

THE MAGIC COLLAR

A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

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CHAPTER 5

The cheap digital clock on the nightstand glowed 10:15 PM. The lingering scent of takeout pizza still hung faintly in the air, a mundane counterpoint to the extraordinary power coiled in Fran's hand. The black leather collar, cool and deceptively simple, seemed to thrum with latent energy. Matt looked from it to Fran, her eyes sparkling with a reckless, exhilarating light that mirrored his own burgeoning excitement. Tiredness was a distant memory, banished by the sheer, intoxicating potential of the night ahead.

"Fun," Matt echoed, a smirk playing on his lips. "Yeah, I think 'fun' is definitely on the agenda." He reached out and took the collar from her. "Ladies first?"

Fran grinned, presenting her neck with a theatrical flourish. "But of course, Monsieur."

Matt chuckled, the sound a little rougher than usual. He fastened the collar around her throat, the familiar click sealing the bond of control. "Alright, Fran," he said, his voice dropping into a tone that was half playful, half commanding. "You feel as though you just had eight solid hours of the most refreshing sleep of your life. You are bursting with energy, alert, and ready for anything."

Fran's eyes, which had been showing the faint weariness of a long, bizarre day, suddenly snapped wide open, bright and clear. She stretched, a vibrant, energetic movement that spoke of deep, restful sleep. "Whoa!" she exclaimed, her voice full of pep. "Holy cow, Matt! That's incredible! I feel... amazing! Sleep is for suckers!" She bounced on the balls of her feet, practically vibrating with newfound vigor. "Okay, so! What's the plan, boss? Now that I'm basically superhumanly awake, what grand experiments do you have in mind?"

Matt tapped his chin thoughtfully, a mischievous glint in his own eyes. The sheer, unadulterated power of the collar, even for something as simple as banishing fatigue, was a heady drug. His mind raced with possibilities. "Well," he began, a speculative look on his face, "we know it can morph clothes, alter bodies... what about... creating wealth? Fran, create five million dollars. Untraceable, crisp hundred-dollar bills, appearing right here on the coffee

table."

Fran focused intently on the coffee table, her brow furrowed in concentration. For a moment, Matt almost thought he saw the air shimmer. Then, she sighed, a little puff of disappointment. "Unable to comply," she stated, her voice flat, followed by her own more natural, slightly frustrated tone. She gave him a playful, exasperated look. "Seriously, Matt? Five million dollars?"

He shrugged, grinning. "What? Had to try! We need a new TV, remember? And maybe a lifetime supply of pizza."

Fran laughed, the sound bright and carefree. "True. But if we can't magic money out of thin air..." Her eyes suddenly lit up with a familiar, dangerous sparkle. "Wait a minute. We can get superpowers. We can change our forms. So, why not just take some money?"

Matt's smile faltered. "Whoa, Fran, hang on." The playful mood shifted, a current of unease running beneath it. "Steal? Like... rob a bank? That's... that's a whole different level of crazy. We agreed, nothing too wild, remember? Not drawing attention to ourselves."

He ran a hand through his hair, pacing a few steps. "Think about it. If a collar like this exists, something that can grant actual superpowers, even temporarily... it means magic, or something like it, is real. And if it's real, why haven't we heard about it before? Why isn't the world full of super-powered people and magical artifacts?" He looked at Fran, his expression serious. "It makes me think there are people, or forces, out there actively keeping this stuff under wraps. Keeping it secret. If we suddenly fly into a bank vault dressed as... whatever... we're not just going to be on the six o'clock news. We'll be on their radar. And I have a feeling that's a radar we really, really don't want to be on."

Fran listened, her initial enthusiasm dimming slightly as his words sank in. She chewed on her lower lip thoughtfully. "You... you actually think there could be, like, a secret magic police or something?"

"I don't know!" Matt admitted. "But it's a possibility we have to consider. The fact that this collar was just lying in a park... maybe it was lost by someone who knows about this stuff. Maybe they're looking for it." He shuddered. "Look, I'm all for experimenting, for having some insane fun. But becoming supervillains on our first night of proper testing? That feels like a fast track to a very bad ending."

Fran let out a slow breath. "Okay," she conceded. "Okay, you're right. No bank robberies. Nothing that screams 'look at us, we have magic powers!' So, what then? I still really want to experience superpowers more. That Superman thing was... mind-blowing."

Matt's tension eased. "Me too," he agreed. "And we can. We just have to be smart about it. We stick to night flights, keep away from populated areas as much as possible. If a few people spot something weird flying around the city late at night, who's going to believe them anyway? It's deniable. Safer."

Fran's grin returned. "Okay. Deal. Covert superpower fun it is. So, who do I get to be tonight, Professor X?"

Matt smirked, his own excitement rekindling. The possibilities were endless. "Hmm. You said surprise you, right?" He tilted his head, a wicked idea forming. "Alright, Fran. Morph your clothes into Lady Valiant's superhero costume."

Fran looked down at her body expectantly. Nothing happened. She frowned. "Lady who? Matt, my clothes haven't changed." Then, in that flat, collar-compelled voice, "Unable to comply. Unknown reference." She blinked, then glared at him. "Lady Valiant? Who the heck is Lady Valiant? Is this another one of your obscure comic book things?"

Matt chuckled sheepishly. "Uh, yeah. She's from this online comic I read. Really cool powers, amazing costume..."

"The one with all the ridiculously busty women in painted-on spandex that I always see you drooling over?" Fran asked, her eyebrow arched.

"That's... a gross oversimplification," Matt protested, though he couldn't quite suppress a guilty grin. "But yes, that's the one. Guess the collar needs the wearer to know a reference point."

Fran rolled her eyes, but she was smiling. "Okay, well, when I said 'surprise me,' I didn't mean with someone literally nobody but you has ever heard of. Try again, comic boy. And make it good."

Matt's smirk returned, wider this time. "Alright, alright. Second best thing then. And we've established you know who she is. Fran, morph your current outfit into a realistic Powergirl superhero costume." Fran's eyes lit up. "Ooh, now you're talking!" She watched in delight as

her comfortable lounge clothes shimmered and reformed. The fabric that appeared was a thick, durable-looking material, white for the main bodysuit, with a bright red cape that seemed to attach seamlessly at her shoulders, and sturdy-looking red boots. The chest window was miniscule, and instead of being a leotard, it was full body.

"Huh," Fran said, looking down at herself, running a hand over the unfamiliar texture. "This feels... weirdly practical. Almost like something someone would actually fight in. It's not very... booby, though." She sounded slightly disappointed. "And the material is... kinda stiff. Not exactly superhero chic."

Matt examined her critically. "Yeah, it looks like a more realistic, less... overtly sexy interpretation of Powergirl. Like if they made a gritty reboot movie. Interesting. The collar seems to interpret it this way because I said a realistic Powergirl costume" He paused. "But we're missing something, aren't we?"

Fran laughed, striking a mock heroic pose. "What about the powers, idiot? A cool suit is nice, but I wanna fly!" "Right, right, getting to it!" Matt grinned. "Okay, Fran. Gain all the powers and abilities of Powergirl, with full, intuitive knowledge of how to expertly use them. Strength, flight, invulnerability, super-speed, super-hearing, the works."

A visible shimmer of energy seemed to coalesce around Fran. Her eyes widened, and she gasped as a rush of raw power surged through her veins. It was like a thousand lightning storms igniting simultaneously within her. She felt her muscles tense, her senses sharpen to an impossible degree. The world around her snapped into hyper-focus, sounds from blocks away becoming crystal clear, the very air buzzing with potential.

"Whoa," she breathed, her voice filled with awe. She clenched her fists, feeling an incredible, limitless strength thrumming just beneath her skin. With a tentative push, she rose from the floor, hovering effortlessly. A joyous, unrestrained laugh burst from her lips. "YES! Oh my god, Matt, this feeling! It never gets old!" She zoomed around the living room, a blur of blue and red, executing perfect aerial maneuvers, her movements sure and confident thanks to the instilled expertise. She tapped the ceiling lightly, then landed gracefully before him. "Okay, strength check!" She playfully punched the air, a miniature sonic boom cracking around her fist. "Speed check!" She vanished and reappeared behind him in the blink of an eye. "Hearing check! Mrs. Henderson down the hall is definitely burning her casserole again."

Matt watched, a mixture of awe and envy on his face. "Incredible."

Fran beamed, then her expression turned a little more... critical, as she looked down at her practical, somewhat sexless costume. "Okay, this is amazing, don't get me wrong. But," she pouted slightly, "I was kind of hoping for a more... visually stimulating outfit. You know, for the adoring public. Or, you know, just for you." She winked.

Matt chuckled, his own desires aligning perfectly with her implied request. "Point taken. The gritty reboot look is fine, but sometimes, the classics are classic for a reason. Alright, Fran: make the costume more like the iconic comic book version. More form-fitting, more... revealing. The whole nine yards."

Fran yelped as the costume suddenly tightened, clinging to her every curve like a second skin. The stiff, practical material seemed to melt away, replaced by a thinner, stretchier fabric that hugged her figure, emphasizing her natural, athletic curves. The neckline plunged dramatically, forming the infamous chest window, offering a generous glimpse of cleavage. The colors brightened, becoming more vibrant, more comic-booky. The boots became sleeker, almost thigh-high. It was undeniably less practical, far more silly, but also... incredibly, undeniably sexy.

She turned slowly, giving Matt a full view, striking a classic pin-up pose, her hand on her hip, her chest thrust forward. "Well, Monsieur?" she purred, her voice dripping with playful seduction. "Is this more to your... liking?" She wiggled her ass, which the new, tighter suit showcased to perfection.

Matt's mouth went dry. Even though it was still normal, unenhanced Fran, her familiar, beloved body now poured into that iconic, ridiculously sexy outfit... it was doing things to him. "Fran," he said, his voice a little hoarse. "You look... absolutely fucking amazing." He meant it. The power, the confidence, the sheer visual impact... it was intoxicating.

Fran laughed, clearly enjoying his reaction. "Good! Glad you approve." She did another little spin, the red cape flaring dramatically. "Okay, big boy. Ready for your turn?"

Matt grinned. "Almost. One more little change for you, Kara Zor-L."

Fran looked confused. "What now?"

"We can't risk anyone recognizing the real Fran, even if it's a long shot, right?" Matt said, his voice smooth, a plan forming in his mind. "So, just for tonight... morph your body into the same physical form as Powergirl. The full package. Height, build, hair, everything, but with a

body accurate to the comics."

Fran's eyes widened as the familiar tingling sensation of transformation washed over her. This time, it was more intense, more comprehensive than just a costume change. She felt herself stretching upwards, her bones lengthening, her muscles swelling and defining into heroic proportions. Her dark hair lightened, shortening into Powergirl's signature blonde bob. Her facial features subtly shifted, becoming stronger, more chiseled, yet still beautiful. And her breasts... oh god, her breasts. They exploded outwards, filling the already strained costume, becoming the colossal, gravity-defying orbs of the Kryptonian heroine. Within moments, she was no longer Fran in a costume; she was Powergirl, in every physical particular.

She looked down at her new, incredible physique, then at Matt, a mixture of shock and dawning excitement on her transformed face. "Holy... Matt! Why the sudden upgrade? I mean, not that I'm complaining, this body is insane, but..."

Matt just smirked, his eyes filled with a predatory gleam. "Safety first, Kara. Can't have anyone connecting you to... well, you." He paused. "Besides," he added, his voice dropping to a low, suggestive growl, "let's be honest. You just really, really wanted to fuck Powergirl, right?"

Fran – now Powergirl – threw back her head and laughed, a booming, confident sound that echoed through the room. "You know me so well, Earthman!" She winked, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

Matt reached out and carefully unbuckled the collar from her powerful neck. "Timer on your phone, twelve hours, starting now." Fran nodded, her fingers flying over her phone screen with superhuman speed. Beep. Done. She then took the collar and, with a playful, dominant grin, stepped towards Matt. "Your turn, flyboy." She fastened it around his neck. Click.

"Alright, handsome," she purred, her voice a perfect imitation of a confident superheroine. "First things first. You're not tired anymore. You feel like you just had eight hours of the best goddamn sleep of your life. Energized and ready to save the world... or at least keep up with me."

Matt felt the exhaustion vanish, replaced by a surge of vibrant energy. "Wow. Okay. Feeling good." He grinned up at the now significantly taller Fran. "So, who do I get to be? Surely

Superman, to go with my lovely lady of power here, right? Classic duo."

Fran tapped a perfectly manicured finger against her chin, a thoughtful, teasing expression on her face. "Mmm, Superman is a bit... predictable, don't you think? But I think... I have a more interesting idea for our little team-up tonight." Her eyes gleamed. "Matt, morph your clothes into Spider-Man's costume. The classic red and blue."

Matt watched, intrigued, as his clothes shimmered and reformed into the iconic Spidey suit. It felt surprisingly comfortable, flexible. He pulled off the mask, looking down at himself. "Huh. Spider-Man. Okay, not bad. Lots of fun potential. But... aw, man, I was really hoping I could fly tonight. Kind of jealous, not gonna lie."

Fran chuckled, floating a few inches off the ground just to rub it in. "You'll get your chance to soar, mister. Patience. For now, let's see if you have the proportional strength and speed of a spider, hmm?" She smirked. "Gain all the powers and abilities of Spider-Man, with full, intuitive knowledge of how to expertly use them. That includes the wall-crawling, the spider-sense, and yes, fully functional, organic web-shooters from your wrists."

A jolt, like a thousand tiny needles, shot through Matt's body. He felt a profound shift, a lightness, an incredible surge of agility and coiled power. His senses sharpened, the room around him seeming to buzz with information. He looked at his hands, and with a focused thought, a thick strand of sticky webbing shot from his wrist, sticking to the far wall with a satisfying thwip.

"Holy SHIT!" Matt yelled, a wide, incredulous grin spreading across his face. He did a spontaneous backflip, landing perfectly. He leaped onto the wall, clinging there effortlessly, then crawled across the ceiling, laughing like a maniac. "This is AMAZING! I feel incredible! I can stick to anything!" He hung upside down, grinning at Fran.

She laughed, a genuine, delighted sound. "Okay, Spidey, you look ridiculous, but in a good way. Glad you're enjoying the upgrade."

"Enjoying it? I LOVE it!" Matt flipped back down to the floor. "Okay, so I'm Spider-Man. Now, give me the makeover treatment. Make me look like... well, like a superhero version of myself, I guess?"

Fran's smirk returned, sharper this time, more predatory. "Oh, I'm not quite done with the costume change yet, web-slinger." Her voice dropped, taking on a commanding, almost

hypnotic tone. "Matt, morph your Spider-Man costume into a Spider-Gwen costume. The white, black, and pink hooded version."

Matt looked down, his elation instantly replaced by confusion and a dawning sense of alarm as the red and blue fabric shimmered, shifting into the distinctive, more feminine lines of the Spider-Gwen suit. The hood even popped up over his head. "Uh... Fran? What the hell? Why am I wearing a woman's costume?"

Fran floated closer, her expression unreadable, her blue eyes intense. "Because, Matty," she said softly, "female Matt is making a comeback tonight."

"What?! Why?!" Matt yelled, pulling off the hood, his voice tight with panic. "No! Fran, I don't want to be a girl again! Not tonight! I want to try this out as a guy! This is the classic male power fantasy, being Spider-Man! Don't ruin it!"

She reached out, gently tracing the outline of the spider emblem on his chest with a powerful finger. "Oh, but I kinda enjoyed you as a girl! It was nice having someone other than a guy to hang with. And besides," her voice softened, becoming almost insidiously persuasive, "you could probably learn a thing or two about seeing the world from a different perspective. Again."

Matt started to plead, to argue, but her gaze held his, firm and unyielding. "Oh, but Matt," she purred, her voice a silken command that slid directly into his brain, bypassing all resistance. "You want to be a girl superhero for tonight, don't you? You desperately want to feel that sleek, agile female body, to experience the thrill of being Spider-Gwen. More than anything."

The command hit him like a physical blow, yet it wasn't unpleasant. One moment, he was panicking, resisting; the next, a profound, undeniable wave of desire washed over him. He did want it. He really, really did. The thought of being a guy in this scenario suddenly seemed... boring. Uninspired. But to be Spider-Gwen? To swing through the city in that lithe, powerful female form? That sounded... incredible. It was a strange, disorienting feeling, knowing his desires weren't entirely his own, yet feeling them with an intensity that was utterly convincing. The internal conflict was there, a faint whisper of his original preference, but it was drowned out by the overwhelming, collar-induced want.

He looked up at Fran, a dazed, almost dreamy expression on his face. "Yeah," he breathed,

his voice already softening, losing its masculine edge. "Yeah, I... I really do want to be Spider-Gwen. More than anything." He couldn't help it; the words felt true, even as a distant part of his mind screamed otherwise. He grinned, a wide, eager, slightly loopy smile. "Do your worst."

Fran's triumphant smirk was blinding. "Excellent. Then let's complete the ensemble. Matt, transform into Gwen Stacy, as she appears in the Spider-Gwen comics and the Spider-Verse movies. Full physical transformation, voice, everything."

The transformation was swift, familiar yet always unsettling. He felt his frame slim down, his muscles becoming leaner, more defined in a feminine way. His shoulders narrowed, his waist cinched, his hips flared into graceful curves. His hands and feet became smaller, more delicate. The sensation between his legs shifted, the familiar male anatomy retracting, replaced by the soft, intricate folds of female genitalia. His face softened, his features becoming exquisitely pretty, framed by a stylishly choppy blonde bob with pink highlights, just like Gwen's. Small, perky breasts blossomed under the tight suit, pressing against the fabric.

When it was done, Matt looked down at himself, at his new female body. He felt... amazing. Light, agile, powerful, and undeniably, intoxicatingly female. He struck a cute, dynamic pose, one hand on his hip, the other poised to shoot a web. "Whoo!" he chirped, his voice now Gwen's familiar, slightly sassy, youthful tone, though his mind was still entirely Matt. He grabbed his new small breasts, giving them an appreciative squeeze. "Nice! And these hips! This ass!" He turned, admiring his new curves. "This body feels incredible! Like I jumped straight out of the movie! It's so... perfectly animated!" His male mind reeled at the sensations, the alien softness and curves, yet the commanded desire made him revel in it.

Fran laughed, a rich, booming sound. "You do look very realistic, Matt. Almost... unreal. Ready to paint the town?" She reached out and, with a gentle tug, removed the collar from Matt's neck. Matt immediately tapped his phone, starting his own 12-hour timer.

The two of them – Fran as the statuesque Powergirl, Matt as the lithe and punkish Spider-Gwen – stood facing each other. An unlikely duo, brought together by magic and whim.

"Let's go, Fran!" Matt yelled in Gwen's voice, pulling his hood up. He sprinted towards the balcony railing, leaped onto it with impossible balance, and then launched himself into the night air with a joyous whoop. A strand of webbing shot from his wrist, catching on a nearby

skyscraper, and he swung away, arcing gracefully through the urban canyons, his male mind exhilarated by the female body's agility.

Fran just chuckled, shaking her head at Matt's exuberant departure. Then, with a surge of her own power, she blasted off the balcony, a blonde comet streaking into the night sky after her new, temporary partner.

The city became their playground. Fran soared through the clouds, feeling the rush of wind against her face, reveling in the sheer, unadulterated freedom of flight. She looped and dived, a golden streak against the dark canvas of the night, occasionally swooping down to playfully buzz the rooftops. Below, Matt, as the agile Spider-Gwen, was a whirlwind of acrobatic motion. He swung between buildings with breathtaking skill, his webs arcing like silver threads in the moonlight. He ran up walls, flipped over obstacles, his movements a dizzying ballet of speed and agility.

During a brief respite, they found themselves on the deserted rooftop of a skyscraper, the city sprawling beneath them like a carpet of fallen stars. Fran, in her magnificent Powergirl form, landed lightly, her cape billowing. Matt, as Spider-Gwen, gracefully somersaulted onto the ledge beside her, his lithe female body humming with energy.

"This is... unreal," Matt breathed, his Gwen-voice filled with awe as he looked out at the view, then down at his own gloved hands. He flexed his fingers, marveling at the responsive strength in his slender limbs. "I feel like I could dance on air." He did a playful pirouette, his movements impossibly fluid and graceful, the pink and white of his suit a vibrant splash against the dark sky. His small, firm Gwen-breasts pressed against the spandex, and he reached up, giving them a curious, almost detached squeeze. "Still can't quite believe these are... mine, for tonight."

Fran chuckled, her Powergirl voice a low, appreciative rumble. She leaned against a stone parapet, her own colossal bosom straining against the fabric of her iconic suit. "You're definitely rocking the look, webs. Very... flexible." She reached out, her super-strong fingers playfully flicking one of the pointed ends of Matt's Gwen-hood. Her touch, even that light, sent a jolt through Matt's heightened senses. He looked at her, at the sheer, overwhelming power and femininity radiating from her Kryptonian form. The sculpted muscles of her arms, the impossible curve of her waist leading to those powerful hips, the sheer, blatant display of her cleavage in the chest window of her suit... His male mind, even filtered through the

commanded desire to be Gwen, recognized the raw, primal appeal.

"And you," Matt replied, his Gwen-eyes sweeping over Powergirl's form with an intensity that was part Matt's admiration and part the collar-compelled female desire, "are just... breathtaking, Fran. Like a statue of a goddess come to life. But, you know, with way better tits." He grinned, and even in his female form, it was Matt's familiar, teasing grin.

Fran threw back her head and laughed, the sound echoing slightly in the vast emptiness of the rooftop. "Glad you appreciate the classics, Spidey." She pushed off the parapet, floating a few inches off the ground, her arms crossed over her magnificent chest. "So, what do you say? Ready for another round of 'let's see what these amazing bodies can do'?"

Matt's grin widened. "Lead the way, powerhouse."

After what felt like hours of joyous, super-powered abandon, they found themselves perched on the gargoyle of an old skyscraper, overlooking the glittering expanse of the city. A comfortable silence settled between them, punctuated only by the distant hum of traffic. They'd snagged a couple of giant slices of pepperoni pizza from a late-night joint, using their costumes as a flimsy excuse ("It's for a charity superhero run! We got hungry!"). The guy behind the counter hadn't blinked twice, just commented on how scarily good their costumes were for their appearances, asking if they'd considered playing these roles in the movies with how close they look to the comic versions. They were still laughing about it.

"This," Matt said, taking a huge bite of his pizza, his voice Gwen's but his satisfaction Matt's, "is officially the best night of my life. Even better than... well, most things." He sighed contentedly, leaning back against the cold stone, his lithe, powerful female body thrumming with residual energy. He tentatively touched the area between his legs through the thin spandex of his suit, a thoughtful, almost wistful expression on his pretty, Gwen-like face. His male mind was still trying to process the phantom sensations and the reality of his current anatomy.

Fran, who had been watching him with an amused smirk, saw the gesture. "Still thinking about that orgasm yesterday, Matty?" she teased, her voice rumbling with laughter.

Matt blushed, a faint pink dusting his cheeks. "Yeah," he admitted, his voice softer now. "Being a woman is... something else. That feeling... it was insane. I never knew..." His male perspective was struggling to reconcile with the intense female pleasure he'd been forced to

experience, and now, commanded to desire.

Fran chuckled. "You know you're only enjoying the idea of being a girl right now because I told you to, right? The actual wanting-to-be-Spider-Gwen part?"

Matt nodded slowly, fiddling with a loose strand of his blonde bob. "Kinda. It's weird. Like... I know a part of me is still in here, kinda observing all this and thinking 'what the actual fuck?'. He definitely wanted to be a powerful male superhero, that classic guy fantasy. But then there's this other part, the part you put there with the command, that's just... completely into being her. And it feels totally real. Overwhelmingly real." He grabbed his small, firm Gwen-breasts with a grin that was a strange mix of Matt's humor and Gwen's commanded enthusiasm. "And honestly? Even without the command, after yesterday... yeah. I think a part of me was curious to explore this side more. It's... a lot to process."

"It's a shame we have actual, boring work on Monday," Fran sighed, gazing out at the city lights, her Powergirl form radiating a soft glow. "If only there was a way to, you know, fund our early retirement so we could do this all the time. Steal enough money without drawing too much attention..."

"If only," Matt echoed wistfully.

Suddenly, Fran's head snapped up, her expression intent. Her super-hearing, far more acute than Matt's enhanced senses, had picked up something. The distant, rhythmic clatter of slot machines, the murmur of voices, the faint clinking of chips... a casino. And with it, an idea, sharp and sudden and utterly audacious, sparked in her mind. An idea Matt definitely wasn't going to like, not without a little... persuasion.

She turned to Matt, a predatory glint in her Kryptonian blue eyes. "Speaking of funding..." she began, her voice a low, dangerous purr. Before Matt could react, Fran moved with blinding speed. She snatched the collar and in a microsecond, it was fastened securely around Matt's neck. Click.

"Hey!" Matt yelped, his hands flying to his throat, trying to pull it off. "Fran! What the hell are you—?"

Matt looked concerned. He knew he couldn't remove the collar himself.

"Fran! Get this thing off me! What are you planning?" he yelled, his voice tight with anger

and a dawning sense of dread, the Gwen-like tones laced with Matt's panic.

Fran just smiled, a slow, dangerous curve of her lips. She flew off the ledge, turned, and faced Matt, hovering in front of him. "Oh, Matty. You don't want it removed."

The command hit Matt like a physical force. The anger, the resistance, just... vanished. Replaced by a calm, unquestioning acceptance. "Okay," he said, his voice suddenly placid, his hands dropping to his sides. "Okay, I don't want it removed. You're right." He looked at Fran, his expression now one of mild, agreeable curiosity. "But Fran, what are you planning?"

"We," Fran announced, her eyes blazing with excitement, "are going to rob that casino."

A flicker of Matt's original caution tried to surface, a protest forming on his lips. "No... Fran, isn't that too risky? The attention...?"

Fran's smile widened. "Oh, Matty, you want to rob it just as much as I do. In fact, on this particular topic, you happen to agree with me on everything. We are completely on the same page. It's a brilliant idea, and you're thrilled to be a part of it."

The conflict within Matt evaporated instantly. His original cautious voice was silenced, replaced by an enthusiastic, unwavering agreement. A smirk, mirroring Fran's, spread across his pretty, Gwen-like face. "You know what, Fran?" he said, his voice filled with newfound excitement. "You're absolutely right! Robbing a casino! It's brilliant! Genius! Thank god you used the collar to put some sense into me. Let's do it!"

Fran laughed, a triumphant, almost manic sound. She leaned in and gave Matt a hard, possessive kiss, which felt weird since she was technically kissing a girl. "That's my partner. Now, follow me!" She launched herself off the gargoyle, a blonde comet heading towards the glittering lights of the casino district. Matt, his heart pounding with commanded excitement and loyalty, leaped after her, shooting a web and swinging effortlessly into the night.

They landed silently in a darkened alleyway a block from the casino, the pulsating neon lights casting long, dancing shadows. "Okay," Fran said, her voice all business now. "We need better disguises than superhero costumes if we're going to walk in the front door. We need to blend." She looked at Matt. She needed him to put the collar on her so he could command her to change outfits, but she didn't want Matt to keep the collar on her since she needed him to take it off. She couldn't take it off herself. "Matt, you want to be the one wearing the collar for the infiltration phase."

Matt heard the command, and nodded enthusiastically. "Oh my god, I do!"

Fran chuckled. "First, put it on me. And then, give me some new clothes. We need to look... expensive." She took the collar off Matt, and he eagerly fastened it around Fran's. Click. "Okay, Fran" Matt chirped in Gwen's voice. "Morph your supersuit into a sexy, red dress. Something that screams 'high roller'. Oh! And make it so it can morph back into your Powergirl suit with just a thought. Just in case."

Fran smirked. "Smart thinking, webs. Done." With a shimmer, her iconic suit melted away, replaced by a stunning, figure-hugging crimson gown that clung to her Kryptonian physique in all the right places, leaving her powerful shoulders bare. It was elegant, yet undeniably provocative.

Matt then removed the collar from Fran, his fingers brushing against the warm skin of her neck, eager for Fran to put it on him. Fran obliged, a glint of amusement in her eyes as she fastened it around Matt's slender throat. Click. "Alright, your turn," Fran purred. "Matt, your Spider-Gwen suit morphs into a sexy, black cocktail dress. Knee-length, slinky, and with the same insta-change feature as mine. And lose the hood, obviously."

With another shimmer, Matt's suit transformed. He was now wearing a chic, dangerously short black dress that showcased his long, athletic Gwen-legs. It was sophisticated, yet hinted at a wild side. The two of them, Fran in her regal red and Matt in his seductive black, looked like a pair of sexy high-class operatives ready for a night of intrigue... or a very lucrative heist.

They stepped out of the alley and, with an air of unshakeable confidence, strolled towards the glittering entrance of the casino. Matt, as Gwen in a slinky black dress that shimmered with every graceful movement of his temporary female form, felt a strange thrill. His male mind was still trying to reconcile with the lithe, feminine body he inhabited, but the commanded desire to be Gwen, coupled with the general agreement to Fran's plan, made it an exciting, albeit surreal, experience. Fran, in her regal red Powergirl gown, looked every inch the high-roller, her Kryptonian physique radiating an aura of untouchable power and wealth.

Inside, the casino was a sensory overload – a symphony of ringing slot machines, the murmur of hundreds of voices, the clatter of chips, all under a haze of expensive perfume and desperate hope. The opulent décor, all gilt and velvet, seemed designed to both dazzle and disorient. Fran, her Powergirl senses already heightened, took it all in with a predatory calm, her X-ray vision instantly mapping the building's layout, pinpointing security cameras, guard

stations, and the tell-tale reinforced structures of the vault levels deep beneath their feet. Matt, as the lithe Spider-Gwen, felt his own enhanced senses thrumming, a low-level hum of information – the subtle shift of air currents, the vibrations through the floor, the almost imperceptible tells of the gamblers around them. It was exhilarating, a stark contrast to his usual mundane perception.

"Okay, Matt," Fran murmured, her voice a low, almost inaudible thrum that his spider-senses picked up easily amidst the din. "I've got the layout. Vault is three floors down. Access through a security door near the high-roller lounge, then an elevator. Looks like we need a keycard for the elevator, and then biometrics for the vault itself – palm and retinal."

Matt, his mind still buzzing with the commanded agreement to the heist, felt a surge of confidence. "Right. So we need a manager." He scanned the room, his eyes, Gwen's eyes, bright with a mischievous intelligence. He spotted a man in an expensive, impeccably tailored suit confidently striding through the baccarat tables, nodding to staff, clearly someone in authority. He was handsome, maybe in his mid-thirties, with dark hair swept back from a strong forehead, a lean, fit build that spoke of gym time, and an air of effortless command. A name tag read 'Julian Thorne, Casino Director'.

"There's our guy," Matt whispered back, nodding towards Thorne. "Looks like he owns the place."

Fran's gaze followed Matt's, and a slow, appreciative smirk touched her Powergirl lips. "Ooh, he's rather... dashing, isn't he?" She winked at Matt. "Alright, webs. Time for your next starring role. Morph into him. Julian Thorne, Casino Director. Clothes, body, the whole shebang."

The command, delivered with Fran's playful authority, resonated through Matt thanks to the collar he still had on. He felt the familiar, unsettling shimmer of transformation. His lithe Spider-Gwen form flowed and reshaped. His height increased, shoulders broadened, muscles filled out with lean, hard definition. The delicate Gwen features sharpened, masculinized, becoming Thorne's handsome, confident visage. The short black cocktail dress melted away, replaced by an exact replica of Thorne's expensive charcoal suit, crisp white shirt, and silk tie. Within seconds, Matt was gone, and Julian Thorne, Casino Director, stood in his place, his male mind reeling within this new, impressive masculine shell. He felt taller, stronger, his clothes fitting with an expensive, comfortable precision.

"Wow," Matt exclaimed, his voice now Thorne's smooth, cultured baritone, looking down at

his hands, the expensive watch on his wrist. "This is... interesting."

Fran chuckled, her eyes doing a slow, appreciative sweep of Matt's new form. "Damn, Matt," she purred, genuine admiration in her tone. "You clean up nice. That is one hell of a body. Definitely making me feel a few things." A faint flush touched her Kryptonian cheeks.

Matt smirked, enjoying her reaction despite the internal strangeness. "Glad you approve. Now, about those memories..."

"Right," Fran said, refocusing, though her gaze still lingered on Matt's broad shoulders. "Okay, Matt. Access Julian Thorne's full memories. Everything he knows. Security protocols, vault combinations, his bank account numbers, where he hides his spare keys... the works."

Matt's brow furrowed in concentration. He closed his eyes, as if trying to delve into a vast mental archive. The air seemed to crackle for a moment. Then, his eyes snapped open, a look of confusion, then frustration, on his handsome face. "Unable to comply," he stated, his voice flat, the collar-compelled response overriding his own tone. He blinked, then his own frustration resurfaced. "Damn it! Nothing! I'm still just... me, in his body. No memories, no knowledge. Just... this suit, and an unfortunate awareness of how expensive his dental work must have been."

Fran's eyes widened. "Really? No memories at all? The collar can rewrite your personality, give you skills, but it can't just... download someone else's entire mind?"

"Apparently not," Matt grumbled. "So much for an easy route. I was really hoping to find out his PIN number." A distant part of him thanks to the earlier commands added an internal grumble: *And I really wanted to stay as Gwen. This guy is... okay, but Fran made me want to be a girl tonight. Ugh.*

Fran processed this new limitation quickly. "Okay, setback, but not a disaster. We knew the vault itself needed Thorne's biometrics, which you now have. But the elevator needs a keycard. And since you don't have his memories, you don't know where his keycard is." Her super-vision scanned the casino floor again. Her gaze locked onto another manager-type, less imposing than Thorne, currently engrossed in a high-stakes poker game, a gold-trimmed keycard clearly visible in the breast pocket of his jacket. "Plan B it is."

Leaving Matt looking slightly lost and very expensive by a towering floral display, Fran moved with the fluid grace and imperceptible speed of a Kryptonian. She sauntered past the

poker table, her red dress drawing a few appreciative glances. A "stumble," a charmingly flustered apology as she "accidentally" brushed against the second manager, and her fingers, moving faster than the human eye could follow, deftly lifted the keycard from his pocket. She was back at Matt's side before he'd even had time to properly admire the fit of his new trousers. She dangled the gold keycard triumphantly.

"Problem solved," she whispered, a predatory glint in her eyes. "Let's go make a withdrawal."

They walked towards the discreet security door near the high-roller lounge, Matt adopting what he hoped was a suitably authoritative stride. He swiped the stolen keycard. The light flashed green, and the door clicked open. They stepped into a small, sterile antechamber with a single elevator.

The ride down was silent, the hum of the elevator motors the only sound. Matt found himself examining his new reflection in the polished steel doors. Julian Thorne was undeniably a handsome man. Strong jaw, intelligent eyes, a subtle air of confidence that even Matt's underlying personality couldn't entirely suppress. He ran a hand through Thorne's perfectly styled dark hair, felt the expensive fabric of the suit against his skin. This body felt... solid. Powerful, in a different way than Spider-Gwen. It was the power of status, of wealth, of command. Fran watched him, a faint smile playing on her lips, her own Powergirl form radiating an almost palpable energy in the confined space. The sight of Matt, as this attractive, powerful man, inspecting himself with a mixture of curiosity and commanded agreement, was undeniably arousing to her. She could feel herself getting wet.

The elevator chimed, and the doors slid open onto a hushed, heavily secured corridor. At the far end, a massive, circular steel door gleamed under the stark fluorescent lights – the vault.

"Showtime, Mr. Thorne," Fran murmured, a thrill in her voice.

Matt approached the vault. He placed his (currently Thorne's) palm on the glowing scanner beside the door. A soft beep, and a green light illuminated. He then leaned into the retinal scanner. Another beep, another green light. With a series of satisfyingly heavy clunks, whirs, and hisses, the massive vault door, thick as a bank wall, began to retract into the wall, revealing the treasure within.

Fran let out a low, appreciative whistle. The vault was lined with safety deposit boxes, but

in the center were open cages filled with stacks of bundled cash, trays of casino chips, and a frankly obscene amount of gold bars.

"Jackpot," she breathed, her Powergirl eyes gleaming.

Even Matt, despite his internal reservations and the layers of command, felt a surge of illicit excitement at the sight of so much wealth. They found a sturdy, unassuming duffel bag in a nearby supply locker – clearly for internal cash transfers, not usually for heists by super-powered beings.

"We stick to the plan," Fran said, her voice firm, all business. "Cash from the teller reserve cages only. Easy to carry, hard to trace. We're not trying to empty the place and bring the entire city down on our heads. Just... securing a comfortable start to that early retirement plan."

They worked quickly, stuffing bundles of hundred-dollar bills into the duffel bag. It filled up surprisingly fast. When it was bulging, Thorne-Matt zipped it shut. "That's about a hundred thousand, I'd guess," he said, the director's voice surprisingly steady. "Enough for a good start."

"A very good start," Fran agreed, hefting the bag. It was heavy, but to her Kryptonian strength, it was nothing. Matt's additional Spider-Gwen strength helped, but it was nothing compared to Fran.

Back in the elevator, heading up, Fran grinned at him, her eyes sparkling with triumph. "Alright, Mr. Thorne. You played your part beautifully. But I think it's time for our favorite spider to make a comeback. Matt, morph your body and clothes back to how you were as Gwen Stacy in the black dress."

-Matt sighed dramatically, a wave of relief washing over him as the handsome but unfamiliar male form melted away. "Oh, thank GOD," he breathed in Gwen Stacy's familiar, sassy tones as his lithe female body, clad in the sexy black cocktail dress, returned. "Being that guy was... an experience. But this? This feels right." He did a little shimmy, his Spider-Gwen hips swaying, the commanded desire to be female for the night flooding back with comforting intensity. "Much better."

They re-entered the casino floor, two stunning women, one carrying a rather heavy-looking duffel bag, drawing a few curious but ultimately dismissive glances. They walked coolly towards the exit, melting back into the neon-lit night. Once they were a safe

distance away, concealed in the shadows of another deserted alley, a shared thought, and their glamorous dresses shimmered back into their respective supersuits – Powergirl's iconic red, white, and blue, and Spider-Gwen's edgy black, white, and pink.

Fran scooped up Matt and the duffel bag. "Hold tight, webs!" With a powerful thrust of her Kryptonian legs, they launched into the sky, a streak of color against the dark city, leaving the glittering casino and its unsuspecting patrons far behind.

Back in their apartment, the duffel bag was unceremoniously dumped onto the bed, its contents spilling out in a cascade of crisp, hundred-dollar bills. They'd done it. A hundred thousand dollars. Tax-free. Their first successful, albeit highly illegal, superpower-assisted acquisition. The thrill of it was intoxicating, a potent cocktail of adrenaline, power, and shared conspiracy. "We can quit our jobs!" Matt yelled in Gwen's voice, grabbing handfuls of cash and tossing them exuberantly into the air. The notes fluttered down around them like illicit confetti. "We can actually do this! We can figure out how to get more, be more careful next time! This is insane!"

Fran was laughing, a deep, joyous, booming sound that filled the small apartment. She grabbed Matt, still in his Spider-Gwen form, and spun him around, both of them giddy with their success. But as the initial rush began to fade, Matt had a thought.

"Fran," he began, his voice hesitant, the Gwen-tones laced with Matt's returning caution as he pulled away slightly. "This is... amazing. Don't get me wrong, I'm with you on this, but that's only because you commanded me to be. What happens when you take this collar off me? When that twelve hours is up? The 'total agreement' thing will wear off. Normal Matt is not going to be happy about robbing a casino. He's going to freak out. Big time."

Fran floated over to him, her Powergirl expression softening. She gently took Matt's Gwen-face in her powerful hands, her touch surprisingly tender. "I know you, Matt," she said softly, her voice losing some of its booming superheroine quality, becoming more Fran-like, persuasive. "And I know this is a lot. A huge leap. But think about it. The freedom. The possibilities. No more shitty jobs, no more worrying about rent or bills. We can do anything, be anyone, go anywhere. When the commands wear off, we'll talk. Properly. I'll explain it all, how careful we were, how this is just the start. And I can convince you. I know I can. We're in this together, remember? Partners." Matt looked into Fran's Kryptonian blue eyes, saw the sincerity there, the excitement, the shared thrill of their incredible secret. The collar's

influence was still strong, shaping his desires and agreement, but Fran's words, her confidence, resonated deeply. "Okay," he whispered, his Gwen-voice barely audible. "Okay. We'll talk." He managed a shaky smile. "But for now... I know this is just your mind control at work, but damn, this is awesome."

They kissed then, a deep, passionate, celebratory kiss, surrounded by the spoils of their crime, the scent of money and power and lingering adrenaline thick in the air. As they broke apart, Matt looked up at Fran, a hungry, predatory glint in his violet Gwen-eyes, his inhibitions eroded by the collar and the night's events. "Not gonna lie," he purred, his voice dropping to a husky whisper, his hands instinctively going to his own small Gwen-breasts, then lower, brushing against the spandex between his legs. "This body of yours is so fucking sexy. All that power, those curves... I wish I had a dick right now to just... wreck you. To feel myself buried deep inside all that Kryptonian perfection."

Fran's eyes flashed with amusement and a matching, fierce desire. "Oh, that can be arranged, my little spider." She reached for the collar on Matt's neck. "Strip."

The command was absolute. Matt obeyed instantly, his Spider-Gwen suit melting away with a thought, revealing the toned, athletic, and utterly naked physique of Gwen Stacy beneath. Every line was taut with anticipation, his skin flushed, his small breasts tight, their nipples hard and prominent. His male mind registered a strange, almost out-of-body thrill at being commanded to strip his current female form, at the vulnerability and the power exchange.

"Now," Fran commanded, her voice a silken caress that sent shivers down Matt's spine, "Transform back into your original male body, but keep all your Spider-Man powers."

The now-familiar sensation of transformation washed over Matt. Gwen Stacy melted away, replaced by his own familiar male form, though still imbued with the tingling energy and heightened senses of Spider-Man. A wave of sadness hit him as Gwen's body disappeared – the command to want to be her for the night was still active, even if he was physically male again. He missed the lithe agility, the feel of the suit, the undeniable sexiness of that female form. But the sight of Fran, naked Powergirl, standing before him, her own body radiating an almost nuclear level of arousal, quickly began to override that commanded regret.

"Now," Fran continued, her voice a low, commanding thrum that vibrated deep in Matt's chest, "you are incredibly hard, Matt. Rock solid. And you are hornier than you have ever been

in your life. You want me, Powergirl, more than you have ever wanted anything. It's a fantasy you've craved, and now it's real."

Matt gasped as the command took hold. His sadness at losing Gwen's form was instantly vaporized, replaced by a roaring inferno of pure, unadulterated lust. His cock, already stirring at the sight of naked Powergirl, sprang to full, aching attention, thick and painfully hard against his thigh. Every nerve ending in his body screamed for her. This was it. Powergirl. His ultimate fantasy. And she was here, naked, waiting for him.

"Oh, fuck, Fran," he groaned, his voice thick with desire, his eyes devouring her. "You... you have no idea..."

He lunged for her, and their super-powered bodies collided. His male hands, imbued with Spidey-strength, immediately went to her colossal breasts, squeezing the impossibly soft, heavy flesh, his thumbs teasing her large, hard nipples. Fran moaned, a deep, guttural sound, her own hands gripping his shoulders, her super-strength surprisingly gentle for now. Matt felt like he was drowning in her, in the scent of her skin, the taste of her mouth, the sheer overwhelming presence of her Kryptonian power. He ran his hands down her back, over the incredible curve of her ass, pulling her tight against his raging erection. He was in heaven.

Fran broke the kiss, panting, her blue eyes blazing. She pushed him gently but firmly onto his back on the bed, the springs groaning in protest. "My turn to take control, Spidey," she purred. Then, with an effortless grace that defied her size, she lifted off the bed, hovering a few feet above him. The sight of her, naked Powergirl suspended in mid-air, her magnificent breasts swaying gently, her golden hair fanned out, her eyes burning down at him with predatory intent, nearly made Matt cum on the spot.

Slowly, deliberately, she positioned herself directly over his straining erection. Then, with agonizing precision, she began to lower herself, using her flight to control her descent with millimeter accuracy. Matt watched, transfixed, as her wet, welcoming heat descended upon him. He gasped as the head of his cock breached her, then moaned aloud as she impaled herself fully, taking all of him deep inside her. She hovered there for a moment, impaled, their eyes locked, a shared look of savage triumph passing between them. Then, using only her power of flight, she began to ride him, her movements impossibly smooth, incredibly deep, creating a friction that was both agonizing and ecstatic. Matt could only grip the sheets, his body arching, his senses completely overwhelmed.

She rode him like that for what felt like an eternity, her pace varying from slow, deep grinds that made him see stars, to faster, harder thrusts that threatened to shatter his control. Her moans filled the room, a symphony of pleasure. But then, she paused, hovering just above him, her brow furrowed slightly. "Mmm," she murmured, looking down at his body, then at her own. "This is... amazing. But... this Powergirl body... it needs more. It craves... something different." Her eyes suddenly lit up with a familiar, mischievous glint. She remembered the sight of Matt as Julian Thorne, the handsome, powerful casino director, and the unexpected surge of arousal it had caused in her. "Matt," she commanded, her voice dropping into that silken, irresistible tone. "Morph into Julian Thorne again. Naked. Keep your Spider-Man powers."

Matt felt the transformation take hold, his Spidey-powered male body shifting, broadening, becoming the lean, powerful physique of the casino director. His features sharpened into Thorne's handsome visage. "Hey! What gives?" he started to say in Thorne's smooth baritone, a flicker of his original preference for his own body trying to surface, but Fran cut him off.

"Don't question it, Matt," she purred. "You love this. You want this."

The command settled, and Matt's momentary confusion vanished, replaced by a surge of powerful, masculine desire. He looked down at his new, impressive body, then up at Powergirl hovering above him, and a predatory grin spread across his handsome face. "You're right, Fran," he growled. "I do love this." He reached up, his hands gripping her powerful thighs, and pulled her down for another searing kiss.

Their fucking resumed with renewed intensity. Matt, as Thorne, felt an intoxicating blend of raw masculine power and Spider-Man's agility. He flipped them, pinning Fran beneath him, then, with a surge of Spidey-strength, lifted her and slammed her against the wall, her legs wrapping around his waist. She was still floating slightly, her feet inches off the ground, as he clung to the wall around her using his spider-grip, his powerful body driving into her with savage force.

"More, Matt! More!" Fran cried, her voice hoarse. "Fill me!"

Suddenly, she gasped, her eyes widening. "Wait! Matt! Your cock... make it grow! Three inches longer, thicker! Right now! Inside me!"

Matt, lost in the haze of lust and command, barely registered the words, but his body obeyed. Fran screamed as she felt him expand within her, stretching her, filling her in a way

that was almost unbearably intense. Her Powergirl body, capable of withstanding incredible forces, was being pushed to its limits by this magically enhanced penetration. "Oh, GOD! YES! That's it! That's what I needed! So full! So... perfect!" She wrapped her legs tighter around him, her nails digging into his back.

Matt felt his own orgasm building, a tidal wave about to crash. "Fran! I'm... I'm gonna cum!"

"No!" she commanded instantly, her voice sharp. "You will not cum until I cum! Delay your orgasm! Hold it! Match mine!"

He felt the impending release recede, held in check by the collar's power, leaving him on a knife-edge of agonizing pleasure. He continued to thrust, his body a coiled spring of contained energy, while simultaneously burying his face in her colossal breasts, sucking hard on her nipples, his tongue laving the sensitive peaks.

Fran was writhing beneath him, her moans echoing through the room. "Not enough! I need more!" With him still buried deep inside her, she used her super-strength and flight to maneuver them, with incredible speed, back towards the bed. She landed on top of him, straddling his body, and immediately began to ride him again, her flight allowing her to control the depth and angle with impossible precision. "Your other hand, Matt!" she gasped, her eyes glazed with ecstasy. "My clit! Now! You know exactly how I like it! Make me cum!"

Matt's free hand, guided by an almost instinctive knowledge thanks to the command, found her swollen clitoris. He began to stroke her with an expert rhythm, his fingers dancing over that tiny nub of pleasure, while his cock continued its relentless assault from below. The combination was devastating. Fran screamed, a sound that was pure, unadulterated release, her entire Kryptonian body convulsing, her inner muscles clenching around Matt in a series of impossibly tight spasms.

Her orgasm triggered his. The command to match her release was fulfilled, and Matt roared as his own climax, held back and intensified, finally exploded from him, flooding her with his seed.

They collapsed onto the ravaged bed, a tangled mess of super-powered limbs and spent desire. For long moments, the only sound was their harsh, ragged breathing. The room was a wreck – webs, shattered picture frames, the scent of intense, otherworldly sex hanging heavy in the air.

Fran, her Powergirl form still radiating a faint warmth, slowly opened her eyes. She glanced at the bedside clock, her super-vision cutting through the dim light. Her eyes widened in genuine shock. "Oh my god," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "Matt... it's almost ten AM."

Matt, still in Thorne's body, stirred beside her, his eyes fluttering open. "Ten AM?" he mumbled, dazed. "But... we just... how long were we...?"

"Hours," Fran said, a note of disbelief in her voice. "Literally hours. We got back from the casino around... what, five in the morning? That Superhero sex stamina is no joke, especially when we commanded away tiredness." She sat up, her magnificent blonde hair cascading around her shoulders. "Today is Saturday." She then remembered her own timer. She quickly checked her phone. Her eyes widened further. "Shit. I have five minutes left. Five minutes, and I'm back to normal Fran. And then," she sighed, "the tiredness is going to hit me like a goddamn freight train."

She looked at Matt, still lying there in Thorne's handsome, powerful form, his eyes half-closed, a blissful, sated expression on his face. He was still wearing the collar. She didn't want to take it off him yet. The thought of him waking up, the command to agree with her casino heist plan gone, his normal, cautious Matt-brain taking over... it was a conversation she wasn't ready to have, not when she was about to crash from exhaustion.

"Matt," she said softly, her voice gentle but firm with command. "Fall into a deep, restful sleep."

Matt's eyes closed completely, his breathing evening out almost instantly. He was asleep, deeply and completely.

Fran let out a shaky breath. She reached out, her fingers tracing the hard planes of Matt's abdomen, a small, wistful smile on her lips. Then, she cupped her own colossal Powergirl breasts one last time, savoring their incredible weight and softness. She felt the familiar tingling begin, the first signs of her own transformation, her twelve hours of Kryptonian godhood rapidly drawing to a close. As her body began to shrink, to soften, to return to its normal, petite human dimensions, an overwhelming wave of exhaustion, deferred for so long, finally crashed over her. Her eyes fluttered shut, and before her head even hit the pillow, Fran was deeply, profoundly asleep, the mundane world reclaiming her, at least for now. The collar remained on a sleeping enhanced Matt.

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