

# THE CHALLENGE APP: ERIC

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 6: Taking Matters Into My Own Hands

Saturday. The morning sun sliced through the blinds, striping the living room floor with bars of light and shadow. I was a caged animal, pacing the length of my apartment, my bare feet silent on the hardwood floor. Back and forth. Back and forth. The heavy, pendulous sway of my new breasts was a constant, rhythmic reminder of the cage my own body had become. Every turn, every pivot, sent a soft, jiggling momentum through my torso that I could feel all the way down to my bones. It was a deeply, fundamentally feminine sensation, and it was driving me insane.

“Are you going to wear a groove in the floor, or are you going to do something interesting?” Lyra’s voice was a lazy, bored drawl. She was draped over the back of my couch, her translucent form looking as boneless and languid as a cat sunning itself. “Come on, Eric. It’s a beautiful day. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and there are countless ways you could be humiliating yourself for my amusement. Let’s get this show on the road. Accept a challenge.”



I ignored her. My mind was a maelstrom, a chaotic storm of suspicion and paranoia, and at its center was a single, beautiful, terrifying name: Felicia.

Lyra had to be working with her. Or for her. There was no other explanation. The coincidences were too perfect, too cruel. Felicia wasn't just a random variable; she was a scalpel, precisely and deliberately inserted into the fabric of my life to twist, to cut, to inflict maximum damage. But why? What was she?

The most obvious answer was that she was like Lyra. Another spirit, another guide, another one of the celestial audience. That would explain her impossible, otherworldly beauty. But it didn't track. Why would one be a disembodied ghost and the other a solid, flesh-and-blood woman who could slam an emergency stop button and drink cocktails with handsome strangers?

Were they the same person? Could Lyra manifest a physical body? No, that felt wrong, too. Felicia wasn't just in my world like Lyra, she was a real person who seemed to have a life outside of tormenting me. Plus, the conversation I had overheard on the spy cam feed... Felicia had been talking to someone. Reporting back.

So, who was in charge? Did Felicia create the app? Was she some kind of cosmic game developer, beta-testing her new product on her schlubby ex-boyfriend for kicks? Did she have powers of her own?

Too many questions, and not enough answers. The sheer scale of the conspiracy was overwhelming, a Lovecraftian horror lurking just beneath the surface of my mundane life. But in the face of that cosmic terror, one simple, grounding thought kept me sane: I needed to get my body back. Whatever game they were playing, whatever vast, unknowable forces were at work, the path to freedom was still the same. I needed Gems. I needed to win. And to win, I needed information. I needed leverage. I needed the truth. And Felicia was the only one who had it.

I stopped pacing and turned to face Lyra, my expression carefully neutral. "Hey, Lyra," I asked, the question popping into my head, a crucial piece of the puzzle. "Can you, like... physically touch me? Or anything, for that matter?"

She let out a short, musical laugh. "Oh, darling," she purred, a teasing glint in her spectral eyes. "If you're asking if your dear old spiritual guide can give you a ghostly handjob to help you deal

with all this stress, I'm afraid the answer is no. I'm a spirit. A being of pure energy and consciousness. My form is an illusion, a projection. It cannot interact with your dense, messy physical realm in any way. I can only observe."

"Right," I said, forcing myself not to recoil at the image she had just planted in my head.

"That's... what I thought." But inside, a cold, tactical part of my brain filed the information away. Cannot interfere. That was useful. Very useful. If I made a move, she would be nothing more than a spectator.

My phone buzzed on the coffee table, a sharp, insistent sound that broke my train of thought. I glanced at the screen. A calendar reminder. 'Drinks with the guys - Chase's Bday @ The Rusty Mug 8pm'.

A fresh wave of despair washed over me. My friends. I couldn't go. Not like this. I pictured myself walking into our usual dive bar, with my cinched waist and my DD-cup breasts straining against a t-shirt. The thought was a physical blow. I had to cancel. But there was still time. It was only 10 AM. If I was smart, if I was ruthless, maybe I wouldn't have to.

A new resolve hardened in my gut. I picked up my phone. Lyra's form immediately perked up, a predator sensing movement.

"Ooh, finally!" she exclaimed, floating up from the couch. "Action! Let's see what fate has in store for you today!"

I ignored the pulsing 'Challenges' tab. My finger went straight to the 'Shop.' Lyra's excitement faltered, replaced by a flicker of confusion. I opened the store, and my breath caught in my throat. The Daily Deal had changed. And it was a game-changer.

### **Item:** *Hour of Enthrallment*

**Cost:** 10 Gems

**Description:** *For one hour, a single human target of your choice becomes your willing thrall. They will retain their personality and memories, but they will be compelled to follow your spoken commands as if they were their own desires.*

I stared at the screen, my heart hammering against my ribs. This was it. This was the key. The perfect, elegant, terrifying solution to my problem. I could use this on Felicia. I could make her

tell me everything.

“Oh, that’s a fun one,” Lyra commented, peering over my shoulder. Her voice was filled with a nostalgic, wicked glee. “I added that one to my version of the app myself. It’s so delicious, watching my girls use it. A complete inversion of the usual power dynamic. It really allows them to explore their dominant side.”

I wasn't thinking about power dynamics. I was thinking about interrogation. This was my chance. But it cost ten Gems. I currently had zero. And I needed thirty Gems to reverse the three punishments currently active on my body: the pussy, the breasts, and the feminized frame. Was it worth it? To spend ten precious Gems, a third of what I needed to be free, on a single hour of information? To delay my own return to normalcy for the sake of... what? Revenge? Understanding?

Yes. Without a doubt. Without the truth, I was just a rat in their maze, and so far every step forward seemed to lead to two steps back. If I knew why this was happening, if I knew who they were, I might stand more of a chance.

The decision was made. First things first, I needed Gems.

My thumb moved from the ‘Shop’ tab to the ‘Challenges’ tab. Before Lyra could even process the shift, before I could second-guess my own reckless resolve, I hit ‘ACCEPT.’

The screen flashed. Lyra let out a little squeal of delight.

### **CHALLENGE ISSUED**

**Objective:** *Within the next 2 hours, have a man stimulate your G-spot to orgasm using only his fingers.*

**Time Remaining:** 1:59:58

**Reward:** 15 Gems, 150 XP

**Optional Perk for Completion:** *Synced Climax* (When having sex with a partner, your orgasms will magically synchronize, ensuring you both climax at the exact same, powerful moment.)

**Punishment for Failure:** *Nymphomaniac* (Your libido skyrockets to an uncontrollable level, leaving you in a state of near-constant, frustrating, and painful arousal that can only be sated by frequent, intense orgasms.)

The words barely registered. A man's fingers. G-spot. Whatever. It was a means to an end. The number was the only thing that mattered: 15 Gems. More than enough.

My detachment was so profound it was almost an out-of-body experience. This wasn't happening to me, Eric Linden. It was happening to this strange, hybrid creature I was currently inhabiting. I guess it's easier to detach from these acts when I don't really feel like myself. So I sprang into action, moving with a speed and purpose that seemed to startle even Lyra. I threw on the same tight black tank top from yesterday, a pair of leggings that some girl had left here a while back, and I checked myself out. Wow, when I wasn't trying to hide my figure, I really did look more like a chick wearing this. It was surreal... and oddly hot? I shook my head and started walking to the door.





“Whoa, where are you going in such a hurry?” Lyra asked, floating after me as I headed for the door.

I didn’t answer. I didn’t have time. I yanked the door open and stepped out into the hallway, and for the third time in as many days, I almost collided with Felicia. She was standing right there, a bright, welcoming smile on her face, as if she had been waiting for me.

“Good morning, sunshine!” she chirped. “Heading out for a jog?” Her eyes raked over my body, a hungry, appreciative glint in their depths.

But this time, I wasn’t flustered. I wasn’t intimidated. I was a man on a mission. I just stared at her, my eyes cold and dead behind my mask, and walked right past her without a word. I heard her let out a small, surprised laugh as I jabbed the elevator button.



I got in my car and peeled out of the parking garage, a cloud of burning rubber in my wake. I knew exactly where I was going.

The drive to the other side of town was a blur. I was pure, focused intent. The Velvet Curtain was open, its doors a welcoming portal into the dark, pulsating heart of my mission. I walked in, the cool, artificially chilled air washing over me. It was still early, not even 11 AM, but the place had a handful of patrons, day drinkers and early birds looking for a good time. The music was a low, ambient throb.

This time, I didn't hide in a corner. I walked straight to the bar and sat down, my posture open and inviting. I let my leggings hang low on my new, wider hips, and I leaned forward just enough to make my massive DD-cup breasts press together, creating a chasm of cleavage that was impossible to ignore. I was baiting a hook.



It didn't take long.

“Buy you a drink?”

The voice was young, eager. I turned. He was a classic twink: slender, almost boyish, with floppy blonde hair and wide, curious eyes. He was attractive, in an objective, Abercrombie & Fitch kind of way. I felt nothing. No attraction, no repulsion. He was a tool. A means to an end.

“Sure,” I said, my voice a low, gravelly sound that seemed to surprise him. I pitched it a little higher. “I’ll have whatever you’re having.”

He ordered two sickly-sweet pink cocktails. We made small talk. He asked my name. I told him it was Erica. He asked what I did for a living. I told him I was an artist. I lied with an ease that was starting to feel natural. All the while, his eyes kept darting down to my chest, his gaze hungry and fascinated.

After ten minutes of this charade, I leaned in close, my voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “I’ve got a secret,” I said. “Want to see it?”

His eyes lit up. He nodded eagerly.

I slid off the barstool and led him by the hand towards the back of the club, to the same grimy, graffiti-covered men's room. The place was empty. I pushed him into the largest stall and locked the door behind us. The air smelled of stale piss and cheap air freshener.

He moved to kiss me, but I put a hand on his chest, stopping him. "Not yet," I said. "The secret first."

He watched, his breath hitching in anticipation, as I reached down and pulled the drawstring on my sweatpants. I pushed them down, just past my hips, revealing the smooth, impossible truth of my body.



His eyes went wide.

He stared at my pussy, at the small, dark patch of hair I hadn't bothered to shave, at the plump, feminine lips. "Whoa," he whispered, a note of awe in his voice. "That's... okay. I prefer dick, but I can definitely work with this. I've been with trans guys before." He looked up at my face, then back down at my body, a look of genuine confusion on his own. "I have to say, though, the way your hormones have affected your face but not your body is... I've never seen anyone like you."



“I’m full of surprises,” I said, my voice flat. I was on the clock. I had a mission to complete.

“Listen,” I said, getting straight to the point. “I want you to do something for me. I want you to finger me.”

His confused expression melted away, replaced by a hungry, eager grin. “Yeah? Okay. I can do that.”

The whole experience was a study in clinical detachment. This wasn’t sex. This wasn’t even pleasure. It was a biological transaction. He was clumsy at first, his fingers probing uncertainly. I had to guide his hand, to show him where to go, my own knowledge of this new anatomy still so fresh and academic.

I couldn’t get aroused either. The sounds of the club outside, the smell of the bathroom, the sheer, objective weirdness of the situation... it was all a barrier. I closed my eyes, trying to block it all out, trying to focus on the pure, physical sensation. I thought about the orgasm from yesterday, the way my body had betrayed me with its own, independent pleasure. I focused on that memory, on the feeling.

And then, his finger shifted, pressing against a spot deep inside, and the world went white.

A jolt, sharp and electric, shot through my entire system. It wasn't a slow build; it was a switch being flipped. My back arched, my hands slamming against the stall door for support. A raw, involuntary gasp tore from my throat. "Whoa," I breathed, the single word a testament to the sheer, overwhelming intensity of the sensation. That was it. That was the G-spot.

I had completed the challenge. I knew it. But the feeling... it was fucking incredible. It was a deeper, fuller, more resonant pleasure than anything I had ever felt from my clit. It was an ache, a throb, a deep, internal fire that demanded to be stoked.

"Don't stop," I heard myself say, the words an impulsive, desperate plea. "Keep doing that."

The guy obliged. He pressed again, and a low, guttural moan rumbled in my chest. He established a rhythm, a steady, insistent pressure against that one, magic spot. With every push, a fresh wave of pleasure crashed over me, each one stronger than the last. My hips started to move on their own, bucking against his hand, chasing the sensation. The moans were coming freely now, low and animalistic, sounds I didn't recognize as my own. I was losing control. The detached, clinical observer was being drowned in a tidal wave of pure, physical bliss.

The pressure built, coiling in my gut like a serpent of white-hot energy. I was close, so close. The pleasure was almost painful, a beautiful, agonizing crest. And then, it shattered.

The orgasm was an explosion. A supernova of sensation that detonated deep inside my pelvis and radiated out to every nerve ending in my body. My vision went black for a second. A scream ripped from my throat, high and ragged, and my entire body convulsed, a violent, shuddering spasm of release that went on and on and on.

When it was over, I sagged against the toilet, my legs trembling too much to support me. I was panting, my body slick with a thin sheen of sweat, my mind a complete blank.

The twink grinned, his own excitement palpable. "Alright," he said, his voice husky. "My turn." He started to unbuckle his pants.

The sight of it, the simple, mundane reality of his impending erection, snapped me back to myself. The sensual haze vanished, replaced by a cold, hard clarity. My mission was complete. I was done with him.

"Sorry, dude," I said, my voice flat and dismissive as I pushed myself to my feet. "I'm beat."

His face fell, his expression a mixture of confusion and anger. “What? You’re kidding, right? You can’t just...”

I was bigger than him. Stronger. I didn't have time for his bruised ego. I just shoved past him, unlocked the stall door, and walked out of the bathroom without a backward glance.

“What the fuck, man?!” he yelled after me, his voice echoing in the tiled room. “That’s so fucked up!”

I ignored him. I walked through the bar, my head held high, and pushed my way out into the blinding afternoon sun, a new, strange confidence in my step. The air was hot and thick, and the sudden brightness made me squint. I was almost to my car, the triumph of the completed challenge a warm buzz in my veins, when a familiar voice cut through the street noise.

“Eric... is that you??”

I froze. Every muscle in my body went rigid. I knew that voice. Slowly, I turned.



It was Phil. My best friend. He was standing on the sidewalk, a bag of groceries in his hand, his mouth hanging open in a perfect ‘O’ of disbelief.

Panic, cold and absolute, seized me. My arms instinctively crossed over my chest, a futile attempt to hide the two massive, fleshy mounds that were so blatantly obvious under my tight tank top. I tried to turn, to angle my body away from him, to obscure the new, damning curves of my hips and waist.

“Dude...” he said, taking a step closer, his eyes wide as they raked over me. He started at my face, which was mostly hidden by my mask and cap, then dropped lower. “You look... have you lost weight?” His gaze lingered on my now-narrow waist, then shot up to my chest. His jaw went slack. “And what the fuck are those tits?!”

My mind went completely blank. There was no explanation. No lie big enough to cover this.

But then, his eyes drifted past me, to the building I had just exited. He saw the rainbow flag, the garish sign in the window: ‘DRAG SATURDAYS!’ A flicker of comprehension, of dawning, incorrect understanding, crossed his face.

“Oh,” he said, the single word a mix of shock, confusion, and a strange, reluctant acceptance. “Dude, is this... is this drag?” He took another step closer, his curiosity overriding his shock. Before I could react, he reached out and poked one of my breasts. “Whoa,” he said, his eyes widening even further as his finger sank into the soft, yielding flesh. “They feel so real! What are these, silicone? Where is the seam? You’ve hidden it well, they look real!”



A jolt of pure, agonizing humiliation shot through me. The sensation of his finger on my breast was both a violation and a bizarrely erotic shock. I was being examined like a piece of meat, my real, living flesh mistaken for a cheap prop. I just nodded dumbly, my throat too tight to speak.

His gaze dropped lower, to my crotch, where the thin, fabric of the leggings was stretched tight over the smooth, unbroken mound of my pussy. There was no bulge. No hint of the anatomy he knew I was supposed to have. "Wow," he said, a low whistle escaping his lips. "You even taped your dick, it looks like? That's some serious commitment to the bit."

I finally found my voice, a weak, strangled whisper. "Dude, please," I begged, the words tearing from my throat. "You can't... you can't tell the others. You can't tell anyone."

Phil's expression softened. He looked from my terrified face back to my bizarre, feminine body, and a look of genuine, friendly concern replaced his shock. "Hey, of course, dude," he said, his voice low and reassuring. "Your secret's safe with me." He shook his head, a small, disbelieving laugh escaping him. "Still, I can't believe it. Manly, masculine Eric looks so... girly. Had no idea you had a thing for drag." He paused, appraising me again. "You pull it off well, though. Besides the face, of course, that's the missing piece to this look. Who am I to judge? We all have our secrets."

He was being a good friend. A great friend. And it was the most humiliating experience of my entire life.

He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Let's just say," he murmured, a mischievous glint in his eye, "I've got my own secrets, too. Ever heard of a fursuit?"

A violent shudder wracked my body, a cocktail of profound relief and a deep, visceral revulsion. I had to get out of there. Now. Before he looked closer. Before he noticed that the curves of my hips weren't padding, that the cinched waist wasn't a corset, that the breasts jiggled with a weight and momentum that no silicone prosthetic could ever replicate.

"I... I gotta go," I stammered, taking a step back. "I'm late for... for another thing."

"Right, right," he said, nodding understandingly. "Hey, you still on for tonight?"

"I don't know," I said, already backing away. "I'll text you."

And then I turned and fled, practically running to my car, not daring to look back. I threw myself into the driver's seat and slammed the door, my heart hammering against my ribs.

Lyra was waiting for me, her spectral form buzzing with a manic energy. "Oh my God," she said, her voice a mixture of awe and horror. "That was diabolical! You just... used that twink! No substance, no care for his pleasure, just pure, selfish satisfaction! You're a monster! And your friend Phil... Priceless!"

"Yeah, well, I passed, didn't I?" I said, my voice cold. I got into the driver's seat and pulled out my phone.

"Check it," she urged.

I did.

### **Challenge Complete!**

**Reward:** 15 Gems, 150 XP

My Gem balance now stood at 15. Perfect. I also noticed the 'Synced Climax' perk was offered. I hit 'ACCEPT', hoping that when I changed back, it still worked. Synced orgasms with women would be awesome.

"Now, remember, darling," Lyra began, her voice taking on a wheedling, cautionary tone. "You could reverse one of your punishments now. But you're on such a roll! Think about how much more difficult these challenges will be without your... feminine assets. Maybe you should save them up..."

I was way ahead of her. I started the car and began the drive back to my apartment, her words a meaningless buzz in my ear. I already had a plan.

The moment I stepped back into my apartment, I went straight to the 'Shop' on the app.

"Hey, hey, remember what I said!" Lyra chirped, floating anxiously beside me. "It's up to you, of course. But it would be such a shame to watch you fail again because you were impatient."

I glared at her, but my thumb didn't go to the 'Reverse Punishment' button. It went to the Daily Deal. I tapped on the 'Hour of Entrallment.' A confirmation screen appeared.

Lyra went silent. I could feel her confusion, a palpable wave of energy in the air. “What are you... what do you need that for?” she asked, her voice genuinely perplexed. “You’re all alone. And you know it won’t work on me.”

I didn't respond. I kept the confirmation screen open on my phone, my thumb hovering over the final 'Purchase' button. I walked to my front door, my heart a steady, heavy drum in my chest. I stepped out into the hallway and walked the few feet to Felicia's apartment. I raised my hand and knocked, the sound echoing in the quiet corridor.



Lyra's form flickered at the edge of my vision. A dawning horror was spreading across her spectral face as she finally understood my plan. “Eric, darling, what are you doing?” she whispered, her voice laced with a sudden, unfamiliar panic. She rushed towards the door, her form phasing through the solid wood. “Wait! Don’t—”

The door swung open. Felicia stood there, a vision of casual, devastating beauty in a simple sundress. Her smile was warm, inviting, and utterly false.

“Cassie, wait!” Lyra's panicked voice shrieked from inside the apartment.

But it was too late. My thumb came down.

I pressed the button. Ten Gems vanished from my balance. A thin, almost invisible beam of light shot from the screen of my phone and struck Felicia squarely in the chest.



Her eyes went wide for a fraction of a second, then her expression went slack, her body swaying slightly. A moment later, she blinked, and the warm, friendly mask was replaced with a confused look.

Lyra's form phased back through the door, her entire being radiating pure, unadulterated fury. "What did you do?!" she hissed, her voice a low, dangerous growl.

I looked past her, my gaze fixed on the enthralled woman in the doorway. "I'm onto you guys," I said, my voice cold and steady. "It's time I find out what's really going on."