

THE CHALLENGE APP

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Day 7 (Week 1 Finale)

It was Monday morning, and for the first time in what felt like a lifetime, I didn't wake up with a jolt of horrified confusion. The soft, heavy weight of my tits against my ribs, the gentle curve of my waist, the plush, cushioned reality of my hips and ass... it all felt... right. Normal. The alien landscape of my own body had become home. I swung my legs out of bed, the movement fluid and unconsciously graceful, and padded towards my phone, barely even registering the hypnotic, rhythmic sloshing of my magnificent breasts or the subtle, feminine sway of my hips. It was just... how I moved now.

Sixteen gems. The number glowed on the screen, a testament to a week of pure, unadulterated, gender-bending hell. A week. It had been a whole week since I'd been that bored, average, flat-chested guy scrolling through TikTok. A lifetime ago. My hand drifted to my chest, giving one of my heavy, soft breasts a playful, almost affectionate squeeze. The nipple hardened instantly, a familiar, traitorous tingle running down my spine. I was, disturbingly, getting used to them. My other hand ran down my side, tracing the dramatic, elegant curve from my narrow waist to my wide hip. This was me. This bizarre, beautiful, impossible body.

"Admiring the new architecture, darling?" Nadia's voice, a silken purr that was now a permanent fixture in the back of my mind, echoed with amusement. "It's quite the renovation, isn't it? I think the new... upper extension... really brings the whole project together."

"Shut it, Nadia," I muttered, my own voice a low, familiar baritone that felt increasingly out of place with the rest of the package. I ignored her, my focus entirely on the screen, on the choice that lay before me. The Shop of Unspeakable Temptations. I tapped the icon, and then the 'Reverse Punishment' button. Two options materialized, side-by-side, each glowing with the promise of a partial return to normalcy, each costing ten of my precious, hard-won gems.

[REVERSE PUNISHMENT (BREASTS): 10 GEMS]

[REVERSE PUNISHMENT (FEMININE BODY FRAME): 10 GEMS]

I stared at them, my thumb hovering over the screen, my mind a whirlwind of pros and cons. The breasts... they were the most obvious change, the most undeniable, in-your-face declaration of my new, bizarre reality. They were impossible to hide, a constant source of public scrutiny and my mother's escalating panic. Getting rid of them would be a huge step towards being able to walk through the world without feeling like a circus freak. And I had a plausible, if deeply humiliating, excuse for them. Gynecomastia. It was a real thing. A hormonal imbalance. A medical condition. I could explain them away.

But the frame... that was the more insidious change. It was easier to hide, yes. Under baggy clothes, I could almost pass for my old self, albeit a slightly more... pear-shaped version. But if anyone ever saw me without the layers – at a beach, in a locker room, even just in a t-shirt and shorts on a hot day – it would be impossible to explain. A man doesn't just wake up with the delicate shoulders, tapered waist, and wide, curvaceous hips of a woman. There was no medical term for that. That was just... magic. Weird, undeniable, curse-app magic. Reversing the frame would make me feel more like myself, more like a guy, even with the tits. It would be a more fundamental return to my original blueprint.

But then... the breasts. I glanced down, my shirt stretching taut over their impressive volume. I had to admit, a deep, dark, traitorous part of me... liked them. They were... magnificent. A perfect, handful. The constant, soft weight was almost... comforting. And the sensitivity... well, that was a whole other story. The thought of losing them filled me with a strange, unwelcome pang of... loss? God, what was happening to me?

Just as I was about to make a decision, my phone buzzed with a notification. A text from my boss.

Dave: Hey Ollie, schedule change for tomorrow. Miller called in sick. I need you to cover a full 12-hour shift, 10am to 10pm. Don't be late.

I groaned, the message a cold splash of reality. Another twelve hours in that fluorescent hellscape. Another day of feigning enthusiasm for toilet paper and prune juice. I backed out of the reversal screen, my eyes falling, inevitably, on the other option. The one that glittered with the promise of freedom.

[NEW JOB (QUIT YOUR OLD ONE FOREVER): 15 GEMS]

It was so tempting. So incredibly, powerfully tempting. One tap, and I would be free. No

more Dave. No more early mornings. No more soul-crushing retail monotony. Just... freedom. And a steady, if modest, income for the rest of my life.

But that would leave me with only one gem. It would be weeks, maybe months, of completing challenges before I could afford to reverse both of my permanent punishments. It was a trade-off. My old body, or my future freedom? It was an impossible choice.

And then, another thought wormed its way into my brain. A third option. I had the day off today. No work. No obligations. Just a long, empty stretch of time. I could take another challenge. A Medium one. With my Level 2 bonus, a successful Medium challenge would net me four gems (3 for the challenge + 1 for the level). That would bring my total to twenty. Twenty gems. Exactly enough to buy both reversals. I could be back to my original, baseline, boringly male self by tomorrow morning. Free of the breasts, free of the feminine frame. Back to normal.

The thought was a jolt of pure, uncut hope. It was a chance. A risky one, yes. If I failed, I'd be saddled with a third permanent punishment, and my goal would recede even further into the distance, requiring thirty gems. But if I succeeded... I'd be free. Truly free. Of the app's physical curses, at least. I'd still be stuck at Walmart, but I'd be stuck there in my own body.

It was a gamble. A huge, reckless, potentially life-ruining gamble. But the alternative, this slow, agonizing process of saving up, of living in this strange, confusing body for weeks on end... it was unbearable.

"You know what, Nadia?" I said to the empty room, a grim smile spreading across my face. "Let's roll the dice."

"Oh, darling," her voice was a chorus of pure, ecstatic glee. "I knew you couldn't resist the thrill of the game! This is why you're my favorite. So much more entertaining than all those sensible, risk-averse women."

I ignored her, my finger jabbing the '[MEDIUM]' challenge button with a sense of desperate finality. It was stupid. It was reckless. It was almost certainly going to end in disaster. But it was a chance. And right now, a chance was all I had.

The screen flickered.

MEDIUM CHALLENGE ACCEPTED: "SUCCESSFULLY GET ASKED OUT BY A GUY."

TIME REMAINING: 15:47:32 (LOCAL MIDNIGHT DEADLINE)

PUNISHMENT FOR FAILURE: BASED ON THE REASON FOR FAILURE, YOUR BODY WILL BE PERMANENTLY ALTERED ACCORDINGLY.

I stared at the screen, my brain refusing to process the words. “Get asked out... by a guy?” I whispered, the words feeling alien on my tongue. “WHAT?!” I shrieked, my voice cracking. “Who the fuck is going to ask me out?! I have the head of a twenty-two-year-old dude! Nadia, how in the ever-loving fuck is this a MEDIUM challenge?!”

Her laughter, when it came, was not her usual teasing chuckle. It was a soft, almost weary sound, laced with a strange, ancient amusement. “Oh, Oliver,” she sighed. “My dear, sweet, clueless little worm. There’s something you need to understand about this app. A little... design feature... you haven’t quite grasped.”

“What are you talking about?” I demanded, my panic rising.

“The Reality Weaver, darling... it wasn’t made for you,” she said, her voice soft, almost conspiratorial. “It was made for women.”

I just stared at the phone, my mind a blank slate of confusion. “What?”

“My... employers,” she continued, the word ‘employers’ dripping with a cosmic irony, “they created this little application for a very specific purpose. To be distributed, secretly, to women all over the world. A little tool to... encourage them. To guide them. To help them embrace their true, essential, magnificent femininity.” She sighed dramatically. “The modern era, Oliver... it’s so confusing for you mortals. It encourages women to act like men. To be assertive, to be ambitious, to wear dreadful pantsuits and compete in the boardroom. It tells them that their power lies in shedding their femininity, not embracing it. The app... it’s a corrective. A series of challenges designed to push them back towards their nature. To be soft, to be beautiful, to be receptive, to be... women.”

A cold, dawning understanding began to creep up my spine. “So... why the fuck did I get it?” I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

“Because I was bored, darling,” she said with a dismissive wave in her voice. “Centuries of dealing with weeping debutantes and insecure soccer moms... it gets so terribly tedious. I thought, ‘Let’s mix things up a bit. Let’s see what happens when we give it to a man.’ And I

must say,” she chuckled, “the results have been far more entertaining than I ever could have imagined.”

It all clicked into place. A horrifying, perfect, catastrophic clarity. “The bra challenge,” I breathed. “That’s why it was so hard for me. For a woman who already owns bras, whose breasts had just been magically altered, it would have been easy. She’d know where to go, what size to get. But for me...”

“Precisely,” Nadia purred. “And this challenge. ‘Get asked out by a guy.’ For a woman? That’s not a Hard challenge. It’s a Tuesday. It happens. But for you... this beautiful, chaotic, gender-fucked amalgamation that you’ve become... it’s a Medium challenge. Difficult, but not impossible.”

“But the transformations...” I stammered. “The pussy, the body swap... a woman wouldn’t need those.”

“The challenges aren’t always supposed to alter you, Oliver,” she explained patiently, as if to a particularly slow child. “Most of the time, for the intended user, they don’t. But the app has... failsafes. It was designed to ensure that anyone could complete the challenges, regardless of their physical circumstances. A woman who was born without a cervix, for example, or one who was disfigured in an accident. The app’s magic ensures that the user temporarily has all the necessary components to succeed. A wonderfully inclusive feature, isn’t it? Of course,” her voice dropped to a delighted purr, “I had no idea it would be quite so... transformative... on a male host. You, my dear Oliver, are a magnificent, walking, talking loophole.”

I looked at the punishment again. “Based on the reason for failure, your body will be permanently altered accordingly.” What the hell did that even mean? It was a blank check for the app to fuck with me in new and creative ways. I couldn’t fail. I had to pass this.

I stumbled to the mirror, my mind racing. No guy was going to ask me out. Not looking like this. Not unless I got incredibly, astronomically lucky and ran into the one person on the planet with a very specific fetish for guys with feminine bodies, C-cup breasts, and the face of an average, unremarkable dude.

“Nadia,” I said, my voice tight with desperation. “The rules. What are the rules?”

“Simple, darling,” she replied. “You cannot prompt them. No ‘So, are you going to ask me out or what?’ coyness. It has to be their idea. And it has to be a genuine request for a date, not

just a hookup. Oh, and it can't be someone you know. So no getting your little friend Carl to do you a favor. It has to be a stranger."

A stranger. A genuine date. Unprompted. This was impossible. Unless...

An idea, desperate and insane, began to form in my mind. If the problem was my face... maybe I just needed to hide it.

I left my room, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm. I knocked on Chloe's door. "What?!" her sharp, annoyed voice snapped from within. Okay, bad idea. I tiptoed down the hall to Megan's room. I knocked gently. No answer. Perfect. I slipped inside, the familiar scent of black clothes and teenage angst filling my nostrils.

I went straight for her dresser, rummaging through her workout clothes. I grabbed a pair of black leggings and a tight-fitting black crop top. Back in my room, I stripped off my clothes and pulled them on. The leggings were tight, hugging the curve of my ass and hips, the thin fabric doing little to hide the undeniable presence of my penis, though as long as I wasn't hard, it was... manageable. The crop top was even tighter, pushing my breasts up, creating a truly spectacular canyon of cleavage.

I looked at myself in the mirror. From the neck down, I was clearly a woman. Now for the head. I grabbed a baseball cap and a disposable face mask. I pulled the cap down low over my forehead and put on the mask. Okay. The effect was... promising. If you didn't look too closely, if the lighting was dim, if the guy was drunk enough... I could almost pass. But my hair, my short, messy brown hair sticking out from under the cap, was a dead.

The short, unmistakably masculine tufts of hair peeking out from under the cap were a dead giveaway. This wouldn't work. Nobody would believe it. My shoulders slumped in defeat. This was stupid. What has my life come to? Standing in my room, dressed in my moody teenage sister's workout clothes, trying to catfish some unsuspecting guy into asking me on a date.

"Oh, don't give up now, darling," Nadia's voice chirped in my head. "A little adversity is good for the soul! And besides, you're on the right track. You just need... better accessories."

She was right. I needed a more comprehensive disguise. I slunk back to Megan's room, a guilt-ridden fashion thief on a mission of profound gender-bending desperation. I rummaged through her closet this time, pushing past an endless sea of black band t-shirts and ripped

denim. And then I found it. Tucked away in the back, a relic from some long-forgotten Goth phase, was a surprisingly elegant, simple black slip dress. It was soft, silky, and looked like it would hug every curve. Perfect.

As I was pulling it out, my fingers brushed against something else. A box on the top shelf. I pulled it down. A wig. Medium length, blonde, and surprisingly high-quality. Probably from that one regrettable month she'd spent in an all-girl Misfits cover band. And next to it, a pair of oversized, black sunglasses, the kind that screamed 'I'm a celebrity trying to avoid the paparazzi,' or, in my case, 'I'm a dude trying to hide his face.' It was a complete disguise kit.

Back in my room, I stripped off the workout clothes and wrestled myself into the slip dress. The silky fabric clung to my body like a second skin, outlining every new, feminine curve. The thin spaghetti straps felt delicate on my slender shoulders, and the low-cut neckline showcased my magnificent cleavage to devastating effect. The dress was... incredibly sexy. And incredibly constricting. I felt trapped, packaged, presented. But when I put on the wig, settling the long locks over my own short hair, and slid on the oversized sunglasses, the transformation was... shocking.

I stared at myself in the mirror. And for the first time, I didn't see Ollie. I saw a woman. A mysterious, chic, impossibly curvy woman in a little black dress. The wig covered my hair completely, its sharp, clean lines framing my face, and the huge sunglasses hid the upper half of my face, obscuring my masculine brows and the shape of my eyes. The face mask covered the rest. All that was visible was a hint of jawline and my mouth. In a dimly lit bar, from a distance... it could work. It had to work. The magnificent, distracting power of my C-cups was my greatest asset. They were the main event. The face was just an afterthought.

My phone buzzed. It was Carl.

Carl: Soooo? What's the plan, hot stuff? Need me to come over and help you pick out a dress? 😊

I rolled my eyes, my fingers flying across the screen as I called him instead.

"Hey," I said, my new, pretty voice a strange contrast to the image of the mysterious femme fatale in the mirror. "I need your help. For real this time." I quickly explained the challenge, the disguise, the plan.

Carl chuckled. "A wig and sunglasses? Dude, you're going full incognito. I love it. I'll be your

wingman. Operation: Get Ollie a Date. I'll pick you up in thirty.”

The car ride to the bar was a surreal experience. Carl kept glancing over at me, a look of amused disbelief on his face. “You know,” he said, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel, “from this angle, with the wig and the glasses... you actually look like a hot chick. A very quiet, mysterious, probably-on-the-run-from-the-mob hot chick. But still. It’s a good look for you.”

“Just drive, Carl,” I said, my voice a low, feminine murmur.

We chose a bar downtown, a place with dim lighting, loud music, and a general atmosphere of hopeful desperation. The plan was simple. I would find a small table in a dark corner, looking alluringly melancholic. Carl would work the bar, acting as my scout and my hype man.

The moment I walked in, I could feel the eyes on me. The black slip dress was a heat-seeking missile for male attention. Heads turned. Conversations faltered. The heavy, hypnotic bounce of my breasts under the thin silk was a silent, powerful announcement of my arrival. I slid into a booth, crossing my long, graceful legs, and tried to look as mysterious and unapproachable as possible.

“Okay, I’m in position,” I whispered into my phone, which was tucked discreetly in my hand.

“Copy that, Agent Tits,” Carl’s voice crackled back from the bar. “Commencing Operation: Find a Dude Dumb Enough to Ask Out a Mute Woman in Sunglasses.”

The first few attempts were a disaster. Carl would strike up a conversation with a group of guys, subtly directing their attention towards my corner. “See that girl over there? My friend. She’s going through a tough breakup. A little shy.”

A brave soul would inevitably wander over, drawn in by the promise of my spectacular cleavage. “Hey,” one of them said, a generic-looking finance bro with too much gel in his hair. “My friend said you were having a rough night. Can I buy you a drink?”

I just nodded, offering what I hoped was a small, tragic smile, my lips the only part of my face he could see. He sat down, launching into a long, boring monologue about his portfolio. I just sat there, nodding, sipping the drink he’d bought me. But the silence, my complete lack of verbal response, started to unnerve him.

“You, uh... you don’t talk much, do you?” he asked, a nervous laugh escaping his lips.

I just shook my head, pointing to my throat and shrugging apologetically.

“Oh,” he said, his enthusiasm visibly deflating. “Laryngitis? That sucks.” He downed the rest of his beer, made a flimsy excuse about needing to find his friends, and beat a hasty retreat.

It was the same story, over and over. A guy would approach, intrigued by my body, but my refusal to speak, my face hidden behind the sunglasses, was too weird, too shady. It was a deal-breaker. They wanted a conversation, a connection, not just a pair of tits attached to a silent, mysterious enigma. My voice, the one thing I couldn't risk revealing, was my Achilles' heel.

Hours passed. My hope, once a burning flame, had dwindled to a tiny, flickering ember. Carl was running out of plausible targets, and I was running out of time.

“Dude, this isn't working,” Carl's voice hissed over the phone. “They're all creeped out by the silent treatment. And the glasses. It's too much. I gotta go home soon, my mom's expecting me.”

Defeat washed over me, cold and bitter. This was it. I was going to fail. I was going to be stuck with some new, horrifying punishment.

Just as I was about to signal to Carl that it was over, one last guy approached my table. He was different from the others. Younger, maybe college-aged, with kind eyes and a nervous, shy smile. He wasn't a finance bro or a swaggering jock. He looked... sweet.

“Hi,” he said, his voice soft. “I, uh, I hope this isn't weird. My name's Leo.”

I looked at him, a wave of despair washing over me. What was the point? He was just going to leave, like all the others. But then, a flicker of desperate, reckless, hail-mary inspiration ignited in my brain.

I couldn't use my voice. But I could use my body.

Before he could say another word, I reached out, my movements slow, deliberate. I took his hand, his skin warm and slightly calloused against mine. His eyes widened in surprise. I guided his hand, slowly, purposefully, upwards, towards my chest. And I placed it, gently but firmly, directly onto my breast.

His breath hitched. His eyes went wide with a mixture of pure, unadulterated shock and

dawning, incredulous delight. The soft, heavy weight of my tits filled his hand. It was a bold move. A shocking, transgressive, deeply violating move, both for him and for me. But it was all I had left.

He just stood there for a long moment, his hand resting on my breast, his mind clearly struggling to process what was happening. Then, a slow, dazed smile spread across his face. He liked it. Of course, he liked it.

But then, his smile faltered. His brow furrowed. He leaned in closer, his gaze intense, focused on the sliver of my face visible between the mask and the sunglasses. His free hand came up, his fingers gently brushing against my jawline.

“What the fuck?” he whispered, snatching his hand back as if he’d been burned. “Do you... do you have stubble?” He stared at me, his expression a kaleidoscope of confusion, disgust, and dawning horror. And then he was gone, practically sprinting away from my table, leaving me alone in a vortex of shame and failure.

Stubble. I reached up, my fingers tracing the skin of my jaw. He was right. The faint, tell-tale rasp of my five-o’clock shadow, a stubborn, biological reminder of the man beneath the disguise, had betrayed me. It was over.

I stumbled out of the bar, my head held low, and collapsed into the passenger seat of Carl’s car. I didn’t say a word the whole way home. There was nothing left to say.

Back in my room, I stripped off the dress, the wig and the sunglasses. I threw the pathetic costume into a pile on the floor, threw on some shorts and a soft camisole I stole from Chloe’s closet, and collapsed onto my bed, the weight of my failure crushing me. I checked my phone. 11:58 PM. Two minutes until my fate was sealed. Two minutes until the app delivered my new, permanent punishment. I closed my eyes, bracing for the inevitable.

At precisely midnight, the phone buzzed.

CHALLENGE FAILED: “SUCCESSFULLY GET ASKED OUT BY A GUY.”

PUNISHMENT PROTOCOL INITIATED. ANALYZING REASON FOR FAILURE... CULPRIT

IDENTIFIED: MALE FACIAL STRUCTURE, MASCULINE VOICE.

INITIATING CORRESPONDING PERMANENT ALTERATION...

Oh, god. My breath hitched in my throat. I felt it begin. A strange, tingling, pulling sensation

in my face. The bones of my jaw, my cheeks, my brow, seemed to soften, to shift, to reshape themselves into something more delicate, more refined. The faint rasp of my stubble vanished, my skin becoming smooth, soft, flawless. My hair, my short brown hair, began to sprout, to lengthen, cascading down past my shoulders in a waterfall of soft, wavy brown silk.

And then, my throat. The familiar, tickling sensation returned. I cleared my throat, and the sound that came out was a soft, melodic, undeniably female cough.

When the tingling subsided, leaving me breathless and trembling, I stumbled to the mirror.

And screamed. A high, piercing, perfectly feminine scream.

Staring back at me was... a woman. A complete, total, undeniable woman. My face, it was still me, but... not. It was a female version of me. My own features, softened, feminized, rearranged into a face that was... pretty. Not bombshell beautiful like the head Carl had been given, but... cute. Approachable. The face of a girl-next-door. My own face, reflected back at me through a female lens.

My worst fears had become a reality. My head, my voice, my body... everything was female now. Everything except the one, stubborn, incongruous piece of equipment still nestled between my new, permanently feminine thighs.

I was a girl. A girl with a dick.

I spent the next hour in a state of pure, unadulterated panic, pacing my room, touching my new face, my new hair, listening to my new voice as I sobbed and cursed and railed at the unfairness of it all. But eventually, the panic subsided, replaced by a strange, chilling calm. A sense of profound, absolute resignation.

This was my life now. This was me. I looked at myself in the mirror again, taking stock of the new, complete package. The cute, familiar-yet-alien face. The long, soft brown hair. The slender, feminine frame. The large breasts. And the penis. It was a bizarre, contradictory, yet strangely cohesive whole.

I thought about the past week. The transformations, the humiliations, the strange, unexpected moments of pleasure and power. I was so far from where I'd started. The old Ollie was gone, buried under layers of magical, hormonal, reality-bending change. And this new Ollie... this new her... she had a choice to make.

I picked up my phone. My gem balance was 17 now (16 + 1 for the consolation prize). And a new notification glowed on the screen.

FAILURE PENALTY APPLIED.

I navigated to the shop. I looked at the reversal options. It would take 30 gems now to fix all of this. To go back to being that boring, average, unremarkable guy. It felt... impossible. A lifetime away.

But the New Job option... it was still there. 15 gems. The promise of freedom. Of a new life. A life where I didn't have to work, where I could focus entirely on this insane, cursed game.

And in that moment, something inside me shifted. A sense of defiance. Of acceptance. Of a strange, dark, reckless resolve. If this was going to be my life, if I was going to be trapped in this game, playing for my body, for my identity, for my very reality... then I wasn't going to play it safe anymore. I wasn't going to hoard my gems, saving up for a past that was slipping further and further away. I was going to invest. I was going to level up. I was going to beat this app at its own game.

My thumb, steady and sure, tapped the button. [NEW JOB (QUIT YOUR OLD ONE FOREVER): 15 GEMS]. A confirmation screen popped up. [ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO EMBRACE A LIFE OF IDLE, WORM-LIKE LUXURY?]. I tapped [CONFIRM].

The screen flashed.

PURCHASE COMPLETE! A WEEKLY PASSIVE INCOME OF \$500 HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR EARLY RETIREMENT, WORM.

15 GEMS DEDUCTED. CURRENT GEM BALANCE: 2.

A huge chunk of XP was added to my progress bar. Another notification popped up.

CONGRATULATIONS, WORM! YOU HAVE REACHED WEAVER LEVEL 3!

LEVEL UP REWARDS:

NEW ITEMS UNLOCKED IN THE SHOP OF UNSPEAKABLE TEMPTATIONS!

GEM REWARDS FROM CHALLENGE COMPLETIONS PERMANENTLY INCREASED BY +2 PER LEVEL!

FAILURE REWARDS PERMANENTLY INCREASED TO 2 GEMS AND 20 XP!

I scrolled through the shop, my eyes wide. New, more powerful options had appeared. [ALTER TRAIT (OTHER): 20 GEMS]. Alter someone else? Interesting. And... [MAGIC WARDROBE: 25 GEMS]. Imagine any outfit, and pull it out, perfectly tailored. The possibilities... they were intoxicating.

I was a girl now. Well, mostly. And I could quit my job. My life had been completely, irrevocably, rewritten. But for the first time, I didn't feel like a victim. I felt... like a player. A player who was finally starting to understand the rules. Tomorrow, I'd text Mom that I'd be staying at Carl's for a while. I could crash with him, be his "female friend" for a bit. He'd help me out.

Lying in bed, the familiar weight of my breasts a comforting presence, I knew that the challenges would be easier now. As a woman, I was the app's intended audience. Maybe... maybe I could do this. Maybe I could spend another week, a week as a woman, earning gems, leveling up, getting stronger. And then, when I was ready, when I was powerful enough, I would get my old life back. All of it.

I could do this. I fell asleep, my hand resting on my breast, a new, fierce determination solidifying in my heart. I was no longer just a participant in this cursed game. I was going to win.