

THE CHALLENGE APP: WEEK 2

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Day 15 (and epilogue)

The world swam into focus through a curtain of pale gold. My eyes opened, and the first thing I saw was a cascade of my own impossibly soft, blonde hair, splayed across the pillow beside me. I sat up, my body moving with a fluid, practiced grace that no longer felt alien, just... mine. The magnificent, heavy weight of my breasts settled with a soft, comforting pressure against my ribs, and the impossible, breathtaking curve of my ass and hips molded itself to the shape of the mattress.



In the soft morning light, Zoe was a beautiful, sleeping sculpture, her dark hair a stark, lovely contrast to the white of the sheets, her own new, magnificent breasts rising and falling with the gentle rhythm of her breathing.



A pang, sharp and bittersweet, lanced through my chest. It was fun while it lasted. This strange, beautiful, and deeply confusing dream. But it was never meant to be. I looked at the digital clock on her nightstand. 6:30 AM. Today was the day. Today, I was going back.

If my math is correct, I'd started today with forty-six gems. Yesterday's challenge, the insane, humiliating, and ultimately triumphant spit-roast, had been a Hard one. At Level 10, that meant a reward of fifteen gems (10 base + 5 for my level bonus). That brought my grand total to a staggering sixty-one. Sixty-one gems. The magic number was fifty. Fifty gems to reverse all five of my permanent punishments. I had more than enough. I didn't even need to do a challenge today. I could do it right now. Before she even woke up. Before she could try to change my mind.

I slipped out of bed, my bare feet padding silently on the cool hardwood floor. I sat on the toilet in the semi-darkness of her bathroom, the act a familiar, almost mundane ritual now. I looked down at my own body in the dim light. The slender, graceful legs, the impossible curve of my hips, the soft, pale skin of my stomach. This beautiful, powerful, and utterly alien prison. A part of me, a deep, dark, and deeply honest part, was going to miss it. Was going to miss her.

Padding into the kitchen, I made a pot of coffee, the simple, methodical process a welcome

distraction from the raging, chaotic war in my own head. I poured myself a mug, the hot, black liquid a welcome jolt to my system, and sat down at her small kitchen table. The sun was just beginning to rise, painting the sky in shades of pink and orange. It was a beautiful morning. A perfect morning to die, and be reborn.

I took a deep, steadying breath, my hand trembling slightly as I picked up my phone. This was it. The final act. The end of the line.



I unlocked the screen, my thumb hovering over the familiar, sinister icon of the Reality Weaver app. But... it wasn't there.

My blood ran cold. I swiped to the next screen. And the next. Nothing. My heart began to pound a frantic, terrified rhythm against my ribs. I pulled down the search bar, my fingers fumbling on the screen as I typed it out. R-E-A-L-I-T-Y. Nothing. No results.

"No," I whispered, my voice a strangled croak. I frantically searched my app library. It was gone. Vanished. As if it had never existed. I tried the app store, a desperate, last-ditch hope. Nothing. Of course not. It was never there to begin with.

A wave of pure, unadulterated panic, so intense it was a physical force, crashed over me.



I dropped my mug, the hot coffee splashing across the floor, the ceramic shattering into a hundred tiny pieces. I didn't even notice. I was trapped. I was stuck. Forever. This beautiful, blonde, magnificent creature... this was me now. There was no going back. There was no escape without the app.

"What's going on?" a sleepy voice, a voice that was both the source of my greatest joy and my deepest despair, murmured from the doorway. Zoe stood there, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, a soft, contented smile on her face. "Morning, sexy."

"THE APP IS GONE!" I shrieked, the words a raw, ragged tear in the fabric of the quiet morning. I scrambled up from the table, my chair clattering to the floor, my hands clutching my head. "IT'S GONE, ZOE! WHAT THE FUCK?!"

She just looked at me, her sleepy, contented smile vanishing, replaced by a look of profound, undeniable guilt. "Oh," she said, her voice a soft, almost inaudible whisper. "Ellie... ugh, Ollie. Sorry. Look... don't get mad..."

I stopped, my panic momentarily forgotten, replaced by a new, cold, and deeply terrifying suspicion. "Mad?" I said, my voice a low, dangerous murmur. I walked towards her, my steps slow, deliberate, a predator closing in on its prey. "Zoe... what have you done?"

She wouldn't meet my eyes. She just fumbled for her own phone, which was sitting on the kitchen counter. She unlocked it, her hands trembling slightly, and turned the screen towards me. And there it was. The familiar, sinister icon of the Reality Weaver app, glowing with a smug, triumphant light. And on the screen, a familiar, silken, and deeply condescending voice purred from the speaker.

"Hey there, sexy," Nadia chirped. "Miss me?"



The world tilted on its axis. The rage, when it hit, was a physical force, a white-hot supernova of pure, impotent fury. "WHAT?!" I shrieked, the sound a raw, ragged tear in the fabric of the quiet morning. "Did you... did you transfer ownership?!"

Zoe had the grace to look ashamed, but there was a new, hard, determined glint in her eyes that I had never seen before. "I'm sorry, Ollie," she said, her voice soft but firm. "But I... I couldn't lose you."

"I wasn't going anywhere!" I yelled, my voice cracking with a pain so profound it felt like a physical wound. "I was just going to go back to being myself!"

"No," she said, and her gaze, her dark, intelligent, and now utterly ruthless eyes, dropped to

my body, to the magnificent, impossible form that I inhabited. “You don’t understand. I couldn’t lose this.” She reached up, cupping her own new, magnificent breasts, a look of pure, unadulterated awe on her face. “This.”

I collapsed back into my chair, the strength gone from my legs, my mind a howling void of betrayal and despair. “You’ve trapped me,” I whispered, the words a hollow echo in the quiet kitchen. “I’m stuck. Forever.”

“No, not trapped,” she said, sitting down opposite me, her expression a strange, earnest, and deeply fucked-up mixture of sympathy and excitement. “Freed. Don’t you see? This is a gift!” She leaned forward, her eyes shining with a manic, feverish energy. “I know you hated the app, Ollie. The challenges, the stress... it was a nightmare for you. But for me... the gems, the transformations, the power... it’s a game! A real-life video game! How could I just let you throw all that away?” She gestured at her own chest. “Look at these! They’re incredible! And there’s so much more we can do! So much we can improve! The shop, Ollie! All those items you never even used!”

“It was fun messing with Ollie, I’ll admit,” Nadia’s voice purred from the phone, a smug, digital amen to Zoe’s sermon. “But I do miss the enthusiasm a real woman brings to the game. It’s good to be home.”

I just shook my head, the world a dizzying, chaotic blur. “But... it’s not me, Zoe,” I whispered, the words a last, desperate plea for a reality that was slipping further and further away.

“Isn’t it?” she countered, her voice softening, becoming more persuasive, more seductive. “Are you honestly telling me that a part of you, a deep, honest part, hasn’t enjoyed this? The power? The beauty? The way the world bends to your will?” She stepped closer again, her hands coming to rest on my magnificent, impossible hips. “This is who you are now, Ollie. And it’s so much better than who you were before. We can have it all! We can earn gems together, we can spend them together! We can improve our lives! We can be together! You, with this body, with your new connections, with your million dollars... you can do things you never could have dreamed of as a guy! We can be unstoppable!”

She was a zealot. A true believer. She had seen the power of the app, and she had been converted. And in her mind, this wasn’t a betrayal. It was an intervention. An act of love.

I just sank to the floor, my legs giving out from under me, the shattered remains of my coffee mug digging into my knees. “You’ve trapped me,” I whispered, the words a choked, defeated sob. “I’m stuck. Forever.”



Zoe, sensing my surrender, softened her tone. She wrapped her arms around me, her new, magnificent breasts a soft, comforting pressure against my back. “I know you’ll come around,” she whispered, her voice a gentle, placating murmur. “You’ll see. This is a blessing, not a curse.” She turned my face to hers, her dark, intelligent eyes filled with a genuine, if deeply misguided, love. “And this means we can be together,” she said, and then she kissed me, a soft, deep, and utterly possessive kiss that tasted of coffee, and tears, and a final, absolute, and deeply terrifying surrender.

And the strangest thing was... a part of me, a deep, dark, and deeply honest part, kissed her back.

I don’t know how long we sat there, on the floor of her kitchen, amidst the shattered remains of my coffee mug and my old life. But eventually, the tears subsided, the rage cooled to a dull, simmering ember, and a new, cold, and deeply pragmatic reality began to set in.

“I guess... I guess it’s not all bad,” I whispered, the words a hollow echo of someone else’s

thoughts. “But... what about my mom? My family? I can’t just... disappear.”

Zoe pulled back, a thoughtful, strategic glint in her eye. “If she loves you,” she said, her voice firm with a conviction that was both inspiring and deeply, profoundly, terrifying, “she’ll embrace the new you.”

I saw no way out. I was trapped. In this body. In this life. With this beautiful, brilliant, and utterly insane woman. But she was also... my only hope. She was the only one with the power to change me back. I was her prisoner, but she was also my only potential savior.

“Okay,” she said, as if sensing the new, fragile, and deeply conditional truce that had formed between us. “How about this. A deal.” She held out her hand, a gesture of pure, pragmatic negotiation. “I know you don’t believe me now, but I want you to be happy. So give it one month. One month of living this life, with me, exploring what we can do. And if, at the end of that month, you can honestly look me in the eye and say you want to go back to being that miserable guy... I’ll start saving the gems. I promise. Deal?”

I looked at her hand, at the promise that hung in the air between us. A month. It was an eternity. And I didn’t trust her. Not anymore. She was an addict. She was in love with the power, with the chaos, with the game. But... what other choice did I have? I could run away, yes. Disappear. Start a new life as Ellie, a beautiful, blonde, and incredibly wealthy ghost. But the thought of never seeing my family again, of never being able to be myself again... it was a fate worse than death. She was my only hope.

I took her hand, my own slender, graceful fingers closing around hers. “You fucking owe me, Zoe,” I said, my voice a low, dangerous murmur. “Big time.”

Her face lit up, a dazzling, triumphant smile that made my heart ache with a mixture of love and pure, unadulterated loathing. She leaned in and kissed me again, a deep, passionate, and utterly victorious kiss, and despite everything, despite the betrayal, despite the rage, my heart fluttered. God, I was so, so fucked.

She made us breakfast, a cheerful, domestic whirlwind of activity, as if she hadn’t just completely and irrevocably destroyed my entire life. I just sat at the table, a silent, beautiful, and deeply broken doll, my mind a million miles away. Two weeks ago, I was a guy. A normal, boring, unremarkable guy. And now... I looked at my reflection in the dark screen of her toaster. A stranger stared back at me. A beautiful, blonde, and utterly, profoundly, miserable

stranger. I felt the hot, familiar sting of tears in my eyes.

But then, I looked at Zoe. At her bright, intelligent eyes, her warm, genuine smile, the way her new, magnificent breasts bounced with every cheerful movement. And as fucked up as she was, as much as she had betrayed me, I still... I still had a crush on her. And I thought about the power of this body. The million dollars. The connections. The way the world bent to my will. And the orgasms... god, the orgasms.

“Ready to see my challenge for the day?” Zoe’s voice, a cheerful, excited slice of pure, unadulterated insanity, cut through my thoughts. She sat down opposite me, a plate of perfectly scrambled eggs in her hand, her phone in the other.

I just stared at her, a look of profound, bewildered disbelief on my face. “You’re... you’re really going to do this? Today?”

“Of course!” she said with a laugh. “It’s going to be fun! And I don’t have a shift at the cafe until tomorrow. I’m excited to see what kind of challenges it cooks up for me, and I’ve still got some gems to spend!” She tapped the challenge screen, a new, almost childlike glee in her eyes. “Let’s start with a Medium one. Ease into it, you know?”

The screen flickered, the words appearing with a stark, almost playful simplicity.

MEDIUM CHALLENGE ACCEPTED: “SWALLOW THE CUM FROM A MAN.”

PUNISHMENT FOR FAILURE: PERMANENT, INSATIABLE CRAVING FOR CUM (MIN. 3X DAILY).

I waited for the horror, the disgust, the inevitable freak-out. But it never came. She just giggled, a sound of pure, delighted amusement. “Ooh,” she said, her eyes twinkling. “What a wild punishment! It would suck to crave cum when I’m not into guys at all, hahaha.”

“You’re... you’re handling this surprisingly well,” I said, my voice a soft, bewildered murmur.

“It’s fun!” she said with a shrug. “It’s a game. And it should be doable. I’ve... I’ve tasted it before. Once. In college. Before I figured out I was gay. It wasn’t that bad. Just... not my thing.” She reached up, cupping her own new, magnificent breasts, a confident, predatory glint in her eye. “But with these? It shouldn’t be hard to find a willing donor.”

I just chuckled, a sound of pure, unadulterated, and deeply resigned disbelief. This was my

life now.

“If I win,” she continued, her mind already calculating, strategizing, “I’ll get thirteen gems. That’ll bring my total to thirty-eight since I spent twenty already on the transfer.” She navigated to the shop, her eyes scanning the list of upgrades. “And I’ve been thinking... I really want that fitness and stamina boost. There’s a 10k run I’ve been training for, and it would be so fun to just... crush it.”

She scrolled down, her eyes widening. “Whoa, look at these! Level 10 unlocks! ‘Negotiate with Fate’? ‘Whispers of What-If’? ‘Ephemeral Skin’? Dude, this is insane!”

I leaned over, my curiosity piqued, and my eyes widened as I read the screen over her shoulder. These weren't just simple upgrades or minor alterations. These were on a whole different level of reality-bending insanity.

[Negotiate with Fate]

Cost: 20 Gems

Unlock Requirement: Weaver Level 10

Description: Don't like the consequences of your incompetence? Pathetic. After failing a challenge but before the punishment is finalized, you may spend 20 gems to reroll the punishment. The new punishment will still be thematically linked to your failure, but it might be slightly less humiliating. Or, if I'm in a particularly foul mood, it might be significantly worse. Feeling lucky, worm?

[Ephemeral Skin]

Cost: 30 Gems

Unlock Requirement: Weaver Level 10

Description: This purchase allows you to create a perfect, temporary physical duplicate of any single person. You are not swapping with them; you are simply wearing their skin. It is the ultimate disguise, the perfect tool for infiltration, and a delightful way to indulge your most degenerate fantasies. Walk a mile in someone else's shoes... and maybe their bed.

[Whispers of What-If]

Cost: 50 Gems

Unlock Requirement: Weaver Level 10

Description: A single-use item of exquisite, surgical cruelty. Choose one target and rewrite a single, crucial belief or memory in their mind. Did they always love you? Did they never meet

their spouse? Did they make a different choice at that fateful crossroads? The most powerful lies are the ones they tell themselves. Use with caution, or, preferably, with reckless, gleeful abandon.

She was excited, her mind a whirlwind of brilliant, beautiful, and deeply terrifying possibilities. We could use the 'Whispers' to rewrite Ashton's memory, make him think he was in love with me, that he wanted to leave his wife. We could use the 'Ephemeral Skin' to become anyone, to go anywhere, to do anything. Her enthusiasm was infectious. And for the first time, I felt a flicker of it myself. A flicker of excitement. Of possibility. For the first time, I saw the app not just as a prison, but as a potential key.

Zoe was about to leave, a new, determined glint in her eye, when she paused, a look of frustration on her face. "Damn it," she grumbled. "I have nothing to wear. Nothing fits these new tits." And then, her face lit up. "Oh, wait." She navigated back to the shop, her thumb hovering over the 'Magic Wardrobe' button. She didn't hesitate. She pressed the button, and twenty-five of her, of my, hard-won gems vanished.

Nothing happened. She looked around, a confused frown on her face. And then, Nadia's voice, a smug, digital purr, echoed from the phone. "It's in your bedroom, you idiot. Just... think of what you want."

Zoe's face broke into a wide, delighted grin. She disappeared into her bedroom, and returned a moment later, a completely different woman. She was wearing a ridiculously sexy, high-end gym outfit, a matching set of tight, ass-hugging leggings and a supportive, cleavage-enhancing sports bra that made her new breasts look like a work of art.



“It’s magic!” she squealed, doing a little spin. “It’s a magic fucking wardrobe! You just think of what you want to wear, and it’s there! Nadia said it should work for you, too. Go nuts!” She finished her breakfast, gave me a quick, passionate kiss, and then she was gone, a woman on a mission, mumbling something about finding that one annoying guy at her gym who was always trying to hit on her.

I just sat there, in the quiet, empty apartment, my mind reeling. This was my life now. I

finished my breakfast, my appetite suddenly returning. And then, I walked to her bedroom. I stood in front of her closet, a simple, unassuming wooden door that now held the key to infinite, sartorial possibilities. I stripped off my clothes, my own magnificent, female body on full, unapologetic display. I closed my eyes. I reached inside. And I thought of the one thing, the one pure, nerdy, and deeply unattainable fantasy that the old Ollie had always dreamed of.

I pulled my hand out. And in it, a perfectly tailored, gleaming white, and utterly authentic, stormtrooper costume. I laughed, a sound of pure, unadulterated joy. I put it on. It fit like a second skin. It even had little bulges for my breasts and my magnificent ass, a custom-fit suit of armor for a new kind of soldier.



Next, the sleek, black, and ridiculously sexy catsuit from Arkham Knight. The tight, leather-like material hugged my every curve, and the sight of myself in the mirror, this powerful, dangerous, and undeniably hot creature... it was a revelation.

And finally, for the grand finale, the iconic, and barely-there, bikini top and jeans of Nami from One Piece. I looked at myself, at the impossible, magnificent reality of my body, and I just... surrendered.



I lay on her bed, in the Nami outfit, my magnificent breasts spilling from the tiny cups of the bikini top, my magnificent ass a perfect, round curve against the sheets. Maybe... maybe this wasn't so bad after all.



Epilogue: Two Weeks Later

It's been a month since I first found the app. A month since I was a guy. A month since my life was my own. And it's been two weeks since Zoe took it all away, and in doing so, gave me a new one. I go by Ellie now. With she/her pronouns. It's just... easier. Even Carl and Jordan have started doing it. The old Ollie... he's a ghost. A distant memory. A photo on a driver's license that I keep in a drawer, a relic from another lifetime.

I went home. A few days after the transfer, I worked up the courage. I walked through the front door, a beautiful, blonde, and terrified stranger in my own house. I told my mom everything. Well, not everything. I left out the more... sordid details. The sex, the billionaires, the spit-roasts. But I told her about the app, about the curse, about the transformations. Chloe was there, my stoic, cynical, and surprisingly supportive co-conspirator. She backed me up, confirmed my insane story, and after a long, tumultuous, and tear-filled day, my mom... she not only believed me... she accepted it. She accepted me. She hugged me, a fierce, maternal embrace that was both a welcome home and a goodbye.

Since then, things have been... better. My relationship with my family, once a minefield of unspoken resentments and quiet disappointments, is... real now. My mom took me shopping. She seems genuinely excited to have another daughter. Even Chloe and Megan... they've softened. We're sisters now. It's weird. But it's good.

Carl and Jordan are still my best friends. We hang out, we play video games, we talk shit. And they treat me... like me. They don't walk on eggshells. They still make dumb jokes. They still see the Ollie underneath the Ellie. And that, more than anything, has kept me sane.

Ashton calls, once a week. He asks about my life, tells me about his deals. He's respectful of my relationship with Zoe, but the job offer is always there, a dangling, tantalizing promise of a different kind of future. A future of power, of influence, of a world I never even knew existed. I'm still thinking about it.

And Zoe... god, Zoe. She's been... a whirlwind. A beautiful, brilliant, and utterly insane force of nature. She passed her first challenge, of course. She found that guy at her gym, worked her magic, and came home with a triumphant, if slightly disgusted, look on her face. She's done a dozen more since then. Mostly Mediums. She got stuck with a butt plug for a day, which she found surprisingly enjoyable. She had to get double-penetrated, which she found... educational. She even tried another Extreme challenge a few days ago, one that made her

breasts swell to a magnificent, impossible size and start lactating. She had to find two babies to nurse. She failed, spectacularly, and was stuck with a pair of huge, engorged, and constantly leaking breasts for three days before she finally broke down and spent the gems to reverse it. I have to admit, a part of me, a deep, dark, and deeply perverted part, found it incredibly, intensely, addictively hot.

She's used her gems to upgrade us, too. She gave herself that fitness boost she wanted, and she's already planning her next enhancement. She even altered me, a small, but profound, act of kindness. She made it so I can't get pregnant, and I'll never have a period. A small mercy, but one I am eternally grateful for. She's eyeing off increasing her hourglass figure to match mine soon, which I'm excited about.

Getting used to this body was tough though. I still struggled with cumming sometimes. This body just didn't feel like mine. The pleasure was great, but it was a feature of the hardware, not a part of my soul. I still felt the phantom limb of my old life, the ghost of a penis that would ache with a strange, vestigial memory of a different kind of release. My orgasms, when I had them, were intense, yes, but they felt like a system overload, a biological reflex. They were happening to me, not from me.

I think Zoe sensed it. She saw the disconnect, the way my eyes would glaze over, the way my mind would retreat to a safe, distant place while my body writhed and moaned beneath her. But about a week ago we were lying in bed, the quiet hum of the city a distant lullaby, and she turned to me, her dark eyes serious, her hand coming to rest on my stomach.

"We need to talk about your pussy," she said, the words so blunt, so direct, that I actually laughed.

"What about it?" I asked, a defensive edge to my voice.

"You treat it like it's a rental car," she said, her voice gentle but firm. "You're just along for the ride. You're not driving. You're not even looking at the map. You haven't... you haven't claimed it yet, Ollie. It's still just a punishment to you."

She was right. Of course, she was right. It was the one part of this new reality I hadn't been able to fully integrate. It was the final frontier of my transformation, the last bastion of the old Ollie, stubbornly refusing to surrender.

"I don't know how," I admitted, my voice a hoarse whisper. "It's... it's not mine. It doesn't feel

like mine.”

She just smiled, a slow, patient, and deeply knowing smile. “Then we’ll just have to make it yours,” she said.

And so, my real education began. It wasn’t about sex, not at first. It was about exploration. About learning a new language that my body was trying to speak. She became my guide, my teacher, my patient, and incredibly enthusiastic, tutor in the fine art of feminine pleasure. She bought me a mirror, a small, simple hand mirror, and made me look. Really look. I’d spent so much time avoiding it, treating it as this alien, clinical thing, but she made me see it as a part of myself. She made me trace the soft, delicate folds, to learn the names of every part, to understand its intricate, beautiful, and terrifyingly complex geography.

Then came the lessons. She taught me that female pleasure wasn’t a destination; it was a journey. It wasn’t a frantic race to a single, explosive finish line. It was a symphony, with a thousand different notes, a thousand different rhythms. We spent hours, entire afternoons, just... exploring. Her hands, her lips, her tongue, they were instruments, and my body was the orchestra. She showed me the difference between the sharp, electric thrill of my clit and the deep, resonant thrum of my G-spot. She taught me about building and releasing, about riding the waves of pleasure, about the exquisite, almost unbearable tension of edging.

The breakthrough came on a lazy Sunday afternoon. The sun was streaming through the blinds, painting stripes of light across our naked bodies. There was no challenge looming, no goal to achieve. It was just... us. She was between my legs, her tongue a masterpiece of focused, artistic devotion. And for the first time, I didn’t think. I didn’t analyze. I didn’t retreat into the safe, distant fortress of my mind. I just... felt.

I let go. I surrendered. I stopped being Ollie, the guy in a girl’s body, and I just... was. And the orgasm, when it came, was different. It wasn’t the screaming, convulsive system overload I was used to. It was a quiet, deep, and profoundly emotional release. It started as a warm, liquid glow deep in my core and spread outwards, a wave of pure, unadulterated bliss that felt less like a physical reaction and more like a spiritual awakening. It was a feeling of such complete, absolute, and total surrender that tears streamed from my eyes, not of sadness or frustration, but of pure, transcendent joy. In that moment, something inside me broke, and something new was born.

After that, everything changed. Masturbation was no longer a mission, a desperate release,

or a scientific experiment. It was a pleasure. A form of self-care. A way of celebrating this new, strange, and beautiful body that was, to my surprise, starting to feel like mine. I learned my own rhythms, my own preferences. I discovered the dizzying, mind-bending power of vibrators, of toys, of the sheer, endless, and deeply creative possibilities of my own anatomy.

And our sex life... I learned to better use my new body. I learned to enjoy the power I had over her, the way I could drive her to the brink with a single, wicked smile, a slow, deliberate sway of my magnificent hips. And I learned to enjoy her power over me, the way she could make me melt, make me beg, make me completely, utterly, and joyfully, lose control.

We learned to play. We used the magic wardrobe to indulge our wildest fantasies. One night, I was a fierce, leather-clad warrior princess, and she was my captive handmaiden. The next, she was a prim, buttoned-up librarian, and I was the bad girl in the stacks, determined to corrupt her. We were pirates, we were superheroes, we were aliens from a distant galaxy. The app had given us a playground, and we were finally learning how to use it.

All in all, two weeks in... life is surprisingly good. And as each day goes on... I feel myself leaving behind the old Ollie in favor of this new wild life. Not that I have a choice... despite her promise, at the rate she spends gems, she'll never save up enough to alter me back to myself. But I guess if this body is my prison, it could be worse...

The end?



before



after



before



after



This is my life now...
whether I like it or not