

Bound for Fun by DocAutomata

Part 1: The Collar

“You coming over tonight?” Travis asked.

“Yep! I'll be there around seven,” I replied.

“Alright. Love ya, Jen. Mwah.”

“Love you, too,” I laughed as I hung up the phone.

I walked through the mall, glancing around at the stores I passed. I originally went there just to buy a new video game I had my eye on, but I figured I might as well window shop while I was there. As I made my way to the end of the hall, a store I wasn't familiar with caught my eye. The sign read: “Arcane Delights: Adult Novelties.” I was surprised that the mall management had let a full-on sex shop operate there, though to be fair the windows and entryway were covered by some tasteful dark green curtains. Interested, I parted the curtains and walked in.

The whole place had a sort of boutiquey look, with wooden shelves and fancy glass display cases holding the sorts of things you'd expect to find in an adult toy store: dildos, BDSM gear, stuff like that. I didn't see anyone around, so I just started browsing. While most of the products were pretty standard, I did come across a few things that didn't make much sense, like a leather-bound book that had an eye-shaped blue gem inlaid in the cover and some kind of knockoff Jumanji board game. Weird.

I eventually made my way to the area I had my eye on: the BDSM section. So far, my and Travis's sex life had been pretty conventional – if a bit excessive – and recently I had been thinking of bringing up some of my more submissive tendencies. I was considering starting out with a blindfold and some handcuffs or something, but as I was looking around I was drawn to a lovely leather collar that was displayed in an ornate glass case. The main band of the collar was made of black leather, with a slightly wider layer of what looked like red felt stitched to the inside, presumably to provide comfort to the wearer. The ends of the collar were held together by a large silver peg, which had an adorable little heart shaped padlock holding it in place. A silver chained leash with a leather bracelet at the end was clipped to the padlock. I gazed at the collar with a strange feeling of longing, as if it were meant for me.

“Oh my, you must have a very wonderful relationship if you're attuned to the Love Slave collar,” said a sultry voice behind me.

Startled, I turned around to find a tall, Asian beauty gazing at me. She had a mature looking face with large brown eyes behind thin-framed glasses. Her dyed pink hair was done up in a ponytail, and she was wearing a thin, black choker around her neck. Her long, shapely legs were clad the tightest miniskirt I'd ever seen, and her breasts were bound by a white button up shirt that was opened up enough to show a generous amount of cleavage. The whole ensemble gave her a sort of sexy librarian look.

"S-sorry? I didn't catch that," I said.

"That collar that your looking at. By putting it on you choose to create a connection between you and your beloved partner, surrendering your body and mind to his whims. As long as that connection is shared he can shape you and himself as he pleases. That feeling of helpless ecstasy as your will is subsumed by his...oh, it's just so romantic!" She gestured wildly as she spoke.

Wow. She was really into this. I could see where she was coming from, though. I also found the symbolism of a collar extremely arousing.

"Sorry. Seeing someone taking an interest in the collar got me a little excited. Especially such a cute girl," she said, regaining her composure. "My name is Mitsuko. Welcome to my little shop."

"Jennifer. Nice to meet you." I smiled at the complement with only a slight sigh in the back of my head. Standing at five feet nothing, I was fairly thin all around, with no ass to speak of and totally flat AA cup breasts. I had a pretty face – according to Travis, anyway – with bluish-green eyes and thin lips. The only thing I was particularly proud of was my shoulder-length, wavy blonde hair. Whenever I wasn't too lazy to take care of it, I could get it looking like I'd just come out of a shampoo commercial. I was confident enough in myself to see where someone was coming from when they called me cute, but I'd always wished for a fuller figure, one that evoked adjectives other than "cute".

"So, Jennifer, are you interested in buying the collar? It seems to have really taken a liking to you," Mitsuko said.

"I suppose I've taken a liking to it, too," I half smiled. "How much is it? I don't see a price tag anywhere."

"Well, it is a priceless artifact, but it's been so long since anyone's been attuned to it that it would really be a shame if it was denied a rightful owner. Personally, I wouldn't mind giving it to you for free, but I am running a business here, so...one hundred dollars?"

I was starting to think that Mitsuko was either a little crazy, or she was trying some weird sales tactic on me. As nicely made as the collar was, I didn't see how it could be priceless, and the bit about a "rightful owner" was just strange. A hundred bucks sounded like a decent price, though, and I never had the patience for haggling, so I agreed.

"Perfect! Let me just get it out of its case. You can wait by the counter," said Mitsuko.

Mitsuko walked into the back of the shop while I made my way to the counter. She came back with some keys she used to undo the locks on the display case. Before she opened the case, she did some elaborate hand gestures while muttering to herself. Yep, definitely crazy. Eventually she opened the case and brought the collar to the counter. After paying her, I was suddenly the proud owner of a pretty little bondage collar.

"Thank you for your patronage!" Mitsuko said, smiling. "I hope you have a good time with it!"

“Thanks,” I replied, and under my breath added, “I hope I do, too.” Placing the collar in my bag, I exited the shop.

Noticing the time, I quickly left the mall, and drove to Travis's house. It was almost seven, and I didn't want to keep him waiting too long.

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Travis and I met about three months ago at a local video game convention. We hung out together for most of the con, going to panels and spending way too much money at the dealers' booths. He was in his mid twenties and about six feet tall. By most measures he was pretty hot, with a strong jaw, piercing blue eyes, and dirty blonde hair. He had a slightly muscular build from weight lifting, which was a little surprising to me considering he was such a big dork. At the end of the con, he asked me out.

It only took a few weeks for us to determine how great we were together. After a couple dates we were hanging out all the time, either at his house or in my dorm room. The only problem was that he never made a move on me for the first month we were together. I eventually had to pounce on him myself and make it clear what I wanted. That seemed to release the floodgates, though, and he'd been frisky with me ever since. He was constantly kissing me in public and fondling me when we were alone, and I loved every minute of it. We were having sex pretty much every day we had time to get together.

All of that said, I felt like he was still holding back on me. One night at his house, I got a bit sneaky and checked his computer while he wasn't in the room, only to find a disturbing lack of porn sites in his browser history. I guess I couldn't really complain, though, since I hadn't told him about any of my weird kinks, either. Hopefully the collar would get the ball rolling on a new chapter in our sex life.

I broke out of my reminiscing as I pulled into Travis's driveway. Slinging my bag over my shoulder, I got out of my car and let myself into the house. I found Travis in the kitchen doing the dishes.

“Hey sweetie,” I said as I hugged his back.

“Hey baby. How were your classes?”

“Boring, as usual. How was work?”

“Meh. I've got a lot of annoying projects going right now. Luckily I have a pretty lady to come home to to cheer me up.” He turned around and embraced me in a big bear hug, lifting me off the ground.

“Flattery will get you nowhere,” I lied. “Anyway, I got that new game I was talking to you about. Want to watch me play it?”

“Sure,” he replied as he put me down.

We both headed into the living room. He sat on the couch as I turned on the console and inserted the disc. Grabbing a controller, I sashayed toward my man and sat in his lap. He wrapped his arms around

my waist, and I started the game.

We spent a few minutes just enjoying each others' presence, occasionally discussing potential character builds and stuff, but after about half an hour, Travis reached his hands under my shirt, caressing my stomach and eventually reaching under my bra to toy with my nipples.

"Hey, this game doesn't have a pause screen, you know," I complained.

He brought his mouth to my ear and breathed, "Then you'd better concentrate, shouldn't you, sexy?" His voice tingled my ear, which cascaded into a full-body shiver. He started kissing at the side of my neck as his hand went under the waist of my jeans. His fingers brushed against my clit, making me gasp.

I wasn't going to let him get the better of me, so I kept playing. He continued to tickle and tease me as I made my way through the game. I finally managed to get to the first boss, but Travis apparently took this as his cue to up his game. He pumped his fingers into my wet pussy. His thumb continued to play with my clit, while his other hand pinched my nipple between his fingertips.

"You...aaah...are such...a jerk," I panted as I grinded my butt into his crotch, feeling the hardness of his cock through the fabric of my jeans. My reactions in the game were becoming noticeably dulled, and I was taking hits that I normally would've been able to dodge.

Encouraged by my difficulties, Travis increased the rhythm of his fingering. I was halfway through the boss's health when I was suddenly pushed over the edge. My body tensed in orgasm. For a few moments I was too distracted by pleasure to pay attention to the game, so the boss took advantage of my inaction and killed me. "YOU DIED" appeared in big red letters on the screen, mocking me.

"You dick." I turned around with a smile and weakly slapped at his shoulder.

"Sorry. Couldn't help myself," he laughed. "Want to save and take a break in my room?" He wiggled his eyebrows at me.

"You bet your hot ass I would. You go on ahead, though. I've got a new toy I want to show you," I said, rising up off of his lap.

"Ooh, exciting." He got up and strutted to his bedroom.

I went to my bag and retrieved the collar, holding it behind my back as I entered his bedroom. I found him sitting on the edge of the bed.

"So I've been thinking," I started, "As great as the last couple months have been, I think we could go naughtier. You might have noticed already, but I have a bit of a submissive streak, so I bought...this!" I presented the collar to him. Any nervousness I had toward my admission was dispelled when I saw the smile on Travis's face.

"That is such a turn on, Jen." He blushed. "I had thought of bringing up something like this myself, but I wasn't sure if that was going too far."

I gave him a mock glare. "You really worry too much, babe. You can tell me anything. I promise I won't kinkshame you."

He laughed while rubbing the back of his neck, "Okay, I will. So how do you want to do this?"

I could tell he was still being hesitant. Oh well. Baby steps.

"Here. You hold the leash, and as long as I'm wearing the collar, I'm your personal property. Don't be afraid to get a little rough," I winked.

"Alright," he said as I gave him his end of the leash. "What's the safe word?"

"Hmm. Let's go with the standard: 'red' when I need you to stop immediately, 'yellow' for when I feel like we're close to hitting red, and green for when we're all good." I was getting myself acquainted with the collar as I spoke. I panicked for a second when I realized that Mitsuko never gave me a key to the padlock, but it turned out that there was a button on the back of it that undid the latch. It was a bit disappointing knowing that I could just take it off myself whenever I wanted, but it wasn't a huge deal. I wrapped the collar around my neck. It was very comfortable and fit perfectly. The inside layer felt as soft as a cloud, but at the same time, the weight of it on my neck ensured that I'd always be aware of its presence. With a satisfying click, I locked the collar in place.

"Jen, I'm so happy this is something you can trust me with." Travis had gotten off the bed and closed the distance between us. "I love you so, so much."

He leaned down toward me. I closed my eyes and joined my lips with his, our tongues intertwining passionately. For a moment, it felt as if my entire existence was held in that kiss. Eventually needing to come up for air, we parted.

"I love you, too," I replied gazing dreamily into his eyes.

For a split second a bright glow caught the corner of my eye. It looked like it came from the silver chain of the leash, but the glow was gone as fast as it appeared. Probably just a trick of the light.

"Now," he said as his gentle smile transformed into a wry grin, "bow before me."

I immediately dropped to my knees and bowed to the floor, as if by reflex. I must've been more excited about this than I thought!

"Good girl." He walked back to the bed and unzipped his pants. He pulled off his pants and sat on the edge of the bed, displaying his fully erect, six inch penis. "Here is the cock you so desperately crave," he said, pointing at his groin. "Come pleasure it."

I started to laugh, "Wow, you're really hamming...it...up..." Trailing off, I crawled toward the bed, my eyes staring intently at Travis's splendid penis. Imagining having that glorious rod in my mouth caused drool to spill from my lips. Getting to the edge of the bed, I beheld the object of my desire. I grasped the base with both hands and rubbed his shaft against my cheek as I exhaled a rough moan.

“Like what you see?”

I looked up at him, his cock still laying across my face.

“Yeeessss,” I breathed. I was dimly aware that my sudden obsession with Travis's cock wasn't normal, but in my heat I didn't care. I slowly ran my tongue up the underside of his cock from base to tip. Then, while pumping his shaft in my right hand, I swirled my tongue around the head, making him grunt and lightly buck his hips. Slowly, I brought his rod into my mouth while continuing to pleasure him with my tongue. Suppressing my gag reflex, I lowered my head into his groin until my lips met his pelvis. Saliva escaped the sides of my mouth and ran down his testicles. I then raised my head at the same speed, eventually releasing his dick with a slurp.

I gazed up into Travis's eyes, looking for reassurance that I was adequately pleasuring his cock. For a moment he was breathing heavily with an astonished look on his face, but when he noticed my stare, he smiled lovingly at me. Satisfied I was doing a good job, I returned my attention to his rod. I went back down on him, with my right hand pumping the base, and my left fondling his testicles. I gradually increased the speed and suction I was applying with my mouth. After a couple minutes, I felt Travis's body tense.

“Baby, I'm, ugh, about to...”

He bucked his hips violently. With spasm after spasm he shot his thick seed into my mouth. I swallowed greedily, savoring the taste of his cum. When he finished, I released his penis. I gave one last lick at the tip to make sure I didn't miss any cum.

“Oh my god, baby. That was easily the best blowjob you've ever given me.” He reached down to pet my head. I basked in his praise while continuing to stare at his still-erect penis. I felt like I could spend all day gazing at it. Distantly, I heard Travis say something, but I was too enamored to catch it.

“Huh?” I asked dumbly.

“I said, 'Are you okay?' You've been...oh, I get it. You can drop the cock craving slut act.”

What? All of a sudden my obsession with Travis's dick evaporated from my mind. I still enjoyed it, of course, but why had I been so enraptured by it?

“I really like how seriously you're taking this. I'll have to step my game up.” He stood me up and unclipped the leash from my collar so that he could undress me. I was barely paying attention, continuing to puzzle out what was happening. After he got me naked, he unclipped the chain from his bracelet and took off his shirt.

“Stand toward the bed and bend over,” he commanded as he walked over to the dresser to grab a condom.

Again, as if by reflex, I stood up and faced the bed, bending my torso down until my outstretched hands reached the sheets, proudly displaying my butt. It wasn't as if I didn't want to do it, but I had

been so unprepared for it in my state of confusion that it almost felt like I was being moved like a puppet. Something weird was going on. It was almost like Travis was controlling my...oh.

I felt a masculine hand squeeze my butt. "Ready for your reward?" Travis asked.

"Red." I said calmly.

"Oh...I'm sorry. Did I do something wrong?"

I stood back up and saw Travis looking at me with a concerned expression.

"No, it's just that, um...tell me to do something."

"Like what?" Travis asked, perplexed.

"Tell me to raise my hand." I braced myself. Don't raise my hand. Don't raise my hand. Don't raise my hand.

"Raise your hand...?" Travis said.

The resolve to keep my hand down shattered. I shot my hand into the air as if I were an overeager schoolkid. My suspicions confirmed, I reached to the padlock on the collar. I tried to push the button to unlock it, but it wouldn't budge.

"Huh? Ugh...why can't I...?" I muttered to myself as I fumbled with the padlock for a few seconds.

Travis looked at me with worry. "Jen, are you alright? You're acting really weird. Here." He grabbed the padlock and effortlessly pressed the button, unlocking the collar.

"Tell me to raise my hand again." I told Travis. He was reluctant, but did what I asked.

"Raise your hand..."

This time I had no trouble keeping my hand down. I slipped off the collar and looked at it in awe. My mind reeled at the implications. So many possibilities...

"Jen, you're starting to freak me out. Tell me what's going on." My attention snapped back to Travis, and I suddenly felt a bit guilty for not assuaging his worries sooner.

"Oh, sorry. I'm fine, really. I was just...okay, you're not going to believe this, but the collar lets you literally control my mind." I prepared myself for the worst. Hopefully he wouldn't think I was too crazy.

"Huh. That does explain why you were acting so strange," Travis deadpanned.

"You believe me?" I asked.

"Well, it's a lot to take in, but if you say it's true then why not? There's nothing stopping us from

testing it. Where did you get that thing, anyway?"

I was so grateful for how much he believed in me that I ran up and hugged him, pressing my naked body with his in a tight embrace. I told him everything I could remember about my encounter with Mitsuko at the mall. When I finished, I handed him the collar so he could examine it. He looked at it thoughtfully.

"So I guess she was really describing the powers of the collar, not being figurative?" His eyes suddenly widened. He asked excitedly, "Do you think that the 'body' in 'body and mind' was also literal?"

I hadn't thought of that. "No way, no way, no way! We have to test this right now!" I was bouncing on the balls of my feet, giddy with excitement. I presented my neck to him, and he wrapped the collar around it, looking as excited as I was. He was just about to lock it in place when he hesitated.

"Jen. Are you sure about this? If this is real, you're giving me complete power over you. Honestly, having that power, being able to do whatever I want with you...it excites me so much that it scares me. Not to mention that I'm...well, I'm into some weird shit, and I'm almost certain that I'll be tempted to drag you into my fantasies. I should've told you sooner, but I was so worried you'd think I'm some creepy pervert."

He was looking away from me, guilt-ridden. I didn't realize he was so torn up about this. I held his hands and looked into his eyes, forcing eye contact.

"I love you, Travis. I know that you'll be good to me, so I'm not scared of giving you control. I can say in total honesty that the prospect of having my will be completely yours excites me at least as much as it excites you." I gave him a wry smile. "As for weird shit, I'm pretty sure I've seen at least *some* of the same hentai as you. If you think I don't have my own fair share of strange fetishes, you're sorely mistaken."

He stood there in thought, gazing deeply into my eyes. After a few seconds he put on a defeated grin. "Okay, you win," he said, "Let's do this."

He reached up and tried to press down the lock, but it wouldn't budge. In that moment I understood why I couldn't unlock it earlier: it was my choice alone to offer myself to him, and only he could release me. I put my hand behind his head pulling him toward me, my other hand grasping the lock. Taking my lead, he accepted my kiss as I locked the collar to my neck.

I didn't notice a glow this time. The silver chain was lying coiled on the bed from when Travis unclipped it from my collar and his bracelet. I wondered if the leash was necessary for the collar to work. I broke away from our kiss.

"Time to experiment!" I said.

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After a brief discussion, we decided to use the previous command of raising my hand to test when he could and couldn't control me. We discovered that it only worked when I had the collar locked onto

me and he had the bracelet on, but the chain wasn't necessary. I guessed that the chain was only used for the initial connection between partners, but we didn't have any way of testing it.

We also found that Travis could give a command just by thinking it. He had to concentrate on his specific intent, so idle thoughts wouldn't be interpreted as commands. This added a whole new exciting dimension to the collar that I couldn't wait to experience.

Getting that out of the way we moved on to testing if he could alter my body. We agreed to start small.

"You now have B-cup breasts," said Travis.

I felt a warmth in my chest, and I looked down excitedly. Slowly but surely, two modest globes of flesh bulged from my chest. I pressed my hands into them, feeling them expand between my fingers. After a few seconds they stopped growing, leaving me with a pair of beautiful B-cups.

"It worked!" Travis and I exclaimed at the same time.

I prodded, squeezed, and jiggled my new assets, enjoying the novel sensations. My reaction probably wouldn't have been much different if I were a guy, considering how flat I had been. I bounced up and down, feeling the weight of them pull at my chest as they bounced along with me. Travis watched me in amusement.

I stopped playing with my tits for a second as I remembered something. Didn't Mitsuko say something about Travis being able to shape himself as well? The wording sounded strange to me at the time, but now I knew what she was talking about. I pointed this out to Travis.

"Well, only one way to find out. I have a ten inch dick." he said.

We both looked down at his crotch and witnessed his penis expand. It gradually became longer and thicker until it stopped at a massive ten inches, nearly twice as thick as before.

"Wow," I said, feeling more than a little turned on. I didn't have to be mind controlled to think that was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

"Yeah," Travis agreed, running his hand up the length of his cock. "Kind of makes my balls look a bit small, though. Hm..."

Sure enough, his testicles started to grow as well. In about the same time it took for his cock to grow, his balls reached a size that reasonably matched his new rod, but they continued to grow past that point. They quickly became so big that they were bordering on ridiculous. In the end, Travis's balls each grew to the size of oranges. He cupped one and toyed with it.

"Heh, can't wait to see how this affects my load. Speaking of which, you won't get pregnant as long as you're wearing the collar," Travis said.

"Do you think that'll work?"

"It's magic. I don't see why not." He caught me staring in fascination and thrust his pelvis at me suggestively. "Want to get a touch?"

Rolling my eyes, I reached at his crotch, grabbing one of his huge testicles. It felt heavier than I was expecting. I could only imagine how much sperm he had stored in them. The image of being filled to the brim with his cum entered my mind. Curious, and just a tad horny, I took the opportunity to get hands-on with his new cock as well. It was so thick that I couldn't wrap my hand around the entire width of the shaft. Travis reciprocated and played with my new tits.

"Mmm. Well, now we know that the collar can go way beyond the realm of normal," I observed. "God, this is so amazing. Can you imagine-"

I looked up at Travis, who was wearing an evil grin, and I knew the main event was about to begin. "You're no longer aware of my mind control. Go stand in front of the mirror."

Obedying his command, I sauntered in front of the full-length mirror that hung on the closet door. I beheld my lithe form, enjoying the look of my larger breasts. Travis stood behind me and put his mouth to my ear. He whispered, "I am your Master now. Your body belongs to me, so I'm going to shape it as I please."

I shivered, and knew that I would accept any change Master made to my body. It did belong to him, after all. Who was I to say otherwise?

Master moved away to get a better look at me, and suddenly I felt warmth over the entirety of my body. I felt my hips widen, my ass and thighs expanding along with them. They flared outward into huge, child-bearing hips with thighs and ass to match. My lips swelled and I felt my mouth form a pout. Feeling a weight on my chest that I had never experienced before, I looked down and marveled at my expanding breasts. They grew and grew, quickly reaching double Ds. Master apparently had bigger plans for me, though, because they continued growing past what anyone would consider normal. As my breasts expanded, so did my areolae, bulging outwards slightly and widening to take up a larger percentage of each breast. My nipples lengthened and thickened, looking big even accounting for my larger assets. By the time my growth stopped, I was sporting breasts bigger than the size of my head, with puffy areola that were four inches in diameter and one inch long nipples that were as thick as my thumb. Despite their weight, they were round and perky with no sag.

"How do you like your new body, my little shortstack?" Master asked.

I licked my full, pouty lips, savoring the feeling of their thickness. I turned to examine myself, causing everything to jiggle. I very nearly fell over, the unfamiliar weight on my chest making me lose my balance. I gazed up my monstrous thighs, and noted how my ass cheeks jutted outwards to form a gigantic meaty bubble butt. With my waist already being quite thin, the addition of my new ultra-wide hips gave my entire frame an extreme hourglass shape. My breasts were huge, way beyond any normal measurement. They hung down near my belly button and extended from my chest by about eight inches. Looking down, I couldn't see any of my lower body; my enormous mounds completely blocking my view. My new form was even further exaggerated by my short height, which hadn't been

altered at all. Besides that, all that remained of my former self was my pretty face and wavy blonde hair. I looked like a goddess built for sex.

"I adore it. Thank you, Master."

"You're welcome. Now, your reward for giving that wonderful blowjob has been delayed for far too long. You've gotten so horny that your juicy little pussy is positively gushing," Master said.

He was right. The growing heat that was building within me had reached a fever pitch. I'd go crazy if I didn't get his dick inside of me soon. Love juices poured from my horny pussy, dripping down my thighs.

"Let's pick up where we left off. Stand toward the bed and bend over," he said.

I walked over to the bed, swinging my hips in a way I'd never done before but somehow felt instinctual. My ass and tits bounced wildly with each step. I faced the bed, bending down until my outstretched hands reached the mattress, proudly displaying my massive ass and dripping pussy. My breasts hung down far enough that my erect nipples gently brushed the sheets. Every movement I made would cause my them to swing and send a tickle of pleasure through my swollen teats.

Master sat at the edge of the bed to my right and observed my hanging mammaries. He brought his hand underneath my right breast, my areola taking up the entire width of his palm. He then lifted his hand, sinking it into my generous tit flesh.

"Your breasts are beautiful, baby. They're so heavy." He bounced his hand under my tit, watching it jiggle. "They must feel amazing, since they're ten times more sensitive than normal."

I gasped as he dug his fingertips into the edges of the pink flesh of my areola. He pulled my breast toward himself and lifted it up at my side, then unceremoniously dropped it. It swung down and collided into the other with a slap. The momentum caused both to swing back and forth in the aftershock. My rock hard nipples continually grazed the sheets of the bed, sending shocks of pleasure through my chest. For the first time in my life I was brought to orgasm from only the stimulation of my breasts. I twitched in ecstasy as my boobs settled back down to their natural state.

"That felt good, didn't it?"

I nodded, my breath still hitching from my orgasm.

"But you look like you need more. The only way you'll be satisfied is with my cock buried deep into your pussy, right?"

"Yes, Master. Please fuck me...I need it so bad..." I whined.

"Alright. Now don't cum until I say so," Master said as he got up from the bed and positioned himself behind me. Placing both hands on my ass, he lined up his massive cock with my awaiting pussy. Slowly, he pushed inside me, inch by inch, all the way to the hilt.

“Nnnnh,” I moaned. I felt some strange sense of completeness with his cock fully buried within me. He began to pump in and out, gradually increasing his pace, his pelvis smacking my ass with every thrust. He occasionally spanked me, sending ripples across my ass cheeks and making me yelp in pleasure. I moaned and panted, until the sensations were too much and my arms gave out. Master grabbed my hips as my upper body fell onto the bed. My legs were dangling in the air as Master held my lower body, using his arms to slam my pussy onto his cock like a fucktoy.

“Fuck...Master, please – ah – let me cum!” By now I was at the edge, so close to cumming it drove me crazy. I begged and pleaded for release, but Master just kept fucking me until I was reduced to incoherent babbling.

After what seemed like an eternity he said, “Cum.”

It was like all the pleasure that had built up past my limit came crashing down on me all at once. I shook and thrashed and screamed on the bed as a tsunami of pleasure rocked through me. At the same time I could feel Master's cum pour inside me. With each spasm of my body, my pussy clenched hard around Master's cock, milking it for all it was worth. My womb was completely filled within seconds, and gobs of thick white cum gushed out of my pussy and pooled on the floor as he pumped more and more into me. The sensations proved to be too much for me to handle as my orgasm reached its peak, and I fell unconscious.

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I woke up in Travis's arms with a bare neck and my old body. He must have taken the collar off of me after I passed out. I grabbed my chest and sighed. After becoming a voluptuous sex goddess, going back to being flat in every way imaginable was a real letdown. I turned my attention to Travis, noting that he was also back to his normal size, though he was displaying some impressive morning wood.

Careful not to wake him, I untangled myself from his arms and turned him on his back, his dick standing proud and pulsing with his heartbeat. I laid across his legs and grabbed him. He grunted in his sleep in response to my handjob, and in a couple minutes he came onto my hand. I was vaguely disappointed by the normal amount of semen he shot out.

“Morning, baby,” he said groggily.

“Good morning, Master,” I teased, licking the cum off my hand.

“I'm pretty sure you're just messing with me, but you don't still think I'm your Master, right?”

“After last night, I'm pretty comfortable calling you Master with or without the collar, but no, Travis, I'm back to normal.”

“Good,” he sighed. “So you...liked my performance? I didn't go too far?”

“No way! That was the best night of my life! You were so cool and confident. I loved it,” I assured him as I crawled back up to him and buried myself into his chest. “In fact, I loved it so much that I'm seriously considering just wearing the collar all the time. I was so sexy...”

“You're still sexy, baby. Just a different kind of sexy.”

“Well, maybe, but you definitely have a preference for which kind,” I said.

He had the good grace not to deny it and looked at me with a guilty smile. “Sorry.”

“Don't be,” I replied. “I feel the same way. Becoming a busty sex goddess was a dream come true.” I kissed him on the cheek. “Thank you for that.”

* * *

“Huh. I was honestly expecting to find a blank wall,” I said, looking at the mysterious magic sex shop, which had not, in fact, disappeared since I'd last been here.

“I suppose that would be the cliché, wouldn't it?” Travis replied.

We walked through the curtains of Arcane Delights to find Mitsuko standing at the sales counter. Her face brightened when she recognized me and waved.

“Jennifer! Good to see you!” she said. “And this must be your master! I'm Mitsuko. Pleasure to meet you!”

“Travis. Nice to meet you, too,” Travis replied with a blush. The fact that he didn't deny being my master made me blush as well.

“So, have you been having fun with the collar?” Mitsuko asked us.

“Oh, yes. It was wonderful! We came by because we wanted to know if you could tell us about everything it can do,” I said.

“Of course I could. Sorry for being so vague yesterday. I didn't want to ruin the surprise.”

I shrugged, “Well, you definitely didn't do that.”

“Good. Discovering the power of the collar is a once in a lifetime experience,” she said matter-of-factly. “Anyway, it's a pretty well known artifact among certain circles, so it's pretty well understood. Once a pair has been attuned to the collar, only the slave can put it on, and only the master can take it off. As the master, Travis can do anything he wants to you and himself. He can also manipulate his immediate environment as long as it doesn't directly affect anyone else. His only power over other people is being able to control their perception of you. There's also an extremely powerful secrecy charm on it, which makes it invisible to any mundane beings that it's not attuned to, and anyone who witnesses the collar's powers will forget about them when they're outside of a certain range of it unless you specify otherwise.”

“Holy shit,” Travis said.

"What he said," I agreed.

"What did you mean when you said I can do anything to my environment?" Travis asked.

"Telekinesis, manipulating space, manifesting physical objects, those sorts of things. It's limited to a range of about a mile," she explained.

Both of our eyes were wide. "That seems a tad...exploitable," Travis said.

"Yes, but the collar only chooses those it deems capable of using it responsibly," Mitsuko said.

"So it can think?" I pulled the collar from my purse. I would feel pretty bad about stuffing it into a dark bag if it was sentient. I wondered how long it had been sitting in that display case.

"Oh, no. Not in the way you're thinking, at least. It's more of a simple artificial intelligence that evaluates users and interprets commands."

"Hmm, well that's a relief," I said, quietly digesting all this new information. "There was one other thing I was wondering. Is there any way to make something permanent, that persists after taking off the collar?"

"Sounds like you *have* been having fun, haven't you?" Mitsuko joked, making me blush. "Well," she continued, "You can't make permanent mental changes, as that would interfere with the free will involved in choosing to put on the collar. As for physical changes, all you need to do is have Travis dismiss any mental effects. Then, as he's taking the collar off of you, both of you need to focus on your desire to keep your bodies the way they are."

"Sounds easy enough. Thank you, Mitsuko. Honestly, I'm starting to feel bad about how good of a deal this is," I said.

"Don't worry about it, Jennifer. Like I said, finding someone attuned to the collar is rare, and I didn't want you to miss out on the opportunity. Besides, I've gotten a lot of good business since I've been here."

I looked around at the empty shop. I'd just have to take her word for it.

"Well, thanks again, anyway. We'll come back and take a proper look around soon," I said.

"Yeah, I can't thank you enough for this, Mitsuko," Travis agreed.

"You're welcome. Have fun!" she said as she waved us off.

* * *

"Want to try wearing it right now?" Travis asked. We were walking through the mall on our way back to Travis's car. It was pretty crowded, since it was around noon on a Saturday.

“Well, it would be good to test Mitsuko's explanation, wouldn't it?” I replied. I wasn't ashamed to admit that the idea excited me. I took the collar and chain out of my purse and snapped it on while Travis slipped on his bracelet and linked the other end of the chain to it. We continued walking through the mall, but no one seemed to bat an eye at me being walked around on a leash.

We made our way to the center of a particularly crowded area when I suddenly felt a familiar warmth throughout my body. Travis smiled at me as I moaned in pleasure. My body grew as it did last night, but this time my clothes were in the way. My skirt and tights were stretched to the breaking point, and soon I heard satisfying ripping noises as my ass and thighs grew out of them. My tiny AA-cup bra snapped in the matter of seconds, and my rapidly ballooning breasts stretched out my T-shirt so tight that it raised above my midriff, and my thick nipples were displaying prominently through the fabric. By the time I finished growing, my skirt was completely ripped through, my tights were torn to shreds, my panties were forced to act as a barely-fitting thong, and my breasts were being squashed by my now too small T-shirt.

I turned my attention away from my body, and noticed that a crowd had formed around us. Everyone was staring at me. Panicked, I turned to Travis for help, but he just looked amused.

“Don't worry, baby, your Master has everything under control.” Master walked in front of me and lifted my shirt. My breasts spilled out from under it and loudly slapped against my ribs. Then he pulled off my tight panties, leaving me completely naked. “I made it so no one thinks what's going on is weird, but it's still the most erotic thing they've ever seen. You're turned on by people looking at your sexy curves, and you can literally feel their stares.”

“Eep!” I squeaked. I could feel something like small paintbrushes sweeping all over my body. They tickled and teased all over me, but they were concentrated mostly around my erogenous zones. I felt dozens of stares trace around my nipples, making them even harder than I thought was possible. Nearly everyone that was behind me seemed to be focused on one place, and I could feel their gazes dance across my ass cheeks and play with my crack. There were stares brushing all over my pussy, with a large portion of them teasing my swollen clit.

The stares on my face swept across my full, luscious lips. I tried licking them to settle down the sensations, but then I felt them tickle the tip of my tongue. I moaned in response, and the subsequent attack on my mouth made it difficult for me to close it. In the end I stood there panting with my tongue hanging out of my wide open mouth. I came, my moans only making them stare harder. I was so horny that I couldn't think straight.

“Man she's fucking hot.”

“What I wouldn't give to have a shot with her.”

“I wish I could have boobs like that.”

People were talking about me. Horny men, jealous women, curious children; all of them were awed in their own way toward my voluptuous body. A sense of pride that I never knew before swelled within me. I'd never felt so sexy in my life.

“Want to give them a show?” Master asked. A long, thick dildo suddenly appeared in his hand. Nodding, I took the toy and sank to my knees. With one hand I grabbed my breast and began playing with a nipple and with the other I slowly shoved the dildo into my pussy. Some of the people cheered as I began furiously masturbating.

As I pumped the dildo into me, I felt a hand squeeze my ass. Master had lowered himself to the floor with me and began to play with me. He toyed with my asshole and manhandled my other breast at the same time. The pressure from the crowd's stares, my masturbation, and Master's attentions built to a peak, and I came hard. My pleased moans echoed throughout the mall. When I finished cumming, Master shouted, “All right, people, show's over!” and the crowd dispersed.

Master helped me off the ground and handed me my stretched panties. “Put these on, but without taking out the dildo,” he commanded. I complied and put them on, feeling the dildo shift in my pussy as I wove my legs into them.

“Good girl.” I preened at his praise. “Now let's get some clothes on you.”

Suddenly, my body was wrapped in tight, seductive clothing. I wore a bright red tube top that was so thin my areolas were poking out of it, and a short black miniskirt that only barely covered my massive ass. They were both so tight that they dug into my flesh, and I looked like I was on the verge of bursting out of them. I was also wearing steep high heeled sandals, that by my experience I shouldn't have been able to walk in, but I found that my balance was perfect.

“Now let's head home,” Master said as he fondled my ass. We walked through the mall, my wet pussy quivering with each step as the dildo moved around and twisted within me. I could still feel the occasional brushes of peoples glances on my jiggling ass and titties, making me so horny that I had to focus on keeping myself from masturbating again.

When we got to Master's car, we found that my curves could only barely fit in the passenger seat, triggering another surge of pride in my voluptuousness.

“You can masturbate on the way home,” Master said as he started the car. I came 5 times before we made it there.