

The Magic Collar

A transformation story by JohnManTD

The late afternoon sun slanted through the trees in the park, painting long shadows across the path. Fran kicked at a loose pebble, her usual restless energy humming around her even during a lazy walk. She's always been like that – petite frame holding a surprising amount of kinetic buzz. Five-foot-three of lean lines, short brown hair framing a face that was more cute than conventionally beautiful, barely any curves to speak of beneath her usual band t-shirt and worn jeans. Me? I'm the counterpoint, I guess. Taller, but skinny, lacking any real muscle definition. We're a pair of averages, blending into the background noise of the world, which suited us just fine.

Then, something glinted near the edge of the grass, half-hidden under a discarded coffee cup lid. It wasn't just sunlight on dew; it was metallic.

"Hang on," I said, stopping Fran with a hand on her arm. "What's that?"

I nudged the lid aside with my shoe. It was a collar. Not a dog collar, though. This was... different. Thick, maybe an inch-wide band of smooth, matte black leather. The fittings were a heavy-looking, dull grey metal, almost gunmetal, culminating in a solid D-ring right at the front center. It looked serious. Substantial. Not like some flimsy fashion accessory from a mall kiosk. It felt... intentional.

Fran peered down at it, her head tilted. "Whoa. Kinda intense, right?" She nudged it with her sneaker. "Think someone lost their very kinky pet?"

"Or their very kinky... not-pet," I added, a smirk playing on my lips. I bent down and picked it up. It was heavier than it looked, the leather cool and smooth, the metal solid and unyielding. No tags, no identifying marks, nothing. Just this stark, anonymous object radiating a weird sort of... presence.

"It's actually kind of... cool looking," Fran mused, taking it from me. She ran a finger over the smooth leather, then tested the weight of the D-ring. "Like, hardcore."

"On you, Fran?" I teased, nudging her shoulder. "The girl who considers spicy nachos an extreme sport?"

She stuck her tongue out at me, a familiar gesture. "Maybe I have hidden depths! Maybe I want to look hardcore." She examined the clasp mechanism – a sturdy, clicking buckle. "Seriously though, what do you think it is? Movie prop?"

"Feels too real for a prop," I said, turning it over in her hands. "Maybe custom?" We stood there for a moment, contemplating the strange find. Leaving it felt weird, like abandoning a mystery. Taking it felt... slightly illicit, maybe?

"Well," Fran declared, making the decision for us, "finders keepers. It's too interesting to just leave here." She tucked it into the depths of her perpetually cluttered tote bag. "Worst case, it's a weird conversation piece."

The conversation piece resurfaced later that evening. We were sprawled on my worn couch, the debris of a cheap pizza littering the coffee table, some brain-dead reality show flickering on the TV screen providing background noise. The apartment was our usual comfortable mess – my gaming stuff, her stray art supplies, a general vibe of relaxed chaos. Fran, bored with the show, had retrieved the collar from her bag and was fiddling with it again, the heavy metal clinking softly as she turned it over and over.

"You know," I said, watching her slender fingers trace the lines of the leather, an idea sparking, mischievous and maybe a little charged. "You keep saying you want to look hardcore. Dare you to try it on."

Fran looked up, catching my eye. A playful challenge flickered in her gaze. "Oh yeah? Think I can pull it off?"

"Only one way to find out, marshmallow," I grinned, leaning closer. "Come on. Let's see your 'hidden depths'."

She laughed, a light sound in the room. "Alright, alright, you talked me into it. But you have to put it on me. Make it official." She turned slightly on the couch, presenting the back of her neck, tilting her head forward slightly to give me access. Her pale skin looked incredibly vulnerable right there, just below her hairline.

My fingers fumbled slightly as I took the collar from her. The cool leather felt strangely potent in my hands now, knowing its destination. I carefully wrapped it around her neck. It was a snug fit, resting right above the delicate bones of her clavicle. The black was stark against

her fairness. My knuckles brushed the soft skin of her nape as I fumbled with the buckle. It was surprisingly complex, clicking together with a solid, definitive thunk.

There. It was on.

It changed her look instantly. Added an edge, a severity that was both jarring and... undeniably intriguing. It drew the eye, highlighting the slender column of her throat.

"Okay," she said, her voice slightly muffled as she reached up to touch it gingerly. "How do I look? Am I terrifyingly hardcore now?" She turned back to face me, striking a mock-serious pose, one hand on her hip.

Seeing it on her, knowing I'd put it there, sent a weird little thrill through me. It felt transgressive, playful but with a charge underneath. "Yeah," I chuckled, leaning back, "totally intimidating. I'm shaking in my boots." Then, carried away by the joke, the image of her wearing the collar, I pointed towards the floor beside the couch. "Now, prove your loyalty, minion. Sit!"

It was meant to be funny. Just banter.

But Fran... sat.

One moment she was striking a pose, the next her body just... folded. No hesitation, no conscious decision apparent in her eyes. She simply dropped from the couch onto the rug, legs tucked neatly, looking up at me with an expression that wasn't playful anymore. It was blank. Confused.

My chuckle died in my throat. The air suddenly felt thick. "Okay," I managed, my voice sounding a bit thin. "That's... uh... committing to the roleplay, Fran. Very convincing."

She blinked slowly, looking down at her hands in her lap, then around at the floor, as if trying to figure out how she got there. "I... huh?" Her brow furrowed. "Matt, that was... weird. I didn't... I didn't decide to sit." She shook her head slightly, a flicker of unease in her eyes, but she didn't elaborate, maybe trying to rationalize it away, dismiss the strangeness. She stayed sitting, looking slightly lost.

My heart started doing a weird, irregular beat. That wasn't acting. The confusion in her eyes was too genuine. But... it couldn't be real, right? Maybe she zoned out, maybe it was a weird reflex? Trying to regain control of the situation, keep it light even though a knot of unease was tightening in my stomach, I pushed the joke, mostly to convince myself it was just a

joke. "Good girl," I said, forcing a grin. "Impressive obedience. How about a bark for your master, hmm?"

Fran opened her mouth, probably to tell me exactly where I could shove my 'master' routine. But what came out was, "Woof!"

It was quiet, hesitant, almost bewildered sounding. But unmistakably a bark. Her eyes flew wide the instant the sound left her lips, sheer astonishment warring with a rising tide of fear.

Okay. Not a joke. My forced grin dissolved. Laughter felt impossible now, lodged somewhere in my tight chest. "Jesus, Fran," I whispered. "You're really... you're really doing this."

"Matt!" Her voice cracked. She scrambled to her feet, her hands immediately flying to the collar, fingers scrabbling desperately at the buckle I'd fastened just moments before. "Stop it! Stop laughing! This isn't funny!" Panic flared in her eyes, raw and real. Her breathing quickened. "I didn't mean to do that! Either time! It just... it happened! Like my body moved on its own! It won't come off! Matt, get this fucking thing off me!" She twisted, pulling frantically, but the buckle held firm. "I think... I think it's the collar! I think it's making me obey you! You have to help me!"

Her genuine terror sliced through my own disbelief. This was real. Somehow, impossibly, this strange object was compelling her. Seeing her so distressed, my own confusion curdled into a sharp spike of alarm. "Whoa, hey, Fran," I said quickly, standing up, holding my hands out in a placating gesture. "Okay, okay, just... calm down. Seriously, take a deep breath. Calm. Down."

The effect was instantaneous. And utterly chilling.

Like a switch being flipped, the panic vanished. Her frantic movements ceased. Her ragged breathing smoothed out into slow, even inhaled and exhaled. The terror drained from her eyes, leaving them wide, pupils slightly dilated, but eerily serene. Her shoulders slumped in sudden relaxation. She lowered her hands from the collar, letting them fall limply to her sides.

"Whoa," she breathed out, the word soft, almost detached. She looked down at her own now-steady hands, then back up at me, her expression one of profound, unsettling calm. "Matt. That's... incredibly weird."

"What is?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper. The room felt unnaturally quiet.

"The calm," she explained, her voice steady, devoid of the panic that had consumed her seconds before. "You told me to calm down, and... I just did. Completely. Like... my brain knows this situation is terrifying. I know I should be freaking the fuck out right now, trying to rip this thing off my neck. But... I can't. The feeling just isn't there. It's like... peace. But it feels wrong. Forced." She touched the collar again, not frantically, but with a strange, detached curiosity. "Okay. So it reacts to commands. Even instinctive ones like 'calm down'. Wow." She wasn't fighting it anymore. The immediate threat felt neutralized by my accidental command, replaced by this imposed serenity that allowed for a disturbing level of analytical thought. She was still Fran, thinking, processing, but the emotional filter of fear had been forcibly removed.

My own mind was reeling, struggling to catch up. Magic? Hypnosis? Some kind of fucked-up alien tech? It didn't matter what it was. It was real, and it was wrapped around Fran's neck, keyed to my voice. "Fran..." My voice was shaky. "What the hell is this thing? What do we do?" A cold dread mixed with a strange, unwelcome flicker of... something else. Power?

She looked at me, her calm gaze unnervingly direct. "I have no idea. But ignoring it isn't going to work, is it?" She gestured towards the collar. "We need to understand what it does. What are the limits? What kind of commands work?" Her voice was level, logical, the imposed calm overriding natural fear. "Maybe... maybe we should test it? Carefully. Something simple."

Testing it felt like playing with fire, but she was right. We couldn't just pretend it wasn't happening. My thoughts raced. Simple. Harmless. "Okay," I agreed, swallowing hard against the dryness in my throat. "Uh... right. Stand on one leg."

Instantly, she lifted her left leg, balancing perfectly on her right. There was no conscious effort, just smooth, immediate compliance. "See?" she said, her voice holding a note of pure astonishment beneath the calm. "It just... happens. My body obeys before my brain even catches up. Wild."

My pulse hammered against my ribs. This level of control was staggering. "Okay... um... talk with a Japanese accent."

Her eyes widened slightly in anticipation. She opened her mouth, and out came, "Matt-san, zis is tlury, tlury bizarre." The accent was exaggerated, almost comical, yet flawlessly executed. She covered her mouth, her eyes wide with a mixture of shock and something that looked disturbingly like fascination. "Oh my god! I can't stop! I am thinking in my normal voice, trying to say the words normally, but zey come out like zis! It's like my vocal cords

have been hijacked! How is zat even possibru?" Even through the accent, the sheer wonder and disbelief were palpable.

This was insane. Utterly, terrifyingly insane. And yet... a dark, insidious part of my brain was starting to whirl, connecting dots, seeing possibilities that were both horrifying and intensely stimulating. Fran watched me, her gaze steady, the imposed calm creating a strange feedback loop where she seemed almost receptive to further experimentation, driven by a need to understand the phenomenon controlling her.

The air crackled with unspoken tension. We had crossed some invisible line. Simple tests weren't enough anymore. We needed to know the depth of this rabbit hole. "Okay," I said, my voice dropping, becoming rougher. "You can talk normally again. Time to... see what else it can do." I met her gaze, the strange calm in her eyes reflecting my own morbid curiosity. "Fran... let's try something... internal. You are now incredibly, overwhelmingly horny."

The effect wasn't just physical this time; it felt like I'd dropped a bomb into her psyche. Her balance faltered, her raised leg thudding back to the floor. A sharp, choked gasp escaped her lips. Her eyes widened dramatically, pupils blown wide, fixed on me with sudden, startling intensity. A deep flush bloomed across her neck and climbed her cheeks. She shifted her weight, her hands balling into fists at her sides, then unclenching, her knuckles white. Her breathing hitched, turning shallow and rapid.

"Whoa," she whispered, her voice low, husky, the accent vanishing completely, replaced by raw, vibrating need. "Matt... oh my fucking god. That was... instantaneous. Like... like you reached inside me and cranked a dial to maximum. One second, calm curiosity... the next..." She shuddered, a full-body tremor. "It's... Jesus, it's everywhere. This aching, throbbing heat... centered low, deep inside, but radiating out... fuck, my nipples are hard, my skin feels hypersensitive..." She squirmed subtly, pressing her thighs together almost unconsciously. "It's... so intense. So sudden."

Witnessing that transformation – the calm mask shattering, replaced by raw, undeniable arousal that I had summoned with a few words – sent a powerful surge straight to my groin. My cock leaped against my jeans, painfully hard. The power was dizzying, terrifyingly seductive.

I had to know more. Had to push deeper. My voice was thick, barely controlled. "And... you want me to fuck you. Doggy style. More than you have ever wanted anything in your life. You need it."

Another strangled sound tore from her throat, half-moan, half-whimper. Her eyes glazed over, locking onto mine with a desperate, pleading heat. "Oh god, Matt..." she panted, her hips giving a small, involuntary thrust forward. "Yes. Fuck, yes. Don't stop... It's... it's completely consuming. My brain... it knows, Matt, it knows this is artificial, it knows you just said it... but it doesn't make a fucking shred of difference to how it feels!" Her voice was ragged, desperate. "Every single nerve is screaming for it. Screaming for you to grab me, turn me around right now, shove my face into that damn couch cushion and just... just pound into me like an animal until I can't see straight, until I forget my own name... It's the only thought in my head. Nothing else matters. God, I need it, Matt, please..." She took a shaky step towards me, her body radiating pure, undiluted want – a want she simultaneously understood was manufactured and felt with every fiber of her being. The conflict was visible beneath the surface, a terrifying battle between awareness and compulsion.

The sight of her, the sound of her raw need, the knowledge that I was the source... it was almost too much. My own control was fraying. But seeing that flicker of her true self struggling beneath the overwhelming command brought a necessary dose of reality. This was dangerous. We were playing with something immense.

"Okay! Okay!" I said, louder than intended, holding up a hand, my own breathing ragged. "Command rescinded! Cancelled! You are not horny. You don't want doggy style. You're back to normal... well, back to calm."

The change was jarringly swift. The intense flush receded, leaving her skin pale again. Her breathing slowed, evening out. The desperate, glazed look in her eyes cleared, replaced by the familiar, eerie calm, though overlaid now with shock and the ghost of remembered sensation. She blinked rapidly, swaying slightly, looking disoriented as if surfacing from deep water.

"Wow," she breathed, wrapping her arms around herself tightly, maybe feeling a sudden chill, or perhaps just needing to hold herself together. "Just... gone. Poof. But... I remember it. Every second. How intense it felt. The... the desperation." She looked at me, her gaze searching mine, the analytical calm doing little to hide the profound disturbance underneath. "That is... profoundly fucked up, Matt. To feel something that strongly, knowing it isn't real, but being unable to resist it..."

I nodded numbly, my own arousal slowly, reluctantly receding, leaving behind a residue of guilt, fascination, and lingering excitement. "Profoundly fucked up," I echoed. We needed to change tack. Something less... primal. Less directly violating her core desires. An idea,

sparked by the way she was holding herself, by my own lingering thoughts about her body, took shape.

"Okay," I said, trying to regain some semblance of control over the situation, over myself. "New direction. Let's explore... perception. Fran... you now find female breasts incredibly attractive. Just as much as I do. Aesthetically, sexually... you appreciate the curve, the weight, the whole package."

She frowned, the command settling in. She tilted her head, processing. Then her gaze drifted downwards, towards her own flat chest beneath the band t-shirt. Her expression shifted, becoming thoughtful, curious. A slow, almost surprised smile touched her lips. "Huh." She looked back up at me. "Okay. Yeah. That's... different. Like, intellectually I always understood why guys like them, I guess. But now..." She glanced down again, her gaze lingering. "Now I feel it. The appeal. It's... symmetry, softness, symbolism... it's just... hot. Yeah. Wow." She glanced at the TV, where the buxom reality star was still yelling about something trivial. "Okay, yeah, objectively? Hers are actually kind of amazing," she admitted, a note of genuine, newfound appreciation in her voice. "I totally get it now."

This was getting exponentially stranger. Altering fundamental attraction? The implications were dizzying. And then, watching her look down at her own chest with this newfound appreciation, a crazy, impossible, audacious idea slammed into my brain. Could this thing manipulate matter? Could it physically change her? It seemed insane, ripped from the pages of a comic book, but after everything else...

My heart hammered against my ribs like a trapped bird. I met Fran's calm, curious, newly breast-appreciative gaze. The air felt thin, electric. "Alright, Fran," I said, my voice hoarse, barely a whisper. "The ultimate test. Let's see if this thing is more than just... psychological." I took a shaky breath. "Grow breasts. Big ones. Full, perfect... D-cups."

For a split second, nothing happened. Fran just looked at me, her eyes wide with disbelief at the command. Then, she gasped, a sharp, sudden intake of breath. Her hands flew to her chest, pressing against the fabric of her t-shirt. "Matt!" she choked out, her eyes huge, fixed on her own body. "Oh my god! It's... I can feel it! It's tingling... like... like pins and needles, but warm! It's... Matt, it's fucking happening! Holy shit!"

I could only stare, utterly transfixed, my brain refusing to process what my eyes were seeing. Beneath her thin shirt, her chest was visibly... changing. Swelling. Growing at an impossible rate. The fabric pulled taut, straining against flesh that was undeniably, miraculously expanding outwards, upwards. It wasn't instantaneous like the mental commands, but it was

shockingly fast – a smooth, steady, impossible blossoming of flesh. Fran let out another choked sound, a mixture of bewildered pain and sheer astonishment, arching her back slightly as her hands reflexively cupped the rapidly forming mounds.

Maybe thirty seconds. That's all it took. Then, as quickly as it started, the sensation, the growth, stopped. She stood there, panting slightly, staring down at herself in stunned silence.

Where moments before she had been virtually flat-chested, now two full, round, perfect D-cup breasts strained against the confines of her t-shirt. They looked impossibly lush, heavy, soft, swaying slightly with her movements. They looked... incredible. Utterly real, perfectly formed, seamlessly integrated with her body, yet born of impossible magic.

Fran stared down, her mouth slightly open. She slowly, tentatively, reached out and touched one of the breasts through her shirt, then slid her hand underneath, cupping the bare flesh. A shaky laugh escaped her lips, a sound bubbling with pure, unadulterated disbelief and wonder. "Holy. Fucking. Shit," she breathed. "They're... they feel completely real, Matt. Warm... heavy..." Then, the other command – the appreciation – seemed to fully click in conjunction with the physical reality. Her eyes lit up with a strange, intense combination of shock, excitement, and the mandated attraction now directed at her own transformed body. "And... oh my god... they're gorgeous! I mean... wow! Look at them!" She lifted one slightly with her hand, admiring the shape, the fullness, a dizzying mix of owner's pride and objective aesthetic pleasure swirling in her gaze. "I... I actually like them. A lot. This is... this is amazing!" She looked up at me, her eyes shining, reflecting my own stunned disbelief back at me.

My own mind felt short-circuited. It could rewrite her body. Rewrite her fucking body. The implications crashed over me, vast and terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

One last piece. The collar itself. It was the source, but it was also a liability. Stark. Obvious. "Fran," I managed, my voice still thick with shock. "The collar. Focus on it. Can you... change its appearance? Make it look like... like just a simple, thin silver necklace? Something completely unremarkable?"

She tore her gaze away from her new chest, though her hands remained protectively, wonderingly upon them. She frowned in concentration, reaching up with one hand to touch the thick black band at her throat. For a moment, nothing. Then... a shimmer. Like heat rising off asphalt. The solid black leather seemed to waver, its edges blurring. The dull grey metal fittings seemed to liquify, flowing like mercury. The color drained away, replaced by a bright, clean silver gleam. The entire structure flowed, condensed, reshaped itself until the

imposing collar was simply... gone. In its place, resting delicately against the skin above her new cleavage, was a simple, elegant silver chain. Thin. Unassuming. Perfect camouflage.

"Did it work?" Fran asked, her voice hushed, trying to see it by looking down.

"It worked," I confirmed, my voice barely audible. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the delicate chain, knowing the unbelievable power it represented, now perfectly hidden in plain sight. "It looks... completely normal."

We just stood there for a long moment, the silence in the room thick with the weight of our discovery. The forgotten pizza cooled on the table, the TV show played to an empty room. Fran stood before me, physically transformed, mentally altered, wearing a disguised artifact of impossible power – power that, for reasons I couldn't begin to fathom, responded to me.

Her imposed calm was still the dominant force, but beneath it, I could see the frantic whirring of her mind, processing the enormity of it all. I saw the echo of the fear, the shock, the dawning understanding, and beneath it all, perhaps mirroring my own chaotic feelings, a terrifying flicker of excitement.

"Matt," she finally said, her voice soft, but carrying the weight of galaxies. She looked from the innocuous necklace to her impossible breasts, then finally met my eyes. "What the hell have we stumbled onto?"

I didn't have an answer. My brain felt like scrambled eggs, trying to reconcile the mundane reality of my crappy apartment, the leftover pizza, and the girl I knew so well, with the impossible fact of instantaneous, commanded physical transformation. Magic wasn't real. Except it apparently fucking was, and it was hanging around my girlfriend's neck, keyed to my voice.

Fran finally tore her gaze away from her chest and met my eyes. That eerie calm was still there, but underneath it, I saw the frantic spinning of her thoughts, the dawning comprehension of the sheer magnitude of what had just happened. And mingled with the undeniable undercurrent of fear was something else... curiosity? Excitement? The same toxic cocktail swirling in my own gut.

Then, her focus shifted back downwards. The command I'd given her – to find breasts as attractive as I did – was clearly still active, merging with the shock of her own sudden endowment. A slow, fascinated smile touched her lips. It wasn't just shock anymore; it was appreciation. Almost... objective assessment mixed with subjective pleasure.

"I need to... see them properly," she murmured, more to herself than to me. Her fingers went to the hem of her worn band t-shirt. My breath hitched. Was she serious? Here? Now?

Apparently, she was. Driven by this strange blend of commanded calm, commanded attraction, and sheer, overwhelming curiosity, she pulled the shirt up and over her head in one smooth motion, tossing it carelessly onto the back of the couch.

And there they were.

Unconcealed. Unbelievable.

Perfectly formed, round, heavy D-cups, pale and creamy against the rest of her slender torso. Her nipples, a delicate pink, were puckered, perhaps from the cool air, perhaps from lingering arousal, perhaps just part of their new default state. They looked... stunning. Absolutely fucking stunning. They didn't look fake or bolted on; they looked like they belonged there, like she'd always had them, perfectly proportioned to her frame despite their generous size, swaying slightly with the movement of her pulling off the shirt.

My mouth went dry. My cock, which had only just begun to settle down, surged back to painful hardness against the zipper of my jeans. This was Fran. My Fran. But... enhanced. Impossibly, magically enhanced.

Fran herself seemed utterly captivated. She reached out, her movements slow, deliberate, almost reverent. Her fingertips traced the curve of one breast, then the other. She cupped them, testing their weight, a soft gasp escaping her lips.

"Wow," she whispered, her voice thick with wonder. "They feel... amazing. So soft, but heavy... substantial." She squeezed gently, watching the flesh yield, then bounce back. Her gaze was intense, analytical, yet undeniably... turned on. It was the strangest fucking thing I'd ever seen. She wasn't just looking at her new body part with detached curiosity; she was looking at them with the same appreciative, almost predatory gaze I might have directed at a particularly stunning pair on someone else. The command had literally altered her perception to mirror mine, and now she was applying it to herself.

"Look at the shape," she murmured, turning slightly, examining them from the side. "Perfect teardrop. And they sit so high..." She ran a finger around one nipple, and I saw it pebble even harder under her touch. A shiver ran through her. "Fuck, Matt... they're actually... really fucking hot."

She sounded like... well, like me. Or any guy suddenly gifted with a perfect rack they found intensely desirable. There was a cognitive dissonance there that was almost comical, overshadowed only by the sheer, raw eroticism of the situation. She was appreciating her own tits with the objective lust of an admirer.

She started playing with them more boldly now, kneading the soft flesh, lifting them, jiggling them slightly, watching the movement with rapt attention. "It's like... I finally get it," she said, glancing up at me, her eyes bright with this strange, mandated appreciation. "Why guys are so obsessed. They're just... inherently fucking sexy, aren't they? Visually, texturally..." She trailed off, her attention drawn back to her own exploration, a faint flush rising on her chest.

Watching her, my girlfriend, standing half-naked in my living room, mesmerized by her own magically-induced D-cups, touching herself with a mixture of scientific curiosity and genuine, command-fueled lust... it overloaded every circuit in my brain. The sight of her pale, soft skin, the impossible fullness of her new breasts, the way her nipples hardened under her own touch, the sheer wrongness and yet utter hotness of it all... it was too much.

Control frayed. Caution evaporated. The intoxicating sense of power, dormant for only a few minutes, surged back with overwhelming force, fueled by the undeniable proof of its physical capabilities. I wanted her. Not just Fran. I wanted this Fran, the one standing before me, a living, breathing testament to the collar's – to my – power. And I wanted to push it further.

My voice came out low, rough, thick with resurrected desire. "Fran."

Her head snapped up, her eyes locking onto mine. The calm serenity was still there, but beneath it, the mandated appreciation for her own form had clearly stoked something.

"You thought you were horny before?" I asked, my voice a predatory purr. "You were wrong. Right now... you are hornier than you have ever been in your entire life. An absolute, all-consuming flood of need. It washes over everything else."

I saw it hit her. Her eyes widened, the pupils dilating until barely any iris was visible. A strangled gasp escaped her lips, sharp and sudden. The flush on her chest deepened, spreading down her torso. Her whole body went rigid for a split second, then seemed to vibrate with contained energy. Her breath started coming in short, sharp pants. Her newly acquired breasts seemed to swell even further, nipples hard as pebbles.

"Oh... fuck..." she whimpered, her hands dropping from her breasts to clench at her sides. "Matt... what... oh god... yes... more..."

But I wasn't finished. I remembered her explanation earlier, the conflict between knowing a desire was artificial and feeling it completely. I remembered her normal preferences. Time to rewrite those too.

"And that horniness," I continued, my voice dropping lower, each word deliberate, charged with intent. "It's focused entirely on one thing. You want me to fuck you doggy style. Hard. Right now, the thought of me grabbing your hips, pushing you down, and pounding into you from behind while I watch your ass shake... it's the only thing that will satisfy this fire. You crave it."

Her reaction was explosive. A guttural moan ripped from her throat. Her knees literally buckled, and she stumbled forward a step, catching herself on the coffee table. She was panting heavily now, her eyes glazed over, fixed on me with a desperate, pleading intensity that went far beyond anything I'd seen before.

"Yes," she gasped out, the word thick, ragged. "Oh god, Matt... yes. Doggy... need it... fuck, I hate it normally, you know I do... but right now... right now it's... everything..." She shuddered violently, her hips giving an involuntary little twitch. "The thought... fuck... turning around... presenting myself... knowing you're behind me, taking me... using me... oh god..."

She looked down at her own body, at her naked breasts, then at her jeans. Her hands fumbled with the button, her fingers clumsy with the sheer force of the commanded need. "Need to..." she muttered, her voice strained.

She ripped the button open, yanked down the zipper. Her jeans pooled around her ankles, followed quickly by her panties. She kicked them away impatiently. Now she stood completely naked before me, her body trembling, flushed from head to toe, her magnificent new breasts jiggling slightly with her ragged breaths, her eyes burning with an artificial desire so potent it felt almost tangible in the air between us.

"Is this... what you want?" she asked, her voice trembling, but not with fear. With desperate anticipation. She knew, on some level, that this wasn't her own desire. The Fran I knew would be mortified, confused, probably fighting this with everything she had, calm command or no. But the collar... it didn't just suggest. It compelled. It overwrote. Her mind might be aware, but her body, her nerves, her core emotional responses were completely hijacked. And right now, they screamed for doggy style.

Without waiting for my answer, she turned. Slowly, deliberately, she bent forward, placing her hands flat on the worn fabric of the couch cushions. She arched her back, pushing her ass

out, presenting herself to me. It was a position of utter submission, of offering. Her head was turned slightly, looking back at me over her shoulder, her expression a devastating mix of desperate wanting and the chillingly serene acceptance mandated by that first command. Her brand new D-cups hung heavy, swaying slightly with her posture.

"Please, Matt," she whispered, her voice husky, pleading. "Don't make me wait. I need it. Need you... inside me... now."

My own control snapped. The sight of her like that – naked, offering, transformed, begging for something she normally hated, all because I'd willed it – was the ultimate aphrodisiac. The power was a drug, potent and instantly addictive. Guilt, caution, reason – they were faint whispers drowned out by the roaring tide of lust and dominance.

I moved towards her, shedding my own clothes with frantic haste, my erection aching, throbbing with need. I knelt on the couch behind her, the springs groaning under my weight. My hands found her hips, gripping the smooth skin. She gasped, pressing back against my touch instinctively.

"Ready for you," she breathed, her voice muffled by the cushion.

I positioned myself, the head of my cock pressing against her damp heat. She whimpered, wriggling slightly, trying to impale herself on me. With a low groan, I surged forward, sinking into her tight, wet heat in one smooth, deep stroke.

Fran cried out, a high, sharp sound that was pure, unadulterated pleasure, completely at odds with her usual dislike for this angle. Her back arched impossibly, grinding her ass back against my groin, seeking more, deeper. I gripped her hips tighter, pulling her back onto me as I began to move, setting a hard, driving rhythm.

The couch cushions muffled her gasps, but the sounds vibrating through her body, against mine, were electrifying. Her skin was hot, slick with a fine sheen of sweat. Her new breasts swayed mesmerizingly with each thrust. It was raw, primal, utterly consuming.

But even this wasn't enough for the dark, power-hungry part of me that the collar seemed to have awakened. I wanted more. I wanted sound. I wanted the illusion of unrestrained ecstasy, even knowing I was manufacturing it.

Leaning close, my lips brushing her ear, I commanded, my voice a low growl amidst the slapping sound of our bodies colliding, "Moan for me, Fran. Loudly. Like those girls in the porn we watch. No holding back. Let me hear how much you love this."

The effect was instantaneous and startling. The muffled gasps erupted into loud, theatrical moans. "Oh fuck! Yes! Matt! Right there! Deeper! Oh god, yes! Fuck me harder!" The words tumbled out, punctuated by high-pitched squeals and breathy pants, perfectly mimicking the exaggerated sounds from countless videos.

It was... bizarre. Hearing those sounds coming from Fran, knowing they weren't truly spontaneous but compelled, was jarring. And yet... fuck, it was hot. Incredibly hot. It bypassed the rational brain entirely and hit something primal. Her body arched and writhed beneath me, responding perfectly to the rhythm of my thrusts, her voice painting a picture of absolute abandon, even if her mind was a prisoner audience to the performance.

"Fuck yes... like that!" she screamed as I pounded into her, gripping her hips tightly, driving myself deeper and deeper. "Don't stop! Please, don't stop! Fill me up!"

My own senses were overloaded. The sight of her bent over, her magnificent breasts swaying, her ass tight around my cock, the feel of her wet heat clenching around me, the sound of her commanded, porn-star moans filling the room... it was pushing me closer to the edge far faster than usual.

And then, another idea struck. Fueled by the sight of her ass, clenched and moving beneath my hands, by the sheer intoxicating possibility of creation...

"Fran, your ass... it's growing. Right now. Getting bigger, rounder, thicker. A perfect, fuckable bubble butt."

Fran let out a different kind of sound then, a choked gasp that cut through the commanded moans. Her eyes, visible as she glanced back briefly, were wide with shock, even through the haze of commanded lust. "Matt! What... oh!"

I felt it. Against my pelvis, against my thighs, I felt the flesh beneath my hands shifting, expanding. It was the most surreal fucking sensation imaginable. Her muscles clenched involuntarily around my cock as her body underwent another impossible transformation, even as I continued to hammer into her. The skin stretched taut, the curves deepening, rounding out, becoming fuller, heavier. It wasn't a subtle change. Within seconds, her previously lean, athletic backside had blossomed into a truly impressive, voluptuous bubble butt, perfectly shaped, incredibly sexy, jiggling enticingly with each impact.

"Holy fuck..." I breathed, my rhythm faltering for a second as I took in the change. It was... magnificent. The contrast with her still-slender waist was even more pronounced now. My hands barely spanned the new fullness of her hips.

"Matt... it feels... so weird..." Fran gasped, her voice a strange mix of the commanded porn moans and genuine astonishment. "So... full... heavy..."

But the commanded horniness quickly overwhelmed the shock. "Oh god, but it feels... good!" she moaned, grinding her newly enlarged ass back against me with renewed fervor. "Fuck me, Matt! Fuck this new ass! Make it jiggle!"

I obliged, slamming into her with renewed intensity, my hands kneading the unbelievably soft, full globes I had just created. The sight, the feel, the sheer power of it all was overwhelming. I was reshaping her body, dictating her desires, scripting her responses, all while buried deep inside her.

In the heat of that moment, lost in the intoxicating cocktail of power and lust, something dark and possessive surfaced. The words slipped out, raw and unfiltered, a spontaneous command born from the sheer totality of my control.

"You exist for this, Fran," I growled, my voice rough, almost unrecognizable. "You're nothing more than a vessel for my pleasure. That's your purpose right now."

Her response was immediate, chillingly devoid of hesitation, woven seamlessly into her commanded moans. "Yes... Master... yes... only for you... your pleasure... fill your vessel..."

The words sent a jolt through me, colder than the heat of the moment. Did I mean that? Fuck, I didn't know. It just... came out. I was close. Unbelievably close. The intensity was too much. The power, the transformation, the sounds, the sensations – it was all converging into an unbearable pressure building in my balls.

"Fran," I gasped, my thrusts becoming frantic, desperate. "You're going to cum with me. Right when I do. Harder than you ever have before. An explosion. And... fuck... you won't get pregnant. No matter what. Safe." It was a chaotic mess of commands, driven by pure instinct and the need for release.

"Yes! Yes! Coming! With you!" she screamed, her body convulsing around me, the muscles inside clenching impossibly tight.

Her climax seemed to trigger my own. With a final, guttural roar, I emptied myself deep inside her, wave after wave of release flooding through me. Simultaneously, Fran arched violently, her commanded moans dissolving into a series of high-pitched, guttural cries, her entire body seizing in what looked like an unbelievably intense orgasm, far stronger than

anything I'd ever witnessed from her before. Her inner muscles spasmed around my cooling cock, milking me dry.

For several long moments, we stayed coupled, panting, trembling, the only sounds the harsh rasp of our breathing and the faint, ignored chatter of the TV. My forehead rested on her back, slick with sweat. Her newly substantial ass pressed against my groin. The room seemed to spin, reality slowly reasserting itself after the dizzying vortex of magic, sex, and power.

Slowly, reluctantly, I pulled out of her, the sound wetly obscene in the sudden quiet. I collapsed back onto the couch cushions, my limbs feeling like lead, my mind reeling. Fran remained bent over the couch for a moment longer, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her commanded orgasm, before slowly, carefully straightening up.

She turned around, her flushed face beaded with sweat, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her eyes, still holding that disturbing calm beneath the residual haze of ecstasy, met mine. She looked... dazed. Overwhelmed. And utterly, breathtakingly beautiful with her transformed body – the full breasts, the impossibly curvy ass.

We just looked at each other for a moment, the silence thick with the enormity of what had just transpired. The sex was incredible, undeniably the most intense physical experience of my life. But the implications... the commands, the transformations, the 'vessel' thing... they hung heavy and ominous in the air.

After a minute, reality started to seep back in properly. Sticky sweat, the need for a shower, the mess we'd probably made on the couch. I pushed myself up, my legs shaky. "Need to... clean up," I muttered, starting to gather my discarded clothes.

I expected Fran to do the same. To snap back, maybe express shock, horror, confusion now that the immediate intensity had passed. But she didn't. She remained standing there, naked, her gaze following me. As I pulled on my boxers, I noticed her hand drift downwards, her fingers starting to ghost over her own damp folds, her eyes still holding a disturbingly vacant, needy look.

"Fran?" I asked, pausing, halfway into my jeans. "You okay?"

She looked up at me, a slow, languid smile spreading across her face. It wasn't her usual smile. It was... empty. Subservient. "Mmm," she hummed, her fingers continuing their exploration. "Still... buzzing. Still feel... so open. So ready." Her gaze drifted down my body, lingering on my crotch. "Are you... ready again, Master?"

Master. Fuck. That word, coupled with the way she was touching herself, the look in her eyes... it hit me. The 'horny' command. And the 'vessel' command. They were still active.

"Seeing you," she continued, her voice soft, hypnotic, "it reminds me. My purpose." She gestured vaguely towards her own body, her incredible, transformed body. "I'm just... the vessel. For your pleasure. Whatever you want. Whenever you want." She sounded completely sincere. Like this was her fundamental truth now. There was no conflict in her eyes, no sign of the real Fran struggling against it. Just... acceptance. Blank, terrifying acceptance.

"Whoa, Fran, hang on," I said, feeling a chill despite the residual heat in my body. This was way beyond hot; this was creeping into seriously disturbing territory. "Tell me what that feels like. The 'vessel' thing. What's going on in your head?"

She tilted her head, considering the question with that unnerving calm. "It feels... simple," she said finally. "Clear. Like... all the other noise is gone. Ambitions, worries, insecurities... they're muted. Distant. Unimportant. What's important... is this." She gestured between her legs, then towards me. "My body... it's not really mine. It's yours. Its function is to feel good when you use it, and to be ready for you to use. That's it. It feels... right. Peaceful, in a way. No pressure. Just... purpose." She looked down at her breasts, cupping them almost clinically now. "These are for you. This ass," she reached back, patting the full curve, "is for you. All of it... it's just a tool. A vessel."

Hearing her describe her own mental state in such detached, objectifying terms, knowing I had put that state there with a careless, heat-of-the-moment utterance... it turned my stomach. The power that had been so intoxicating moments before now felt like poison.

"Okay," I said, my voice firm, cutting through the haze. "That's enough. Command cancelled: you are no longer horny. Command cancelled: you are no longer just a vessel for my pleasure. You are Fran. Yourself."

I watched her closely. It took a few seconds. The glazed, needy look in her eyes faded. The blankness receded. Awareness seemed to flood back in, true awareness, along with the appropriate emotions this time. Confusion. Shock. Maybe a little horror. The eerie calm seemed to lessen slightly, allowing more of her natural self to surface, though it hadn't been explicitly cancelled. Perhaps the intensity of the other commands had overridden it temporarily.

"Oh my god," she whispered, wrapping her arms around herself again, suddenly looking vulnerable despite her dramatically altered physique. "Matt... the things I was thinking... feeling... saying..." She shuddered. "That was... kinda hot? Feeling like... like I was totally yours..."

She looked down at her body, truly seeing it now, perhaps, without the filter of extreme horniness or objectification. Her eyes widened as she focused on her backside, twisting around to try and get a better look. She reached back, feeling the unfamiliar fullness.

"Whoa," she breathed, genuine surprise coloring her tone now. "You... you weren't kidding. It's... huge." She walked over to the cheap full-length mirror leaning against my wall, turning this way and that, examining her new ass from different angles. "It's so... round. And big. It feels... weird. Heavy. Unfamiliar." She poked it cautiously. "Is this... what you like?"

"Yeah," I admitted, unable to deny the visual appeal even with the creeping guilt. "It looks... amazing, Fran. Honestly." And it did. The curves were spectacular.

She continued to stare at her reflection, a conflicted expression on her face. She ran her hands over her breasts again, and this time, the appreciation seemed more aligned with the initial command – finding them attractive, like I did. "Okay, the boobs," she said, a small smile playing on her lips as she gave them a little jiggle. "I'm still... digging these. It's weird seeing them on me, but... objectively hot, you know?" She glanced back at her reflection, focusing on her rear again. "But the ass... I don't know, Matt. It just feels... foreign. Like it belongs to someone else. It's almost... uncomfortable? Too much?"

Her core personality was back, reacting more normally to the drastic changes, even with the 'calm' effect still subtly present and the 'breast attraction' command shaping her view of her chest. The vessel command was gone, thank fuck, but its residue, combined with the lingering physical changes, left her feeling disconnected from part of her own body.

I thought for a moment. How to fix the disconnect with her ass without just shrinking it back immediately? If the 'breast attraction' command made her appreciate her new chest, maybe a broader command was needed. Aligning her entire aesthetic appreciation with mine.

"Okay," I said carefully. "Maybe this will help you... appreciate the whole picture? Get used to it?" I took a breath. "Fran: You now perceive female bodies, including your own, through the exact same lens of attraction that I do. What I find hot, you find hot. You appreciate the same curves, the same proportions, the same features, with the same intensity."

I watched her face intently. Her expression shifted subtly. The conflicted look regarding her ass softened, replaced by... reconsideration. She turned back to the mirror, her gaze sweeping over her entire figure now – the D-cups, the nipped-in waist, the dramatic curve of her newly inflated hips and ass.

A slow smile spread across her face, genuine this time, tinged with wonder and... dawning self-appreciation. "Whoa," she breathed out, her eyes sparkling. "Okay. Now I get it."

She turned profile, admiring the dramatic curve from her waist to her hip, then the full swell of her ass. "Holy shit. Okay, yeah. Before, it just felt... big. Alien. But now..." She reached back, cupping one rounded cheek, her touch no longer tentative but appreciative. "Now I see the shape. The curve. How it balances the boobs. It's... damn." She giggled, a sound of pure, slightly bewildered delight. "Okay, Matt. You have good taste. This whole package..." She gestured to her entire reflection. "It's fucking ridiculous, but it's also... undeniably smoking hot. Like, objectively. "

She turned to face me, a confident, almost predatory glint in her eyes that mirrored the appreciation she was now mandated to feel. "So this is what it's like for you? Looking at women? Seeing all these... specific points of hotness?" She looked down at her own breasts again, then glanced back at her ass in the mirror. "It's... intense. And kinda awesome. I feel like I suddenly understand men... or at least, you... on a whole new level."

She walked back towards me, her new curves swaying mesmerizingly. The way she moved was different – more confident, more aware of her own physicality, appreciating her own form through my eyes. The effect was staggering.

"This collar..." she said, touching the delicate silver chain at her neck. "It's terrifying. The control... what you made me feel... think... say... But this?" She gestured to her body, then tapped her temple. "Altering perception... changing my body... it's also... intoxicatingly fascinating."

We stood there for another moment, the reality of the day catching up. Empty pizza box, messy apartment, two naked people who had just experienced impossible magic and reality-bending sex.

Fran finally broke the silence, a practical thought cutting through the haze of wonder and residual hormones. "Okay," she said, sighing, running a hand through her short hair. "As much as I'm... weirdly enjoying appreciating my own insane new body through your brain..." She glanced towards the window, where the sky was darkening. "I have that presentation at

work tomorrow morning. I can't exactly walk in looking like... like this." She gestured to her D-cups and bubble butt. "People would notice."

A chuckle escaped me, breaking the tension slightly. "Yeah. Guess that might raise a few eyebrows."

"So," she said, looking at me expectantly, a hint of reluctance in her eyes despite the necessity. "You need to... change me back. Normal Fran. Please."

"Right. Normal Fran," I repeated, feeling a pang of something – loss? Regret? Which was fucked up in itself. I focused on the necklace, on the intent. "Okay. Fran: Return to your normal body shape and size. Exactly as you were before... before any of this."

I watched, fascinated and slightly saddened, as the changes reversed. It was faster this time, or maybe it just felt that way. Her breasts seemed to deflate, shrinking back down to their usual petite size, the fabric of reality smoothly knitting itself back together. Her ass and hips streamlined, the dramatic curves receding, returning to her familiar slender, athletic build. Within moments, she was back to the Fran I knew. Physically, at least.

She looked down at herself, then back in the mirror. A small sigh escaped her, possibly relief, possibly something else. "Okay. Back to normal," she murmured. She looked... smaller. More familiar. Less... overwhelming.

She turned back to me, a thoughtful expression on her face. "But Matt?"

"Yeah?"

"The other command? The one about... appreciating female bodies like you do?" She hesitated for a second. "Don't cancel that one. Not yet."

I raised an eyebrow. "Seriously? You want to keep... thinking like me?"

She nodded, a curious smile playing on her lips. "Yeah. It's... weirdly enlightening. And honestly?" She glanced down at her now-normal chest, then gave a small, self-appreciative shrug. "Even without the D-cups, appreciating my own body through that lens... it's kind of nice. Makes me feel... confident? Sexy in a way I didn't before? Plus," she added, a mischievous glint in her eyes, "now I feel like I finally understand what you're looking at half the time. It's... educational."

I stared at her, my mind still trying to process the absolute rollercoaster of the last few hours. Magic, control, transformation, intense sex, psychological manipulation, and now... lingering perceptual changes by request.

"Okay," I said slowly. "If you're sure. We won't cancel the attraction command."

She grinned. "Good."

The room was quiet again, but the energy had shifted. The terrifying power was contained, the physical evidence erased, but the knowledge remained. The silver chain around her neck felt heavier than it looked, radiating potential, both wondrous and deeply disturbing. We had crossed a threshold, and there was no going back. The world had tilted on its axis, and the possibilities stretching out before us were limitless, exhilarating, and absolutely fucking terrifying.