

# The Challenge App

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Day 3

The harsh, unforgiving light of Thursday morning was a brutal assault on my senses. I groaned, rolling over, my hand instinctively going to my chest. The soft, unfamiliar weight was still there, a constant, fleshy reminder of my spectacular failure. They felt... heavier today? Or maybe I was just more acutely, miserably aware of them. I squeezed one gently through the thin fabric of my t-shirt. It was soft, yielding, and my nipple, damn it, hardened instantly at the touch, sending a faint, traitorous tingle down my spine. Permanent. The word echoed in the quiet of my basement bedroom, a death sentence delivered by a sarcastic, reality-bending phone app.

I pushed myself out of bed, the familiar morning ritual now tainted with this new, unwelcome baggage. I had to pee, but before I could even shuffle my way out of the room, a voice, smooth and sultry and far too cheerful for this ungodly hour, purred from my nightstand.

“Good morning, sunshine,” Nadia chimed from the phone’s speaker. “Sleep well? Dream of training bras and supportive undergarments?”

I scowled at the phone. “Go to hell, Nadia.”

“Oh, feisty,” she chuckled. “I like it. But there’s no time for morning pleasantries, Oliver. A new day, a new set of delightful challenges awaits! And after yesterday’s... performance... I must admit, I’m rather eager to see what fresh new hell you can get yourself into. I’m thinking a Hard challenge today, aren’t you? Go big or go home, as they say. And since you’re already home, and magnificently boobed, you might as well go big.”

“I need to pee first,” I grumbled, snatching the phone and shoving it into my pocket, her seductive laughter trailing me as I headed for the upstairs bathroom. The simple act of walking felt different. The subtle jiggle, the slight sway... it was a constant, mortifying reminder.

As I reached the top of the stairs, the bathroom door opened and Chloe emerged, a vision

of effortless, early-morning perfection in a silk camisole and matching shorts that probably cost more than my entire wardrobe. Her blonde hair was a flawless cascade, her makeup already impeccable. She stopped as she saw me, her sharp blue eyes narrowing, doing a quick, contemptuous sweep of my dishevelled appearance.

“Morning, Ollie,” she said, her voice dripping with her usual brand of condescending amusement. Then, as I passed her, her hand shot out, quick as a viper, and she grabbed one of my new breasts, giving it a firm, clinical squeeze.

“Hey!” I yelped, swatting her hand away, my face flushing hot with shame and fury.

Chloe just smirked, retracting her hand, examining her perfectly manicured nails. “Getting a little flabby around the chest, aren’t we, little brother?” she drawled, her eyes glinting with malicious glee. “All that ramen finally migrating north? You should really think about working out. It’s not a good look.” She sauntered away down the hall, leaving me frozen, trembling with a mixture of rage and a strange, perverse relief. She hadn’t clocked them as breasts. She just thought I was getting fat. Or... flabby. It was humiliating, yes, but it wasn’t the full-blown ‘my brother is growing tits’ horror show I’d been anticipating. A small, pathetic mercy.

I locked myself in the bathroom, staring at my reflection. Flabby? No. These were definitely, undeniably, breasts. Small, yes, but perfectly formed. Female. Chloe was just being a bitch. But her words, her casual cruelty, solidified the desperate resolve coalescing in my gut. I couldn’t live like this. I had to get rid of them.

Back in my room, Nadia’s voice was already purring from my pocket. “See, Oliver? Even your delightful sister thinks you need an upgrade. The universe is telling you something. It’s telling you to embrace the chaos. Embrace the Hard challenge.”

I collapsed onto my bed, phone in hand, staring at the app’s mocking interface. “No way, Nadia. Not after yesterday. A Hard challenge could turn me into a fucking lamppost.”

“Or,” she countered smoothly, “it could give you six gems. Six glorious gems! Combine that with the three you so... skillfully... acquired yesterday, and you’re only one gem away from reversing your little punishment. One Easy challenge tomorrow, and poof! Back to your boring, flat-chested self. Think of the efficiency, Oliver.”

Damn her. She knew exactly which buttons to push. I looked at my gem balance. 3. I needed 10. The thought of doing seven more Easy challenges, seven more days of potential

humiliation and minor alterations, was exhausting. Doing three more Mediums... that was still at least three more days, assuming I didn't fail. But one Hard challenge... if I passed, I'd have nine gems. One more Easy challenge tomorrow, and I'd be free. The risk was enormous. But the reward... the reward was a swift end to this titted nightmare.

And honestly? The last two challenges, as terrifying and weird as they'd been, hadn't actually been that hard, in hindsight. Find a bra that fits? With enough time, that was just a trip to the store. Reach my cervix? Bizarre, yes. Mind-bendingly weird for a guy, definitely. But ultimately, achievable with a little... creative problem-solving. As long as you were committed, as long as you didn't panic, the challenges themselves seemed... doable. Maybe Nadia was right. Maybe I was underestimating myself.

"You know what?" I said, a surge of reckless confidence, probably misplaced, swelling in my chest. "Fuck it. Let's do it."

"Oh, darling," Nadia's voice was pure, ecstatic glee. "I knew you had it in you! This is going to be so much fun. For me, I mean. For you, it will likely be a crucible of terror and shame. But mostly fun for me!"

I ignored her, my thumb hovering over the button. [HARD] – REWARD: 6 GEMS, 70 XP – "Vaguely Competent Cosmic Task." I jabbed the screen. The warning popped up, dripping with even more condescending venom than usual.

ACCEPT HARD CHALLENGE?

[CONFIRM, YOU GLORIOUS, DOOMED IDIOT] [CANCEL, AND LIVE FOREVER WITH YOUR REGRET (AND TITS)]

With a deep breath, steeling myself for whatever fresh hell was about to be unleashed, I pressed 'CONFIRM, YOU GLORIOUS, DOOMED IDIOT.'

The screen flickered.

HARD CHALLENGE ACCEPTED: "SUCCESSFULLY GO ALL THE WAY ON A DATE."

TIME REMAINING: 13:12:55 (LOCAL MIDNIGHT DEADLINE)

PUNISHMENT FOR FAILURE: ALL PHYSICAL ALTERATIONS BECOME PERMANENT.

I stared at the screen, my mind scrambling to process. A date? Just... a date? And have sex?

That was the Hard challenge? Okay, that was... challenging, definitely. I hadn't been on a real date in years, let alone one that ended in sex. Finding a girl, convincing her to go out with me, and then getting her into bed, all before midnight... especially with my current, secret chest situation... yeah, that was hard. But... doable? Maybe? It didn't seem catastrophically impossible.

But then my eyes fell on the punishment. "All physical alterations become permanent."

Alterations? Plural? What did that—?

And then, it began.

The tingling. Not just in my chest this time, but everywhere. A strange, fizzing sensation, like my entire body had been plunged into a glass of cosmic champagne. I was still sitting on my bed, clad in my boxers and the t-shirt I'd slept in, but the fabric suddenly felt... different. Softer. Tighter.

I looked down. The transformation wasn't slow and seductive like it had been in my mirror session yesterday. This was fast. Aggressive. A complete, system-wide overhaul. My shoulders, my arms, my torso... they were shrinking, softening, melting away. The light dusting of hair on my chest and stomach vanished. My skin seemed to glow, becoming smoother, paler, almost translucent. My waist cinched inwards dramatically, the fabric of my t-shirt suddenly hanging loose, while my hips and ass flared outwards with a speed that was both terrifying and mesmerizing, stretching the cotton of my boxers to their absolute limit. My small, permanent A-cup breasts didn't just stay; they swelled, grew, blossomed with breathtaking speed, inflating into magnificent, heavy, perfectly round globes that strained the front of my shirt, far larger, far more impressive than anything I'd possessed before. Chloe-sized, at least.

My legs elongated, becoming slender, toned, flawless. My feet shrank, becoming smaller, more delicate. And between my legs... the familiar weight of my penis and balls dissolved into nothingness, replaced by that now-familiar, slick, warm, undeniably female presence.

And then, my face. I could feel the bones shifting, the cartilage reshaping. My jawline softened, my cheeks gained a delicate curve, my nose became smaller, more refined. My hair, my short, messy brown hair, seemed to sprout, cascading down my back in a waterfall of glossy, perfect, honey-blond waves.

The transformation, from start to finish, took maybe ten seconds. Ten seconds of dizzying,

disorienting, reality-shattering change. When it was over, I was left sitting on my bed, breathless, my heart hammering against my new, impressively endowed ribcage.

I stumbled to the mirror, my new, longer legs feeling unsteady beneath me. The reflection that stared back was... not me. Not even female me.

It was Chloe.

I was Chloe. Her face, her body, her hair... every single, perfect, infuriating detail, staring back at me from the mirror. I was inhabiting my own sister's body. The app hadn't just made me female; it had turned me into a perfect, flawless replica of my twenty-five-year-old, yoga-instructor, goddess-tier older sister.

I quickly stripped out of these clothes and then raised a hand – Chloe's hand, slender, elegant, nails perfectly manicured – to my face. Touched my cheek. Chloe's cheek. High cheekbone, soft skin. I ran my fingers through my hair. Chloe's hair. Long, blonde, impossibly soft. I opened my mouth. A voice, high, melodic, undeniably Chloe's, whispered, "No... oh, god, no..."

My gaze dropped lower. To my chest. To Chloe's breasts. Large, round, perfectly shaped, sitting high and proud, nipples a delicate, sensitive pink. They were magnificent. And they were mine. I cupped them, the weight, the fullness, so much more substantial than the small A-cups I'd grown accustomed to. They filled my hands perfectly.

My hands drifted lower still, over the impossibly small waist, the dramatically flaring hips, the perfectly sculpted ass straining against my suddenly very tight boxers. And between my legs... Chloe's pussy. My pussy now.

I should have known. A Hard challenge. Of course it wouldn't be simple. It had turned me into her. And if I failed... if I didn't go on a date, and have sex, as my own sister, before midnight... I would be stuck as her. Forever.

"Ollie! What the FUCK?!"

The voice, my voice, my old, familiar, undeniably male voice, shrieked from behind me. The bedroom door burst open, and I whirled around, my heart leaping into my throat.

And there, standing in the doorway, was... me. My original body. Ollie. Same average face, same messy brown hair, same unremarkable physique. But... wearing a pair of Chloe's silk

pajama shorts and a matching camisole that were stretched alarmingly tight across my chest, outlining the small, but definite, shape of my permanent A-cup breasts. And the expression on my face... it was pure, unadulterated, female panic.

“Chloe?” I whispered, my own voice, Chloe’s voice, barely audible.

“Yes, it’s Chloe, you absolute fucking moron!” she – my body, inhabited by Chloe’s furious mind – shrieked, pointing a trembling, familiar, masculine finger at me. “We swapped bodies! What did you do?! Why am I in your disgusting, flabby, titted man-body?! And why do I feel so... gross?!”

Oh, god. This was so much worse than I thought. The app hadn’t just turned me into her. It had swapped us. Put her in my body. My permanent-man-boob-adorned body.

I lunged forward, grabbing my own arm – her arm now – and dragged her into the room, slamming the door shut. “Shhh! Keep your voice down!” I hissed, Chloe’s voice feeling utterly alien for expressing such panicked authority. “Mom will hear you!”

It was the most surreal experience of my life. Hushing my own frantic, pajama-clad male body, which was currently being piloted by my hysterical, furious older sister.

“What the fuck happened? And why do you have tits?!” Chloe-in-my-body shrieked, ignoring my plea for quiet. She reached out with my hands and grabbed my small breasts, now hers, squeezing them hard. “Oh my god! I thought you were just flabby! But they’re real tits! Small though, not like these...” She then grabbed her own breasts, now attached to my chest, through my top.

“Hey!” I yelped, flinching away, Chloe’s voice cracking with indignation. The sensation of my own hands, controlled by my sister, groping my new body, was a layer of mind-bending weirdness I was not prepared for.

“What?!” she snapped back, her eyes, my eyes, blazing with fury. “That’s MY body, you perverted little twat! I have every right to touch it! I’m more annoyed that you’re in it! And besides, why are you naked in my body! Throw on some clothes and explain! Now!”

So, I did. We swapped clothes (her clothes felt weird on my body, but they fit a lot better), and I told her everything. My voice, Chloe’s voice, trembling slightly. The app. The curse. Nadia. The challenges. The punishments. My permanent A-cups. My temporary pussy from

yesterday. And finally, today's Hard challenge: "Go all the way on a date."

Chloe listened, her expression shifting from pure rage, to horrified disbelief, to a dawning, catastrophic understanding. She sank onto my bed, burying my face in my hands. "So... let me get this straight," she said finally, her voice, my voice, muffled with despair. "You, Ollie, have to go on a date, as me, and have sex with someone, before midnight tonight... or we are both stuck like this?"

"Yeah," I whispered. "That... that pretty much sums it up."

We sat in silence for a long moment, the sheer, crushing weight of our shared predicament settling over us. Then, Chloe, to her credit, seemed to rally. A flicker of her usual sharp, pragmatic energy returned to my eyes.

"Okay," she said, her voice firmer now. "Okay. If we're doing this, we're doing this. No time for freaking out. We need a plan." She looked me up and down, a flicker of her old, critical appraisal in her gaze, even though she was looking at her own body. "First things first. The challenge. 'Go all the way on a date.' What does that mean, exactly? Like, what are the specific rules?"

Just as I was about to say I didn't know, Nadia's voice, smooth and amused, purred from the phone still lying on my desk. "Allow me to clarify, darlings."

Chloe jumped, her eyes, my eyes, wide with fresh alarm. "What the hell was that?!"

"That's Nadia," I explained wearily. "The spirit of the curse. She's... our guide. Ish."

"Of course this happens to you, Ollie," Chloe groaned, rolling my eyes in a way that felt deeply, personally familiar. "And now to me, thanks to you. This is so fucked up."

"The parameters of the challenge are as follows," Nadia continued, ignoring Chloe's existential crisis. "One: The 'date' must be a legitimate social outing in a public place. Dinner, drinks, a movie. No quick, sleazy hookups arranged purely for the purpose of intercourse. Two: 'Going all the way' requires successful vaginal penetration. Three: At least one participant must achieve orgasm. Simple enough, no?"

I paled. "Vaginal penetration? But... I'm into girls, Nadia. I don't want to... with a guy. Can't I go on a date with a girl instead?"

“Technically, yes,” Nadia conceded. “The challenge doesn’t specify the gender of your partner. As long as there is penetration – and I’m sure you and your new girlfriend could get creative with a strap-on – and at least one orgasm, it counts. But...”

“Absolutely not,” Chloe cut in, her voice, my voice, sharp and decisive. “No offense, Ollie, but you are not taking my body on a lesbian adventure with some random girl you pick up at a bar. For one, it’s way harder to find a girl who’s down for a one-night stand. And two, making a girl cum? Really cum? That’s an art form, you idiot. You’d probably fail. It’s too risky. With a guy... it’s easy. They’re always horny, and they’ll cum if you so much as look at their dick funny. It’s our best, safest bet.” She paused, then added, a hint of her usual arrogance returning. “And honestly, Ollie? You’re lucky you have my body for this. Trying to complete this challenge as your usual, average self? With new tits? Good luck. As me... it won’t be hard to find a willing partner.”

“Gross,” I muttered, not wanting to think about my sister’s sex life.

“Shut up, Ollie,” she snapped. “We’re way past sibling boundaries here. I’m literally wearing your dick right now. Now, do you want to swap back or not?”

I sighed. She was right. As usual.

“Okay,” Chloe continued, her mind already shifting into strategic mode. “I’ve been... casually seeing a couple of guys. There’s this one, Josh. He’s hot, but kinda dumb, and always, always horny. We’ve fucked a few times. He’d be perfect. Easy target.” She grabbed her phone and started tapping. A moment later, she cursed. “Fuck. He’s working tonight. Night shift.”

“What about the other guy?” I asked.

Chloe shook her head firmly. “No. Not him. I... I actually like him. I’m not letting you anywhere near him, Ollie. You’d probably say something stupid and ruin it.”

So, a random guy it was.

“Don’t worry,” Chloe said, seeing the look of panic on my (her) face. “It won’t be hard. Trust me. People are queuing up to get laid with me, Ollie. We just need to find someone not completely repulsive.” Her plan was simple, and disturbingly well-thought-out. “We dress you up, something sexy but classy. We go to a decent bar, somewhere upscale. I’ll be there too, watching from a distance. We’ll get you a hidden earpiece, I’ll coach you through it. What to



say, how to act. Like a mission. Operation: Get Ollie Laid to Save Our Bodies.”

It was completely insane. But it was also... our only plan.

Just as Chloe was about to leave, to go and presumably experience the dubious joys of inhabiting my messy, mundane existence for the day, she stopped. “Wait. What am I supposed to do until tonight? I can’t just... sit here.”

“I don’t know,” I shrugged. “What did you have on today?”

Chloe’s face went pale. “Oh, fuck,” she whispered. “The yoga class. My new prime-time slot. I’m supposed to be teaching in two hours!”

“Well, call in sick!” I said.

“I can’t!” she wailed, her voice, my voice, cracking with genuine despair. “I fought for months to get this slot from that bitch, Tiffany! If I miss one class, one, she’ll swoop in and take it back! Ollie, please! It’s your fault we’re in this mess! You have to teach it for me!”

Teach a yoga class? Me? In her body? It was a recipe for disaster. But the look of sheer, pleading desperation on my own face, worn by my sister, was too much. And she was right. It was my fault.

“Fine,” I groaned. “Fine! But you better write down every single damn move.”

Which is how I found myself, an hour later, in Chloe’s pristine, minimalist bedroom, wearing a pair of her ridiculously tight, high-end yoga pants and a matching crop top that showcased her magnificent breasts to maximum effect, trying to learn an entire yoga routine from a series of frantic stick-figure drawings.

“Okay, so you start with Downward Dog,” Chloe instructed, demonstrating the pose in my body. She grunted with effort, her movements stiff, awkward. “God, Ollie, your body is so inflexible! It’s like trying to fold a piece of old plywood! And what is this... this thing between my legs? It keeps getting in the way!” She groaned as she accidentally sat on my balls, a look of profound, pained surprise on her (or my) face.

I couldn’t help it. I laughed. “Now you know what it’s like!”

I, on the other hand, moved into the pose effortlessly. Chloe’s body was a marvel of engineering. Years of training had made her muscles long, lean, incredibly flexible. The feeling

of moving in her skin was... amazing. Fluid. Powerful. Freeing.

We ran through the whole routine, Chloe struggling and complaining in my stiff, titted male body, while I flowed through the poses in her yoga-goddess form, a bizarre, gender-bent, deeply confusing role-reversal.

Finally, it was time to go. “Good luck, Ollie,” Chloe said, handing me her car keys. “Don’t fuck it up. And try not to stare at your own tits too much. It’s weird.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked, grabbing the yoga mat.

She smirked, a wicked, familiar glint in my eyes. “Well, since I’m stuck with your equipment for the day,” she said, her gaze dropping pointedly towards my old crotch, “I’m going to see what all the fuss is about with this whole... masturbation thing. See if I can figure out how it works.”

“HEY!” I yelped, my face flushing.

She just laughed, my laugh, and waved me away. “Bye, sis!”

The yoga class was a blur of suppressed panic and surprising success. I was awkward at first, my voice, Chloe’s voice, a little shaky as I introduced myself and started the class. But once the music started, once I started calling out the poses from Chloe’s notes, something shifted. I just... followed the instructions. And Chloe’s body knew what to do. The muscle memory was there. I moved with a grace and confidence I didn’t know I possessed.

And the attention... oh god, the attention. The women in the class watched me with a mixture of envy and admiration, their eyes lingering on my perfect form, my flawless execution of the poses. The handful of men in the class, mostly bored-looking boyfriends dragged along by their partners, were practically drooling. They stared, openly and unapologetically, at my ass in the tight yoga pants as I moved into Downward Dog, at my breasts straining against the crop top in Cobra pose. It was objectifying, yes. But it was also... powerful. Incredibly powerful. For the first time in my life, I was the one being lusted after, admired, envied. And I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy it. Just a little.

After the class, several people came up to thank me, complimenting my “calming energy” and “beautiful flow.” It was a surreal, heady experience.

I spent the afternoon wandering around, grabbing lunch, just experiencing the world as

Chloe. It was... different. Doors were held open for me. People smiled at me for no reason. I got free samples at the frozen yogurt place. The world, it seemed, was just... nicer... when you were a beautiful woman. It was a strange, unsettling, yet undeniably pleasant realization.

Later that evening, the real mission began. Chloe, back from her day of... self-exploration (I didn't ask, and she didn't offer details, other than a cryptic "it's... efficient, I guess?"), had procured two tiny, wireless earpieces. She dressed me herself, picking out a stunning, simple dress that hugged every curve, a pair of killer heels that made my legs look even longer, and did my makeup with a terrifying, professional precision.

When she was done, I looked in the mirror and barely recognized her. I was a bombshell. A weapon of mass seduction. Ready for battle. My pussy started to feel a little damp looking at myself, a feeling I was all-too familiar with. Chloe kept saying I looked too masculine with how I was carrying myself. Being a woman is hard, and I was not looking forward to this.

At the bar, a chic, dimly lit place downtown, the plan went into motion. I sat alone at a small table, nursing a glass of white wine, trying to look alluringly melancholic. Chloe was at a booth across the room, a shadowy figure in my baggy hoodie, her voice (well, mine I guess) a constant, reassuring presence in my ear via the earpiece.

"Okay, Ollie, sit up straight," she crackled in my ear. "Stop slouching. You have magnificent breasts now, show them off. And for god's sake, try to look less like a hostage and more like a mysterious, heartbroken goddess."

It was a slow start. A few guys approached, but Chloe shot them all down before they even got to the table. "Not him, Ollie," she'd hiss in my ear. "He's wearing boat shoes with no socks. I have standards." Or, "Nope. Look at his watch. A fake Rolex. We can do better."

Finally, after nearly an hour, he appeared. Tall, dark hair, handsome in a rugged, effortless kind of way, wearing a well-fitting shirt that hinted at a good physique beneath. He approached my table with a hesitant, respectful smile.

"This is the one, Ollie," Chloe's voice buzzed with excitement in my ear. "Go time. Remember the script."

"Excuse me," the handsome stranger said, his voice warm and deep. "I couldn't help but notice you're sitting alone. Are you... waiting for someone?"

Following Chloe's instructions, I looked up at him, summoning my most tragic, heartbroken expression. "I was," I said, my voice, Chloe's voice, trembling slightly. "But... I think he's not coming."

It worked like a charm. He was all sympathy and charm, asking if he could join me, offering to buy me another drink. Following Chloe's every word, I played my part, weaving a believable tale of a last-minute cancellation, of disappointment, of a night unexpectedly ruined. His name was Mark. He was kind, funny, a genuinely good conversationalist. And to my surprise, I actually started to... enjoy talking to him. Chloe's coached lines became less necessary as our own rapport began to build.

An hour later, Mark leaned in, his eyes warm and sincere. "Listen," he said. "I know this is forward, but... I'm really enjoying talking to you. My place is just a few blocks from here. Would you... would you want to come back with me? We could open a bottle of wine, listen to some music... continue the conversation."

My heart leaped into my throat. This was it. "No!" Chloe's voice hissed in my ear. "Don't go to his place! Too risky! We don't know him! Make him come back to ours!"

I took a deep breath. "I'd love to, Mark," I said, looking at him with what I hoped was genuine regret. "But... I have to get up really early tomorrow for a yoga thing." A little bit of truth couldn't hurt. "But... my place isn't far. If you wanted to come back there for a bit?"

Mark's face lit up. "Yeah," he said eagerly. "Yeah, I'd like that a lot."

The Uber ride back to my house was a blur of suppressed panic and the feel of Mark's hand, warm and slightly calloused, resting on my thigh. Chloe followed in her car, a silent, shadowy guardian angel in a beat-up hatchback.

At the house, I made a show of apologizing for the potential presence of my family. "My sister and brother and mom are home," I whispered as we tiptoed through the door. "We'll have to be quiet." He just grinned, a thrill-seeker. We snuck upstairs, and I almost, almost, went into my own bedroom out of habit before remembering. Chloe's room. Right.

Inside her pristine, minimalist sanctuary, the real test began. Chloe was gone, presumably hiding in my room, leaving me alone with Mark and her slightly disgusting, but very explicit, instructions from earlier. "Okay, Ollie," she'd coached me grimly. "Getting a guy off is easy. Foreplay helps, but honestly, most of them just want to get to the main event. Let him kiss

you, let him touch you, then just... get on top and ride him. And for the love of god, make him use a condom. I am not getting STDs in my fucking body.”

Mark was surprisingly gentle, for all his confidence. His kisses were soft at first, deepening slowly, his hands exploring my body with a reverence that was almost... sweet. It was still deeply weird for me, kissing a guy, feeling his stubble against Chloe’s soft skin. I wasn’t into it, but I closed my eyes, disassociated, and focused on the sensations, on the way Chloe’s body was responding. And it was responding. Enthusiastically. My nipples hardened instantly, my pussy grew slick and warm, my hips instinctively pressed against his. This body... it knew what it wanted, even if my brain was still screaming in protest.

The kissing led to touching, the touching to stripping. I tried to channel the performative sexuality I’d seen in porn, to act the part of the confident, seductive woman. I climbed on top of him on Chloe’s bed, straddling him, trying to look sexy and in control. He seemed to like it. A lot. “God, you’re amazing,” he breathed, his eyes wide with awe. “I’ve never been with a girl who’s so... confident. So sexy.” Turns out, my years of studying porn had inadvertently made me a better performer of femininity than my actual, lifelong-female sister. The irony was not lost on me.

He put on a condom, no arguments, no fuss. He really was a nice guy.

Then, I lowered myself onto him. The sensation of his cock sliding inside me, inside Chloe’s pussy, was... incredible. A stretching, filling, intensely pleasurable friction that made me gasp, my eyes rolling back in my head. I began to ride him, my hips finding an easy rhythm, Chloe’s instructions echoing in my mind. The pleasure was overwhelming, purely physical, utterly divorced from any emotional connection, but no less potent for it.

And then... it was over.

After maybe a minute, a minute and a half at most, of my rhythmic, enthusiastic riding, I felt him tense beneath me, a strangled groan escaping his lips, and then a final, shuddering thrust. And that was it. He was done. He slumped back against the pillows, panting, a satisfied, blissed-out smile on his face.

I, on the other hand, felt... nothing. Well, not nothing. I was still aroused, still slick, my body still humming with unreleased tension. But the main event, the grand finale... it had ended before the opening credits were even finished.

“That was amazing,” Mark breathed, pulling me down for a sweaty, post-coital kiss.

I pulled back, staring at him in disbelief. “Amazing?” I said, my voice, Chloe’s voice, sharp with a frustration I didn’t even try to hide. “Are you kidding me? That was it? That was, like, sixty seconds! I was just getting warmed up!”

Mark’s satisfied smile vanished, replaced by a look of bewildered confusion. “What? But... I came...”

“Yeah, you came!” I retorted, climbing off him, grabbing a stray t-shirt from the floor to cover myself. “Congratulations. But what about me? You just... blue-balled me, dude! I need a little more than that to get off!”

Mark stared at me, looking utterly flummoxed. “I... I’ve never heard a woman say that before,” he stammered.

“Well, now you have,” I snapped, my disappointment making me cruel. “Look, if that’s all you’ve got, you can just... leave. Seriously. Get out.”

He looked ashamed, hurt, but he quickly gathered his clothes and slunk out of the room, leaving me standing there, naked, frustrated, and still inhabiting my sister’s incredibly beautiful, incredibly sexually unsatisfied body.

The door creaked open a moment later, and Chloe slipped in, now wearing my hoodie and a pair of her own pajama pants. She looked at me, then at the rumpled bed, then back at me, an expectant look on her face.

“Well?” she asked. “Did it work?”

“Yeah, it worked,” I sighed, flopping onto the bed. “I rode him, he used a condom, he came in like a minute. Pathetic.”

Chloe grabbed her phone from the dresser. “Let’s check the app.” She opened it, and a moment later, a triumphant grin spread across her face. “Yes! Challenge complete! Eight gems, eighty experience points! We did it, Ollie!”

And then, the world lurched. I felt the familiar sensation of my body reshaping, softening, shrinking back into my own male frame, my A-cup tits a familiar, unwelcome presence on my chest. I looked over at Chloe. She was herself again, her magnificent blonde form restored,

looking slightly dazed but immensely relieved.

“Oh, thank god,” she breathed, looking down at her own familiar body. Then she seemed to realize she was naked. “Uh, Ollie? Can you maybe... not stare? And get me some clothes?”

I tossed her the t-shirt and shorts she'd been wearing earlier, trying to avert my eyes.

“So, how was it, really?” she asked as she dressed, her usual teasing tone returning. “My body, I mean. Pretty great, right?”

“It was... an experience,” I admitted. “But the sex sucked. It was over before it even started. I barely felt anything.”

Chloe laughed, a genuine, almost sympathetic sound. “Yep,” she said, pulling on her t-shirt. “Welcome to my world, little brother. That's what it's like most of the time. Now you know why it's so hard to find a guy who actually knows how, or even cares, to please a woman. They're just focused on their own finish line.”

It was... a moment of unexpected understanding. A sliver of insight into her world, a world I had, for a brief, bizarre day, inhabited. For the first time, maybe ever, I felt a flicker of actual, genuine empathy for my sister.

She seemed to feel it too. The usual sharp, antagonistic edge between us had softened, replaced by a shared, weary camaraderie. We'd been through something insane together. And we'd survived.

“Just... leave me out of your weird app curse from now on, okay, Ollie?” she said, punching me lightly on the arm. “This was fucked up. Although,” she added, a thoughtful look in her eye, “I gotta say, being a guy for a day... it was interesting. Weirdly simple. And that masturbation thing? Surprisingly straightforward. You guys have it easy.”

I laughed. I reached up, my hand instinctively finding my own chest, grabbing one of my small breasts. “Well,” I said with a sigh. “Soon these things will be gone. Then I'm done with this app. For good.”

Later that night, back in the familiar confines of my own basement bedroom, Nadia's voice purred from my phone. “Well, now, Oliver,” she cooed. “That was a rather wholesome, if sexually frustrating, little adventure, wasn't it? A bit of family bonding, a touch of gender-bending empathy... very touching. And very, very hot.”

“Yeah, well, at least it’s almost over,” I said, opening the app, looking at my new balance. 8 Gems. 80 XP. So close. Just two more gems.

My eyes drifted to the Shop. The ‘Reverse Punishment’ option glowed tantalizingly, just out of reach. But next to it, another option, previously greyed out, was now available. [Minor Trait Boost (25%): 5 GEMS]. I had enough.

Curiosity, that damnable, persistent itch, got the better of me. I tapped it. A new screen appeared, a long, scrollable list of my own personal attributes, each with a ‘+25%’ button next to it.

STRENGTH

FITNESS

FLEXIBILITY

STAMINA

IQ

EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE

MEMORY

CHARISMA

DISCIPLINE

LUCK (MINOR)

The list went on and on. It was a character creation screen for my own life. I could... I could upgrade myself. Become smarter, stronger, more charming. Then my eyes landed on two specific options, nestled near the bottom of the physical attributes list.

PENIS LENGTH

PENIS GIRTH

I could... I could make my dick bigger. Permanently. The thought was... intoxicating. The ultimate male fantasy, right there, for the low, low price of five gems. Five gems I could earn



back with one more Hard challenge...

Then I saw another option. Breast Size.

The word snapped me out of my power-fantasy reverie. No. No more alterations. No more upgrades. The goal was to get back to normal. To reverse the punishment. To get rid of these tits, not add more. I closed the Shop menu with a frustrated sigh.

“Ooh, so close to temptation, yet so far,” Nadia’s voice dripped with mock disappointment. “I was really hoping you’d pick something interesting. Enhance your ‘equipment,’ perhaps? Or maybe boost that rather mediocre IQ? Shame. You’re so predictable, Oliver.”

“One more day, Nadia,” I said firmly, setting the phone down. “One more challenge, one more gem, and I’m free of this. And free of you.”

But as I got into bed, the frustration from my unsatisfying sexual encounter with Mark still lingered. My body was still humming, still craving a release that a one-minute jackrabbit session hadn’t provided. I was, as I’d so eloquently put it, blue-balled.

With a groan of resignation, I slipped my hand under the covers. But as I started to jack off, my mind didn’t conjure the usual images of impossibly buxom women. Instead, it drifted back to the feeling of Mark’s cock sliding inside me. The stretching, the fullness, the raw, undeniable pleasure of being penetrated. My erection faltered slightly, my arousal shifting, twisting into something new, something confusing, something... receptive.

My fantasy wasn’t about fucking anymore. It was about being fucked.

From the phone on my nightstand, I heard Nadia let out a low, slow, deeply sinister chuckle.

“Oh, Oliver,” she purred, her voice a promise of delightful torments to come. “Tomorrow... tomorrow is going to be very interesting indeed.”

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Day 4 is already live on my Patreon, and I’ve also uploaded an exclusive image version of this chapter there too which features 15 sexy images. For more on this and other stories of mine, head over to my Patreon at [patreon.com/JohnManTD](https://patreon.com/JohnManTD)

Here is a sample of what you can find in the image version of this chapter...

