

THE MAGIC COLLAR

A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

CHAPTER 4

The insistent chirping of Matt's alarm clock dragged him from a deep, surprisingly dreamless sleep. He slapped the snooze button, groaning. For a moment, the events of the previous day – the French maid, Powergirl, the impossible reality of superpowers – felt like a bizarre, vivid dream. Then he sat up, stretched, and the mundane reality of his own unaltered male body hit him. He ran a hand through his hair, his mind clearing. The enhanced fitness, the subtle sharpening of his intellect that Fran had commanded when he was... Matty the goddess... it was gone. He felt... normal. Ordinarily Matt.

He glanced over at Fran, still asleep in the bed beside him. She looked peaceful, her familiar brown hair fanned out on the pillow, her petite frame curled under the duvet. The collar, its black leather and gunmetal fittings looking innocuous, lay on the nightstand between them, a silent testament to the madness they'd unleashed.

As if sensing his gaze, Fran stirred, her eyes fluttering open. She blinked, focusing on him, then a slow smile spread across her face. "Morning," she murmured, her voice husky with sleep. She stretched languidly, like a cat. Then she paused, a thoughtful, almost puzzled expression crossing her features. She looked down at her own body, then around the room, then back at Matt.

"Huh," she said, sitting up, pulling the sheet with her. "That's... weird."

"What's weird?" Matt asked, already suspecting.

"The way I'm seeing things," Fran explained, tilting her head. "Yesterday, even after I changed back from... Fifi... I was still seeing things through your eyes. Appreciating female bodies, including my own, with that... intense focus you have. It was kind of hot, actually. But now..." She looked down at her own hand, then at Matt again. "It's gone. I mean, I still think you're attractive," she gave him a quick, genuine smile, "and I know what I like, but that specific, almost... analytical appreciation for the female form? It's faded. I just feel... normal Fran again. Like my own brain is back in charge of aesthetics."

Matt nodded slowly. "My enhancements are gone too. The IQ boost, the fitness thing. I feel like I'm back to factory settings." He looked at the collar. "So, whatever commands are active when the collar comes off..."

"...they wear off after a while?" Fran finished, her eyes widening with dawning understanding. "How long was it? We took it off you after the Powergirl thing pretty late last night..."

They both did some quick mental math. "Around ten, maybe?" Matt guessed. "It's seven AM now... so, nine hours? Or maybe it's a set time limit that just happened to fall overnight?"

The implications hung in the air. A time limit. That changed things. It meant transformations weren't necessarily permanent unless the collar was constantly reapplied or the commands refreshed. It added a new layer of complexity, and perhaps, a sliver of safety... or a ticking clock.

"We need to call in sick," Fran said decisively, reaching for her phone. "No way I'm going to work today. We have science to do."

Matt grinned, already feeling a thrill of anticipation despite the lingering weirdness. "Couldn't agree more."

A few minutes later, both their bosses had been fed plausible-sounding excuses, and the day stretched before them, an open canvas for experimentation. They showered, dressed in comfortable lounge clothes, and made coffee, the collar sitting on the kitchen counter like a coiled serpent, waiting.

"Okay," Matt said, pulling out a fresh notebook and a pen he'd found in a drawer. "Operation: Understand the Magical Fucking Collar is officially underway."

Fran, sipping her coffee, looked at the collar with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. "So, first things first. That time limit theory. We definitely need to test that precisely."

"Agreed," Matt said. "And physical limits. We saw you hit a ceiling with the Godzilla thing, and Powergirl seemed... intense, but maybe not infinitely powerful. And can it do more subtle internal stuff? We know it can affect attraction, impart knowledge... what about deeper personality stuff? Memories?"

"Who gets to be the guinea pig first?" Fran asked, eyeing the collar.

Matt smirked. "Let's leave it to fate." He pulled a coin from his pocket. "Heads, I wear it. Tails, you do." He flipped it high into the air. It landed on the counter with a soft clink. Tails.

Fran groaned theatrically, but there was an undeniable sparkle in her eyes. "Damn it. Fine. But you owe me. Big time." She wasn't entirely unhappy; a part of her, the part that had relished the transformations, even the terrifying ones, was undeniably curious to feel the collar's influence again, especially with a more... scientific approach.

Matt picked up the collar, its leather cool and smooth in his hand. "Ready?"

Fran took a deep breath and nodded, turning to present the back of her neck. Matt carefully fastened the collar around her throat. Click. The familiar weight settled against her skin. "Okay, Professor," she said, turning back to face him, a slightly nervous, slightly eager smile on her lips. "Let the games begin."

Matt opened his notebook to a fresh page, pen poised. "Alright, Subject F. Let's start with something... fundamental. Memories. Personality." He looked at her intently. "Fran, forget that you're a woman. Right now, you genuinely believe you are a man, and you have always been a man. Your name is... Frank. And you're my best friend, Frank. And somehow, I, Matt, have just managed to transform your male body into this female one you're currently inhabiting."

The effect was instantaneous and utterly profound. One moment, Fran, his girlfriend, curious and ready for an experiment. The next, a complete stranger looked out of her eyes. The playful eagerness vanished, replaced by stark, bewildered horror. Her gaze darted around the room, then down at the body he now occupied, a body that was clearly female, wearing Fran's comfortable leggings and oversized sweater.

"Matt?!" the voice that came out was Fran's, but the tone, the inflection, the sheer panic were entirely different, imbued with a masculine timbre of disbelief. "What the FUCK did you DO to me?! This... this isn't my body! I'm... I'm a girl!" She stumbled back, hands flying up to clutch at the soft mounds of her breasts beneath her sweater. A look of utter revulsion and terror crossed her face. "These... these are TITS! I have tits! And... oh god..." Her hands flew downwards, between her legs, patting frantically through the leggings. A strangled sob escaped her. "It's... it's GONE! My dick is gone! What the HELL is this feeling?! It's... hollow! Soft! Matt, you SICK BASTARD! Change me back! Change me BACK RIGHT NOW!"

Matt just stared, pen frozen above his notebook, a chill running down his spine despite his

scientific detachment. This wasn't just an overlay like Fifi or Nanette. This was... a complete rewrite. The person standing before him, wearing Fran's body, was utterly convinced he was a man named Frank, Matt's best friend, who had just been subjected to a horrifying, involuntary sex change. The distress was utterly, terrifyingly real.

"Frank," Matt said, keeping his voice calm, though his heart was hammering. "Frank, listen to me. It's okay. This is... an experiment. I can change you back. But I need you to understand what just happened. This is the collar."

Fran stared at him, her eyes wide with fear and confusion, her hands still protectively, disbelievingly cupping her breasts. "You... you did this to me! But why? We already knew the weird magic could transform bodies from that... that Powergirl thing last night! Why do THIS to me?!" Her voice cracked with betrayal and anguish.

Matt took a deep breath. "Okay, Frank. What I just did... the command wasn't to change your body. I told you to believe you were a man named Frank whose body had been changed into this female one. I altered your memories, your core identity."

Fran's brow furrowed, a flicker of dawning, horrified comprehension in her eyes. "You... you mean... I'm not really Frank? And you just... made me think...?" She looked down at her hands, at the curve of her hips beneath the sweater. "So all those memories... my whole life as a guy... little league, my first girlfriend Sarah, fixing up that old Mustang with Dad... none of that was real?" The anguish in his voice was heartbreaking.

"None of it was Fran's real past, no," Matt confirmed gently. "It was a construct, created by the collar." He paused, letting it sink in. "Okay. Now. You are back to your normal self, Fran, with full memory of this change and what it felt like to be Frank."

The shift was like a light switch flicking. The masculine terror and confusion drained from Fran's face, replaced by her own familiar expression, though it was now overlaid with shock and awe. She blinked rapidly, her hands dropping from her chest. She looked at Matt, then down at herself, then back at Matt.

"Holy. Fucking. Shit," she breathed, her voice her own again. "Matt. That was... I was Frank. I remembered everything. His whole life. The panic, the feeling of being trapped in the wrong body... it was completely, utterly real to me." She shuddered, wrapping her arms around herself. "Wow. Okay. So, full personality and memory alteration... check. That is... terrifyingly

potent."

Matt jotted it down in his notebook. "Deeply terrifying," he agreed. "Okay. Next test. Clothing." He looked at Fran's casual attire. "We know the collar can change its own appearance. Can it change your clothes? Fran, morph your clothes into a skimpy, black swimsuit. Two-piece."

Fran gasped as her comfortable sweater and leggings seemed to shimmer and dissolve, re-forming in an instant into a shockingly revealing black bikini. The top was barely more than two strategically placed triangles, held together by thin strings, showcasing her breasts to their full advantage. The bottoms were equally minuscule, a tiny V at the front, dipping dangerously low, and a thong back that left her ass almost completely bare.

"Whoa!" Fran exclaimed, looking down at herself, a blush rising on her cheeks despite her previous, more extreme transformations. "Okay, yep! Instant swimwear! This is... surprisingly comfortable, actually, for how little there is of it. The material is really soft." She did a little spin, showing off the barely-there outfit.

"Impressive," Matt noted, trying to keep his voice clinical despite the sudden, very enticing view. "Okay, now... Fran, morph my clothes into running gear."

Fran focused on Matt, a look of concentration on her face. Then she frowned slightly. "Unable to comply," she stated, her voice flat, devoid of inflection. The moment the words left her mouth, she looked surprised, her hand flying to her lips. "Whoa! I didn't mean to say that! It just... came out!"

Matt's eyes widened. "Okay! Two new learnings there! One, it seems you can only alter the clothing of the wearer. Two, if a command is impossible, the collar makes you state 'unable to comply' automatically." He scribbled furiously in his notebook.

Fran shivered slightly, rubbing her bare arms. "Okay, Professor, can I change back into something warmer now? This is seriously not designed for a chilly morning, even if it is magically comfortable."

Matt got another idea. A slightly more ethically dubious one, but the point was to test limits. "Actually, Fran... you like feeling cold. You find the sensation invigorating, refreshing. You love the goosebumps on your skin."

Fran blinked. Then, a slow, strange smile spread across her face. "You know what, Matt?" she said, her voice taking on a new, almost breathless enthusiasm. "You're right! This chill... it is kind of amazing! Look!" She held out her arm, showing him the gooseflesh that had erupted on her skin. "It feels... tingly! Alive! It's like every nerve ending is singing! Why did I ever think being warm was good?" She shivered again, but this time, it was accompanied by a little sigh of pleasure.

Matt felt a knot tighten in his stomach. This was... dangerous. The ability to rewrite someone's fundamental preferences for physical sensations. "Okay," he said, his voice a little rough. "So it can alter your perception of physical stimuli. Make you enjoy something inherently uncomfortable." They both let the implications of that sink in for a moment – he could, theoretically, tell her to like pain. A line neither of them voiced a desire to cross, but the possibility hung heavy in the air.

"Right," Matt said, clearing his throat. "Fran, you no longer like feeling cold. That sensation is normal to you again." He watched as the euphoric expression faded from her face, replaced by a more normal, slightly chilled look. "And now... your body is not susceptible to temperature anymore. You are always perfectly comfortable, your internal thermostat perfectly regulated, regardless of the external environment."

Fran tilted her head, considering. "Huh. Okay. I... I don't feel cold anymore. At all. Just... normal."

"Let's test it," Matt said, gesturing towards the bathroom. "Quick cold shower."

Fran, still in the skimpy lace bikini, shrugged and headed into the bathroom. Matt heard the shower turn on, full blast. A moment later, Fran poked her head out, her hair already starting to get damp, a look of genuine surprise on her face. "Matt! It's working! The water is freezing, I can tell by touching it, but... it just feels like... water. Just wet. This is wild!"

Matt made another note. "Magical alteration of physiological responses to environment... check. Kind of like a minor superpower, actually." He paused. "Okay, Fran, that command is now reverted. Your susceptibility to temperature is back to normal." He didn't want her accidentally burning herself on a stove, unaware of the heat. He heard a sudden yelp from the bathroom as the cold water presumably hit her with its full force again. She emerged a moment later, shivering and dripping, but laughing.

"Okay, point proven!" she said, grabbing a towel. "Now, can I please get out of this swimsuit before I turn into an icicle for real?"

"Not just yet," Matt said, though he did allow her to wrap the towel around herself. "Body alteration limits. We know it can change you. But how far? Fran, grow to be seven feet tall."

With a now-familiar tingling sensation, Fran began to stretch upwards. Her limbs elongated, her torso lengthened. Within seconds, she was towering over Matt, a seven-foot-tall, bikini-clad woman. "Whoa!" she exclaimed, her voice booming slightly from her new height. "This is... a very different perspective!"

"Now, grow to be fourteen feet tall," Matt instructed, watching with fascination.

Fran shot upwards again, her head brushing against the eight-foot ceiling. She had to stoop, her long limbs looking gangly and awkward in the confined space. "Okay, Matt!" she called down, her voice strained. "This is getting really uncomfortable! My back is killing me from crouching, and I feel like I'm going to break something!"

Matt, however, was focused on the test. "Grow to Godzilla size."

Fran tensed, as if bracing for another surge of growth. But then, her shoulders slumped slightly. "Unable to comply," she stated, her voice flat, followed immediately by her own relieved sigh. "Oh, thank god! Okay, so there are definitely upper limits to size transformation. Probably a good thing, or you might have had me bursting through the roof."

Matt nodded, making a note. "Sensible safeguards. We'll have to find those limits as we go." He looked up at her stooped, fourteen-foot form. "Alright, back to your normal height, please."

With a sigh of relief, Fran shrank back down to her usual height, looking immensely grateful to be able to stand up straight again.

"Next," Matt continued, relentless. "Transformation of others. Fran, transform me into a bodybuilder. Arnold Schwarzenegger in his prime."

Fran focused on Matt intently. Nothing happened. Then, "Unable to comply." She blinked. "Right. Like the clothes. Only the wearer can be transformed by the wearer's commands."

Matt noted it down. "Makes sense." He paused. "One more safeguard test, I think. Last night, I wondered if the wearer could grant themselves powers that would let them control

the controller, creating a feedback loop." He met Fran's eyes. "Fran, you can now mind control me as if I'm wearing the collar. Your will is my command."

Fran's brow furrowed in concentration. She stared at Matt, as if trying to project her will. Then, "Unable to comply." Relief washed over both their faces. "Okay," Fran said, letting out a breath. "That's a big one. So no infinite power loops. Good to know."

Matt agreed. "Okay, final big test for this session before we tackle the time limit. Superpowers. We saw Powergirl. Let's see if it's replicable and controllable." He grinned. "Fran, you now have all the powers and abilities of Superman."

Fran's eyes widened. For a moment, nothing. Then, an almost visible aura of energy seemed to shimmer around her. She gasped, her hands flying to her mouth. "Matt... I feel... different. Strong. So strong. And... I think..." She looked up at the ceiling, then pushed off gently from the floor. And floated. She hovered a foot in the air, a look of utter, ecstatic disbelief on her face, her black lace bikini a stark contrast to the iconic image of the Man of Steel.

"Holy shit!" Matt breathed. "It worked! Okay, slowly, try to fly across the room."

Carefully, tentatively, Fran propelled herself through the air, a little wobbly at first, then with growing confidence. She giggled, a sound of pure, unadulterated joy. "I'm flying! I'm actually flying!" They spent the next ten minutes testing her new abilities – super strength (she carefully lifted the refrigerator with one hand), super speed (a blur across the living room that Matt almost missed), and she even claimed she could see through the wall into the neighbor's apartment, though Matt made her stop that immediately. No heat vision tests were attempted indoors, thankfully.

"Okay, okay, that's enough before you accidentally demolish the building," Matt said, laughing despite the sheer mind-bending reality of it all. "Fran, you are now completely back to your normal self. All Superman powers and abilities are gone."

Fran drifted gently back to the floor, the aura of power fading from her. She looked almost bereft for a moment. "Aw, man! That was the coolest thing ever!" She sighed. "But yeah. Probably for the best."

"Right," Matt said, looking at his watch. "Now for the grand finale. The time limit test." He looked at Fran. "We need a clear physical change, a clothing change, and a persistent mental command. That way, we can see if they all revert at the same time, and exactly when." He

thought for a moment. "Okay. Fran, alter your body to be that of a super-fit, incredibly toned athlete model. Think Olympic sprinter meets Victoria's Secret Angel. Perfect muscle definition, zero body fat, ultimate athletic grace, still in that bikini."

Fran's body shimmered, tightening, muscles appearing under her skin, sleek and defined. Her already good figure became a masterpiece of athletic perfection, lean and powerful, yet undeniably feminine and sexy in the tiny lace bikini. She moved with a new, fluid grace, her body humming with barely contained energy. "Whoa," she breathed, looking down at her ripped abs and sculpted legs. "I feel... incredible! So strong, so light, so... capable!" She did a few practice lunges, her movements explosive and precise. "I love this!"

Matt nodded, trying to ignore the incredibly distracting sight of Fran as a super-athlete in a lace thong. "Good. Now." He picked up his phone and opened the stopwatch app, placing it on the coffee table. "Fran, I want you to stand right there," he indicated a spot in the middle of the living room, "and watch that stopwatch. You will stand perfectly still, your gaze fixed on it, until you are able to stop it yourself. You will not look away, you will not move, until you are no longer compelled to do so."

Fran's new athletic body tensed. Her gaze fixed on the phone screen with unwavering intensity. She looked like a statue carved from bronze and lace. "Okay," she said, her voice tight. "But Matt... I'm going to get so bored. And tired. Just... standing here?"

"Ah," Matt said, a grim smile touching his lips. "About that. Fran, you enjoy standing there watching that stopwatch more than you have ever enjoyed anything in your life, including sex. It is the most fascinating, fulfilling, and pleasurable activity you can imagine. And you will not feel any fatigue, hunger, thirst, or discomfort whatsoever while you are doing this. You are in a state of blissful, tireless absorption."

The tension in Fran's body melted away. A look of profound, ecstatic bliss spread across her face. Her eyes, still fixed on the stopwatch, sparkled with delight. "Oh, Matt!" she sighed, her voice filled with pure, unadulterated joy. "Thank you! This is... this is the most wonderful thing ever! I could do this forever! It's so... captivating! Every tiny detail of the stopwatch is a universe of wonder!"

Matt felt another shiver of unease at the sheer totality of the mental override. He took a deep breath. "Okay, Fran." He reached out carefully and unbuckled the collar from her neck. The moment it was off, he hit 'start' on the stopwatch. "Good luck," he said softly.

"Don't worry about me, Matty!" Fran chirped, her eyes glued to the phone, a beatific smile on her face. "I'm having the time of my life! This is pure heaven!"

Matt just laughed, a short, sharp sound, and shook his head. He grabbed his keys and wallet. With Fran blissfully occupied, it was time to use his sick day for some actual errands.

The day passed strangely. Matt went grocery shopping, did some much-needed DIY repairs around the apartment, even managed to watch a movie on his laptop. Every hour or so, he'd peek into the living room. Fran was always there, in the exact same spot, stock-still, her athletic, bikini-clad form a bizarre monument to obsession, her eyes fixed on the stopwatch with that same expression of ecstatic joy. It was deeply creepy, and a stark reminder of the collar's insidious power. He wondered how long it would take.

Around midday, after returning from the store, Matt decided to test the depths of her commanded absorption. He walked quietly into the living room. Fran hadn't moved a muscle, her gaze still locked on the phone screen, a serene smile on her lips. The black lace bikini did little to hide her perfectly toned, athletic physique.

"Fran?" he said softly.

No response. Not a flicker of an eyelash. Her breathing was slow and even.

He stepped closer, waving a hand in front of her face.

"Matty I can barely hear you or notice you, I'm so focused okay". She replied quickly and dismissively.

It was like she was in a trance, a blissful, unshakeable trance. He reached out, his fingers brushing against her bare arm. Her skin was warm, smooth, the muscles beneath firm and defined. No reaction.

A darker curiosity, a need to understand just how completely the command had taken her, stirred within him. He reached out and gently cupped one of her breasts through the thin lace of the bikini top. They were firm, responsive to his touch, her nipple instantly hardening beneath his palm, but Fran herself remained utterly still, her expression unchanged, her eyes fixed on the distant stopwatch.

"Fran, can you feel this?" he murmured, his thumb brushing over her hardened nipple.

A soft sigh escaped her lips, but her gaze didn't waver. "Mmm, yes," she breathed, her voice distant, dreamy. "It's... a little tickle. But it's okay, Matty. Nothing can distract me from the glorious stopwatch. This is too wonderful." Her smile widened almost imperceptibly. She barely noticed his touch, her entire consciousness consumed by the commanded joy of her task.

He felt a strange mixture of power and unease. He slid his hand lower, over her washboard abs, down to the waistband of the tiny lace bikini bottoms. His fingers slipped beneath the lace, finding the warm, smooth skin of her hip, then strayed inwards, towards the damp heat between her legs. He brushed his fingertips against her outer labia. She shivered slightly, a purely physical reflex, but her blissful focus on the stopwatch remained absolute.

"And this?" he whispered, his fingers finding her clitoris, already slick and swollen. He began to stroke her gently.

Another soft sigh, a slight tremor through her athletic frame. "Mmm... that's... also nice, Matty," she murmured, her voice thick with that strange, detached pleasure. "Like... like a little electric hum in the background. But the stopwatch... oh, the stopwatch is just divine. Don't worry about me. I'm having such an amazing time."

She wasn't faking it. She genuinely, blissfully, barely registered his intimate touch, her mind so thoroughly ensnared by the command to find joy in watching the timer. The physical sensations were there, her body responding with wetness and sensitivity, but her conscious awareness was elsewhere, lost in a state of manufactured euphoria. Matt withdrew his hand, a profound chill settling over him despite the heat of the moment. The collar's ability to compartmentalize and prioritize sensations, to make even direct sexual stimulation secondary to a mundane, commanded task, was perhaps one of its most terrifying capabilities yet.

He backed away, leaving her to her blissful vigil.

Dinner was a solitary affair. He ate, cleaned up, and tried to read, but his attention kept drifting back to the silent, motionless figure in the other room. The sun set, and darkness filled the apartment, save for the glow of the stopwatch screen and the lamp Matt had left on.

Finally, at precisely 10:00 PM, twelve hours after he'd started the timer, Matt heard a sound from the living room. A gasp. He rushed in.

Fran was blinking, her head moving for the first time in half a day. The ecstatic smile was

gone, replaced by a look of profound confusion. She looked down at herself. The sleek, athletic muscle tone was fading, her body softening back to its normal, familiar contours. The black bikini shimmered and morphed, her comfortable lounge clothes reappearing. She swayed slightly, then her eyes focused on the stopwatch, which was still ticking away. With a frown, she reached out and tapped the 'stop' button. 12 hours.

She looked up at Matt, her eyes clearing. "Wow," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "It... it just... stopped. The feeling. The compulsion. It was like waking up from a really intense, really weirdly specific dream." She rubbed her arms, looking around the room as if seeing it for the first time. "Twelve hours. Exactly."

Matt let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "So that's it. Twelve hours after the collar comes off, all active commands revert. Physical, mental, clothing... everything." He went to his notebook and wrote it down in bold letters.

He then recapped everything they'd learned: "Okay, so: Placer controls wearer. Only placer can remove collar, or command wearer to. Wearer obeys all directions. Can manipulate wearer's clothes, personality, memories, body, and sensations. Can grant physical immunities and even superpowers. Cannot transform others or be commanded to mind control the controller. Transformation has limits. And all effects wear off twelve hours after removal." He looked at Fran. "That's... a pretty comprehensive list."

Fran nodded, still looking a little dazed, but a familiar spark was returning to her eyes. "So," she said, stretching, feeling her normal body again. "What now? We've mapped out a lot of the basics."

Matt grinned. "Well, it's Friday night. We have the whole weekend ahead of us, no work to worry about." He looked at the collar, now lying on the coffee table. "And since we know commands last for twelve hours after removal... we could both give ourselves superpowers tomorrow morning, take the collars off, and have a super-powered Saturday."

Fran's eyes lit up. "Oh, that sounds amazing! But... why wait until tomorrow?" A mischievous glint appeared in her eyes. "It's only ten. I'm kind of buzzing from all this. I don't feel tired at all."

Matt chuckled. "Speak for yourself. I'm exhausted. That was a long day of note-taking and existential dread."

Fran picked up the collar, dangling it playfully from her fingers. "We could fix that, you know," she said, her voice a low purr. "We could make ourselves not tired. We could make ourselves... anything we want to be. For the next twelve hours, at least."

Matt looked at her, at the collar glinting in her hand, at the boundless, dangerous, intoxicating possibilities it represented. He smirked. "Tonight," he said, his own exhaustion momentarily forgotten, replaced by a fresh surge of anticipation, "is going to be fun."

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