

THE CHALLENGE APP: WEEK 2

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Day 9

My day started with the gentle, rhythmic sizzle of bacon in a pan and the rich, dark aroma of brewing coffee. I was already up, already moving, my body a familiar vessel that no longer required a morning inventory. Sandra and Carl had both left for work before the sun was fully up, a fact Carl had bemoaned last night with a dramatic sigh. “Not all of us have a magical, app-based universal basic income, dude,” he’d joked, before launching into a detailed explanation of his Wednesday night Dungeons & Dragons session with some old work friends.

“You should come,” he’d offered, a wicked glint in his eye. “You could be a sexy wood elf. High dexterity, I’m guessing.”

I’d just laughed, my own pretty, melodic voice a sound I was still getting used to. I’d reached up, cupping my own magnificent breasts, giving them a slight, teasing heft. “Oh yeah?” I’d purred, the words slipping out before my brain could stop them, a product of the new, dangerously playful software installed directly into my personality. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

The look on his face had been a comical mixture of confusion, arousal, and mild terror. I’d immediately backpedaled, my face flushing, the old Ollie reasserting control over the new, enhanced Ellie. “Uh, I mean, no thanks. Not my thing. I’m out,” I’d stammered, quickly changing the subject. He’d shrugged it off, but the moment had lingered in my mind, a stark reminder of the new, unpredictable person I was becoming.

I recalled the conversation now as I expertly flipped a piece of bacon with a fork, my slender, graceful fingers moving with an unthinking competence. Carl had said he’d be back late, around eleven. That meant I had the whole day, and most of the night, to myself. The thought was both liberating and slightly daunting. I didn’t want to be here when Sandra got home. It would be... awkward. Answering her well-meaning questions with this new face, this new voice, all while pretending to be a person who didn’t actually exist... it was exhausting just thinking about it. I needed a plan.

I caught my reflection in the dark glass of the microwave door. A stranger stared back at

me. A cute stranger. The enhancements from yesterday had settled in, becoming a part of my new baseline. My hair, which I'd woken up with, was not a tangled mess but a cascade of soft, glossy, perfectly styled waves. My face, even without a speck of makeup, looked fresh, clear, my eyes bright, my lips full. It was like I had a permanent, built-in Instagram filter. It was deeply, profoundly, weird.

But there was no time to dwell on my newfound, and entirely unwanted, prettiness. First thing's first. The daily ritual. The cursed communion. It was time to see what fresh new hell the app had in store for me.

I plated my bacon and eggs, sat down at Carl's kitchen table, and pulled out my phone. The familiar, stark interface of the Reality Weaver app glowed with a smug, digital indifference. Ten gems. The number was a beacon of hope in a sea of chaos.

"About time, girl," Nadia's voice, a silken purr that was now as familiar to me as my own thoughts, echoed in my head. "I was beginning to think you were going to spend the whole day playing house. Did you make enough bacon for me?"

I took a deliberate, slow bite of bacon, chewing it with a theatrical satisfaction before I responded. "Don't call me girl," I said, my voice a low, even murmur.

"Oh, but you are, darling," she chuckled. "In all the ways that count but one. The face, the hair, the voice, the magnificent mammary glands... you're more girl than most girls. You're just... accessorized a little differently."

"Just shut up, Nadia," I said, but there was no heat in my words. The banter was becoming a familiar part of my morning routine, as normal as coffee and eggs. I navigated to the challenge screen, my mind already calculating, strategizing. Carl wasn't free to help me tonight. That meant I was on my own. The smart thing to do, the safe thing to do, would be to choose a Medium challenge. A success would net me five gems (3 + 2 for my level bonus). A failure would still get me two. It was a solid, low-risk plan.

My thumb hovered over the '[MEDIUM]' button. But then, I hesitated. Why was I still playing it safe? What had playing it safe ever gotten me? A week ago, I was the king of playing it safe, and my life was a beige wasteland of mediocrity. Now, after a week of pure, unadulterated chaos, I was... well, I was a gender-bent freak show with a magic curse app, but I was also alive. I was engaged. I had a purpose, even if that purpose was just surviving until

the next day. I couldn't stay at Carl's forever. My mom would start getting suspicious. I needed gems, and I needed them fast.

"Fuck it," I whispered to the empty kitchen. I backed out of the Medium screen, my heart starting to pound with a familiar, reckless rhythm. I jabbed the '[HARD]' button. Eight gems. A success today would bring my total to eighteen. So close to twenty, so close to thirty. So close to being able to fix this mess. And besides, yesterday's Hard challenge, as humiliating as it had been, had been... doable. I could do this. I was a girl now. The app was on my side. Right?

The screen flickered, the words appearing with a stark, ominous finality.

HARD CHALLENGE ACCEPTED: "HAVE A MAN MAKE YOU ORGASM WITHOUT ANY DIRECT INTERVENTION FROM YOU."

TIME REMAINING: 15:52:17 (LOCAL MIDNIGHT DEADLINE)

PUNISHMENT FOR FAILURE: ALTERATION BECOMES PERMANENT.

I stared at the screen, my fork, halfway to my mouth, frozen in mid-air. "Have a man make me cum... without me intervening?" I said out loud, my pretty voice a soft, bewildered whisper. What the hell did that even mean? I looked down at the front of my ridiculous plaid boxer shorts, at the distinct, familiar bulge nestled within. I reached down, my slender, feminine fingers wrapping around the soft, fleshy weight of my own penis. I guess... I guess this wasn't so bad? It was weird, yes. Deeply, profoundly weird. But I just needed to find a guy and let him jack me off? That was the challenge? It seemed... surprisingly easy for a Hard challenge. I could just wait for Carl to get home. He'd be back from D&D around eleven. An hour was more than enough time. It usually only took me a few minutes of focused effort to get the job done. I could do this.

I admired the sight of my own hand... long, graceful fingers, smooth skin, nails that were naturally, perfectly shaped, cupping my own, very masculine, dick. The visual contrast was... potent. It was hot. A slow, creeping warmth began to spread through my groin, my dick beginning to stir, to lengthen, to thicken in my grasp. This was going to be easy.

And then, just as my mind was starting to drift into a pleasant, if deeply transgressive, fantasy, I felt something... odd. My penis, which had been enthusiastically responding to my touch, suddenly... stopped growing. It began to shrink.

“What the...?” I whispered, my voice cracking with a sudden, dawning horror. I thought, for a fleeting, hopeful second, that maybe I’d just lost the mood. But it kept shrinking. Past its normal, flaccid size. It receded, retreating into my body like a frightened turtle, getting smaller, and smaller, and smaller, until my hand was clutching nothing but a handful of empty skin.

And then, the internal shift. A deep, pulling, rearranging sensation in my groin. A familiar, yet still deeply shocking, feeling of emptiness, of hollowness, being replaced by a new, slick, internal architecture. My balls, my lifelong companions, dissolved into nothingness. And in their place, a perfect, warm, undeniably female vagina bloomed into existence.

I just sat there, my hand still resting on my now completely flat, perfectly smooth crotch, my mind a blank slate of pure, unadulterated shock. The bacon on my plate was cold now, forgotten. I finally understood. I understood why the challenge was Hard. It’s easy for a guy to cum. A few minutes of friction, and the job is done. But for a woman... that was a whole other story. It wasn’t just physical. It was mental. It was emotional. It was a complex, delicate, often elusive alchemy that most guys, myself included, had never truly mastered.

The shock began to subside, replaced by a cold, practical dread. I stumbled from the kitchen to the living room, collapsing onto the couch. I had to... I had to examine the equipment. This wasn’t my first time at this particular, trans-dimensional rodeo, but it had been a few days. I pulled down my boxer shorts, my legs falling open with a practiced ease that was both efficient and deeply unsettling.

It was just as I remembered it. The soft, delicate outer lips, the dusky rose of the inner petals, the tiny, glistening bud of my clitoris nestled within. I was already a little wet, a faint, slick sheen of arousal glistening in the morning light. My body, it seemed, was more than ready for this challenge, even if my mind was screaming in protest.

I reached down, my fingers tentatively exploring the new terrain. I circled my clit, the touch sending a familiar, electric jolt through my system. Yep. It was all still working.

But the challenge... it was going to be hard. Punishingly hard. I had to find a guy. A stranger, or at least someone who wouldn’t require my... intervention. And not just any guy. A guy who actually knew what he was doing. An expert in the delicate, arcane art of cunnilingus. The thought of a man’s face between my legs, his tongue on my... my clit... it made me shiver with a mixture of revulsion and a strange, unwelcome flicker of curiosity. And fingering... the

thought of a man's fingers inside me, inside my pussy... gross. But... I needed the gems. And the punishment for failure—the permanent loss of all sexual sensation—that was a fate worse than death. To be trapped in this beautiful, hyper-sexualized body, forever numb... no. I couldn't let that happen.

My mind raced. Carl was out of the question. He was hopeless with women. He probably thought the clitoris was a type of dinosaur. And he was home at 11pm. An hour was definitely cutting it too close. I needed an expert. A professional. Someone with a proven track record.

Jordan. The name exploded in my mind, a beacon of pure, unadulterated hope. Jordan. He was the guy all the girls in high school had whispered about, the one with the reputation for being... good. Attentive. Generous. He was the one who actually cared if his partners finished. He was my only hope. And, thanks to my disastrously successful challenge yesterday, he had asked me out yesterday. This was perfect.

I scrambled for my phone. I had to text him. But... I couldn't. Not from my number. He'd see 'Ollie' pop up, and the whole fragile charade would be over. I needed a new number. A burner. An 'Ellie' number.

And that brought me to the bigger question. Should I tell him the truth? Or should I try to catfish him? If I told him, would he help me? A guy helping his male friend, who is currently a girl, have an orgasm? The sheer, mind-bending weirdness of it was probably too much for even the most open-minded person. He'd probably freak out, run for the hills. But catfishing him... that felt wrong. Deceitful. And risky. What if he found out?

I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it. First things first, I needed a new SIM card. And that meant going out. In public. As this. As Ellie.

I went back to Carl's room, a new sense of purpose driving me. My ridiculous plaid boxers were not going to cut it. I needed underwear. Real underwear. I tiptoed back to Sandra's room and rummaged through her lingerie drawer. I found a simple pair of black, cotton panties. They were soft, comfortable, and fit my new anatomy perfectly. The feeling of the soft fabric against my new, sensitive skin was... nice. Way nicer than boxers.

I pulled on the clothes I'd bought yesterday – the casual white women's t-shirt and the brown cargo pants. The pants fit well, snug across my newly enhanced ass, but loose enough in the crotch to be comfortable. But the shirt... I'd bought it thinking it would be a simple,

basic staple. But it was a women's cut. It was designed to flatter a female form. It was tight across my chest, the thin fabric stretching to its absolute limit, showcasing the magnificent size and shape of my breasts. And the hem was cut in a way that dipped in at my waist and flared out over my hips, accentuating my hourglass, if not super pronounced, figure. There was no hiding in this shirt. It was a declaration.

I thought about changing into one of Carl's baggy t-shirts, but then I stopped. What was the point? This was me now. This was my body. I might as well get used to dressing it.

I grabbed my phone and wallet, slid my feet into a pair of plain white sneakers I'd also bought yesterday, and headed out the door, the unfamiliar sensation of having no pockets a strange, new inconvenience.

The trip to the mall was a blur of heightened self-awareness. I could feel the stares. Men, women, it didn't matter. Their eyes were drawn to my chest, to my ass, like magnets. A week ago, this would have sent me into a spiral of shame and panic. Now... it was just... noise. A background hum of appreciation and curiosity. I walked with a new, confident stride, my hips swaying with a natural, rhythmic grace that I no longer had to think about. I was Ellie. And Ellie, it seemed, turned heads.

I bought a prepaid SIM card at a small electronics kiosk, the transaction smooth, anonymous, and blessedly quick. Back in the safety of Carl's car, I swapped the SIMs, my heart pounding with a mixture of guilt and anticipation. It was time to contact my unwitting savior.

My fingers flew across the screen, the words feeling both alien and strangely natural.

Me: Hey, it's Ellie. The girl from the park yesterday. Hope this isn't too forward, but I had a really good time talking to you. Are you free tonight? I'd love to see you again.

I hit send, my breath catching in my throat. I didn't have to wait long. Not even two minutes later, my phone buzzed with a reply.

Jordan: Hey Ellie! Not too forward at all, I was gonna text you later today. I had a great time too. I'm definitely free tonight. There's a cool new cocktail bar that just opened up downtown. How about 8?

My heart soared. He was in. But eight... that was cutting it close. I needed more time.

Me: Sounds amazing! But I'm more of a stay-in kind of girl 😊 How about we skip the bar

and you come over to my place instead?

It was a bold move. A very 'Ellie' move. The teasing, confident part of my brain was firing on all cylinders.

Jordan: Whoa, straight to the point. I like it. But I can't tonight, my roommate has a big exam tomorrow and we have a strict 'no girls over on school nights' rule. It's dumb, I know. How about we stick to the bar for tonight, and then you can come over to mine this weekend for a proper cooking date? I make a mean carbonara.

Damn him and his respectful boundaries. A cooking date. He was a good guy. Too good for this fucked-up situation. But I was running out of options. And time.

Me: Okay, bar it is. But I can't do 8. I have an early morning. How about 4pm instead? We could do an early dinner?

Jordan: Can't, sorry! I get off work at 7. But I can pick you up? I'll come to you.

Shit. He couldn't come here. He'd see it was Carl's house. He'd ask questions.

Me: It's okay! Don't worry about it. I'll meet you there at 8. See you then! 😊

It would have to do. Four hours. From 8 PM to midnight. It was a tight window, but it was all I had. I still didn't know if I was going to tell him the truth. I decided to leave it to fate. I'd see how the date went, and I'd make my choice in the moment.

So, I had the whole day to myself. I tried to play video games, but I couldn't focus. The challenge loomed over me, a dark cloud of impending sexual anxiety. I felt a restless energy buzzing under my skin. I couldn't just sit here. I had to... prepare.

I went back to the living room, a grim determination settling over me. If I was going to do this, if I was going to let a guy go down on me, I needed to know what I was getting into. I needed to know what worked. I needed to do some research.

I sat on the couch, the afternoon sun streaming through the windows, and I pulled down my pants and panties. My pussy, my new, temporary, and currently mission-critical piece of equipment, was already slick with anticipation. My body knew what was coming, even if my mind was still reeling.

I started tentatively, my fingers tracing the soft, delicate folds, reacquainting myself with

the terrain. But the moment my finger brushed against my clit, a soft, involuntary moan escaped my lips. It was a pretty sound, a breathy little sigh of pleasure. It was also completely, utterly, out of my control. It reminded me of the body swap with Chloe. Her body had moaned like that, too. It was like a built-in feature of the female operating system. A pleasure response that was hardwired, automatic. I tried to stifle it, to hold it back, but it was no use. The more I touched myself, the more the soft, feminine sounds spilled from my lips.

I decided to just... lean into it. I closed my eyes, letting the sounds happen, focusing on the sensations. And they were... incredible. So different from male masturbation. It wasn't a frantic race to the finish line. It was a slow, delicious exploration, a symphony of pleasure with a thousand different notes. I experimented, learning my own body's rhythms. Light, teasing circles on my clit. Deeper, firmer pressure. The feeling of my own fingers sliding inside my warm, wet heat, filling me, stretching me.

The first orgasm came as a surprise, a sudden, shattering wave of pleasure that started deep in my core and radiated outwards, making my whole body convulse, a high, melodic cry tearing from my lips. I lay there for a moment, breathless, dazed, my body humming with the aftershocks.

But I wasn't done. I needed to know more. I needed to know what would make me cum quickly. Efficiently. I rested for a few minutes, and then I started again. This time, I was more focused, more clinical. I learned that a combination of direct, rhythmic clitoral stimulation and the feeling of fullness from my fingers inside me was the key. It was a delicate balance, a two-pronged attack that, when perfectly synchronized, built the pleasure with a breathtaking speed. The second orgasm was even more intense than the first, a full-body detonation that left me trembling, boneless, and utterly wrecked.

I was exhausted, but I forced myself to go one more time. For science. This time, I knew exactly what to do. I found the rhythm, the pressure, the perfect combination of sensations. And the third orgasm, when it hit, was a pure, unadulterated tidal wave of bliss. It was the fastest, hardest, most intense of them all. I lay there on the couch, drenched in sweat, my body completely spent, but my mind was clear. I knew what to do. I had the cheat codes. I was ready.

After cleaning myself up, I spent the rest of the afternoon in a state of calm, focused anticipation. At around six, I heard Sandra get home. I quickly locked myself in Carl's room, my

heart pounding a frantic rhythm. I didn't want to face her. Not now.

It was time to get ready. Time to transform from Ollie, the gender-bent, app-cursed refugee, into Ellie, the hot, mysterious girl on a mission to get laid for a very, very good cause.

The routine of getting ready, of choosing an outfit, of preparing to go out and present myself to the world as a woman... it was becoming disturbingly familiar. A week ago, it would have been an act of pure, agonizing terror. Now, it was just... logistics.

The casual t-shirt and cargo pants weren't going to cut it for a date. I needed something... more. I went through the pile of clothes I'd bought yesterday, a treasure trove of new possibilities. I found the silk romper, the one I'd been so intrigued by at the store. I wasn't sure what a romper was, but the mannequin had looked amazing in it. I stripped off my clothes and pulled it on.

The fabric was cool, slinky, and felt incredible against my skin. It wasn't a dress, I realized as I pulled it up, but a strange, elegant hybrid, with two wide leg holes that flowed like a short, flirty skirt. It was like a dress and a bodysuit had a very chic baby. The top was a simple, elegant scoop neck, held up by thin spaghetti straps, and the back was low-cut, exposing the smooth, pale skin of my new, delicate frame. The effect was... stunning. The silk draped over my breasts, showcasing their magnificent, gravity-defying shape and size without being vulgar. And the way it flowed over my ass... my newly enhanced, perfectly round ass... it was a work of art. The strange disproportion of my hips and butt was still there if you looked for it, a subtle tell that something wasn't quite right, but the overall effect was so dazzling, no one would notice.

And the best part? My pussy suits the romper design. If I still had my package, it would have been an awkward fit.

I borrowed a simple gold necklace from Sandra's jewelry box, a guilty thrill running through me. I slid my feet into the thigh-high leather boots I'd bought, the soft leather hugging my long, graceful legs. I looked at myself in the mirror, and for a moment, I didn't recognize the person staring back. She was beautiful. Confident. Sexy, but in a way that felt powerful, not cheap. I, Ollie, had somehow managed to dress myself as a genuinely hot chick.

Looking at myself, at the vision of alluring femininity in the mirror, I felt a familiar, tell-tale warmth spread through my groin. My pussy was getting wet. Just from looking at myself.

Okay, Ollie. Focus.

I grabbed my phone, and then paused. Pockets. The eternal enemy of women's fashion. With a sigh, I tiptoed back to Sandra's room, listening for her in the kitchen. I went to the back of her closet and found a small, simple black clutch. She'd never miss it for one night. I dropped my phone and wallet inside. I was ready.

I arrived at the bar a few minutes early, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs. I saw Jordan sitting at a small table near the back, looking handsome and relaxed in a simple, well-fitting shirt. I took a deep breath, plastered a confident, Ellie-smile on my face, and walked over.

He looked up as I approached, his eyes widening, a slow, appreciative grin spreading across his face. "Wow," he said, standing up to greet me. "Ellie. You look... amazing." He leaned in and gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. I flinched, my skin crawling at the casual intimacy. Ew. Jordan. My friend. Kissing me. This was going to be a long night.

The date was... weird. I was so on edge, so focused on my secret mission, that I could barely relax. I played the part of Ellie, trying to be charming, mysterious, flirty. But it was hard. I had to actively pretend to not know things about him, to ask questions I already knew the answers to. He was surprised by my knowledge of football, of video games, of obscure sci-fi movies. "You're not like most girls I meet," he said at one point, his eyes shining with a genuine admiration that made my stomach churn with guilt.

The conversation flowed, surprisingly easily. He was a good guy. Funny, smart, a great listener. If I were a real girl, I would have been totally into him. But I wasn't. I was Ollie. And I was lying to my friend's face.

I decided, in that moment, that I couldn't tell him. The risk was too great. He'd freak out. The date would be over. I'd fail the challenge. I had to see this through. I had to catfish him. For the greater good.

I glanced at my phone. 9:15 PM. Time was slipping away. I had to make my move.

I leaned forward, my elbows on the table, my voice a low, seductive purr that was all Ellie, all tease. "So," I said, my gaze dropping to his lips for a fraction of a second. "Are we going to get out of here, or are you just going to stare at me all night?" The move also, not entirely by accident, gave him a spectacular, panoramic view of my magnificent cleavage.

His eyes widened, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. "Uh, yeah," he stammered, his cool composure finally cracking. "Yeah, let's... let's go."

"So, your place is close by?" I asked, the teasing impulse, that new, powerful part of my personality, taking over completely.

"I was hoping we could do your place," he said, a hopeful glint in his eye. "We can't go back to mine, my roommate has an early start tomorrow and we have a rule about bringing girls back on days like this."

My heart sank. Shit. I tried to convince him, to tell him his roommate wouldn't mind, that we'd be quiet. But he was firm. "It's okay," he said, his voice gentle, respectful. "There's no rush. How about we call it a night, and we can have that cooking date at my place this weekend?"

Damn him. Damn his kindness, his respect, his complete lack of pushiness. He was being a perfect gentleman. And it was going to make me fail my challenge.

I had no choice. It was time for Plan B. The truth. The insane, unbelievable, reality-shattering truth.

"Jordan," I said, my voice suddenly serious, the teasing lilt gone. "Okay. I'm about to tell you something. And you have to promise me you'll believe me. And that you won't freak out."

He looked at me, his expression shifting from hopeful arousal to genuine confusion. "Okay...?"

I took a deep breath. "My name isn't Ellie," I said. "I'm actually Ollie. Your friend Ollie, from high school."

He just stared at me. Then he laughed, a short, nervous sound. "Ollie? Like... Ollie Henderson? That's a weird joke."

"It's not a joke, Jordan," I said, my voice cracking with a desperation that was all too real. I leaned in, my voice a low, urgent whisper, and I told him things. Things that only Ollie could possibly know. The story of how we'd crashed his dad's car in tenth grade and blamed it on a rogue deer. The name of his first crush. The secret, embarrassing nickname we'd had for our high school gym teacher.

His face went pale. The laughter died in his throat, replaced by a look of dawning,

catastrophic understanding. He stared at my face, at my hair, at my breasts, and for the first time, he seemed to see past the disguise, to the friend he'd known for years, trapped inside this strange, beautiful woman's body.

"No," he whispered, his voice a strangled croak. "No fucking way."

I pulled out my phone and showed him the app. I showed him the challenge. I explained everything. The curse. The transformations. The punishments. He just sat there, his mind visibly reeling, trying to process the impossible.

When I was done, he was silent for a long, long moment. He looked at me, really looked at me, a new, profound sadness in his eyes. "So... Ellie... she's not real?" he asked, his voice soft.

"No," I said, my own voice thick with a strange, unexpected pang of regret. "She's not."

He took a deep breath, then another. And then, to his eternal credit, he nodded, a look of grim, loyal determination on his face. "Okay," he said. "Okay. What do you need me to do?"

"My roommate?" he said with a wry, almost hysterical laugh as we stood outside his apartment building. "Fuck that guy. This is a medical emergency. A cosmic, gender-bending medical emergency. We gotta make sure you pass."

We snuck into his apartment, the tension so thick you could cut it with a knife. He led me to his room, closing the door softly behind us.

"Be quiet," he whispered.

"Of course, dude," I hissed back, my voice a soft, feminine whisper. "It's not like I'm going to be moaning or anything." The words felt like a lie, even as I said them.

He glanced at the clock on his nightstand. 9:45 PM. "So... what now?" he asked, his voice tight.

I didn't answer. I just started to strip. The silk romper slithered to the floor, leaving me standing in front of him in my own, magnificent, naked skin.

He stared, his eyes wide, his jaw slack. He noted the way my enhanced breasts and ass seemed almost... too perfect for the rest of my slender, more average frame. I saw his eyes flicker to the slight disproportion of my narrow hips and thighs compared to my new, spectacular bubble butt. "Yeah," I said, my voice a low murmur. "It's a weird amalgamation of

enhancements. It's... complicated." Then, the teasing impulse, that new, powerful part of my brain, flared up again. I pushed my breasts up and together, creating a truly spectacular display of cleavage, and gestured towards my new, slick, perfect pussy. "Well? Are you just going to stand there, or are you going to get to work?"

Jordan just laughed, a shaky, disbelieving sound. "Damn, that brain of yours really is a tease now, isn't it?"

My face flushed with embarrassment. "Hurry up," I grumbled, and he complied, pulling back the covers on his bed.

I lay down, my legs hanging off the side of the mattress, my pussy on full, vulnerable display. Jordan just laughed again, a sound that was less amused and more just... overwhelmed. "Damn, straight to business, huh?"

"What did you expect?" I snapped. "Me to kiss you? Hell no, buddy. I'm not into guys, remember? Now come on. I need you to make me cum."

He just smirked, a strange, almost fond look in his eye. "This is so fucked up," he said. "But it's also kind of awesome."

He knelt on the floor in front of me, and my whole body tensed. This was it. He started by kissing my inner thigh, his lips soft, his touch gentle. "Oh my god, hurry up," I groaned, my nerves stretched to their breaking point.

"Patience," he murmured against my skin. "Women take a while. Just... trust me."

And then, he went to work. And he was... an artist. A goddamn virtuoso. It was nothing like my own, clumsy, goal-oriented explorations. He was slow, methodical, his tongue and fingers moving with a confident, expert precision. It was a slow, delicious build, a symphony of sensations that was unlike anything I had ever experienced. My body responded instantly, arching off the bed, my hips writhing, and the moans... oh god, the moans. They spilled from my lips, soft at first, then louder, more unrestrained, a chorus of pure, involuntary pleasure.

Jordan pulled back for a moment. "You said you were going to be quiet," he whispered, a teasing grin on his face.

"I can't help it, you asshole!" I hissed, my voice a breathy, desperate cry. "The body just... it just does it!"

“Well, cover your mouth,” he suggested. I tried, clamping a hand over my lips, but it was no use. The sounds just came out, muffled but still undeniable.

He picked up the pace, his tongue moving in fast, light circles on my clit, while his fingers, one, then two, slid deep inside me, filling me, stretching me, hitting a spot deep inside that sent a jolt of pure, white-hot pleasure through my entire system. I thought back to the pathetic, one-minute jackrabbit session I’d had as Chloe, and I felt a pang of profound, cosmic pity for all the women who had never experienced this. This was... this was magic.

But then, in the midst of my pleasure-induced delirium, I made a mistake. I opened my eyes. And I saw him. Jordan. My friend. His face between my legs. And in that instant, the spell was broken. The pleasure was still there, a roaring, physical fire, but the path to orgasm, that delicate, mental bridge, had collapsed. I was out of my body and back in my head. A head that was screaming, ‘This is your friend! This is a guy! This is so fucking weird!’

I tried to get back into it. I closed my eyes, tried to focus on the sensations. But it was no use. The more I thought about it, the more I tried to force it, the further away it seemed to slip. An hour passed. An hour of the most intense, exquisite, frustrating pleasure of my life. I was on the edge, a precipice of release, but I couldn’t jump.

Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore. I pushed him away. “Stop,” I gasped, my body trembling with unreleased tension. “It’s not working.”

“What do you mean, it’s not working?” he asked, looking up at me, his face slick, his eyes filled with a genuine confusion. “You were so close.”

“I know!” I wailed, sitting up, pulling the sheet over my naked, frustrated body. “I made myself cum three times this afternoon, why isn’t it working with you?!”

Jordan sighed, a look of weary, ancient wisdom on his face. “Sometimes, it’s a mental thing,” he explained gently. “Especially the first time with someone new. If you get in your own head, if you’re too stressed, or too focused on trying to make it happen... it just won’t. You’re not shy, but I’m guessing you’re focusing way too much on the fact that it’s me, right?”

I just nodded, my eyes filling with tears of pure, unadulterated frustration.

He got up, sitting on the edge of the bed beside me. “It’s okay, Ollie,” he said, his voice soft. He tried to put a comforting arm around my shoulder, but I flinched away. He sighed. “Look.

You have to let go. You have to stop thinking. Close your eyes. Imagine someone else is here. Imagine... I don't know, a hot girl. With big tits. Whatever you're into."

It was a ridiculous suggestion. But I was desperate. I lay back down, closed my eyes, and tried. I pictured a woman, a beautiful, anonymous woman with magnificent breasts, her face between my legs. And Jordan, bless his patient, understanding heart, went back to work.

And it started to work. My pussy pulsed around his fingers, my hips started to buck, the pleasure building again, stronger this time. I was almost there, so close I could taste it... and then my mind drifted. To my own tits. And then to the challenge. And then back to Jordan. And just like that, it was gone.

I pushed him off me, a cry of pure, animal frustration tearing from my lips. It was now 11 PM. He was tired. I was a raw, frayed nerve of sexual frustration.

"If you were actually any good at this, I'd be done by now!" I snapped, the words cruel, unfair, born of my own failure.

Jordan's face hardened. "You know what, Ollie? I'm just trying to help," he said, his voice cold. "But if you're going to be a dick about it... you're on your own. Fuck this. This is all too fucked up anyway." He stood up, grabbing his shirt from the floor. He was kicking me out.

"No!" I pleaded, scrambling off the bed. "I'm sorry! I need your help!"

"Look, dude, I get it," he said, his voice softer now, but still firm. "This is a lot to take in. For both of us. Good luck with your... thing. Let's chat tomorrow, okay?"

And then, his bedroom door opened. His roommate, a large, intimidating guy with a shaved head, stood there, glaring at us. "What the hell is going on in here? I'm trying to study!"

"You gotta go, dude," Jordan whispered, pushing me towards the door. And just like that, I was out, standing in the hallway of his apartment building, naked under my silk romper, my mission a catastrophic failure.

I got back to Carl's house just after 11:30, a ghost of my former, confident self. Carl was in the bathroom, brushing his teeth, getting ready for bed. He saw the look on my face and just nodded grimly. No questions.

I slumped onto the bed in the spare room, my body aching with a deep, profound,

unsatisfied tension. I touched my pussy. It was still slick, still sensitive, still humming with a desperate, unfulfilled need. I had failed. Again. I thought about asking Carl for help, but I knew it was pointless. Jordan was right. It wasn't about the guy. It was about me. I couldn't get out of my own head.

“Oh, darling,” Nadia’s voice, a soft, pitying whisper in my mind, was almost worse than her mockery. “It seems you have much to learn about the fine art of feminine surrender. Don’t worry. You’ll have plenty of time to practice.”

I ignored her, pulling on a pair of soft cotton pajamas I’d bought, and crawled into bed, accepting my fate. Another failure. Another permanent punishment.

THE CHALLENGE APP

End of Day 9 Status Report:

Weaver Level: 4 (leveled up!)

Experience (XP): 10 / 100 to Level 5

Gem Balance: 12

Active App Bonuses:

Success: Base Gem Reward + 2 Gems

Failure (Consolation Prize): 2 Gems + 20 XP

Active App Punishments:

Feminine Body Frame

Female Head & Voice

Large Breasts

Vagina

Total Reversal Cost: 40 Gems

Active Upgrades & Enhancements:

Hair Beautification +50%

Voice Sweetness +50%

Ass Beautification +50%

Tendency to Tease +50%

Face Beautification +50%