

# The Magic Collar

A transformation story by JohnManTD

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## Chapter 2

### Fran's POV - The next morning

The first slivers of dawn were painting the edges of my cheap bedroom blinds when I drifted awake. For a moment, everything felt blessedly normal. The familiar weight of my duvet, the faint city sounds filtering in, the lingering scent of Matt's skin on the pillow beside me where he still slept soundly, his breathing deep and even. My own body felt... standard. Petite, lean, the usual collection of limbs and mild aches from sleeping slightly twisted. Nothing outwardly remarkable.

Then, memory slammed back into me, not like a tidal wave, but like a slow, insidious flood seeping into every corner of my consciousness. Last night. The park. The collar. Matt's voice, laced with playful challenge, then shock, then undeniable arousal and a terrifying edge of command. My own body betraying me, obeying words that bypassed thought entirely. Sitting. Barking. The sudden, overwhelming surge of artificial horniness, the desperate, commanded need for doggy style – a position I actively disliked, yet had craved with every fiber of my being under the collar's influence. And then... the transformations. The impossible blossoming of D-cup breasts from my flat chest, the shocking inflation of my ass into something voluptuous and heavy. The feeling of that alien fullness, the weight, the texture... and the even stranger sensation of appreciating it, of finding my own transformed body intensely, undeniably hot.

That last part... that was the kicker. Matt had reversed the physical changes before I could panic about walking into work looking like a magically enhanced porn star, but he hadn't reversed the final mental command. At my request. My request. Why had I done that? Curiosity? A strange sort of intellectual interest? Or was it something else? A subconscious enjoyment of seeing myself through that lens?

The thought propelled me out of bed. I needed a shower. Needed to wash away the lingering stickiness of sex, sweat, and... magic. Matt mumbled slightly as I slipped out from under the covers, but didn't wake. I padded barefoot across the cool floorboards towards the bathroom,

the silver chain – the disguised collar – resting innocuously against my collarbone. It felt weightless, normal. Deceptively so.

The bathroom was small, functional, the mirror above the sink slightly steamed from the lingering humidity of Matt's shower last night. I reached for the light switch, hesitated, then flicked it on. And there I was. Normal Fran. Short brown hair tousled from sleep, familiar cute-ish face, slender neck leading down to my usual, almost non-existent cleavage hidden beneath the baggy band t-shirt I'd pulled on after Matt reversed the changes.

But as my eyes met my reflection, something profound shifted. It wasn't just recognition. It was... assessment. Appreciation. The command Matt had given me – 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 – kicked in with the force of revelation in the harsh fluorescent light.

My gaze didn't just skim over my reflection; it lingered. It dissected. It admired. I wasn't just seeing Fran, sleepy and slightly disheveled. I was seeing... a woman. And my brain, hijacked by Matt's preferences, was ticking off points of interest with an intensity that was both foreign and thrilling.

Okay, the face. Cute, yeah. Good bone structure hiding under the sleepiness. Expressive eyes, even if they were a bit puffy. A nice curve to the lips. Not conventionally stunning, maybe, but definitely... appealing. There was potential there. My gaze dropped lower, tracing the line of my neck, the delicate dip of my collarbones where the silver chain rested. Elegant. Vulnerable. Hot.

My heart started beating a little faster. This was... incredibly weird. It felt like having Matt's brain superimposed over my own, filtering my self-perception through his desires. I reached up and slowly pulled the loose t-shirt over my head, dropping it onto the closed toilet lid. I stood there in just my panties, my reflection staring back, and the internal assessment intensified.

My shoulders were a bit bony, maybe, but they led down to slender arms. Nice definition there, actually. Subtle, but present. And then... my chest. Flat. Practically concave compared to the impossible D-cups I'd sported for that brief, insane period last night. Normally, I wouldn't give my chest a second thought, maybe a fleeting wish for a bit more, but mostly indifference. Now? Now, my gaze lingered with a critical, yet appreciative eye. Okay, not much volume, that was undeniable. A guy looking at this wouldn't be blown away by the size. But... the skin looked soft. Smooth. The nipples were small, a pale pink, currently soft. But I remembered how they'd felt last night, hard and aching under the commanded arousal. Even

now, thinking about it, seeing them through this borrowed lens... there was a certain delicate charm. An understated sexiness. The potential for them to harden, to pebble, to become focal points... Yeah. Okay. Even these small breasts had an appeal. A subtle, "needs attention" kind of appeal.

My hands came up, almost involuntarily, mimicking my actions from last night, but on my real, unaltered chest. My fingertips traced the slight curve beneath where the fullness had been. I cupped the small mounds, feeling the soft skin, the slight give of the tissue. It wasn't the same heavy, doughy feel of the D-cups, but it was... pleasant. Warm. Real. And watching myself touch myself in the mirror, seeing the slight flush rise on my skin, the way my fingers moved... Fuck. It was kind of hot. My own reflection was turning me on. Not in a narcissistic way, exactly, but in an appreciative, almost voyeuristic way. As if I were looking at another woman, someone I found desirable, exploring her body.

My gaze drifted lower, over my stomach. Flat, toned enough. A slight indentation at my navel. My brain registered it as: Good lines. Touchable. Kissable. My hips weren't dramatically curvy, more straight, athletic. Legs were long for my height, slender. My inner thighs... okay, yeah. The sight of the smooth skin there, the way the muscles were defined... definitely hot. My brain supplied flashes of how they'd look wrapped around someone's waist. Around Matt's waist.

I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and slowly pushed them down, stepping out of them. Now fully naked, I faced the mirror again, my breath catching slightly. The full picture. Seeing myself completely nude through this altered perception was... intense. My eyes immediately went to the dark triangle of hair between my legs. Neat. Tidy. Inviting? God, yes. My hijacked brain screamed inviting. It saw the hidden folds, imagined the heat, the wetness within. It focused on the shape, the mystery, the promise.

I shifted my weight, turning slightly, examining my profile. The curve of my spine, the small dimples just above my backside. And my ass... back to its normal, compact, athletic shape. Not the glorious, impossible bubble butt Matt had conjured. My borrowed perception registered the change with a flicker of disappointment. The bubble butt had been... spectacular. This was... fine. Fit. Pert. Definitely spankable. You could grab it, sure. But it didn't have that overwhelming, cushiony, 'bury your face in it' appeal of the magically enhanced version. Still, watching the muscles flex as I turned, seeing the defined curve where my leg met my buttock... yeah. Okay. Still hot. Just... a different kind of hot. More lean potential than lush reality.

A slow heat was building low in my belly, a familiar thrumming sensation that hadn't been commanded this time. It was purely a reaction to this... relentless, appreciative, male-coded gaze I was directing at my own naked form. It was like being assessed by a potential lover, every detail noted, catalogued, appreciated for its erotic potential. And because it was my body, the feedback loop was immediate and visceral. My nipples tightened, pebbling noticeably in the mirror. My skin felt hypersensitive, flushed. A slickness bloomed between my legs.

Fuck. This mental change was potent. I was getting turned on just by looking at myself through Matt's eyes.

My fingers strayed downwards, ghosting over my hipbone, then dipping lower, towards the damp heat I could feel building. Should I? Touch myself? Watch myself? The thought sent another jolt of arousal through me. It felt... transgressive. Intensely private, yet performative, even with only my reflection as an audience. My fingers hovered, then brushed against my outer folds. A gasp escaped my lips. So sensitive. I spread the lips slightly, exposing the pink, wet flesh within, the small nub of my clit already swollen, sensitive. My borrowed gaze zoomed in, fascinated. Yes. Right there. That perfect little button. Needs attention. Needs a tongue. Needs...

I squeezed my eyes shut for a second, breathing heavily. This was too much. Too weird. Or... was it?

My hand went up to the silver chain at my neck. The collar. The source of this bizarre, intoxicating filter. I ran my thumb over the smooth, cool metal. Was this good? Bad? It felt... empowering, in a strange way. To feel sexy, desirable, just standing here, looking at my perfectly average, unaltered body through this appreciative lens. Last night, the collar had felt terrifying, violating. Now, this lingering effect... it felt like a gift. A twisted, mind-control gift, but still. Confidence bloomed alongside the arousal. I liked feeling this way. Liked seeing the potential hotness in myself that I usually overlooked or dismissed.

"Thank you," I whispered to the necklace, my voice husky. A weird thing to say to an inanimate object, especially one that had terrified me hours ago. But the gratitude felt weirdly genuine. I tugged at the chain, testing the clasp reflexively. Still secure. Wouldn't budge. Just as I suspected. Part of me was relieved. Another part, the part remembering the loss of control, the sheer wrongness of being compelled, felt a prickle of unease. But the dominant feeling, amplified by the lingering 'calm' command and the current wave of self-appreciation, was... acceptance. Maybe even excitement.



I looked back at my reflection, at my normal body. And despite the newfound appreciation, a pang of genuine loss hit me. "Damn it," I muttered, poking my flat chest slightly. "I really wish I didn't have to change back. Those boobs were incredible." And the ass... yeah. I missed the ass too. Walking into my lingerie company job looking like that... okay, maybe not feasible. But the memory alone was enough to make me sigh. Maybe Matt could... no. Bad thought. Don't start thinking about using the commands for vanity. Or... maybe just sometimes?

Enough. Shower time. Presentation day. Need to be professional Fran, not strangely-turned-on-by-her-own-reflection Fran.

I stepped into the shower, twisting the knob to hot. The spray hit my skin, and even that felt different today. More intense. Each droplet a tiny pinprick of sensation against my hypersensitive flesh. I lathered up the soap, my hands gliding over my skin, but my brain kept framing it erotically. The way the suds clung to my small breasts, the way the water sluiced down my belly, catching in my navel, running down between my legs. It was impossible to just... wash. Every movement felt charged, observational. When I washed between my legs, my fingers inevitably brushed against my clit, and I had to bite back a moan, leaning my head against the cool tiles for a moment. This was going to be a distracting day.

Finally rinsed and clean, I stepped out, toweling off quickly. Getting ready for work required focus. I applied minimal makeup, my borrowed perception approving of the way it subtly enhanced my features. Styled my short hair into its usual slightly messy look – effortlessly chic, my inner Matt-voice supplied. Then came the clothes. Corporate casual, but at a lingerie company, there was leeway. I chose tailored black trousers, a crisp white collared shirt, and underneath... well, that was where the job perks came in. Today, I selected a delicate, deep plunge lace bra in emerald green and matching sheer panties. Normally, I wore lingerie because it was part of the business, appreciating the craft and design. Today, putting it on felt... different.

As I fastened the bra, my newly appreciative gaze lingered on how it pushed my small breasts together, creating the illusion of cleavage. The emerald lace against my pale skin... objectively hot. Yes. Very nice. The sheer panties felt decadent against my skin, hinting at the darkness beneath. I pulled on the trousers, then the shirt, buttoning it up almost to the top. Conservative. Professional.

I glanced back at the mirror one last time. Looked normal. Put-together. But underneath, the lace lingerie felt like a secret weapon, and the male gaze filter in my head was humming with approval. This was going to be interesting.

Matt was still dead to the world. I leaned down and kissed his temple gently. "Wish me luck," I whispered, though he couldn't hear me. Part of me wanted to wake him, to maybe... experiment more? Ask for... something? But no. Work. Focus.

I grabbed my keys and bag and headed out. Down in the car, I settled into the driver's seat, adjusting the rearview mirror. Caught my own eye again. That flicker of self-appreciation. Damn, this was persistent. I started the engine, ready to pull out, then paused, glancing down at my neatly buttoned shirt. It looked... fine. Professional. But maybe... a little boring? My fingers went to the top button. Undid it. Then the next one. The shirt gaped slightly, revealing the top edges of the emerald lace bra, the faint shadow between my small breasts. Not overtly sexual, but... suggestive. Tasteful. Sexy.

"Yeah," I murmured to myself, the decision feeling both spontaneous and influenced. "That's better." The mental changes were definitely bleeding into my choices. I pulled out into the morning traffic, feeling a strange cocktail of professional anxiety about the presentation and a low-level, humming awareness of my own body, amplified by the secret lace and the peek of cleavage I was now allowing.

The drive to work was... eye-opening. Usually, I barely registered other people in traffic, lost in my own thoughts or music. Today, thanks to the command, every woman I saw became an object of intense visual interest. The blonde jogger on the sidewalk in tight shorts? My brain immediately analyzed the curve of her ass, the jiggle of her thighs. Appreciated it. The businesswoman in the car next to me, leaning over slightly? My gaze locked onto the hint of cleavage revealed by her blouse. Hot. The older woman crossing the street? Less conventionally attractive, perhaps, but my borrowed perception still found points of interest – the confidence in her stride, the fullness of her figure beneath her coat. It was exhausting and exhilarating. It felt like seeing the world in a new, intensely sexualized dimension, specifically focused on the female form. And because I was female, it created this bizarre feedback loop where appreciating others somehow reinforced the appreciation of my own potential desirability.

And underneath it all, a deeper, more unsettling thought began to surface. Last night... being controlled... it was terrifying. Logically, I knew that. But remembering the intensity, the sheer overwhelming force of the commanded desires, the way my body had just obeyed... There

was a dark, illicit thrill attached to the memory. The loss of control, the surrender... part of me, the part still buzzing from the lingering effects and the self-appreciation, was starting to find the idea of it erotic. Not just the sex itself, but the power dynamic. The magic. The helplessness. Was I broken? Or was this just another facet of the collar's influence, subtly twisting my own thoughts?

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Work itself was a struggle for focus. My office was open-plan, predominantly female colleagues in the design and marketing departments. Usually, it was a comfortable, collaborative environment. Today, it felt like walking through a minefield of potential distractions. Sarah from accounting walked past, and my eyes immediately tracked the sway of her hips. Jessica in design bent over her desk, and I found myself appreciating the curve of her spine and the shape of her legs under her skirt. I had to keep reminding myself: Think professional thoughts. Presentation. Lingerie specs. Market analysis.

But the baseline hum of awareness remained. Awareness of my own body beneath my clothes – the feel of the lace, the slight exposure at my neckline. Awareness of the other women around me, viewed through this new, intensely appreciative, almost predatory lens. And awareness of the silver chain resting against my skin, the disguised source of all this strangeness, a constant reminder of the power Matt wielded, the power that had reshaped my body and was currently reshaping my mind.

And then, the realization about the presentation hit me like a physical blow.

Thirty minutes before I was due in the boardroom, my boss, Mr. Henderson – a portly man with a perpetually stressed air – bustled over to my desk. "Fran, just wanted to double-check," he said, peering over his glasses. "You've got the figures ready on the projected Q3 market penetration for the new 'Comfort Curves' line, based on the revised demographic data from Simmons, right? Focusing on the 45-55 age bracket response?"

My blood ran cold. Comfort Curves? 45-55 bracket? Revised Simmons data?

My presentation, meticulously prepared over the last week, was entirely focused on the initial launch strategy for our upcoming 'Midnight Bloom' luxury silk collection, targeting the 25-40 demographic, using the original dataset. I'd completely missed a memo, an email, something. The topic had shifted. My entire presentation was wrong. Utterly, disastrously wrong.

Panic clawed at my throat, cold and sharp. But outwardly? I smiled. A calm, professional smile that felt utterly fake. The lingering 'calm' effect from last night must have still been working subtly, keeping the sheer terror from showing on my face. "Absolutely, Mr. Henderson," I heard myself say smoothly, my voice betraying none of the internal chaos. "Got it all covered. Just putting the finishing touches on the visuals."

He nodded, seemingly satisfied. "Excellent. The board is very keen on seeing solid projections for that line. It's pivotal for the autumn catalogue." He bustled away, leaving me staring blankly at my monitor, my heart hammering against my ribs like a trapped bird.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Thirty minutes. I had thirty minutes to completely redo a presentation requiring data analysis I hadn't done, on a topic I hadn't researched, for a demographic I hadn't considered. It was impossible. My career, my reputation, felt like it was crumbling around me. I was going to walk in there and completely humiliate myself. Get fired, maybe.

My hands were trembling. I fumbled for my phone, my fingers slipping on the smooth screen. I had to text Matt. He couldn't fix this, not really, but I needed... something. Support. Sympathy. Maybe just to share the panic.

Me: MATT. HUGE PROBLEM. Presentation topic changed. Mine is completely wrong. Due in 30 mins. I'm SO screwed. Totally fucked.

I stared at the screen, waiting for the little dots. It felt like an eternity. My breathing was shallow, ragged.

Matt: Whoa! Shit, Fran. Okay, deep breaths. It'll be okay. We'll figure something out.

Figure something out? How? Unless he could magically beam the correct information into my head? Wait. Magically beam... The collar. The commands. Could he...? It seemed insane. Could it work over the phone? Through text? Could it impart... knowledge?

My fingers flew across the keypad, fueled by desperate hope.

Me: Matt. The collar. Can you command me through text? Can it DO things like... give me information?

Matt: Holy shit. Didn't think of that. Worth a try? What should I command? Something small first?

My mind raced. Something simple. Verifiable.

Me: Anything, just a test.

Matt: Fran, your nipples are now rock hard.

As I read his words I held my breath, staring down at my chest beneath the white shirt and emerald bra. For a second, nothing. Then... a distinct tightening. A tingling, almost electric sensation. I looked down again. Through the fabric, I could clearly see the points of my nipples pressing sharply against the lace. Hard as pebbles. Instantaneously.

It worked. Holy shit, it worked! A giddy surge of relief, mixed with the sheer absurdity of the situation, washed over me.

Me: IT WORKED! THEY'RE HARD! Okay okay okay. Big one now. PLEASE.

Matt: Holy shit, uhhh ok...

Matt: Fran, you instantly know everything required for your presentation. You will deliver this presentation flawlessly and do whatever it takes to impress the board members.

I read his text, then...

It wasn't like downloading a file. It was... instantaneous. A flood. My mind simply... expanded. Concepts, figures, demographic psych profiles, statistical correlations, marketing angles, SWOT analyses related to the Comfort Curves line and the target demographic – it all just appeared. Fully formed. Understood. Integrated. Like I'd spent weeks researching it, living and breathing it. The revised Simmons data unfolded in my mind's eye, clear and logical. Strategies for presenting it compellingly surfaced effortlessly. I knew exactly what to say, how to structure it, how to answer any potential question. The knowledge wasn't just there; it felt like my knowledge.

And alongside the data came a surge of confidence. Not just the calm residue, but a profound certainty. I could nail this. I would nail this. The second part of the command – 'do whatever it takes to impress the board members' – resonated deeply, igniting a fierce determination. Failure wasn't an option. Impressing them was paramount.

Me: Matt. Oh my god. It worked. It really fucking worked. I know EVERYTHING. It's all just... in my head. You saved my career. Thank you thank you thank you!!!

A new message popped up immediately.

Matt: YES! Holy shit, that's amazing! Knew we could figure it out! 😊 Now, one more little command for saving your ass... 'Fran, send me a sexy photo of yourself right now.'

I read the text and felt the compulsion click into place, overriding everything else for a split second. My hand moved automatically, angling the phone. My other hand went to my shirt, ensuring the two undone buttons revealed the maximum allowable lace without being unprofessional... well, mostly unprofessional. My lips curved into a slightly sultry smile I didn't consciously form. Click. I looked at the photo – me, slightly flushed, eyes holding a hint of challenge, the emerald lace peeking alluringly, my commanded-hard nipples clearly visible, tenting the fabric of my shirt. Hot. Definitely hot. Without a second thought, I hit send.

Matt: 🔥🔥🔥 Damn, Fran! Look at those! Hard as diamonds! Okay okay, focus time. Need me to dial those back down before you go in?

Right. The nipples. Probably not ideal for a boardroom presentation.

Me: Haha, yes please. Thanks again, my hero. And maybe... Master? 😊

Matt: Fran, your nipples are back to normal.

I felt the hardness instantly recede, the tingling fade. Back to normal.

I tucked my phone away, a dizzying mix of relief, lingering arousal from the selfie, and sheer, buzzing confidence flowing through me. The knowledge felt solid, secure. The determination to impress burned bright. I stood up, smoothed down my trousers, took a deep breath, and headed towards the boardroom, feeling strangely invincible. The silver chain felt warm against my skin.

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The presentation started flawlessly. The knowledge flowed effortlessly. I spoke with confidence and clarity, navigating the complex data points, presenting the market analysis, fielding initial questions with ease. The board members – Henderson, plus three older, stern-looking men I vaguely recognized as senior executives, Mr. Davies, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Croft – seemed engaged, nodding along, making notes. I could feel the initial tension in the room dissipating, replaced by professional interest. I was nailing it. Matt's magic text command had worked perfectly.

I concluded my presentation, summarizing the key projections and strategic recommendations. A polite smattering of applause followed. Mr. Henderson beamed. "Excellent work, Fran. Thorough, insightful. Exactly what we needed to see."

Mr. Davies, the most senior executive present, leaned back in his chair, steepling his fingers. "Indeed. The data is compelling, Ms. Miller. Well-presented." He paused, his gaze sharp. "However..."

My stomach tightened. However?

"While the analysis is sound," Mr. Davies continued, his tone measured, "we're looking for more than just sound analysis for a pivotal line like Comfort Curves. We need... commitment. Passion. A demonstration that our team truly understands the product and its potential on a deeper level. That they're willing to go the extra mile." Mr. Sterling and Mr. Croft nodded in agreement, their expressions mirroring Davies' – pleased, but not truly impressed. They wanted more dedication, more... something.

My mind raced. *Do whatever it takes to impress the board members.* The command, dormant until now, flared back to life with sudden, overwhelming force. Impress them. Show dedication. Show understanding. Whatever it takes.

Before I could consciously process the impulse, my hands were moving. Not towards my notes, not to offer further explanation. They went to the buttons of my crisp white shirt. My fingers deftly undid the remaining buttons, one after the other, until the shirt hung open, revealing the emerald green lace bra in its entirety.

A collective sharp intake of breath hissed through the boardroom. Henderson looked horrified. Davies, Sterling, and Croft leaned forward almost imperceptibly, their eyes widening, fixed on my chest.

My own mind felt like a spectator watching a bizarre play unfold. What am I doing? a small, sane part of me screamed. But the compulsion to impress, to show dedication and understanding, was overriding everything. And apparently, the collar interpreted "understanding the product" and "dedication" in a very... literal, physical way when applied to a lingerie company.

Then, I looked down. The bra... it wasn't the same delicate plunge bra I'd put on this morning. The lace was still emerald green, yes, but the shape... it was different. Fuller. More structured. It had underwiring I hadn't felt before, subtle support panels, a slightly different

strap configuration. It looked... functional, yet still beautiful. Comfortable, yet supportive. It looked like...

"...a prototype," I heard myself saying, my voice smooth, confident, betraying none of the internal shock. The words flowed as easily as the presentation data had, seemingly plucked from the ether by the collar's interpretation of the command. "Based on my analysis of the Comfort Curves target demographic and the revised Simmons data, I realized there was a gap. We needed a design that offered superior comfort and support for a more mature figure, without sacrificing aesthetic appeal or modern sensibility. So, I developed this."

My hands moved automatically, gesturing to the bra I was wearing. "This prototype utilizes a new microfiber blend for breathability, strategically placed gel inserts for lift and shaping without constriction," – I smoothly unhooked the back of the bra, holding it in place with one hand at the front – "a flexible underwire system that adapts to the body's movement, and adjustable comfort straps designed to minimize shoulder pressure." I turned slightly, allowing them to see the back strap design, then hooked it again seamlessly. "It embodies the core principles of the Comfort Curves line – comfort you can live in, confidence you can feel."

I stood there, shirt open, showcasing the miraculously generated prototype bra clinging to my small breasts, feeling the weight of four pairs of male eyes fixed intently on me. The room was silent, thick with stunned tension. My nipples, despite the earlier command, had hardened again under the intensity of the scrutiny, pressing visibly against the emerald fabric. Classic men, a detached part of my brain observed, noting the flicker of undisguised interest in their eyes, warring with their professional composure. Show them some lingerie on an actual body, and suddenly you have their undivided attention.

Mr. Davies cleared his throat, his gaze finally lifting from my chest to meet my eyes. The sternness was gone, replaced by something else. Intrigue. Approval. Maybe even a little heat. "Ms. Miller..." he began, his voice slightly husky. "That is... remarkably innovative. And demonstrates... considerable initiative. And dedication."

Mr. Sterling nodded vigorously. "Quite. To take the research and translate it so directly into a potential product solution... Impressive. Very impressive."

Mr. Croft simply murmured, "The design looks... very effective."

Henderson, catching the shift in the room's atmosphere, quickly adjusted his own reaction from horror to beaming pride. "Fran has always been one of our most dedicated designers," he chimed in. "Always thinking outside the box!"



The compulsion subsided slightly, replaced by a giddy sense of triumph. It had worked. The insane, collar-induced striptease-slash-design-pitch had actually worked. They were impressed. More than impressed.

"Thank you, gentlemen," I said, finally allowing myself to start re-buttoning my shirt, my fingers feeling slightly clumsy now that the immediate compulsion had eased. "I believe this design, or variations thereof, could significantly boost the market penetration for the Comfort Curves line."

The meeting concluded quickly after that, the tone entirely shifted. There were handshakes, compliments on my "bold approach" and "tangible results." I gathered my things, my mind still reeling from the sheer audacity of what had just happened. The collar hadn't just given me knowledge; it had created something. It had morphed the lingerie I was wearing into a viable prototype that perfectly matched the situation, perfectly fulfilled the command to impress. The power of this thing... it was staggering. Unreal.

As soon as I was back in the relative privacy of the corridor, I pulled out my phone and practically speed-dialed Matt. He picked up on the second ring.

"Matt!" I practically shouted into the phone, leaning against the wall, trembling slightly with adrenaline. "You are not going to believe what just happened!"

"Fran? What's wrong? Did the presentation go okay?" His voice was laced with concern.

"Okay? Matt, it was insane! It started fine, the knowledge was perfect, thank you, you saved me! But then they said they weren't fully impressed, needed more dedication... and the command, Matt, the 'do whatever it takes' part... it kicked in!"

"What? What did you do?"

I took a deep breath, laughing breathlessly. "I unbuttoned my shirt! In the middle of the boardroom! And the bra I was wearing... Matt, it changed. It turned into this prototype bra, perfectly designed for the line we were discussing! The collar just... invented it! And I presented it! Off my own body! They were stunned, but Matt... they loved it! They were totally impressed!"

There was a stunned silence on the other end of the line. Then, Matt let out a low whistle. "Holy. Fucking. Shit. It... it created a bra? On you?"

"Yes! Can you believe it? Morphing clothes, creating objects... this thing is unbelievable!"

"Wow," Matt breathed. "That's... incredible, Fran. I mean... wow. So... you flashed the board?" His voice held a strange mixture of awe and... something else. Jealousy?

"Well, not flashed exactly," I clarified, still buzzing. "Just... unbuttoned my shirt and showed them the bra. Explained the design features." A giggle escaped me. "Okay, maybe it was a bit like flashing. But it worked!"

"Yeah," Matt said, his voice regaining some strength. "Sounds like it worked brilliantly. I'm happy for you, Fran. Really. Saved your career and kicked ass." A pause. "Just... kinda wish I was the only one seeing you showing off new lingerie prototypes, you know?"

Ah. There it was. The jealousy. Understandable, I supposed. A wave of warmth, possessiveness – not commanded this time, but genuine – washed over me. "Aw, Matt," I said softly, my voice dropping into a more intimate register. "Don't worry. They just saw the prototype. You get the whole package. I'm still all yours." I hesitated, then added, the word tasting both strange and thrilling on my tongue, "Master."

I heard his sharp intake of breath. The word clearly hit a nerve, reigniting the power dynamic from last night. "Oh yeah?" his voice turned into a low purr, dripping with suggestion. "Prove it."

"How?" I whispered, leaning more heavily against the wall, the earlier arousal rekindling.

"Remember that first command I tested over text?" he asked, his voice playful but firm.

"My nipples?"

"Exactly. Consider it reinstated. Fran, your nipples will be double their normal size and rock hard for the rest of the day."

I gasped as the sensation hit me again, even stronger this time. A powerful tingling surge, an almost aching fullness. I looked down. Even through the newly re-buttoned shirt, I could see the pronounced points, significantly larger now, straining against the fabric. It felt... intensely stimulating. Publicly perceptible, almost.

"Mmm, yes, Master," I breathed into the phone. "Done. They're... very noticeable."

"Good girl," Matt purred. "Now, for your drive home later... something to look forward to. A little reward for being so impressive today." His voice dropped lower, charged with command.

"On the drive home, you will slowly and gradually morph into a sexy and very cute petite 23-year-old blonde woman. Maybe five-foot-one? You'll have big, perky tits and a perfect,

fuckable little bubble butt. You'll be completely aware of the transformation happening, feeling every second of it. But here's the fun part you won't be aware of, Fran: once the transformation starts, you will be compelled to think, speak, and act like you're the bubbly, slightly ditzy, hyper-sexualized star of an adult film at all times. Every interaction, every thought, filtered through that persona. This command, both the physical change and the personality overlay, will last until you wake up tomorrow morning, then you'll reset to your current state."

My brain processed the first part of the command – the physical transformation. Blonde? Petite? Big tits and a bubble butt? It sounded... adorable. Sexy. Fun. The thought of feeling my body shift and change again, consciously this time, sent a thrill through me. The second part of the command, the part about the adult film star persona... it seemed to register for a fraction of a second, a flicker of unease, but then... poof. It vanished. Like static clearing. All that remained in my conscious awareness was the anticipation of the physical change.

"Ooh, blonde?" I giggled into the phone, my voice already taking on a slightly higher, more flirtatious pitch without me realizing why. "With big tits and a cute butt? Sounds like fun! Can't wait to see what I look like!" There was no memory, no awareness of the behavioral compulsion attached. Just excitement about the impending transformation.

"Glad you approve," Matt chuckled, clearly noticing the immediate subtle shift in my tone, even if I didn't. "Have a good rest of your day, Fran. Try not to poke anyone's eye out with those nipples."

"Hehe, I'll try!" I chirped. "Talk later!"

I hung up, feeling buoyant, excited, and incredibly aware of my aggressively hard nipples beneath my shirt. The rest of the workday passed in a blur. I fielded congratulations from colleagues with a bright smile, subtly enjoying the way a few male coworkers' eyes seemed to linger slightly on my chest, even though they likely couldn't pinpoint why. My altered perception continued its work, making every passing woman a source of fleeting, appreciative interest. And under it all was the thrumming anticipation of the drive home, of the promised transformation. The collar, disguised as a simple chain, felt like a magical promise against my skin.

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Finally, the clock hit five. I practically skipped out of the office building and towards my car, the late afternoon sun warm on my face. Settling into the driver's seat, I caught my reflection in the rearview mirror again. Still me. Brown hair, familiar features. But not for long!

I pulled out into the sluggish evening traffic, my heart fluttering with excitement. When would it start? How would it feel? The command parameters echoed in my conscious mind: sexy and very cute blonde woman... maybe five-foot-five? Big, perky tits and a perfect, fuckable little bubble butt. The part about the persona overlay Matt had mentioned was completely gone, wiped clean from my awareness. All I felt was giddy anticipation for the physical makeover.

I turned up the radio, humming along, tapping my fingers on the steering wheel. Five minutes passed. Ten. Traffic crawled. Then... the familiar tingle. It started at the roots of my hair, a warm, electric buzz spreading across my scalp. I glanced in the rearview mirror. Yes! My short brown hair was already lightening, strands shifting through shades of honey towards a bright, sunny blonde. And it was growing! Like time-lapse photography, silky blonde tresses spilled down past my shoulders, tickling my collarbones, cascading down my back. It felt impossibly soft, swinging with the motion of the car. Within minutes, I had a glorious mane of sun-kissed blonde hair, shimmering and full of life.

My face began to shift next. A subtle softening here, a gentle plumping there. My cheekbones gained a gentle sweep, my jawline lost its sharpness, becoming softer, more feminine. My lips swelled into a perfect, kissable pout. My nose refined itself subtly. And my eyes – the brown melted away, replaced by a wide, sparkling shade of brilliant sapphire blue. I looked... younger. Dewy. Maybe early twenties? And undeniably gorgeous, in a bright, approachable, girl-next-door-who-is-secretly-a-nympho kind of way. Heehee!

Then came the height adjustment. Not drastically petite this time, but a definite shift. I felt my spine compress slightly, my limbs shortening just a touch. Maybe down to five-foot-five from my usual five-three? It felt... proportionate. Still felt like me, just... optimized? Yeah, optimized!

Now, the real fun. The body sculpting. A deep, radiating warmth bloomed in my chest, centering right over my breasts. It was that incredible feeling from last night – the tingling, aching pressure of expansion, but amplified. My existing small breasts began to swell rapidly, pushing forcefully against the confines of the emerald green prototype bra. Oh my god, they were getting big. These felt... substantial. Heavy. They strained the lace, lifting high and proud, creating a truly jaw-dropping valley of cleavage beneath my partially

unbuttoned shirt. I risked a quick glance down. Holy moly! They were magnificent globes of flesh, round and full, probably dwarfing Fran's original chest many times over. They felt wonderfully heavy, swaying slightly with the car's movement. I couldn't resist reaching down with one hand, cupping a newly massive mound through the fabric. It felt incredible – soft yet firm, dense, aching slightly with the rapid growth. And my commanded-hard nipples, still double their normal size, were like angry pebbles pressing against the fabric, making the whole effect even more blatant. Wowza!

At the same time, the magic flowed downwards, focusing on my hips and ass. That familiar feeling of expansion, of flesh plumping and rounding out. My tailored work trousers became seriously inadequate, stretching taut across my widening hips and ballooning backside. The transformation felt more pronounced than the breasts, creating a dramatic hourglass curve. My waist seemed to cinch tighter as my ass swelled into a perfect, high, rounded bubble butt – pert, bouncy, and undeniably fuckable. It felt amazing, this newfound voluptuousness. Like my body was finally becoming the perfect playground it was always meant to be!





The entire process was intoxicating, feeling my body reshape itself into this blonde bombshell ideal. I wasn't Fran anymore, I didn't think of myself as Fran anymore. I was someone different, at least until tomorrow. I felt powerful, vibrant, unbelievably sexy. A bubbly giggle escaped my lips – it sounded higher, more musical than Fran's usual laugh. Everything felt... brighter. More fun! Like the world was my oyster and I was the pearl... or maybe the oyster looking for a pearl necklace? Heehee! I had no idea just how much my persona had changed thanks to the other part of the command that was hidden to me.

And then, reality intruded. Glancing down at the dashboard, I saw the fuel gauge needle hovering precariously over the big red E. Oopsie! In all the excitement of becoming this new, super-hot version of myself, I'd totally forgotten about boring car stuff! I definitely wouldn't make it home. There was a gas station just ahead, shining like a beacon of hope... and maybe opportunity?

Oh well, I thought, fluffing my new blonde hair. Guess this hot new bod gets her public debut right now! Hope they're ready for me! The thought sent a little thrill through me, but it felt... different? Why am I acting like this? I quickly shoved the thought away, excited by this new bod. Time to make an entrance!

I pulled into the brightly lit gas station, my transformed body humming with energy. I parked beside a pump under the fluorescent glare, killed the engine, and took a moment to admire myself in the rearview mirror. Wow. Just... wow. The blonde hair framed my face perfectly, my blue eyes sparkled, and the pouty lips looked ready for action. I adjusted my shirt slightly,

making sure the top buttons were undone to showcase the truly impressive swell of my new large breasts straining against that poor emerald lace bra. My nipples were practically screaming for attention through the fabric. Perfect!

I grabbed my purse, popped the gas cap release, and slid out of the car, acutely aware of how my new curves filled out Fran's clothes. The trousers were definitely too tight now, hugging my bubble butt like a second skin, and my massive tits felt wonderfully heavy, bouncing slightly with each step. Showtime!

There was only one other customer, a tired-looking guy in overalls filling up a beat-up pickup truck. He glanced over as I emerged, and his eyes widened visibly, doing a slow, appreciative crawl from my bouncy blonde hair, down my cleavage, lingering on my ass, then back up again. He looked like he'd seen a goddess descend from... well, from a sensible sedan! I gave him a bright, dazzling smile and a little wave, adding an extra wiggle to my hips as I sashayed towards the brightly lit convenience store. Let them stare! That's what a body like this was for, right?

Inside, the air smelled faintly of stale coffee and disinfectant. A lone attendant, maybe in his late thirties, with tired eyes and thinning hair, sat behind the counter, flipping through a magazine. He looked up as the bell over the door chimed, and his jaw literally dropped open slightly as he took me in. His gaze snagged immediately on my chest, lingered there for a solid few seconds, then traveled down the rest of me before snapping back up to my face, a faint flush creeping up his neck. Success!

"Hiiii!" I chirped, leaning onto the counter with my forearms, pushing my magnificent new boobs forward, ensuring he got the full effect of my incredible cleavage. The emerald lace strained valiantly. "How are you tonight?"

He swallowed hard, his eyes flicking down to my chest again before meeting my gaze. "Uh... fine. Can I... help you?" His voice was a little rough.

"Yesss, please!" I beamed, fluttering my eyelashes. "I need to get some gas for my thirsty little car! Can I put... hmm, let's just fill 'er up! On pump number three?" I made a little circle gesture over my chest with one finger, as if indicating the pump number, but mostly just drawing attention back to my amazing tits.

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Fill up on three," he managed, looking slightly dazed.

"Thank yooooou! You're the best!" I gave him another megawatt smile and turned, swinging my hips dramatically as I walked back out into the night air. Heehee! He totally wanted me!

Back at the pump, I unscrewed the gas cap, making sure to bend over with a nice, slow arch of my back, giving anyone watching a prime view of my bubble butt straining against Fran's poor trousers. I slid the nozzle into the tank, clicked the little lever to hold it, and leaned back against the car, striking a pose. One hand on my hip, the other fluffing my blonde hair, chest pushed out proudly. I felt amazing! So sexy, so confident! The cool night air felt good against my flushed skin. I watched the numbers on the pump climb higher and higher. Full tank! Yay!

The nozzle clicked off. I carefully removed it, making sure not to spill any precious gas on my awesome outfit (even if it was Fran's boring work stuff!), and screwed the cap back on tightly. Okay, time to settle up!

I sauntered back into the store, the bell chiming again. The attendant was still watching me, his eyes wide.

"I'm all filled up big guy!" I announced brightly, arriving back at the counter. "Ready to pay!" I reached into my purse, ready to grab Fran's wallet... and paused. An idea sparked in my bubbly, command-influenced brain. An opportunity!

"Oooh! Uh oh!" I gasped theatrically, looking up at the attendant with wide, innocent blue eyes. My lower lip jutted out in a perfect pout. "This is, like, sooo embarrassing! But... I think my wallet must have disappeared! Like, poof! Gone!" I giggled nervously, tapping my finger against my plump lips. "Silly me! I must have left it at home or something!"

The attendant stared at me, then glanced at the register displaying the total for the full tank. It wasn't a small amount. He looked... stressed. "Uh... well... do you have any other way to pay? Card? Phone pay?"

I shook my head, making my blonde hair swish appealingly. "Nope! Just my empty little purse!" I sighed dramatically, leaning further over the counter, practically spilling out of my shirt. My huge breasts pressed against the cool laminate, the hard points of my nipples aiming right at his face. "Gosh," I whispered, my voice dropping to a husky, conspiratorial tone. "I really need this gas to get home... Is there... anything else I could maybe do? To, like... work it off?"

I let my gaze drift meaningfully down his body, then back up to meet his eyes, adding a suggestive little lick to my lips. "I'm a really hard worker," I added, my voice dripping with innuendo. "And I'm super good at... handling things?"

The attendant's face flushed crimson. He looked from my face, down to my incredible cleavage, then back again. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. He glanced



nervously towards the door, then back at me. The store was empty except for us. The tired look in his eyes was replaced by a flicker of something else... curiosity? Arousal? Conflict?

He hesitated, licking his own lips nervously. "Wh... what did you have in mind?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

A triumphant smile bloomed on my face. Bingo! "Wellll," I purred, leaning even closer, my voice dropping lower. "There's a little room in the back, right? Like, a storeroom? Maybe... I could show you my appreciation in there? Privately?" I reached out and let my fingers trail lightly down his arm. "It'll be our little secret."

He looked completely flustered now, but also... undeniably tempted. The predatory gleam in my eyes, fueled by the command to 'do whatever it takes' and filtered through the 'adult film star' persona, seemed to be overriding his caution. He wanted this. He wanted me.

"The... uh... the storeroom," he stammered, nodding almost imperceptibly. "Yeah. Back here." He gestured vaguely behind him.

"Lead the way, handsome!" I chirped, giving his arm a little squeeze before pulling back, bouncing slightly on the balls of my feet. This was going to be just like a scene from one of those movies! So exciting!

He fumbled with a key, unlocked a door behind the counter marked 'Employees Only,' and pushed it open, holding it for me. I gave him a wink and sashayed past him into the small, dimly lit storeroom. It smelled like cardboard and cleaning supplies, shelves stacked high with merchandise. Not exactly glamorous, but it would do!

He followed me in, closing the door quietly behind him, plunging us into relative privacy. He leaned back against the door, watching me, his breathing shallow.

"Okay," I said brightly, turning to face him, putting my hands on my hips. "So, about that gas bill..." I slowly reached up and undid the remaining buttons on my shirt, letting it fall open completely, revealing the emerald lace bra in all its glory, barely containing my magnificent, heavy breasts. My nipples were like bullets, straining against the fabric. "Do you like the view?" I asked, giving my chest a little jiggle.

His eyes were practically glued to my tits. He nodded mutely, swallowing hard again.

"Good!" I giggled. "Because the real show is about to start!" I sank gracefully to my knees before him on the dusty concrete floor, looking up at him through my lashes. I reached out

and slowly, deliberately, unzipped his work trousers. He gasped, his hands clenching at his sides, but he didn't stop me.

"Don't worry," I whispered, my voice husky, channeling every ounce of seduction I'd ever seen on screen. "I know exactly how to thank a guy properly..."

His breath hitched as the zipper rasped downwards. I peeled back the rough fabric of his work trousers, my fingers brushing against the cotton of his boxers underneath. Ooh, anticipation! Like opening a present! I hooked my thumbs into the waistband and tugged them down just enough to reveal him.

He wasn't huge, not like some of the guys in the movies, but he was definitely... ready! Thick and flushed, already hard and standing straight up from a nest of dark hair. A nice bead of precum glistened at the tip under the dim storeroom light. Perfect! My mouth literally watered. It was like my body knew exactly what it wanted, what it was made for.

"Ooh, hello there!" I giggled, reaching out with one perfectly manicured hand (wait, when did my nails get done? Oh well, magic!) and wrapping my fingers around the base of his shaft. It felt hot, solid, pulsing slightly against my palm. He gasped, his hand shooting out to grip the edge of a metal shelf beside him, knuckles turning white.

"Shy, are we?" I teased, looking up at him through my newly blonde lashes, giving his cock a gentle squeeze. "Don't worry, I'll take good care of you. This is, like, my specialty!"

I leaned forward, my incredible new breasts pressing against his thighs, the hard points of my nipples poking insistently through the lace. The smell of him, slightly musky and male, mingled with the scent of cardboard and maybe... bleach? So atmospheric! I opened my mouth wide, my pink, plump lips parting eagerly. My tongue darted out, flicking playfully at the glistening head. He let out a strangled groan, his hips giving an involuntary little buck.

"Mmm, impatient!" I murmured against his skin before taking him into my mouth.

The sensation was electric. The smooth, tight skin of the head, the slightly salty taste of the precum... oh yes. This was going to be good. I closed my lips around him, creating a warm, wet suction, and began to bob my head slowly, deliberately. My gaze stayed locked on his face, watching his eyes squeeze shut, watching the cords in his neck stand out. He looked like he was trying really hard not to make too much noise! So cute!

Okay, performance time! Gotta show him what a pro can do. I picked up the pace, my head moving faster, my lips working him, my tongue swirling around the sensitive ridge beneath

the head. I used my free hand to cup his balls gently, rolling them between my fingers, adding another layer of sensation. He whimpered, his breath coming in ragged gasps now.

"Like that?" I mumbled around his cock, pulling back just enough to speak, letting my spit glisten on his shaft. "Want more?"

He couldn't form words, just nodded jerkily, his eyes glazed over.

"Okay dokey!" I chirped, before diving back in with renewed enthusiasm. Time for the deep throat attempt! It always looked good on camera! I took a deep breath, relaxed my throat muscles like I'd seen the pros do (did I see that? Or did I just know?), and slid further down his length. Hooo boy! He was thicker than he looked! I couldn't take it all – gosh, I was still petite, even with these amazing new boobs! – but I took as much as I could, feeling the head bump against the back of my throat. Gag reflex? What gag reflex! I held it there for a second, milking him with my throat muscles, before sliding back up.

He let out a louder groan this time, his fingers digging into the shelving unit. Yes! Making progress! I kept up a steady rhythm, alternating deep sucks with faster, shallower movements, teasing the tip with my tongue, sometimes running my lips lightly up and down his shaft. I threw in some handwork too, gripping his base firmly, pumping along with my mouth, making sure every inch got attention. My own body was humming with excitement, a wetness pooling between my own legs just from the thrill of pleasing him, of being so good at this. My big tits felt heavy, warm, pressing against him. I wished he'd grab them! Maybe later!

He started trembling, his breathing becoming faster, shallower. Oh! Getting close! Final push! I focused entirely on the head, sucking hard, swirling my tongue around the sensitive slit, while my hand worked his shaft furiously. His groans intensified, turning into low, guttural sounds. His hips started thrusting weakly against my mouth.

"Mmm, yes! Cum for me!" I urged him around his cock, my voice muffled but eager. "Give it all to me!"

With a final, choked cry, he arched his back, his whole body going rigid. I felt the powerful pulsations against my tongue, the hot, thick flood of his release filling my mouth. Mmm, salty! Success! I kept sucking for a few more seconds, making sure to get every last drop, just like a good girl would, before finally pulling back with a soft, wet pop.

I looked up at him, licking my lips clean with a satisfied smile, letting a little bit of his cum dribble down my chin for effect. He was slumped against the shelves, panting heavily, eyes closed, looking completely wrecked. Perfect landing!

"Wow!" I giggled, wiping my chin with the back of my hand. "You were holding a lot in there, mister!"

I scrambled gracefully back to my feet, feeling bouncy and energized. Time for the cleanup! I spotted a roll of paper towels on a high shelf, hopped slightly to grab it, and tore off a few sheets. I handed one to him. "Here ya go!"

He took it numbly, still looking dazed, and started cleaning himself up clumsily. I used another sheet to wipe my lips and chin properly. All clean!

"See?" I beamed at him, feeling incredibly pleased with my performance. Resourceful and talented! "I told you I was a hard worker!"

He just stared at me, his expression a mixture of disbelief, shame, and lingering arousal. He couldn't seem to form words. Poor guy was overwhelmed!

"So, we're good for the gas now, right?" I chirped brightly, re-buttoning my shirt, leaving the top few undone, of course. Gotta maintain the look!

He nodded weakly, still speechless.

"Perfect!" I clapped my hands together. "Thank you sooo much! You were, like, super helpful!" I blew him a kiss, gave him one last dazzling smile, and practically skipped out of the storeroom, leaving him slumped amongst the cleaning supplies.

Back in the main store, I paused to check my reflection in the security monitor above the counter. Hair still perfect, makeup flawless, cleavage amazing! Nailed it! I giggled to myself and pushed open the front door, heading back out into the cool night air towards my car, feeling incredibly pleased with myself. What a successful trip! Got a full tank of gas and made a new friend! This magic collar thing was turning out to be the best!

I slid back into the driver's seat, started the engine, and pulled out of the gas station, humming a cheerful tune, completely oblivious to the profound implications of what had just transpired, my mind already buzzing with anticipation for showing Matt my incredible new body and telling him all about my adventures. The silver chain felt warm and comforting against my skin, a silent enabler of my commanded reality.

## **Matt's POV - At home**

The sound of Fran's key fumbling in the lock jolted me from the daze I'd been in since our phone call. My mind was still reeling from the sheer audacity of her presentation stunt – the instant prototype creation, the boardroom striptease... The collar's capabilities were escalating at an exponential rate, far beyond simple compulsion or physical tweaks. It could apparently manipulate matter, conjure knowledge, and, based on the command I'd given her for the drive home, impose complex personality overlays.

A part of me was terrified. This thing was powerful beyond measure, unpredictable, and ethically... well, let's just say the ground beneath my feet felt less like solid earth and more like a tightrope over a chasm. But another, larger part, the part still buzzing from the power trip of last night and the vicarious thrill of her workplace triumph, was consumed by morbid curiosity and undeniable arousal.

Especially considering the command currently active. The physical transformation – blonde, blue-eyed, five-foot-five, big perky tits, bubble butt – was hot enough on its own. But the added layer? The compulsion to act like a bubbly, hyper-sexualized adult film star, completely unaware that it was a compulsion? That was... uncharted territory. Dangerous, maybe. Definitely fucked up. But the thought of seeing Fran – or rather, this magically constructed version of her – walk through that door, embodying that persona... My cock gave a hard, traitorous throb against my jeans.

The door swung open, and my breath caught in my throat.

Standing framed in the doorway wasn't Fran. Not the Fran I knew, not even the Fran who had left for work that morning. This woman was... incandescent. Bright blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders, framing a face that was heart-stoppingly cute, all wide sapphire eyes and pouty pink lips. She was shorter than usual, maybe five-five, but her body was pure bombshell. Huge, high breasts strained against the buttons of Fran's white work shirt, threatening to spill out of the emerald lace bra I could clearly see peeking through. Fran's tailored trousers were stretched drum-tight over hips that flared dramatically from a small waist, culminating in an ass that was just... spectacular. Round, high, and perfectly shaped. The commanded hard nipples were practically drilling holes in the fabric.

She looked like she'd stepped straight off a porn set – the kind featuring improbably stacked 'innocent' blondes. And the way she moved... it wasn't Fran's usual energetic bounce. It was

a slow, deliberate sashay, each step emphasizing the jiggle of her tits and the sway of her incredible ass.

She spotted me lounging on the couch, and her face broke into a dazzling, thousand-watt smile that didn't quite reach the depths of her now-blue eyes. It was too bright, too practiced.

"Matty!" she chirped, her voice higher, breathier, almost cartoonishly feminine. She practically flung her bag onto the floor and strutted towards me, radiating an almost overwhelming sexual energy. "Guess whooo's hooome!"



She stopped right in front of me, striking a pose – one hand on her hip, chest thrust forward, lips pursed in a perfect pout. "Did you miss me?" she asked, fluttering her eyelashes dramatically. "Or should I say... did you miss... Fifi?" She giggled, a high-pitched, slightly forced sound.

Fifi? Okay. So the persona included a new name. This was even more surreal than I'd anticipated. My brain struggled to reconcile the image before me – this Fifi character – with the Fran I knew. The physical transformation was stunning, undeniably hot, but the personality... it was like watching an actress playing a role, except the actress had no idea she was acting. The collar was puppeteering her, filtering her every thought and action through this ditzy porn star lens.

Part of me screamed Abort! Cancel the command! This is too weird! But the sheer eroticism of the situation, the sight of her standing there, looking like a fantasy made flesh, acting out this absurdly sexualized role just for me (even if she didn't know it)... it was intoxicating. The power surged again, dark and thrilling. I could play along. Just for a little while. See where it went.

"Fifi?" I echoed, raising an eyebrow, forcing a casual tone despite the frantic pounding in my chest. "That's a new one. And yeah," I let my gaze roam deliberately over her transformed body, lingering on her straining breasts and tight ass, "I definitely missed... this."

Her giggle turned into a delighted squeal. "Ooh, you likey?" She spun around slowly, showing off her new assets. "I got a little... makeover! On the way home! Magic!" She winked conspiratorially, though her eyes held no real understanding of the magic involved, just a bubbly acceptance. "Blonde, blue eyes, big boobies, and a booty!" She patted her round backside with both hands, making it jiggle enticingly. "Do I look fuckable, Matty? Tell me I look fuckable!"

The bluntness, the sheer lack of Fran's usual filters or occasional insecurities, was jarring. This 'Fifi' persona was pure id, focused entirely on sex appeal and validation.

"Fuckable?" I chuckled, my voice coming out rougher than intended. My cock was painfully hard now, straining against my zipper. "Fifi, you look like you were genetically engineered in a lab for the sole purpose of draining men's balls."

"Eeeeeee!" she squealed again, clapping her hands together. "That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me!" She bounced on the balls of her feet, her massive breasts jiggling wildly beneath the thin shirt. "So? What are we waiting for? Shouldn't we, like, celebrate my new hot bod? Maybe... christen it?" Her eyes dropped meaningfully to my crotch, then back up to my face, her expression a caricature of seductive invitation.

This was moving fast. Way faster than Fran normally would. But Fifi? Fifi apparently didn't believe in foreplay beyond 'look how hot I am'.

"Christen it?" I repeated, leaning back slightly, buying myself a microsecond to process.

"How did you have in mind we do that, Fifi?"

She didn't answer with words. Instead, she dropped gracefully to her knees before me on the rug, landing with a soft thud. The movement pushed her already impressive cleavage up even higher, threatening total wardrobe malfunction. She looked up at me, her blue eyes wide, lips slightly parted, radiating pure, unadulterated (and completely manufactured) lust.

"How about," she purred, reaching out with one hand to rest it possessively on my thigh, right over the ridge of my erection, "I start by thanking my favorite director for giving me such an amazing new role?" Her fingers tightened slightly, feeling the hardness through my jeans. "You gave me this amazing body, Matty. Seems only fair I use it to make you feel amazing first, right?"

Her hand slid purposefully towards my zipper. Okay. Deep breaths, Matt. This is Fran. Under a command. It's not real. Except... it felt real. Her touch was electric, her gaze intense, her body radiating heat. And fuck, she looked incredible. The blonde hair falling around her face, the huge tits practically spilling out of her bra, the sheer, uninhibited horniness (even if compelled) shining in her eyes...

My resolve to 'just see where it went' crumbled. Caution evaporated. Ethical considerations? Shoved violently aside by the roaring tide of lust and power. Fuck it. Let Fifi have her scene.

"Alright, Fifi," I growled, shifting on the couch, giving her better access. "Show your director what you can do."

Her face lit up with manic glee. "Oh, I will!" she promised, her voice husky. Her fingers, surprisingly nimble, made quick work of my belt buckle and the button of my jeans. The zipper rasped down, loud in the suddenly quiet room. She peeled the denim back, revealing my cock, already thick and aching, straining against the confines of my boxers.

"Ooh la la!" she breathed, her eyes widening theatrically. "Look at the big strong leading man! He's already standing at attention!" She reached in, wrapping her hand around my length through the thin cotton. Her palm was hot, her grip firm. She squeezed gently, eliciting a sharp hiss of breath from me.

"Can't wait to get this costume off you," she murmured, tugging impatiently at the waistband of my boxers. I lifted my hips slightly, letting her slide them down, freeing my erection completely. It sprang up, heavy and dark against my stomach.



Fifi let out an appreciative gasp. "Wowzers! He's even bigger out of his trailer!" She giggled, then leaned forward, her cascade of blonde hair brushing against my bare thighs. Her incredible breasts pressed against my knees as she lowered her head. Her hot breath feathered against the tip of my cock for a tantalizing second before her plump lips closed around me.

Fuck.

Her mouth was unbelievably hot, wet, and skillful. There was none of Fran's occasional hesitation or slight awkwardness. Fifi attacked my cock like it was her co-star in the money shot. Her tongue swirled, her lips pulled and sucked, creating an incredible friction that sent jolts of pure pleasure straight to my groin. She bobbed her head with practiced ease, taking me deeper than Fran usually dared, her throat muscles working expertly.

My hands fisted in her soft blonde hair, not pulling, just holding on as waves of sensation washed over me. I stared down at the top of her head, at the way her cheeks hollowed with each suck, at the mesmerizing jiggle of her massive tits brushing against my legs. It was surreal. Utterly, dangerously surreal. And unbelievably hot.

"Mmmph! Good?" she mumbled around my shaft, pulling back slightly, her blue eyes sparkling with faux innocence, my cock glistening with her saliva.

"Fuck, Fifi... yeah," I managed, my voice thick. "You're... talented."

"I aim to please!" she chirped, before diving back down, renewing her assault with even more vigor. She incorporated her hand now, stroking my shaft rhythmically while her mouth worked the head, creating an unbearable combination of sensations. Her moans were muffled but enthusiastic, little sounds of exaggerated pleasure vibrating against my skin.

This wasn't going to last long. She was too good, too relentless. The persona, the transformation, the sheer novelty and wrongness of it all... it was pushing me towards the edge far too quickly.

"Okay, Fifi," I gasped, gripping her shoulders, gently pulling her head back. "Enough... enough teasing. I need... more."

Her eyes lit up. "More? You want the main event already?" She scrambled to her feet, practically vibrating with excitement. "Okay! Let's do this!" She grabbed the hem of Fran's white shirt and ripped it upwards, sending buttons flying. The sound echoed in the room. She

didn't seem to notice or care. The shirt came off, revealing the emerald lace bra struggling valiantly to contain her enormous, perfect breasts.

"Tada!" she announced, puffing her chest out proudly. The bra barely covered the lower half of the globes, the tops swelling out generously, pale and creamy. Her commanded-hard nipples strained against the lace like prisoners rattling their cages. "Like the costumes?"

"Love them," I choked out, my eyes glued to the impossible display.

"Good! But they look better on the floor!" With another giggle, she reached behind her back, unhooked the bra with practiced ease, and let it fall away.

My breath hitched. Holy. Shit. Her breasts were magnificent. Huge, round, perfectly shaped, sitting high and proud on her chest despite their size. The skin looked incredibly soft, inviting touch. Her nipples were large, dark pink, still pebble-hard and jutting outwards aggressively. They bounced slightly as she moved, mesmerizingly heavy.

"Now, for the bottom half!" she declared, already fumbling with the button on Fran's straining trousers. She ripped the button off – again, zero fucks given about Fran's work clothes – yanked down the zipper, and shimmied out of the trousers and the sheer emerald panties beneath in one fluid motion. She kicked the discarded clothes aside impatiently.

Now she stood before me completely naked, and the sight was staggering. The cascade of blonde hair, the sparkling blue eyes, the pouty lips curved in a lustful smile. The enormous, perfect breasts dominating her upper body, the surprisingly small waist flaring out to those impossibly round, high hips and that perfect bubble butt. She looked like a sexual fantasy carved from life, every curve exaggerated, every feature designed to incite lust.



"Ready for my close-up, Mr. Director?" she purred, stepping closer, letting her naked breasts brush against my bare chest as she leaned down towards me on the couch.

I didn't need any more invitation. My hands went straight to her incredible ass, gripping the full, firm cheeks. The skin was unbelievably soft, the flesh yielding yet substantial. I pulled her closer, burying my face between her massive breasts. They felt like heaven – warm, heavy, soft as clouds. I inhaled deeply, her scent filling my senses – Fran's familiar smell mixed with something else, something sweeter, more artificial, like the persona itself had a fragrance.

"Mmm, someone's eager!" Fifi giggled, wrapping her arms around my neck, grinding her hips against mine. I could feel her wet heat pressing against my thigh.

I shifted, maneuvering her onto the couch, pushing her back against the cushions. She landed with a soft bounce, her incredible breasts spilling outwards. I surged forward, covering her body with mine, finding her mouth in a hungry kiss. Her response was immediate, enthusiastic, her tongue instantly battling mine with a porn star's practiced fervor. It wasn't Fran's kiss. It was hotter, wetter, sloppier, less emotionally connected, more purely physical.

My hands were everywhere, exploring the incredible landscape of her transformed body. I kneaded her huge breasts, marveling at their weight and softness, tweaking the hard nipples until she moaned into my mouth. I slid my hands down her ribs, over the curve of her waist, gripping her hips, pulling her flush against my erection. I slid one hand down between her legs, finding her drenched, swollen folds. She gasped as my fingers slipped inside her easily.

"Oh, yes! Matty! Right there!" she panted, breaking the kiss, her head thrown back against the cushions, her blonde hair fanned out. "Fuck me! Please! Fill me up!"

Her blatant, commanded begging was like gasoline on the fire. I positioned myself between her legs, the head of my cock pressing against her slick entrance. She whimpered, lifting her hips off the couch, trying to impale herself on me.

"You want this, Fifi?" I growled, holding back for a torturous second, enjoying the power, the anticipation.

"Yesss! More than anything!" she cried, her blue eyes wide and pleading. "Put your big cock inside me! Now!"

With a low groan, I surged forward, burying myself deep inside her wet heat in one powerful stroke.

"FUCK! YES!" she screamed, her voice hitting an impossibly high note, pure theatrical ecstasy. Her inner muscles clenched around me tightly.

I began to move, setting a hard, driving rhythm. The couch springs groaned beneath us. Fifi matched my pace, bucking her hips upwards to meet each thrust, her moans loud, exaggerated, and utterly convincing if you didn't know the truth.

"Oh god! Matty! You're so big! You fill me up so good!" she cried out, perfectly delivering lines that sounded like they were ripped from a script. "Deeper! Harder! Yes! Like that!"

Her huge breasts bounced wildly with each thrust, mesmerizing me. I reached down, grabbing them, using them as handles, squeezing the soft flesh as I pounded into her. The sight was incredible – my hands wrapped around those impossibly large globes, her blonde hair splayed out, her face contorted in commanded pleasure, her voice filling the room with pornographic sounds.

"Fuck me like you own me, Matty!" she shrieked as I hammered into her relentlessly. "Make me scream!"

It was overload. The visual, the auditory, the physical sensations... it was too much. The power, the transformation, the complete surrender (even if artificial) – it coalesced into an unbearable pressure building deep in my balls. I was close. So fucking close.

"Cum with me, Fifi!" I roared, my thrusts becoming frantic, desperate.

"Yes! Yes! Coming! Oh god! Mattyyyyy!" she screamed, her body convulsing around me, her inner walls spasming violently, gripping my cock in an impossibly tight clench.

Her commanded climax tipped me over the edge. With a final, guttural yell, I exploded inside her, emptying myself in wave after powerful wave, collapsing onto her sweaty, trembling body.

We lay there tangled together for several long moments, panting, slick with sweat, the only sound the harsh rasp of our breathing and the faint echo of Fifi's theatrical moans fading in the air. Her massive breasts felt incredibly soft beneath my chest. My mind slowly began to clear, the intense haze of lust receding, leaving behind the familiar residue of awe, guilt, and the lingering thrill of power.

This Fifi persona... it was potent. Effective. And deeply disturbing. Fun while it lasted, maybe, but not something I wanted Fran trapped in. Time to bring her back.

I gently disentangled myself, rolling off her onto the couch beside her. She lay there, flushed and panting, her blue eyes slightly glazed, a vacant, satisfied smile on her face. Her transformed body looked utterly decadent sprawled against my worn cushions.

"Okay, Fifi," I said softly, my voice still a bit ragged. "Show's over. Time to come back." I focused my intent, picturing the real Fran beneath the blonde bombshell exterior. "Command Cancelled: The adult film star persona is gone. You are Fran again. Your personality, thoughts, memories are all yours." I deliberately didn't cancel the physical transformation yet, or the lingering female attraction command. One step at a time.

I watched her face closely. The vacant, bubbly expression faded. Confusion flickered in her eyes, followed by dawning awareness. The exaggerated pout softened into Fran's more familiar mouth shape. She blinked several times, her blue eyes clearing, looking around the room as if seeing it for the first time. Then she looked down at her own naked, transformed body – the huge breasts, the curvy hips, the blonde hair tumbling around her shoulders.

Her eyes widened in genuine shock this time, not the theatrical surprise of Fifi. "Whoa," she breathed, her voice back to its normal pitch, maybe a little husky from the sex. She pushed herself up slightly, staring down at her chest in awe. "Holy shit, Matt. These are... incredible." She tentatively reached out and cupped one of the massive globes, her expression a mixture of wonder and disbelief. "And... blonde?" She grabbed a handful of the silky hair, examining it. "Wow. You really went all out this time."

Then, memory seemed to hit her. She frowned, looking back at me, a blush creeping up her neck. "Okay... things are a little... fuzzy after I left work. The drive home... getting gas..." Her eyes widened further. "Oh my god. The gas station!"

She scrambled into a sitting position, pulling a cushion instinctively over her lap, despite being stark naked and clearly comfortable with her new body moments before under the Fifi persona. "Matt!" Her voice was tight with sudden anxiety, but it wasn't the horror from the previous version; it was worry directed at me. "The gas station... I needed gas, and my wallet was gone... I think... Oh god, Matt, please don't be mad, but I think the collar made me... offer the attendant something? To pay? I remember feeling like it was the only option, like it was just... what I had to do. Matt I gave him head! Was that... was that a command? Did I actually...?" She trailed off, looking at me pleadingly, clearly terrified of my reaction more than the act itself.

Seeing her worry focused on my anger, rather than pure self-revulsion, shifted something in me. The sharp edge of my guilt softened slightly, replaced by a strange sense of shared complicity in this madness. This wasn't just happening to her; we were navigating it, however fucked up, together.

"Whoa, hey," I said gently, reaching out to touch her arm reassuringly. "Not mad, Fran. Seriously. Yeah, the command... it wasn't just the body change. It included a persona overlay, made you think and act like someone... uninhibited. Focused on getting what you needed, using whatever means felt logical to that persona. You weren't aware it was compelled." I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "I guess... yeah. You... uh... you must have paid for the gas orally. Wow."

Fran flinched slightly at the confirmation, her eyes squeezing shut for a moment. But when she opened them, the primary emotion wasn't horror, but a strange mix of disbelief and... relief? Relief that I wasn't furious? "Oh my god," she whispered, shaking her head. "Seriously? I actually did that?" She looked down at her incredible body again, then back at me. "And... you're not mad?"

"How can I be mad?" I said, managing a small, wry smile. "I gave the command. If anything, it's my fault for not thinking through the potential consequences of 'acting like a porn star'. That's on me." I shrugged, feeling a wave of dark absurdity wash over me. "Besides," I added, gesturing vaguely at her, "clearly, the persona was... effective."

Fran stared at me for a beat, processing. Then, a choked laugh escaped her lips. It started small, hesitant, then grew into genuine, slightly hysterical laughter. "Effective? Oh my god, Matt! That's one word for it!" She laughed harder, tears of mirth mixing with whatever residual shock remained. "So I just... strolled into a gas station storeroom and blew a random guy because the magic collar told me to think like Fifi?" The absurdity seemed to fully hit her, eclipsing the violation with sheer disbelief.

Her laughter was infectious. I found myself chuckling along with her, a deep, tension-releasing sound. "Jesus. This collar."

"Right?" she gasped, wiping her eyes, still giggling. "It's fucking insane! The presentation, the bra, the transformations... and now this! The possibilities are terrifying... and kinda hilarious!" The shared laughter, dark as it was, felt like a pressure valve releasing. We were in uncharted territory, way off the map of normal morality, but we were in it together.

She took another deep breath, calming down, though a wide smile remained on her face. Her gaze drifted back to her body, the 'male gaze' appreciation kicking in again. "Okay. So. Aside from turning me into a gas station cock-sucker named Fifi..." She ran a hand wonderingly over a huge, perfect breast. "This body is still here. Which is... wow." She looked thoughtful. "You know, after you changed me back last night, I tried taking the necklace off later, just out of curiosity. Couldn't do it. It wouldn't budge."

"Really?" That was interesting. I hadn't commanded her not to take it off. "So it defaults to staying on?"

"Seems like it," she confirmed. "Maybe try... changing its appearance again? See if that still works?"

"Okay." I focused. "Command: The necklace disguising the collar reverts to its original form. Black leather, gunmetal fittings."

I watched the delicate silver chain resting against her skin, nestled in her impressive cleavage. It shimmered, just like before. The silver flowed like liquid metal, darkening, solidifying, expanding. Within seconds, the thick, matte black leather collar with the heavy D-ring was back, stark and imposing against her pale, voluptuous blonde form.

"Whoa," Fran breathed, reaching up to touch it. "Okay, so appearance change works fine." She tugged at the buckle. "But yeah, still locked tight. Can't get it off."

"Right." Another test. "Fran, take off the collar."

She reached back, her fingers finding the buckle. This time, it clicked open easily in her hand. She slid the heavy collar off her neck, holding it in her hands, looking from it to me.

And her body... didn't change.

She remained the stunning blonde bombshell – huge tits, tiny waist, bubble butt, the works. Even the double-sized hard nipples seemed to remain, pressing against the air.

"Holy shit it worked, it's off!" Fran whispered, staring down at herself, then back at the collar in her hands. "I... I thought I'd snap back to normal as soon as it came off. But... I'm still like this."

"The changes persist," I murmured, my mind racing. This was huge. It meant transformations weren't tethered to actively wearing the collar. They were set until



countermanded or maybe... timed out? Like the Fifi persona was supposed to? "Okay, try this," I said, needing confirmation. "Fran, hop on one leg."

Fran looked at me, then tried to hop. Nothing happened. She remained standing firmly on both feet, looking slightly confused. "Nope. Nothing."

"It has to be worn," I concluded, the pieces clicking into place. "The commands only work on the wearer. But the effects... some of them can last even after it's off." The implications were staggering. Temporary power-ups? Lasting alterations?

Fran looked down at the collar in her hands, then back at me, a slow, mischievous, utterly dangerous glint appearing in her blue eyes. An idea sparked behind them, mirroring the chaotic energy swirling between us. Before I could even process her expression, she moved. Fast.

She lunged forward, closing the distance between us in two quick steps. I instinctively started to react, but it was too late. She reached out, the black leather collar held ready, and deftly, quickly, snapped it around my neck.

Click.

The buckle fastened with a solid, definitive sound.

"Fran! What the hell?" I yelped, my hands flying up to my neck, feeling the unfamiliar weight and texture of the thick leather band. It felt... substantial. Heavy. Restrictive.

"Sorry, Matty!" she chirped, stepping back, a wicked grin spreading across her transformed face. She still looked like Fifi, but the intelligence and curiosity shining in her eyes were pure Fran. "Just thinking... turnabout is fair play, right? You've had all the fun dictating things. Maybe it's my turn to push the buttons?"

I stared at her, momentarily stunned into silence. Annoyance warred with a sudden, unexpected jolt of... something else. Excitement? Fear? The collar was on me. She could command me. The power dynamic had just flipped, instantly and completely. And looking at the predatory gleam in her eyes, the way she was admiring her own incredible (and persistent) bombshell body while holding the reins to the magic... Yeah. This could get interesting. Or terrifying. Or both.

"My turn?" I echoed, my voice slightly strangled. I tugged at the collar. It didn't budge. "What are you going to do?"

"Hmm," she mused, tapping a finger against her plump lips, circling me slowly, looking me up and down like I was a new toy. The way her huge breasts bounced, the sway of her bubble butt... it was distracting as hell, especially knowing she was now the one in control. "Let's start simple. Just a little test to make sure it works on you too." She stopped in front of me, her blue eyes sparkling with playful malice. "Matt, stand on one leg."

Fuck. The compulsion hit me instantly, bypassing thought entirely. My body simply... obeyed. My left leg lifted off the floor, tucking up slightly, leaving me balancing precariously on my right foot. I wobbled, flailing my arms for balance.

"Hey! It works!" Fran squealed with delight, clapping her hands together. "Look at you! Like a little flamingo!"

"Fran! Stop it!" I snapped, hopping slightly to maintain my balance. "Put my leg down!"

"Nope!" she sang. "Not until I say so!" She grinned, clearly enjoying my helplessness. "Wow, this feels... powerful! No wonder you got so carried away."

"Okay, okay, point taken!" I gritted out, still wobbling. "Now let me put my fucking leg down!"

She giggled. "Alright, alright. Spoilsport." She waved a hand dismissively. "You can stand normally."

My left foot slammed back down onto the floor with relief. I glared at her, rubbing my neck where the collar sat, heavy and foreign. "Happy?"

"Very," she smirked. "But now I'm curious. What else can it do? To you?" Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Let's try... something auditory. Matt, from now on, you speak with a perfect, sultry female voice."

I opened my mouth to protest, to tell her this was insane, but what came out shocked me to my core. "Fran, don't be ridiculous!" The voice wasn't mine. It was... feminine. Smooth, slightly husky, undeniably female. It felt utterly alien vibrating in my chest, shaping itself around my words.

Fran gasped, her eyes widening in amazement. "Oh my god! It worked! Say something else!"

"This is fucking crazy!" I exclaimed, and the sultry female voice echoed strangely in the room, sounding completely disconnected from the 'me' inside my head.

Fran burst out laughing, doubling over slightly, holding her stomach. "Oh wow! That's incredible! You sound like... like a phone sex operator!"

A crazy idea, fueled by the absurdity of the situation and maybe a desire to regain some semblance of control through humor, popped into my head. Playing along. I straightened up, put a hand on my hip, and let the female voice drip with exaggerated, breathy seduction. "Oh, Fran... you like my voice? Does it... turn you on? Maybe you should tell me what naughty things you want me to say..."

Fran howled with laughter, tears streaming down her face. "Stop! Stop it! Oh my god, that's too much!" She wiped her eyes, still chuckling. "Okay, okay. Voice changer works. What about... the big one?"

My blood ran cold, even as a thrill shot through me. I knew what she meant. "The big one?" I squeaked, the female voice sounding genuinely alarmed now.

"Mhmm," Fran hummed, her expression turning serious, her eyes gleaming with intense curiosity and undeniable power. She stepped closer, reaching out to run a finger lightly over the collar at my neck. "You turned me into Fifi the bombshell. Fair's fair, right?" She met my eyes, her gaze unwavering. "Matt, become a woman. A complete, physical transformation into a female version of yourself."

"No! Fran, wait!" I started to shout, but the command slammed into me, overriding everything.

It wasn't painful, but it was... profound. A deep, seismic shift happening at a cellular level. I felt a strange tingling spread through my entire body, far more pervasive than Fran's localized transformations. My shoulders seemed to narrow, my chest felt... weird. Like tissue was simultaneously shrinking and growing. I looked down instinctively. My flat, masculine chest was softening, swelling subtly but definitely, forming small, sensitive mounds. My body hair seemed to just... vanish, leaving my skin feeling smooth, almost velvety.

My waist cinched inwards, my hips flared outwards, not dramatically like her bubble butt transformation, but creating a noticeable, softer feminine curve. The most intense sensation was between my legs. My cock and balls felt like they were... dissolving? Retracting? Reconfiguring? It was an utterly bizarre, indescribable feeling, not painful, but deeply, fundamentally wrong according to my lifelong experience. A strange pressure built in my groin, then resolved into... absence. Replaced by something new. A cleft. Folds. A hidden sensitivity.

The transformation swept through me in less than a minute, leaving me standing there, feeling... utterly changed. Different. I looked down at my body. Small breasts pushed slightly against the fabric of my t-shirt. Smooth skin. Curved hips. And between my legs... nothing and everything had changed. I was female. Physically. Completely.



My clothes, my familiar jeans and t-shirt, suddenly felt huge, baggy, hanging loosely on my new, more slender, curvier frame. The collar felt heavy on my now more delicate neck.

I looked up at Fran, my/her breath catching in my/her throat. The sultry female voice felt... strangely appropriate now. "Holy... shit," I breathed, the words feeling both foreign and strangely right coming from my new lips. "Fran... I'm... I'm a girl."



Fran stared back at me, her blue eyes wide with shock and awe, taking in my transformation. She looked from my new face – subtly softer, more feminine version of my old features – down my altered body, then back up again. A slow smile spread across her face, mirroring the dawning realization and potent possibility reflected in my own eyes.

We stood there, frozen for a moment – her, the magically created blonde bombshell obsessed with women, me, the newly minted woman wearing the collar that had done it all. The power dynamic had not just flipped; it had shattered, reformed into something new, terrifying, and limitlessly exciting. The implications of what we could now do, the games we could play, the realities we could twist... hung heavy and electric in the air between us. What came next? The cliff edge felt dizzyingly close.

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