

THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 11: Erica is born

“Are you ready, Eric?”

Cassie’s voice cut through the opulent silence of the Miami penthouse. She stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows, the city lights reflecting in her eyes like cold, hard stars. She looked like a general surveying a battlefield, albeit one dressed in black silk pajamas that clung to her impossible frame.

I nodded, swallowing the lump of anxiety in my throat. “As ready as I’ll ever be, I guess.”

“Wait, wait,” Nora mumbled from the plush velvet armchair, rubbing her temples. Her glasses were askew, and her mouth hung slightly open. “What’s the plan again? My head is, like, full of bees.”

I rolled my eyes, but Cassie held up a hand. “Hey, she can’t help it. She hasn’t cum today, and the Sexual RAM punishment is eating her IQ by the minute.”

“Sorry!” Nora squeaked, looking genuinely distressed. “It’s just so... foggy.”

“Listen closely, Nora,” Cassie said, speaking slowly and clearly. “Step one: Eric fails challenges on purpose. We sculpt him into a believable, irresistible woman. Step two: You complete a challenge from your bimbo app on him. During the completion, you mentally shove all your punishments onto him. Step three: We activate a final challenge. Eric seduces Dean Wright, completes it, and dumps the entire toxic payload onto him. Step four: We run.”

Nora’s face lit up, a slow dawn of comprehension. “Yay! So I’ll be back to normal soon! Like, smart again?”

“Yeah,” I said, trying to sound confident despite the dread pooling in my stomach. “You’re welcome.”

“Come on,” Cassie said, walking over and placing a hand on my shoulder. “This will work. We build the Trojan Horse, we wheel it in, we unload the soldiers. Simple.”

Lyra, who had been floating upside down near the chandelier, flipped upright with a wicked grin. “Finally! Some real fun! I was getting bored of the angst.”

“Well,” Cassie said, stepping back and crossing her arms. “What are you waiting for? Strip.”

I blinked. “Why?”

Cassie rolled her eyes, a gesture that involved her entire upper body. “So we can figure out what changes you need, obviously. We’re sculpting a masterpiece here.”

“What do you mean?” I argued, gesturing to my body. “Below the neck, I’m practically a woman where it counts! It’s just my head and voice that need to change, right?”

“Let’s see then!” Cassie commanded. “Come on, Eric. It’s not even your real body anymore. We’ve all seen you naked. Don’t be a prude.”

I gritted my teeth. She was right, but it didn’t make it any less humiliating. With a huff of annoyance, I stripped off my hoodie and sweatpants, standing before them in nothing but my skin.

“There,” I snapped, throwing my hands out. “Happy?”

Cassie and Nora stepped forward, circling me like judges at a livestock fair. They poked and prodded, humming thoughtfully.

“What are we looking for again?” Nora asked, staring blankly at my chest.

They ignored her. “We need to maximize the assets,” Cassie said clinically. “The foundation is there, thanks to the app’s previous punishments, but it’s not... optimal. Dean Wright is an Alpha. He likes excess. He likes exaggerated femininity.” She pointed a manicured finger at my midsection. “Your hips and ass. They need work.”

“What?” I protested, turning to look at my reflection in the glass. “I have a woman’s outline! Look at the waist!”

“It’s feminine,” Cassie conceded. “But it’s not... weaponized. Look at me.” She turned, emphasizing the sheer, impossible ratio of her own waist to her hips. “Then look at Nora. Big, juicy butts are in, Eric. If you want to trap a man like Dean, you need to be undeniable.”

I groaned. “Fine. What else?”

“Your face,” Cassie listed. “It’s still too masculine under the mask. And your voice is a dead giveaway. But also...” She poked my bicep. “You’re too muscular. Your shoulders are too broad. Dean is an Alpha. He won’t want a girl who looks like she can bench press him. He wants soft. Yielding.”

“Fuck!” I yelled. “I worked hard for those muscles!”

“Get over it,” Cassie said ruthlessly. “It will only be for the time it takes to complete the swap. Then you can have your precious biceps back.”

I looked at Nora, who was nodding sagely despite clearly not following the conversation. I looked at Cassie, whose eyes held no room for argument.

“Fine,” I muttered. “Hips, butt, face, voice, muscle loss. Let’s get this over with.”

I pulled out my phone. The app glowed with a malevolent light. I navigated to the challenges tab and hit ‘Accept,’ my heart hammering against my ribs. We all watched the screen, praying for something quick to fail.

CHALLENGE ISSUED

Objective: *Have 5 men slap your bare ass in the next hour without prompting them.*

Reward: *10 Gems.*

Punishment: *The Peach Emoji (Your glutes will permanently expand into a soft, heart-shaped, irresistible posterior. Men will feel a subconscious urge to touch it).*

Perk: *Waste Management (Your body becomes 100% efficient. You no longer need to defecate).*

“Well,” Cassie smirked. “That’s convenient.”

“So what, we just chill here until I fail?,” I said, dismissing the challenge immediately.

“Exactly,” Lyra chirped. “Then you can enjoy the upgrade!”

We waited. I scrolled my phone for a bit. I hadn’t opened Instagram in a few days. Seeing all of my friends going about their lives unaffected by all of this magic and chaos reminded me of why I need to get back to normal. An hour passed. And then, the punishment hit.

It started as a warmth in my lower back, a heavy, sinking sensation that pulled at my spine. I

gasped, grabbing the back of the sofa as my center of gravity shifted violently. My underwear, which I had pulled back on, suddenly felt tight.

“Oh my god,” Nora whispered, watching with wide eyes.

I felt my glutes swell, the muscle melting into soft, jiggly fat. It was a slow, rhythmic expansion, like dough rising in a hot oven. My ass cheeks pushed outward and backward, fighting against my underwear, exposing the pale skin beneath. The growth continued, heavy and relentless, filling out into a massive, round, heart-shaped shelf that jiggled with the slightest movement. My hips widened to accommodate the new mass, my thighs thickening to support the weight. When it finally stopped, I was panting, sweat slicking my skin. I reached back. My hands couldn't even cover a fraction of the new, massive expanse.

“Okay,” Cassie said, looking impressed. “That's a start.”

“Let's keep moving,” I grunted, the new weight dragging at my pelvis.

I accepted the next challenge.

Objective: *Make 3 men buy you a drink in the next hour by just giving them a look.*

Punishment: *A prettier face that will give you a better shot in future.*

We waited it out. Nora went downstairs to try to find some sucker to sleep with so she could cum, desperate for a moment of clarity, while Cassie and I went back to chilling.

When the hour struck, the tingling started in my face. It wasn't painful, just a strange, fluid sensation, like warm water washing over my skin. I ran to the mirror.

My jawline, once square and covered in permanent stubble no matter how much I shaved, seemed to melt inward, softening into a gentle, feminine curve. The roughness of my skin vanished, replaced by a smooth, pore-less complexion. My brow ridge smoothed out, opening up my eyes, and my nose slimmed down just a fraction.

I didn't look like a plastic doll. I didn't look fake. I looked... related to myself. I looked like I was my own sister... the hot sister everyone wanted to date. It was undeniable natural beauty.

Cassie stood behind me, looking at my reflection. “Not bad,” she admitted. “You make a very pretty girl, Eric. You look... believable.”

“Don’t do that,” I warned, touching my smooth, soft cheek. My voice was still deep and masculine, creating a jarring dissonance with my new face. “In private, I’m still he/him. I’m still Eric.”

“Two for two,” she said. “Next.”

The third challenge appeared, and my blood ran cold.

Objective: *Go an hour at a public mall wearing nothing but lingerie. Challenge begins in 10 minutes.*

Punishment: *Exposed (Your cleavage, stomach, legs, and ass must always be visible. Covering them causes unbearable itching. Breasts become self-supporting).*

“I don’t want to be stuck like that!” I panicked, standing up. “That’s practically naked!”

“Who cares?” Cassie laughed. “You’ll be back to normal soon anyway. Do you really want to go to a mall right now?”

I looked at the door, then down at my new, massive ass. “Fuck it.”

Eleven minutes later, the itching started. It wasn’t just an itch; it was a burning, maddening sensation, like wearing wool soaked in poison ivy. I tore at my clothes, ripping the t shirt off. The relief was instant the moment my skin hit the air. Luckily my ripped boxer briefs seemed to reveal enough of my new ass.

Cassie tossed me a tiny, pink string bikini she had apparently packed. “Put this on. It barely covers the essentials. Should satisfy the curse.”

I put it on. It was humiliating. The strings dug into my soft hips, the top struggled to contain my breasts which had grown a lot since I hadn’t milked them today, and the bottoms disappeared entirely between my new, massive cheeks.

“I’m not happy about this,” I muttered. “And I need to milk myself. I’m getting too big.”

“Probably best to hold off on that,” Cassie replied. “Larger breasts may come in handy with Dean”. I looked down at them and sighed. She was right.

“More, more!” Lyra cheered.

We powered through three more failures.

First, a challenge to squat at the gym. Failed. My gym-honed muscles dissolved, leaving behind soft, feminine arms and slender shoulders. I mourned the loss of my strength, feeling delicate and vulnerable.

Then, a darker one. **Swallow 5 men's cum in 2 hours.** The punishment was a permanent psychological craving for the taste. I hesitated, but failed it since I didn't really want to venture out and swallow the seed of 5 random gross guys. When the punishment hit, a sudden, intrusive thought washed over me... a hunger, a specific, salty desire that made my mouth water. It was terrifying.

Finally, the voice. **Get asked out by a man without speaking.** Failed. My larynx reshaped, dissolving my Adam's apple. When I spoke to ask if we were done, my voice was a husky, breathy purr that made Cassie's eyes widen.

"You're perfect, cutie!" Nora yelled, clapping her hands as she walked back in, looking slightly more relaxed and a lot more intelligent.

Cassie threw me a new outfit she'd bought while I was wading through the last few challenges... a low-cut crop top and booty shorts. It adhered to my new exposure rules. I put it on, looking in the mirror. Eric was gone. A stunningly beautiful woman stood in his place...

...this plan had better fucking work.

"Okay so do we head to Dean's place?" I asked, my voice sultry and smooth.

"Whoa, whoa, forgetting something?" Cassie asked.

I looked at Nora. Right. The bimbo traits.

"Ugh," I sighed. "I forgot. Sorry."

Nora looked apologetic.

She accepted a challenge on her phone.

Objective: *Flash someone for a free drink unprompted.*

Punishment: *Instinctive Flashing (Compulsion to expose breasts whenever asked a question).*

Perk: *Perfect Tits.*

“Well, let’s hope we don’t need to climax for the swap to still initiate and glitch the app,” I said.

We went down to the hotel bar. It was dimly lit and quiet. I walked up to the bar, Nora trailing behind me. I ordered a drink, my voice turning heads.

As the bartender turned away, Nora stepped in front of me. She didn’t say a word. She just lifted her top.

I looked at her breasts. They were perfect. And despite everything, despite the stress and the horror, I felt a stir of arousal.

“Nice,” I smiled, playing my part. “Bartender, put her drink on my tab.”

The female bartender looked confused but nodded.

As I handed over the card, the completion notification chimed on Nora’s phone. She squeezed her eyes shut, her face scrunching in intense concentration. I saw her lips moving silently, pushing, willing the transfer.

Take it. Take it all.

Suddenly, the world tilted. A wave of nausea so violent it knocked the wind out of me crashed into my gut. I gripped the sticky bar top, my knuckles white.

“Bathroom,” I gasped.

We ran, stumbling into the women’s restroom. We collapsed onto the tiled floor just as the door swung shut.

The changes hit me like a freight train.

It wasn’t physical pain this time. It was a mental rewriting. A fog rolled into my mind, thick and pink and smelling of bubblegum. My thoughts, usually sharp and linear, began to drift, untethering from reality.

Then, the physical changes followed the mental ones. My eyes, already pretty, widened further, the pupils dilating, the lashes doubling in thickness. My lips, already soft, began to tingle and swell, pushing outward into an exaggerated, permanent, glossy pout. I wasn't just the pretty sister anymore; I was becoming a caricature. Filter Face.

Then, the internal monologue shifted. The complex anxiety about the plan, the technical details of the app, the fear of Dean Wright... it all started to dissolve. The words in my head changed. Strategy became Plan. Consequences became Bad stuff. Transformation became Makeover.

Cognitive Drift.

I tried to fight it. I tried to think about the code mesh. But the thought slipped away like oil on water. *It's, like, really hard to think*, I thought. *Totally weird.*

Nora's eyes widened, blinking rapidly as if waking from a long, deep sleep. She reached up and adjusted her glasses, her movements sharp and precise.

"Oh my god," she whispered, her voice crisp, clear, and completely devoid of the bubbly cadence that had plagued her for weeks. "It worked. I can... I can think. The fog is gone. I can visualize the code structure again."

She looked down at me, profound relief washing over her face. I was still on my knees, panting, feeling the world rearrange itself inside my head. Slowly, shakily, I got to my feet.

I took stock of the damage. My lips were tingling, swollen into a permanent pout. My thumb was itching to drift into my mouth. And my brain... my brain felt like it was wrapped in pink cotton candy.

Cognitive Drift was already rewriting my vocabulary. Submission Subroutine was making me look at Nora with wide, obedient eyes. Giggle Loop was bubbling in my throat.

I looked over at Nora. She looked back to normal... mostly. Her posture was straighter, her eyes intelligent and focused. But what was interesting. What my foggy brain struggled to process was that she hadn't changed much from the neck down. Her ass was still massive. Her breasts were still unnaturally perky and projected forward, defying gravity.

"Are you, like, okay?" I asked, surprised by the breathy, high-pitched voice that came out of my own throat.

Nora stood up, smoothed her skirt, and put her glasses back on. "Yeah," she said, a confident smile spreading across her face. "God, MUCH better."

We left the bathroom and headed back toward the penthouse, me stumbling slightly in my heels, Nora striding with a newfound purpose.

In the elevator ride up, the silence was heavy. I leaned against the wall, twirling a strand of my blonde hair, a reflex I couldn't control.

"Why did the, like, physical stuff fail?" I asked, frowning. "You still have the big boobies and the butt."

Nora turned to me, a sly, knowing glint in her eyes that I hadn't seen before.

"You didn't think I was giving up everything, did you?" she smirked.

I blinked, confused. "What?"

"It's nice to be back to me, especially my face and my brain," she said, running her hands down her hourglass curves, emphasizing the shelf of her ass and the jut of her breasts. "But... this has some perks. I look good. Why would I want to be a flat board again?"

I rolled my eyes, or I tried to, but it just looked like a bratty flutter of my eyelashes. She had scammed me. She kept the hot stuff and dumped the brain damage on me.

As the elevator dinged, signaling our floor, Nora clapped her hands. "Okay, you ready? Cassie will run us through the plan again."

I nodded and moved to step out, but I paused.

The plan.

I furrowed my brow. We were going to... see a man? A big man? I tried to grasp the details, the code mesh, the swap mechanics, but they were slipping away like sand through my fingers. The fog was getting thicker. The Sexual RAM punishment was kicking in hard; I hadn't cum in hours, and my IQ was plummeting because of it.

God... this is going to be hard, I thought. Like, really hard.

I caught my reflection in the elevator mirror just as the doors began to close behind Nora. A

blonde, pouty, wide-eyed bimbo stared back, sucking on her thumb, wearing a crop top and booty shorts.

“I CANNOT be stuck like this,” I whispered, the fear piercing the cotton candy fog for a fleeting second. I couldn't believe the woman I saw.

“Let's go, Eric,” Nora called out. “Cassie is waiting.”

The command hit my brain like a shot of espresso. Cassie is waiting. I had to be a good girl. I had to obey.

“Coming!” I chirped, and with a hip-swaying trot, I stepped out toward the penthouse.