

The webpage

I don't remember who recommended me this webpage, probably someone from uni, but it was this thing called the Trait Market. I remember that I thought this was all a stupid scam until I tried it.

The first time I went into it, I checked the "offers" section, that was filled with ads like "Attention! 4500 bucks! I have a tattoo I want removed and laser is not an option. I want someone to take it from me. Picture attached for reference. \$4500."

This woman (as I could see by the picture) was willing to pay \$4500 for their tattoo to magically disappear from their body and appear into someone else. To be honest, it was an ugly tattoo, a Playboy rabbit on her cleavage, but would I throw away \$4500 in a webpage that was selling magic?

Well, I decided to see if it was real. I created a profile and unlike any other webpage, it automatically filled my personal information: Female, Age 19, Height 173cm, Weight 59kg, Blonde 3, Blue eyes 1, No sight problems, No smoker, No drinker, 2 Piercings (Right and Left earlobes), Regular complete teeth color white pearl 2, Cellulite 3/100, Breasts 585cc, IQ 121.

I was taken aback by how precise this was. I didn't know what some of the numbers meant, or what my IQ was, but certainly it all seemed correct.

The only reason I didn't close the webpage and went to sleep was because it didn't ask for my bank account. Only if I wanted to make a payment or a withdrawal of funds.

So I started taking a look of what was advertised to see if I could try it out and confirm if this was all real or what.

"(Pics attached) I'm a 38 year old woman with excess cellulite. I offer to pay \$3500 to get rid of it, since exercise couldn't! \$3500. Required cellulite level 25 or lower." I checked the pictures, that showed a fairly thin woman's hips and thighs. She indeed had quite a lot of cellulite, even for her age.

However, I wanted to check if this thing was real, and I thought that having cellulite was worth \$3500, so I clicked on the "proceed" button and a notification popped up on the screen telling me that my cellulite level had changed from 3/100 to 78/100, and that I now had \$3500 on my account's balance I could withdraw.

Was it that easy? Did I really get that woman's cellulite? I didn't feel different, but there was only one way to find out. I felt kinda stupid though, incredulous as I was, but nonetheless I got up from my chair, pulled my pijama pants down and looked at my bum in my room's mirror.

And I couldn't believe my eyes. I had the most cellulitic ass I had ever seen, even more than the woman's pictures I saw earlier.

Packed full with dimples, my thighs were also extremely cellulitic, the kind of thighs I would often find repulsive when I saw a woman with this kind of cellulite wearing shorts. And now I had that kind of legs, and would never be able to wear my beloved shorts or show off my sexy legs!

I took a deep breath, and I went back into my account to withdraw the money. If this was real then the money better be real too. I filled in my bank details and clicked on "Pay out". I was charged a fee of \$50 and then my bank app sent me a notification telling me that I had received \$3450 from "TM LLC"

So I had confirmed it was real and made two month's salary in just a few minutes... And well, now I had massive cellulite.

For the following two weeks I didn't use the webpage. Life with an absurd amount of cellulite wasn't too bad, and I even had the courage to wear some shorts in public, and I only got one comment from my best friend Melissa, who was like: "What the-, what happened to your perfect legs? See, I told you that you would get jiggly thighs sooner or later, but I didn't expect this to happen so quickly!".

I guess nobody else had nothing to say. I was the same pretty, almost perfect girl, only now I had cellulite. So what? Am I going to wear long trousers in summer? Of course not.

When I went back to the webpage, I was looking for something I could easily fix, or something that paid really well, but I didn't know what.

I browsed page after page, all recent ads, and then, on page 3, I found something I was interested in.

"(This is a bundle offer) I smoke and my teeth are yellow. I want to get rid of both things, specially my habit. Offering 10k. \$10000."

It was perfect! I only had to stop smoking once I got the deal and then get a teeth whitening. Without further a due, I clicked on "proceed" and the deal was made.

Just like last time, I received a notification informing me of the deal: "Your [Teeth] have changed from " Regular complete teeth color white pearl 2" to "Regular complete teeth color discolored yellow 8". And another message telling me that I now had \$10000 in my account ready to withdraw.

I didn't feel any different, but I went to my mirror to check the damage. My teeth were pretty yellow indeed, with a slight brown hue to them. They used to be white, although not sparkly white, but almost that kind of white teeth you see on TV. Nonetheless, I now had \$10000 to go for a teeth whitening procedure and they would be perfect again.

I withdrew my money into my account, but was notified that it was too late and the money would come into my account the following day. I decided to browse some more and found another offer for getting rid of a smoking habit, this one paying \$8000. Thinking that I had made a good deal, I turned my computer off and went to sleep.

I had the weirdest dream that night. I dreamed of me smoking a cigarette, and then being a cigarette and being lit on fire. When I woke up, I saw a notification in my phone telling me that I had received \$9950 from TM LLC again, but I couldn't think of anything other than smoking.

That was the hard part, but I wasn't going to fall victim to the habit, specially since I had only tried it once and I didn't like it. I made an online booking for a whitening the following week, and I looked forward to it.

I felt anxious and angry. I also felt quite jumpy, and my classmate Julio described me as "grumpy". After one of my classes, a group of guys and girls were smoking outside the building, and when I walked past them and smelt their smoke, I couldn't help myself.

I asked them for a cigarette and ended up smoking three with them. Then, I asked a guy on the street, and smoked another one, and finally I asked a woman who was smoking by my apartment building's door.

I returned home smelling like cigarettes, and defeat, and seeing myself unable to resist until the next day without a smoke, I went out again and bought a pack and a lighter from the convenience store next door.

I finished that pack, my first, the following day, and I went and bought another one. For the following five days I smoked a bit more than a pack, until I fully accepted my defeat and bought a whole carton.

That day I smoked two packs, and cancelled my teeth whitening appointment. If I was going to get my white perfect teeth back, I needed to stop smoking first.

It just never seemed possible to go three or four hours without taking a drag, and honestly, a part of me liked the fact that I was so dependant on such a silly, unhealthy thing, and thinking about how bad it was for me only made it better...

I came out to my friends as a smoker, and I kept my family blissfully unaware. They were far away anyways. My friend Julio was quite surprised, as he went to class with me almost everyday and never saw me smoking.

My friend Melissa was quick to point out that my teeth looked terrible and I should stop smoking. Thanks Mel, I know.

Saturday of the following week, I went back into the webpage. I browsed the offers and smoked, and I mindlessly lit a new cigarette while I was still smoking one, which resulted in me smoking two at a time.

Silly accidents aside, I saw an ad that I actually liked. "(This is a Bundle offer) I'm 23 and I have a lot of piercings. My boyfriend doesn't like them but I hate how it looks when I don't have them on. I don't have much money, see pictures. \$250."

I looked at the pictures, and I saw that the girl had a tongue piercing, a septum and a nose stud, nipple piercings and a belly button piercing.

There was also a drawing of a clit piercing.

I've always wanted a belly button piercing, and I felt like doing something good for this girl, so I clicked on "proceed" and I got the piercings.

This time I did feel the difference, my nipples getting harder and my clit getting slightly aroused. I went to check myself on my mirror, and I liked what I saw!

I also found myself unable to stop playing with my tongue piercing with my teeth. I thought I would talk differently, but there was no discernible difference.

I went back to browsing, and I found one that was lucrative.

"I've been losing weight but I can't manage to shake off these last 10kg. Offering lots of cash !. \$2166."

I figured they might be posting in another currency and it had been automatically converted. Anyways, I have always been really good with my weight, and I thought I could lose 10kg really easy, specially now that I was a smoker, and everyone knows smoking helps with weight loss.

I wouldn't even have to buy new clothes since I would lose that super quick, so I clicked on "proceed" and I felt myself swelling up instantly.

Unfortunately, my bra didn't survive the transformation, which I promptly removed, and my panties were stretched to their limit.

I looked as if I had been stuffed into my summer nightie, my new belly button piercing digging on the fabric, but other than that, I just looked thicker all over, with a slightly rounder face, meatier arms, much bigger boobs and a generous ass.

Speaking about ass... I now had even more cellulite and my thighs rubbed together! Goodbye thigh gap, I'll see you really soon!

I noticed my stats on the webpage had changed from "Weight 59kg" to "Weight 69kg", "Breasts 585cc" to "Breasts 792cc" and "Cellulite 78/100" to "Cellulite 100/100".

I was about to call it a day when another ad caught my attention.

"(This is a Bundle offer) Desperate 40 year old woman! I have a date tomorrow and I'm looking terrible. I offer what I have on my bank account for someone to make me 5 years younger and take 10kg off my fluff. Please help!. \$17455."

That amount of money was hard to pass. I was on board about the weight, but I wasn't so sure about the five years. I consulted the webpage's T&C's to check what it meant to be five years older; and I found the answer I was looking for, that age is just cosmetic and will not lengthen or shorten one's lifespan.

Would I look much different with 5 more years? I couldn't tell the difference between a 19 year-old and a 24 year-old. I put the cursor on top of the "proceed button" while I thought about it, when I accidentally clicked on it and the deal was made.

I swelled up yet again, the seams of my nightie ripping open, and my panties dug on my hips until they tore apart as well. This time it seemed quite a lot of weight went into my belly, as it now rested gently on my thick thighs.

I noticed my stats on the webpage had changed yet again: "Weight 69kg" to "Weight 79kg", "Breasts 792cc" to "Breasts 901cc", "Age 19" to "Age 24", "Height 173cm" to "Height 175cm" and "No sight problems" to "Astigmatism 2".

When I read that last thing, I jumped to google to find out what it meant, and I indeed had some trouble focusing the words I was reading. "Time for some glasses" I thought.

I examined my slightly blurry face on the mirror, and then I moved to the rest of my body. I looked proper chubby, and I'd lie if I said that it wasn't tiring to move around with 20 extra kilos of fat.

I struggled to find something that could fit me, but finally found a stretchy sleeveless bodysuit and a super stretchy skirt that looked the part. I didn't have any underwear that fit me whatsoever, so my nipple piercings were quite obvious.

I thought that nobody would recognise me if they saw me, since it was impossible to gain 20kg in a few hours. I, however, didn't see anyone familiar, so I couldn't test this until the following Monday.

That Monday, with new, bigger clothes, my gain was not so evident, although it was pretty obvious I had gained weight. No one said anything to me, though, and I kept to my usual diet hoping to lose some of the weight.

They did have opinions about my new piercings though, and Melissa loved them. When I showed her my belly button piercing she ignored the fact that I now had what looked like a beer belly.

Two weeks passed, and during that time I accepted a gig that made me have faint freckles on my face, chest and shoulders. Not very noticeable, and I thought they looked cute.

I also accepted one from a girl who was struggling with bodyhair, and I had to shave my legs, armpits and pussy afterwards. I thought it would be a one-time thing but now I noticed my bodyhair, specially my pussy hair was growing much faster than it used to. Definitely not a big problem, just annoying, so I decided to let my pussy hair grow.

I was upset about the fact that I hadn't lost any weight. I was dieting like crazy, and I had gained 2 more kilos, up to 81. The only thing I could think of was that I had only gotten pure fat and I was building the muscle to carry that weight around. I would have to wait and see.

I had an appointment the following day with my oculist, so he could prescribe me some glasses, and I was now looking for some gig that had to do with my eyes, since I had to get glasses anyways. I found an interesting one:

"(This is a Bundle offer) I have average brown eyes that I hate. I also need glasses, which I hate. I offer cash! Required Green or Blue eyes. \$2500."

It didn't pay much, but it was the only one involving sight and I had to go to the oculist anyways. Also, I've never felt special for having blue eyes. I clicked on "proceed" and suddenly everything was blurry.

I went to my mirror, and I had to get close to it to catch a glimpse of my eyes. They were now dark brown. They weren't the prettiest, but they were eyes, so that's it.

I increased the zoom on my browser tab and managed to read the change on my stats. "Blue eyes 1" to "Brown eyes 9" and "Astigmatism 2" to "Astigmatism 8, Myopia 6, Cross eyed 1". Cross eyed? Damn it. I went back to my mirror, but I didn't notice anything. Perhaps it was so slight it was unnoticeable?

Two days later I got my glasses and was able to see again. I could now see that I was indeed slightly cross eyed, not much, but it was noticeable if you stared at me for a second or two.

Melissa was the first to point that out, as she thought I was making a funny face. She was also weirded out by the fact that my eyes weren't blue anymore.

"Must be the glasses" I lied. But she believed it.

Two more weeks passed, and I still couldn't lose the damn weight. I was up to 84kg, and considering another gig that paid really well.

"(This is a Bundle offer) I want to be 29 again (5 years), since that's when men are the nicest. I also need to lose 15kg according to my trainer, but I'm too lazy lol. My doctor says my stomach is too big (2 Liters) and that's why I can't lose weight. Also, my ass is too big, need it two sizes smaller. \$20000."

If I was going to get fat, I might as well get paid for it, right?

I clicked on "proceed", immediately regretting the decision, as I swelled above and beyond my expectations, up to a very fat 99kg plus an expansion of two pant sizes that got me up to 108kg and an inner stomach expansion of 2 Liters, which caused my previously stuffed stomach to be suddenly starved of food.

I had made a big mistake this time, I realised, as I was stuck on my armchair, my ass hugging the sides of it. During my struggle to get out of there, I noticed how my now sizeable boobs and husky arms had lost their perky tightness and jiggled and sagged with every movement, due to both their increased size and aging situation.

It was then that I noticed just how out of shape I was. My body was probably still adjusting to my added weight, and my heart was working hard to pump so much extra blood around my body.

I was completely out of breath when I finally stood up, and I noticed just how much jigglier I was. I had completely underestimated how bigger I would be with two extra sizes.

A part of me wanted to go back and undo everything. And yet, a different, darker part of me wanted to keep going. I struggled with my thoughts for a moment, but when I regained my breath, I understood the inevitability of my situation; I actually liked to ruin my body.

I started browsing again, not thinking about the consequences some of those deals might have. This girl wanted to be taller? Of course, there you have 10cm of my height. This other person wants to be 5 years younger huh? No problem! What's five more years at this point?

An hour of accepting deals had made me completely unrecognizable. I was now 44 years old, my hair now dark. I was 153cm tall and weighed 138kg. I had a serious smoking problem, as I had absorbed someone else's chainsmoking habit, and was an alcoholic.

I had four more piercings, two rings on my lips and two studs on my cheeks. My teeth were even yellower, or brownish, and now I had a tooth gap, three chipped teeth and four cavities.

I had a serious acne problem, and was covered with the stretchmarks of two mothers and a girl that had gained a lot of weight recently.

My arms were floppy and jiggly, and so were my lopsided boobs, that were now deflated but hanged down to where my belly button used to be.

My stomach capacity had increased in size an extra 5L from two other different people, and my belly was a fat apron that covered what a girl called a "fupa", which is the fat pad over my vagina, and my very hairy pussy was now so loose I could probably fit an adult's head through it.

My ass was huge and extremely cellulitic. It sagged down on the sides, as if it were another fat roll, and I think I broke the webpage because my cellulite stat was "256/100".

And there wasn't anything else to ruin about me. Well, there was, but I didn't want to commit to it. I'm talking about my IQ.

There was this offer, 40 IQ points for \$400000. I had almost that much in my account, and a special payout program had to be put in place so that I received a constant income, as they could not pay me so much in the same month.

I thought about the implications that giving away my intelligence would have. I would get an IQ of 81, which according to the internet, would make me really dumb. Not that there's anything inherently bad about it, I just didn't see how that would work out...

I thought about what would happen to my personality. Would I still be me? After masturbating twice thinking about it, I decided to take the plunge and do it. I clicked on proceed and...