second, my entire being screaming that this was wrong. But the mental craving was screaming louder.

I pushed.

It slid in easily, my own wetness providing ample lubrication. The sensation was... indescribable. It was a feeling of being filled, stretched, invaded. It was violating. It was wrong. And it was the hottest, most intensely erotic thing I had ever felt in my life. A sharp, involuntary gasp escaped my lips as I pushed it all the way in, until the flared base was pressed against my outer lips.

And then... silence.

The craving was gone. The mental chatter stopped. The itch vanished. All that was left was the strange, full feeling in my groin and the lingering thrum of arousal.

I sat there for a long moment, my breath coming in ragged gasps. Then, slowly, carefully, I pulled my boxers and jeans back up. I could feel the dildo inside me, a foreign object nestled deep within my body. It was a constant, physical reminder of my new reality. When I shifted in my seat, I could feel it move, pressing against sensitive inner walls I was only just beginning to discover. It was arousing, deeply weird, but it was infinitely better than the alternative.

Satisfied that the urges were gone, I started the car and began the drive home, a storm of anger, shame, and a strange, dark excitement raging within me.

"So," I said to Lyra, my voice flat and dead. "If I get the ten Gems and reverse the vagina punishment, does this one go away too?"

"It does," she confirmed. "The 'Always Plugged' punishment is intrinsically tied to the existence of your vagina. No pussy, no punishment. A two-for-one deal, you might say."

"Well, at least it won't cost me extra," I muttered. But her words had just presented me with a new, impossible dilemma. If I earned another five Gems, I would have ten. Enough to reverse one punishment. She said it was only the most recent one? Guess that means my tits, the visible, physical proof of my freakishness that prevented me from even leaving the house without a disguise. The pussy, the source of this new, mentally torturous punishment that required me to keep a dildo inside myself at all times just to feel sane... it looks like I'll be stuck with that a little while longer.

But for now, I just wanted to get home, eat some lunch, and try to forget that my life had become a surrealist body-horror nightmare.

I parked my car and walked towards my apartment building, the paper bag with the rest of my dildo collection and my new bra clutched in one hand. I could feel the one inside me with every step, a secret, intimate pressure. As I approached my door, fumbling in my pocket for my keys, my own front door opened and Felicia stepped out.

“Oh, back already?” she asked with a bright, friendly smile.



My body went rigid. How does she keep just bumping into me like this? She always seems to know when I'm coming and going. Her presence was like a high-voltage current, and I became intensely, painfully aware of the silicone rod buried deep inside my pussy. A hot flush of arousal and shame washed over me.

“Uhh, yeah,” I stammered, my hand shaking as I tried to insert the key into the lock. “Just had to... get some things.”

My fumbling fingers betrayed me. The key slipped, and as I bent to pick it up, the paper bag slipped from my other hand, spilling its contents across the hallway floor.

Two dildos, one alarmingly veiny, and the other a vibrant, shimmering purple, rolled to a stop near her feet. The bra I had bought at Walmart landed next to them. And a small, sleek black

remote control clattered onto the tile.

I froze. My blood turned to ice. My mind went completely blank. This was it. This was the most mortifying moment of my life. There was no coming back from this.

She stared down at the scattered items for a long moment. I could feel my life ending. Then, slowly, she bent down and picked them up, her movements graceful and unhurried. She looked at the dildos in her hand, then at me, and a slow, wicked smirk spread across her perfect lips.

“Huh,” she said, her voice a low, amused purr. She held one of the dildos up, inspecting it. “What are these for?” She winked.

“I... uh... I can explain!” I squeaked, my voice an octave higher than normal.

She laughed, a throaty, genuine sound that did nothing to quell my rising panic. “Hahaha, it’s okay,” she said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “No need to explain. I like a guy who’s prepared. Never know when these might come in handy with a girl in bed, right?” She winked again, a gesture that was both reassuring and deeply, profoundly confusing. She put the dildos and the bra back in the bag. “But what’s this?”

She was holding the small black remote. Was that the one that came with the dildo I used? She pressed the button.

A deep vibration erupted inside my pussy. The sensation was so sudden, so intense, so overwhelmingly pleasurable that my knees buckled. A strangled moan caught in my throat, escaping as a choked gasp. I threw a hand out, slamming it against the wall to keep from collapsing onto the floor.

“Whoa, you okay there?” she asked, her expression a mask of innocent concern.

“Yeah,” I wheezed, my entire body trembling. “Fine. Just... a leg cramp.” I tried to play it off, but my face was flushed, and I was breathing like I’d just run a marathon.

She tilted her head, unconvinced. “Are you sure? I think I can hear a buzzing sound. Is your phone going off in your pocket?”

“Yeah, uh, I think it is,” I lied, my voice strained.

She looked down at the remote in her hand, her brow furrowed in concentration. Then she

looked back up at me, a devilish glint in her eye. Her thumb moved to the 'up' arrow on the remote, the button for increasing the vibration intensity.



“No, wait...”

She pressed it. Once. Twice.

The vibrations inside me ramped up, a powerful, rhythmic thrumming that sent waves of pure, agonizing pleasure crashing through my system. A whimper escaped my lips. I couldn't stop it. My vision swam. My legs were shaking uncontrollably. I was going to cum, right here, in the hallway, in front of her.

“Sorry,” I gasped, snatching the remote from her hand. “Gotta take this call. Bye!”

I grabbed the paper bag, wrenched my apartment door open, and stumbled inside, slamming it shut behind me. I leaned against the door, my body still vibrating, and frantically jabbed the 'off' button on the remote.

The vibrations stopped.

Silence.

I slid down the door to the floor, my legs giving out completely. I sat there, gasping for air, the aftershocks of the pleasure still echoing through my nerves. That was the most embarrassing, most humiliating, most intensely arousing thing that had ever happened to me. And as I sat there, a dildo in my pussy and a bag of sex toys on the floor, one terrifying thought pushed through the haze of my brain.

She had enjoyed that. Way too much.