

THE WOMAN WITHIN

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 20: Back to Normal?

“Okay, so what’s the plan?” Dave asked.

The morning sun cut through the blinds of my apartment, illuminating the strange, domestic aftermath of our victory. The three of us sat around the kitchen island, nursing coffees that felt woefully inadequate for the hangover of adrenaline and magic we were suffering.

In the corner, Trixie, the woman who had once been the Director of the CIA, was humming a mindless pop song. She was wearing one of my old, baggy college t-shirts and a pair of workout shorts I’d worn as Alexa. She smeared a glob of peanut butter onto a slice of bread, got some on her thumb, and giggled, licking it off with a slow, lascivious tongue. Then she went back to absentmindedly poking her own massive breasts, watching them jiggle with wide, fascinated eyes.

Dave looked at her, then back at us. He rubbed his face, his hand sliding over the smooth, soft skin of his cheek. “Well, we can’t really stay like this forever. Unless we plan on explaining to our family and friends that we somehow all transformed into sexy girls. As fun as it is having boobs...” He hefted his boobs with a sigh. “...we need to transform back. Right?”

The question hung in the air, heavy and suffocating. There was an uneasy tension in the room. We had won. We had saved ourselves from the government. But in doing so, we had crossed a line we weren’t sure we could uncross. The heist had been a rush, a blur of sex and power that made my old life as a marketing assistant feel like a black-and-white movie.

Sarah spoke next, her voice serious. She looked at her reflection in the darkened microwave door, tracing the line of her jaw. “Guys, if you’re at all tempted to keep things like this, remember... it’s just the ring’s influence. Think about how crazy it made you, Alex. It rewrites your priorities. It makes you addicted to the form.”

I looked down at my body. My F-cup breasts rested heavily against the counter. My waist was snatched, my hips wide and fertile. I admitted to myself, and to them, “I was starting to think of myself as Alexa. As a woman. That became my true form in my head. It felt... right.” I shook

my head, trying to clear the fog. “But you’re right. It’s the magic talking.”

“Okay,” Sarah said, pulling a notepad toward her. She clicked a pen, her old project manager instincts taking over. “So here’s the math. We need roughly nine thousand Influence to reverse the spell on ourselves.”

“Eight thousand nine hundred and ninety,” I corrected.

“Right. Plus, Alex has transformed... how many people?”

I winced. “One hundred and forty-three. Not including the government agents. Fuck those guys, they can stay like this.”

Dave let out a low whistle. “Wow, dude. You’ve fucked a lot of people. Literally and figuratively.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Sarah continued. “Luckily, you didn’t use the book to transform them, so there’s no ten-times multiplier for reversal. It’s just a standard alteration. How much does it cost to change them back?”

“It should be roughly two hundred each,” I said. “I tested it by writing a few names from the office before the heist. It was twenty Influence to change them back to their original forms.”

Dave laughed, shaking his head. “God, this pricing is so arbitrary.”

Sarah did the calculation on the pad. “Okay. So that means it’ll cost us roughly twenty-eight thousand, six hundred Influence to change everyone back. Add in our own reversal costs... we need a total of thirty-seven thousand, five hundred and ninety Influence to return reality to normal.”

Silence descended on the room. It was a staggering number.

“Why don’t we agree to earn the twenty-nine thousand first?” Dave suggested. “We change everyone else back. Clean up the city. Then, once that’s done and our conscience is clear, we can work on earning enough to change ourselves back.”

We all nodded. It was the only ethical path.

“So who uses the ring?” I asked.

“We all do,” Sarah said firmly. “We take turns. We lock the book up in a safe that requires all three of us to open. But the ring... we need to circulate it. Alex, you use it one night. Then me. Then Dave. That way we limit continuous exposure. No one gets addicted.”

“Smart,” I agreed. “But we don’t share Influence. It’s tied to the user. So here’s the workflow: each day at work, we meet up. Whoever earned Influence the night before uses their stash to transform as many people back as they can. I’ll provide the list of names.”

“Wait,” Dave said, a look of panic crossing his beautiful face. “What about the hunger? It’s going to be hard going two days without consuming cum. I’m already starving just from this morning!”

I felt it too. The gnawing emptiness in my belly. The biological imperative of our cursed forms.

“You can’t fuck on your nights off,” Sarah pointed out. “If you touch someone attracted to women while you aren’t wearing the ring, you’ll trigger the Siren’s Curse. You’ll transform them into their ideal woman. We’re trying to reduce the number of victims, not add to it.”

“Then how am I going to survive?” Dave whined.

“We stick together,” I said, formulating the plan. “When wearing the ring, we become our ‘Woman Within’ forms. Those forms look identical to our cursed forms, but they don’t have the curse. We don’t transform people when we touch them. So, instead of taking turns staying home, we go out together every night. We pass the ring around. One person wears it, seduces a guy, completes a challenge, and feeds. Then they pass the ring to the next person.”

“That works,” Dave said, looking relieved. “It allows us to feed and earn.”

“What about her?” Dave pointed a thumb at Trixie in the kitchen.

I smirked. “Hey, Trixie! What do you want to do now?”

She looked up, milk dripping from her chin. “Umm... I think I want to go to college!”

We laughed. “Why college?”

“Because of all the hot boys there!” she chirped. “And the hot girls! Hehe.”

“She’ll be fine,” I said. I walked over and handed her a wad of cash from my wallet. “Go buy some clothes. Have a nice life, Trixie.”

She hugged me, her massive breasts suffocating me for a moment, and then bounced out the door, blissfully ignorant that she used to run the CIA.

And so, the grind began.

The early days were slow. We were rusty, and Sarah and Dave weren't natural seductresses like I had become. We spent our nights in bars and clubs, passing the ring between us like a hot potato. When I wore it, the crushing weight of the Siren's Curse lifted. I could touch a man without ruining his life. I could feed.

But progress was agonizing. We were grinding Tier 1 and Tier 2 challenges, earning pocket change. Get a drink. Make a guy hard. Flash a boob. Some days, we didn't even earn the two hundred needed to fix a single person.

"We need to go deeper," I said one night, staring at the book in the safety of our office. "We need to unlock the higher tiers. We need to complete the challenges we haven't unlocked."

Sarah looked at the list. Tier 4. The Corruptor.

"55 Influence: Seduce a man and record a sex tape with him without his knowledge."

"I'll take that one," Sarah said, her voice cool.

That night, we hit a hotel bar. Sarah wore the ring. She spotted a businessman, a loud guy with a wedding ring he kept twisting. She moved in. It was clinical. She whispered in his ear, her hand on his thigh. Ten minutes later, they were heading up to his room.

Dave and I waited in the lobby, sipping overpriced martinis. Forty minutes later, Sarah returned. She looked flushed, her hair a little messy. She handed the ring to me.

"Done," she said, sipping my drink. "Hidden camera in the alarm clock. He never stood a chance."

"Fifty-five points," I said. "That's a quarter of a person saved."

The next entry unlocked.

"60 Influence: Have unprotected sex with a new man who believes you are on birth control."

Dave grabbed the ring from my hand. "My turn. Watch and learn."

We went to a club downtown. The bass was thumping so hard it vibrated in my teeth. Dave, as Daisy, was a force of nature on the dance floor. He found a guy, a young, handsome tourist who looked like he was just happy to be there. Dave ground against him, his massive ass driving the poor kid insane.

I watched from the sidelines as Dave led him into a dark alcove near the bathrooms. I saw the brief exchange, the nod, the desperate kiss.

When Dave came back, he was glowing. "Sixty points. And he had a lot of stamina. I'm full."

"Gross," Sarah laughed.

Next up was mine.

"70 Influence: Sleep with a new man in a position of authority in exchange for a tangible favor."

This one was tricky. We needed a cop, or a bouncer, or a boss.

We found a high-end club with a strict door policy. The bouncer was a mountain of a man, turning people away with a sneer.

I put on the ring. I walked up to the velvet rope. I was wearing a dress that was barely legal, the neckline plunging to my navel.

"We're full," the bouncer grunted.

"Are you sure?" I purred. I stepped closer, letting my breast brush against his arm. "I really need to get my friends inside. Is there anything... anything I can do to change your mind?"

He looked down at me. His eyes lingered on my cleavage. The lust was immediate, overpowering.

"Maybe," he rumbled. "Check the alley door. It might be unlocked."

He met me there five minutes later. I sucked him off behind a dumpster while he held the door open for Dave and Sarah.

Seventy points.

We were moving up. The Influence counter was ticking higher. Every morning, we'd meet at the office. I'd pull up the list of victims. First, our employees. Then the IT guy. The delivery driver. The random guy from the bar. One by one, we crossed them off. We'd write the sentence, underline it, and somewhere in the city, a woman would wake up as a man, confused and disoriented.

But as the weeks turned into months, something strange started happening.

The news reports were initially celebratory. "Families Reunited!" the headlines screamed. But then, the tone shifted.

"Victims of Venus Flu Struggle with Readjustment."

We tried to ignore it. We kept working. We unlocked Tier 5.

"110 Influence: Have sex with a father and his adult son."

This was a logistical nightmare, but Sarah, with her terrifying intellect, figured it out. She found a family-run hardware store. She seduced the son in the lumber aisle, then charmed the father in the office while "discussing a bulk order." She hit them both within the twenty-four-hour window.

"175 Influence: Turn a devoted husband into your willing cuckold."

Dave took this one. He found a couple at a bar. He focused entirely on the wife first, buying her drinks, dancing with her. Then, he whispered to the husband. "She's beautiful. I bet she tastes amazing. Do you want to watch me taste her?"

The husband, drunk and overwhelmed by Daisy's raw sexuality, agreed. We watched from a booth as Dave took the wife into the bathroom, leaving the door cracked just enough for the husband to watch.

The points were piling up. We cleared the entire office. Everyone was back to normal. We started clearing the randoms. But the office... the office was miserable. I walked past Peter's desk. He was back to being Peter. He looked grey. He slumped in his chair, staring at his screen. The spark was gone.

Gary, the intern, was back to being a guy. He moved sluggishly. He didn't smile.

One afternoon, a group of female employees knocked on my door. They looked nervous.

“Alexa?” one of them asked. “Can we talk?”

“Sure,” I said.

“We... we know you fixed everyone,” she started. “And that’s great. But... is there any way to get it back? The enhancement?”

I blinked. “You want to be changed again?”

“Yes!” she blurted out. “I felt amazing. I was confident. I was sexy. Now I just feel... invisible again.”

It made sense some of the women were sad to go back to being more plain, but then the men started coming. Mike pulled me aside by the water cooler.

“Hey, boss,” he mumbled, looking at his feet. “I know this sounds crazy. But... being a sexy girl... it was the best time of my life. I didn’t have this constant pressure. I didn’t feel angry all the time. Is there... is there any way?”

I was shocked. We had assumed we were saving them. We thought we were the heroes. Why were they thinking like this? The mental changes were gone, the ones that made them accept the change. Shouldn’t they be glad to be back?

Soon, everyone was back to normal, and we had enough influence. We called a meeting in the executive suite.

“We’re almost done,” Sarah said, looking at the ledger. “We’ve changed everyone back. And we each have about three thousand Influence saved up. That’s enough. We can do it. We can end this now.”

The room went silent. The air was thick with a heavy, final gravity. It was over. We could go back to being Alex, Sarah, and Dave. No more hunger. No more ring. Just normal life.

Dave spoke first.

“Am I the only one who likes being like this?”

My heart skipped a beat.

“I mean,” Dave continued, turning to look at us. “Daisy is... she’s fun. People like her. I like her.

Being Dave was... fine. But this? This is vibrant.”

“It’s the ring,” Sarah said automatically. “It’s influencing us.”

“Is it?” I asked.

They both looked at me.

“Look around,” I said. “Everyone we transformed back... they’re miserable. We undid the mental changes. There is no magic influencing them anymore. They are back to their factory settings. And they hate it. They miss their Woman Within forms.”

Sarah frowned. “You think... you think the happiness was real? Not just the brainwashing?”

“What if it was?” I asked. “What if the ring just showed them a better way to be? What if life actually IS better like this?”

We sat in silence, pondering the terrifying possibility that we were about to throw away paradise.

“I feel it too,” Sarah admitted, her voice quiet. “Sierra... she’s powerful. She takes what she wants. Sarah was always so... careful. So afraid of stepping on toes. I don’t want to go back to being afraid.”

“But how do we know?” Dave asked, agonizing. “How do we know the succubus isn’t just tricking us? Maybe this is her final game. Make us choose damnation willingly.”

“Let’s ask her,” Sarah said.

I retrieved the book from the safe. I opened it to the Questions page. My hand shook as I wrote.

*Does the ring alter a person’s mind slowly turning them into a
succubus against their will?*

We waited. The seconds stretched into eternity.

The ink bled onto the page.

No. There is no need. Once one tastes the life of a succubus, the old life tastes of ash. The choice is always yours.

I read it aloud. The words hung in the air.

“So I was never brainwashed?” I whispered. “When I went crazy... that was just me? That was just... me loving it?”

“It seems so,” Sarah said.

“So... what now?” Dave asked.

Sarah looked down at her body. She ran her hands over her curves. She looked out at the office floor, where our employees sat in greyscale misery.

“I’m glad we changed everyone else back,” she said. “But...”

She looked at me.

“We should stay like this,” I said.

The relief in the room was explosive. Dave let out a massive sigh. Sarah smiled, a genuine, happy expression I hadn’t seen in weeks.

“I agree,” Sarah said. “I... I see why you did what you did now. The more time I spend like this, the more I understand your desire to give everyone else this gift. I wasn’t sure if it was just the ring influencing me... but this proves it. These feelings are real. I want to stay like this. But not like this. Not with the curse.”

She grabbed the book. “I have three thousand Influence. That’s enough.”

She wrote rapidly.

Sarah Jenkins, Dave Chen, and Alex Winters no longer transform others upon skin-to-skin contact. The Siren’s Curse is lifted.

She underlined it. The green flash illuminated our faces.

“Smart,” I said.

“Hey,” Dave said, checking the page. “You didn’t change back the one that says we require cum for sustenance.”

I looked at him. “You really want to change that one back? You want to go back to eating salads and counting calories? Or do you want to stay on the all-you-can-eat cock diet that keeps us perfectly fit?”

Dave smirked. “I *am* getting used to the taste.”

“I have one more change,” I said. I took the pen.

I wrote a single sentence. I hid it from them with my arm.

Sarah looked startled. She gasped, her hands flying to the front of her skirt. She looked up at me, a wicked grin spreading across her face.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“What?” Dave asked.

“He returned my dick,” Sarah said, rubbing herself through her skirt. “Hell yeah.”

Dave laughed. “I’ll stick with my pussy, thanks.”

We put the book down. It was done. We were Alexa, Daisy, and Sierra. Not because of a curse. Not because of a heist. But because we chose it. We were succubi. We would run this city by day and feed on its lust by night.

“There’s one thing left,” I said.

We walked out of the office and stood on the balcony overlooking the main floor.

“Attention everyone!” I called out.

The office went silent. They looked up at us, the three beautiful, mysterious owners.

“We have an announcement,” I said. “We know about the Venus Flu. We know you miss it.”

A murmur went through the room.

“We are offering a program,” Dave shouted, grinning. “A wellness program. For anyone who wants to... optimize their potential.”

“Who wants their old form back?” Sarah asked.

One hand went up. It was Peter. Then Gary. Then Mike. Then the account manager.

Within seconds, every hand in the room was raised.

Dave smirked. He grabbed the book. He had plenty of Influence left.

He wrote a single command.

All employees of Nexus Creative are restored to their ideal female forms.

He underlined it.

The room erupted in light and sound. Clothes ripped. Bodies swelled and curved. Cries of shock turned into cheers of joy. In moments, the office was once again a sea of gorgeous, happy women.

But this time, they weren't brainwashed slaves. They were just... them. But better.

We returned to my office and locked the door. We put the book and the ring into the wall safe. We spun the dial.

“Ready to start our lives, Daisy and Sierra?” I asked.

“Ready, Alexa” Sarah, now Sierra, said. She unzipped her skirt, letting it fall. Her hard, thick cock sprang free.

“Me too,” Dave, now Daisy, said.

We didn't notice the faint shimmer from inside the safe. We didn't see the leather book fade into mist, or the gold ring dissolve into light. The Matron had retrieved her artifacts. Her work here was done. She had created a stable, self-sustaining colony of desire. She giggled to herself. *They never even questioned that I could be lying about the ring not influencing them.* It was time for her to find a new champion. A new dusty box in a new attic.

We didn't notice, and we didn't care. We had everything we needed right here.

Sierra pushed me onto the couch and climbed on top of me, ready to fuck my brains out.

The end?