

The Magic Collar

A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

Chapter 3

The weight of the black leather collar felt alien against Matt's newly slender neck. A moment ago, he was Matt, a man. Now, staring down at his own body, he was... not. The world had tilted, reality itself rewriting its most fundamental rules around him. His familiar jeans and t-shirt hung on him like borrowed sacks, ridiculously loose over a frame that was undeniably, impossibly female. Small, sensitive breasts, undeniably his yet entirely new, pushed softly against the fabric of his shirt. His skin felt different, smoother, almost velvety where coarse body hair used to be. His hips had a subtle, unfamiliar curve. And between his legs... the absence of what had always been there, replaced by an entirely new, deeply disconcerting configuration, sent waves of phantom sensation and profound shock through his system. He was, in every physical particular, a woman.

Fran, still resplendent in her Fifi-esque blonde bombshell form – the massive D-cups, the tiny waist, the bubble butt all stubbornly persisting even after she'd removed the collar from herself – just stared. Her sapphire-blue eyes, normally Fran's warm brown, were wide with a mixture of awe, disbelief, and a dawning, predatory excitement. The power had shifted, and the air in the small living room crackled with it. She held the collar, now disguised as a simple silver chain again, loosely in her hand, though its power over Matt was clearly still active from when she'd snapped the leather version onto him.

"Holy... shit, Matt," Fran finally breathed, her voice still holding a touch of Fifi's higher pitch, though the personality overlay had been rescinded. She circled him slowly, her gaze intense, analytical, and undeniably charged with the 'male gaze' attraction he'd commanded in her. "It actually worked. Completely. You're a... she."

Matt – or Matty, as a new, bewildered part of his brain supplied – tried to speak, to articulate the hurricane of confusion, shock, and a bizarre, unwelcome flicker of... curiosity? But no words came. His mind, still fundamentally male, struggled to bridge the cognitive dissonance with the irrefutable sensory input from his new female body.

"What's it like?" Fran asked, her voice softer now, genuinely curious, her head tilted. She took a step closer, her eyes fixed on his. She didn't seem to realize the inherent power in her

question, the way her intent could now, with the collar on him, translate into compulsion. "Tell me, Matty. Tell me everything. What does it *feel* like?"

The moment the words left her lips, a dam broke within Matty. The bewilderment, the inability to articulate, vanished, replaced by an overwhelming, irresistible urge to explain, to describe, to share every intimate, alien sensation thrumming through his new form. He hadn't consciously registered her words as a command, but the collar had. Matt was compelled to explain it all to Fran.

"It's... overwhelming," Matty heard himself say, a little confused why he was talking but unable to stop, the sultry female voice that had been imposed on him earlier now feeling strangely, disturbingly appropriate. It vibrated in a chest that felt lighter, more delicate. "My skin... it's so soft. Everywhere. Like silk. And there's no... no friction from body hair. Just smoothness. It feels... incredibly sensitive. The air on my arms, the fabric of the shirt... it's all amplified." His voice was breathy, each word a discovery.

Fran listened, captivated, her eyes wide, her lips slightly parted. Her 'male gaze' filter was clearly processing Matty's description through a lens of intense erotic fascination. She leaned forward slightly, her own magnificent Fifi breasts jutting proudly, her attention absolute.

Matty's hands came up, almost involuntarily, to his new chest. "And these..." He touched the small, soft mounds that were now his breasts. A jolt, a mixture of shock and an undeniably pleasurable tingle, shot through him. "They're... not heavy, not like yours became, but they're there. A definite presence. They move with me. I can feel them against my shirt, a constant, soft pressure, a subtle jiggle when I shift. And my nipples..." His voice hitched, a small gasp escaping his new lips. "They're so... *aware*. They're already hard, just from the friction of the fabric, from... thinking about them. It's like tiny little pleasure points I never knew existed, constantly on alert. If something brushes them, even lightly..." He shivered visibly, the sensation too vivid, too real, his small breasts visibly tightening further under the thin cotton of his shirt. He could almost feel Fran's gaze burning into them.

His hands drifted lower, over his now-cinched waist, the unfamiliar flare of his hips. "My whole center of gravity feels different. Lighter. More... fluid, somehow. When I walk, there's a different roll, a sway that comes from these hips. They feel wider, even though these clothes are huge. There's a sway when I shift my weight that wasn't there before, a kind of... gentle rocking motion that feels intrinsically female."

He paused, his face flushing a deep crimson, his gaze dropping to the floor. The most profound change, the most difficult to articulate, was yet to come. But Fran's unintentional command was relentless, pulling the words from him.

"And... and between my legs..." Matty's voice dropped to a near whisper, the female tone thick with a confusing mixture of shame, fascination, and reluctant arousal. "It's... hollow. Empty where there used to be... fullness, weight. But it's not just emptiness. It's... a presence of absence that's also a new presence. It feels... softer. More vulnerable. Incredibly vulnerable." He shifted his stance unconsciously, his new thighs brushing together, and a sharp, electric shock seemed to run up his spine. "Oh! That... just my legs touching... it's... wow. There are folds of skin, delicate... and so, so sensitive. When my thighs brush together, the sensation is... electric. Almost unbearable. There's a constant, low thrumming ache there, a sort of... readiness? A deep, internal warmth that feels... receptive. Open. Like a secret place that's suddenly... beckoning." He swallowed hard, his eyes flicking up to meet Fran's, seeing the undisguised, almost predatory interest in her gaze. "It feels... like I'm built to be touched there. Like that's its entire purpose. And the thought of it... fuck, the thought of someone actually touching me there, now... it makes my stomach clench and my core just... *ache*." He pressed his thighs together tightly, a small whimper escaping him, the sensation overwhelming.

The vivid, uninhibited confession hung in the air. Matty felt exposed, vulnerable, his innermost sensations laid bare by the collar's compulsion. Fran, on the other hand, looked utterly transfixed, her breathing slightly shallower. The detailed, firsthand account of female sensation, delivered by someone who had, until moments ago, been male, was clearly igniting her commanded 'male gaze' appreciation in a way that was both profound and deeply unsettling for Matty to witness. Her eyes had a glazed, heated look, and she was unconsciously running her tongue over her plump lips.

Eventually, the intensity of the compelled confession faded, leaving Matty feeling raw and strangely... lighter. The initial shock was slowly giving way to a bewildered acceptance, and beneath that, a burgeoning, undeniable curiosity. This body... it was a completely new landscape. Dangerous, alien, but also... fascinating. After the initial horror, after the forced verbal exploration, a part of him, the adaptable, thrill-seeking part that had enjoyed the power of the collar himself, was starting to think... maybe this wasn't entirely a nightmare. Maybe, just maybe, this was... pretty fucking awesome. In a terrifying, reality-bending sort of way.

"Okay," Fran finally said, her voice a little husky. She shook her head slightly, as if clearing it. "Wow. That was... intensely informative." She gave Matty a long, appraising look. "You know... you're actually kind of cute as a girl."

Matty raised an eyebrow, the gesture feeling strangely natural on his new, more delicate face. "Cute? Fran, I feel like a science experiment gone weird." But there was a smile playing on his lips, a hint of intrigue dancing in his eyes.

"Well, this science experiment needs to be seen properly," Fran declared, a playful, authoritative glint in her eyes. "Strip. Let's get a proper look at the new you. And while you're at it," she added, her gaze sweeping over her own still-bombshell form, "I'm boiling in this. I'll join you."

A thrill, part fear, part excitement, shot through Matty. Strip? In front of Fran? As a woman? The collar didn't even need to compel that (although it still did), his own curiosity, mixed with a strange desire to see Fran's reaction, was enough. He fumbled with the hem of his loose t-shirt, his new, smaller hands feeling clumsy. He pulled it over his head, revealing his small, firm breasts, the nipples still pebbled and prominent. The air felt cool against his newly sensitive skin. Then came the jeans, which pooled around his ankles with a sigh of denim. Lastly, he reached up to his neck and took the collar off. Interesting, the strip command including the collar. Even though the wearer can't take it off themselves needing the person who controls them to take it off, it seems a strip command from that person counts as asking them to remove the collar. Matty notes that in his head, glad to be free from the control despite still being a woman. He stood there naked, feeling incredibly exposed yet also... strangely liberated. His skin tingled all over.

Fran, meanwhile, was shedding her own Fifi clothes with practiced ease, her movements imbued with a newfound confidence that came from her transformed body and her current position of power. Soon, she stood naked too, a vision of exaggerated blonde perfection – the cascade of golden hair, the enormous, gravity-defying breasts, the impossibly small waist flaring out to that perfect bubble butt.

They stood side-by-side, a bizarre tableau of magical transformation. Matty, new in his female form, skin smooth and pale, breasts small but perfectly formed, a neat triangle of darker hair at the apex of his new thighs. And Fran, an amplified, hyper-sexualized goddess, all golden tan, impossible curves, and overwhelming sexual presence.

Matty couldn't help but stare at Fran. "Jesus, Fran," he breathed, his female voice filled with genuine awe. "Looking at you like this... with these eyes..." He gestured to his own face.

"It's... a lot. You're unreal. Every curve, every line... it's like my brain is hardwired to find you perfect."

Fran grinned, preening slightly, clearly enjoying the admiration. "Told you this body was something else." She then turned her appraising gaze back to Matty. "You're not bad yourself, Matty. For a rookie." She walked around him slowly, her 'male gaze' scrutinizing every detail. "Good lines. Nice symmetry. The skin looks so soft... very touchable." Her eyes lingered on his small breasts, then traveled down to the dark thatch between his legs. "Definitely... potential there." She paused, then her eyes fixed on his chest again. "But..."

"But what?" Matty asked, feeling a blush creep up his neck. His nipples seemed to tingle under her focused gaze.

Fran stopped in front of him, her eyes fixed on his chest. "Well," she said, tapping a finger against her plump lips thoughtfully. "If I'm going by *my* current preferences..." She winked, referencing her altered attraction. "And if we're comparing notes..." She gestured from her own magnificent bosom to Matty's modest A-cups. "Yours are a little... underwhelming, sweetie. No offense. Cute, for sure. Very perky. But if you're going to be a girl, why not be a *stacked* girl?" A wicked, sexy idea, born from her altered perception and the thrill of control, lit up her face. She reached out, gently taking the collar that Matty was still holding and with a decisive click, fastened it back around Matty's neck again. The cool leather felt stark against his heated skin.

"Fran, what are you—?" Matty started, his voice a nervous squeak, but the leather was already snug.

Fran's eyes gleamed. "Time for an upgrade, Matty. Grow bigger tits. Let's see some real curves on you."

The familiar tingling started almost immediately in Matty's chest, but this time, it was *his* chest. *His* breasts. He gasped as a warm, aching pressure began to build, radiating outwards from his nipples. He looked down in stunned fascination as his small A-cups began to swell, pushing against the air, rising, rounding. The sensation was incredibly intense, a mixture of stretching discomfort and a strange, deep-seated pleasure.

"Oh, wow," Fran breathed, her eyes glued to the transformation, her expression one of intense, almost scientific fascination mixed with undeniable arousal. She stepped closer, her own massive breasts almost brushing against his as she peered down. "It's happening... faster than it did on me, I think! Look at them go!"

The growth was steady, relentless. B-cups bloomed, soft and full, and were quickly surpassed. C-cups arrived, round and proud, jiggling slightly with Matty's ragged breaths. The sensation was overwhelming – a tight, stretching ache, but not entirely unpleasant. There was a strange, deep satisfaction in feeling his body become more overtly, dramatically female. His nipples felt like they were on fire, exquisitely sensitive, swelling along with the surrounding flesh.

"Keep going," Fran murmured, her voice husky, her gaze unwavering, her own nipples visibly hardening beneath her Fifi-form's impressive bust. "Let's see how far we can take this. Make them really pop."

D-cups arrived, heavy and lush, straining the skin of his chest. They felt... substantial now. Truly feminine. Matty reached up, his hands instinctively cupping the new, heavy weight. They were soft, warm, incredibly real, the skin smooth and tight. "Fran..." he panted, his voice a strained whisper, "this is... intense. They feel so... full."

"I know," she whispered, her eyes glinting. She reached out a tentative finger and poked one of his swelling breasts, sending a jolt of pure electricity through Matty. "But it's incredible, isn't it? Look at them! So responsive!"

The growth didn't stop. E-cups. F-cups. Each increase brought a fresh wave of stretching, aching fullness. Matty's back began to arch slightly to accommodate the burgeoning weight. The skin felt tight, almost painfully so, but the visual, the sheer impossibility of it, was mesmerizing. His nipples, already prominent, seemed to swell even larger, becoming dark, jutting aureolas that crowned the enormous, trembling globes. He could feel the blood pounding in them, the skin stretched to its absolute limit.

Fran was practically vibrating with excitement, her eyes glazed over with a mixture of power and vicarious sensation. "More," she commanded, her voice a low, hungry growl, her hands balling into fists at her sides. "Bigger! Let's make them truly epic! And make the growth feel good Matty!"

G-cups. H-cups. They were colossal now, impossibly huge on Matty's still relatively slender frame. They felt like watermelons strapped to his chest, heavy and unwieldy, swaying precariously with his every breath. The skin was stretched to its absolute limit, shiny and taut, veins faintly visible beneath the surface. He could feel the pull on his shoulders, his back, the sheer, unyielding weight. He moaned, a low, helpless sound.

"Fran... please..." Matty gasped, a mixture of pleasure, pain, and disbelief warring within him. His female voice cracked with the strain. "They're... they're enormous! I can barely... stand... It hurts, Fran... but it also feels... strangely good..." He was panting, sweat beading on his brow, his new breasts heaving with each ragged breath.

But Fran, lost in the intoxicating power and the spectacle of the extreme transformation, was relentless. "Just a little more," she urged, her voice trembling with excitement. "Let's see... just how big they can get! Push the limits!"

The growth surged again. J-cups. K-cups. They were monstrous, obscene, magnificent. They spilled over his arms when he tried to support them, their sheer weight pulling him forward. He had to brace himself against the wall to keep from toppling over, his legs trembling. And still, they grew. L-cups... M-cups... They were so large now that the lower slopes of the massive orbs were beginning to brush against his thighs when he stood, and if he leaned forward even slightly...

"Fran!" Matty cried out, a genuine note of panic finally cutting through the haze of sensation. "They're... they're touching the floor! When I bend! Oh god, this is too much!"

And they were. When he stood as straight as he could, the very tips of the colossal, pendulous breasts, heavy beyond imagining, were indeed dusting the rug beneath his feet if he allowed himself to slump even slightly. The sheer, grotesque, and undeniably erotic spectacle of it finally seemed to snap Fran out of her power-drunk haze.

Her eyes widened in shock, seeing the true extent of the transformation. "Oh my god," she whispered, her voice laced with awe and a hint of belated alarm. She rushed forward, her hands fluttering uselessly. "Okay, okay! Too much! Way too much!" She sounded almost breathless herself. "Stop growing! And... and shrink! Shrink back down! But... not too much. Keep them big. A nice, full... F-cup! Yes, manageable, but still impressive F-cups! Perfect, perky F-cups!"

The relief was instantaneous. The agonizing pressure ceased. Then, a strange, deflating sensation, like giant water balloons slowly losing air, but without losing their perfect shape. The monstrous orbs began to recede, shrinking rapidly, though not as uncomfortably as they had grown. Within moments, they settled into a new, still very generous, but comparatively manageable F-cup size. They were still huge, round, and incredibly heavy, but they no longer threatened to pull him to the ground or brush against his knees.

Matty sagged against the wall, panting, his entire body trembling. He looked down at his chest. The F-cups were magnificent, perfectly shaped, straining the skin of his chest in a way that was both daunting and undeniably sexy. He tentatively reached up, cupping their heavy, soft weight. They felt... incredible. Solid, real, overwhelmingly feminine. The skin was still tight, the nipples exquisitely sensitive, large and dark against the pale flesh.

"Wow," he breathed, a shaky laugh escaping his new lips. He gave them a little jiggle, watching them sway with a satisfying heft. The sight, the sensation... it was intoxicating. He started playing with them more boldly, kneading the soft flesh, tracing the outline of his large, dark nipples, a moan escaping him as fresh waves of pleasure washed through his new, highly sensitized body.

Fran watched him, her own breathing still a little ragged. Seeing Matty, now a big titty woman, exploring his new assets with a mixture of shock and dawning appreciation, reignited the heat in Fran's eyes. Her 'male gaze' was in overdrive. "Damn, Matty," she purred. "Even after that... they look amazing on you. You wear them well." The sight of Matty's hands on her own newly enormous breasts was incredibly arousing to Fran.

A new idea struck Fran, bolder than the last. "Okay," she said, her voice dropping into that commanding tone again. "You're hot. But you could be hotter. Matty, increase your overall physical attractiveness by fifty percent. Right now."

Matty felt a subtle, internal shift. A warmth spreading through him, a sense of... realignment. He looked at his reflection in the darkened TV screen. His features seemed a little more defined, his skin clearer, his eyes brighter. His new F-cups seemed to sit even more perfectly on his frame. There was a subtle improvement, a heightened harmony to his appearance.

"Hmm," Fran said, scrutinizing him, walking around him slowly, her eyes narrowed in concentration. "Better. Definitely better. But... we can do more. Much more." Her eyes gleamed with ambition, with the thrill of creation. "Matty, increase your attractiveness by *five hundred percent*."

This time, the change was dramatic. It wasn't just a subtle polish; it was a fundamental overhaul. Matty felt a powerful surge of energy course through him, reshaping him from the inside out. His F-cup breasts seemed to become even more perfectly sculpted, rounder, higher, their nipples an even more alluring shade. His waist nipped in further, creating an almost impossible hourglass figure as his hips and ass gained an even more exquisitely feminine curve without adding bulk, becoming perfectly proportioned to his new bust. His skin took on an ethereal glow, smooth and flawless as porcelain. His hair (still his original

color, as that hadn't been specified) gained a lustrous sheen, cascading around his shoulders. His facial features morphed, becoming breathtakingly beautiful – eyes larger and more luminous, their color shifting to a captivating shade of violet; lips fuller and more perfectly shaped, naturally stained a rosy pink; cheekbones more defined, his jawline an elegant sweep. He didn't just look like a more attractive version of himself; he looked like a goddess. A walking, breathing masterpiece of feminine perfection, albeit one still processing the shock of it all.

Fran gasped, her hands flying to her mouth. "Oh. My. God," she breathed, circling Matty slowly, her expression one of utter, dumbstruck awe. "Matty... you're... you're unbelievably beautiful. Like... a dream. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Her 'male gaze' was clearly short-circuiting with pleasure, her eyes practically devouring Matty's new form.

Matty looked at his reflection again. The woman staring back was a stranger, an impossibly gorgeous stranger. And yet... it was him. Her. The collar had turned him into a literal sex goddess. The power of it was terrifying, exhilarating. He felt an entirely new kind of confidence bloom within him, a certainty of his own irresistible allure.

The atmosphere in the room thickened, charged with unspoken desire. Fran, in her Fifi-bombshell form, and Matty, now a divinely beautiful F-cup violet-eyed woman, stared at each other. The sexual tension was palpable, a heavy, scented fog filling the space between them.

"So," Fran said, her voice a low, husky whisper, stepping closer until her massive Fifi-breasts were almost brushing against Matty's equally impressive F-cups. "You're a stunningly beautiful woman now. With an amazing body. But... do you know what to do with it?" She reached out, her fingers tracing the curve of Matty's breast, sending shivers down her new spine. "Do you even know how to... enjoy it? How to make yourself feel good?"

Matty swallowed hard, her new violet eyes wide and uncertain, yet shimmering with a dawning, desperate need. "I... I don't know," she confessed, her female voice trembling slightly. "It's all so new... So many sensations... I feel... an ache... everywhere..."

Fran's lips curved into a slow, predatory smile. "Then let me teach you. You are overwhelmingly horny. Every nerve in your new body is screaming for release. And you crave my touch, my guidance, to show you how to experience pleasure as the goddess you've become."

The command slammed into Matty with the force of a tidal wave. One moment, bewildered curiosity; the next, an all-consuming flood of raw, aching need. His F-cup breasts tingled, the already hard nipples becoming almost painfully erect. A deep, throbbing heat blossomed between his legs, so intense it made his knees weak. His violet eyes glazed over, locking onto Fran with desperate, pleading intensity. "Oh god... Fran..." he panted, his breath catching in his throat. "Yes... please... show me... I need it... I need *you*..." He swayed, reaching out to steady himself on Fran's arm.

"Good girl," Fran purred, her own eyes dark with desire and the thrill of control. She took Matty's hand, her touch sending sparks up Matty's arm, and led him towards the couch. "Class is now in session. And I expect you to be a very attentive student."

What followed was an intense, tender, and incredibly erotic exploration that shattered Matty's remaining inhibitions and rewrote his understanding of pleasure. Fran, guided by her 'male gaze' and reveling in her dominant role, became a patient and exquisitely skillful teacher. She started by commanding Matty to lie back on the couch, to spread his legs, to fully expose his new, divine form. Matty obeyed instantly, his body trembling with anticipation and commanded lust.

"First," Fran murmured, her voice a silken caress as she knelt beside the couch, "you must learn your own landscape." She gently took Matty's hand and guided it to one of his perfect F-cup breasts. "Feel that? The weight? The softness? The way your nipple hardens even more under your own touch?" Matty gasped as his own fingers brushed the exquisitely sensitive peak, a jolt of pure pleasure making him arch his back. Fran made him explore every curve, every swell, teaching him the erotic potential of his own chest, his voice a constant stream of encouraging, arousing instruction. Matty's moans began to fill the room, soft and breathy at first, then growing in intensity.

Then, Fran guided Matty's hand lower, over his smooth, flat stomach, down to the soft thatch of hair between his, no, *her* legs. "This," Fran whispered, her voice thick with anticipation, "is your new center, Matty. Your wellspring of pleasure. You're a she now. Don't be afraid. Explore it."

Under Fran's explicit, detailed instruction, Matty started to think of himself as a she, her fingers hesitantly parted her outer lips, finding the slick, hidden sensitivity within. A choked cry tore from Matty's throat as she discovered her clitoris, a tiny, super-sensitive nub that pulsed with an almost unbearable pleasure at the lightest touch. Fran talked her through it, step by step, commanding her to find the rhythm, the pressure that felt best, her words

painting vivid pictures of the sensations Matty should be experiencing, heightening them, intensifying them.

Matty was lost, adrift on a sea of new, overwhelming sensations. Her hips began to buck and grind on the couch, her breath coming in ragged sobs. The commanded horniness, combined with the alien intensity of female arousal and Fran's expert, dominant guidance, was pushing her to a precipice she'd never known existed.

"That's it, Matty," Fran urged, her voice a low, hypnotic chant. "Feel it building? Let it take you. Don't fight it. Surrender to it. Cum for me, goddess. Show me how a woman feels pleasure."

Matty screamed, a high, piercing sound of pure, unadulterated ecstasy as her entire body arched violently. Waves of sensation, hotter and more profound than anything she had ever experienced as a man, crashed through her, originating from that tiny, explosive point between her legs but radiating outwards to consume her entire being. Her F-cup breasts ached with pleasure, her skin felt electrified, her mind went blank, lost in the blinding white light of her first, shattering female orgasm. It went on and on, a series of convulsions that left her trembling, weeping, and utterly undone in its aftermath.

Afterwards, they lay tangled together on the couch, breathless and slick with sweat. Matty, still a goddess-like woman, felt completely reborn, her mind reeling from the intensity of the experience. Fran, still in her Fifi body, held her close, a strange mix of triumph, tenderness, and possessiveness in her eyes. She stroked Matty's damp hair, her touch surprisingly gentle.

A glance at the clock on the wall shocked them both. 9 PM. They hadn't even thought about dinner. The mundane world intruded with a vengeance.

"Wow," Matty breathed, her voice still shaky, husky with spent pleasure. "Okay. That was... a lot. Beyond anything... I can't even describe it." She looked down at her incredible female body, then at Fran. "As amazing as this... lesson... was, I think we need to dial it back. Get some food. And maybe... process all this?"

Fran nodded, a flicker of reluctance in her eyes at ending the current scenario, but she knew Matty was right. "Yeah. Okay. Reality check." She sighed. "As much as I love looking at you like this... and being like this..." She gestured to her own Fifi form. "We probably can't stay sex dolls forever."

"Probably not," Matty agreed, a small, tired smile playing on her lips.

"Right then. Time to de-escalate. Matty, over the next 5 minutes, return to your normal male body. But," she added, a thoughtful, almost mischievous glint in her eye, "your baseline IQ is increased by twenty points, and your overall physical fitness is subtly enhanced – better stamina, slightly more muscle definition, improved reflexes. Nothing too noticeable to others, just... an upgrade." She then reached out and snapped the collar off of Matty's neck. Click. He was free.

Matty felt the familiar, yet reversed, sensation of transformation. The F-cup breasts receded, the curves softened, the genitalia reconfigured. Within moments, he was himself again, male, though he could feel a subtle, underlying hum of enhanced vitality, a clarity in his thoughts that hadn't been there before. He looked down at his body, flexing his hands. He felt... better. Stronger. Sharper.

He took the collar from Fran. "My turn to return the favor." He placed it on her neck. "Fran, you return to your normal body shape and size. Exactly as you were before all this. But," he added, meeting her eyes, "the command making you perceive female bodies, including your own, through my lens of attraction remains active. You still find what I find hot, hot. And your attraction to women, in general, remains heightened."

Fran's Fifi bombshell form melted away, her blonde hair darkening, her curves receding, until the familiar, petite Fran stood before him. She sighed, a sound of mixed relief and perhaps a tiny bit of regret. "Okay. Back to normal Fran," she murmured. Then she paused, a thoughtful expression crossing her face as she looked down at her own body, then glanced at Matt. "And... still thinking like you about what's hot. You know," she admitted, a small smile playing on her lips, "I'm still kinda digging that part. Makes things... interesting."

They dressed in comfortable clothes, the discarded remnants of Fifi's and Matty's escapades piled in a corner. Over a hastily ordered pizza, the implications of their day began to truly sink in.

"We can literally live out any fantasy, can't we?" Fran said, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and trepidation. "Transformations, personality changes, knowledge impartation... now IQ and fitness boosts? What can't this thing do?"

"It's... a lot of power. For both of us, depending on who's wearing it." Matt replied.

Fran's eyes lit up with a sudden idea. She jumped up from the table, excitement radiating from her. "Hang on! I just thought of something!" She disappeared into her bedroom and returned a minute later, dragging a large, dusty duffel bag. She unzipped it with a flourish,

revealing a chaotic jumble of old Halloween costumes – a witch's hat, a pirate's eyepatch, a cheap superhero cape, a flimsy nurse's uniform...

"Remember all this crap?" she asked, grinning. "What if...?"

Matt caught her drift immediately. "Roleplay," he breathed, a thrill shooting through him.

"But... with the collar making it real."

"Exactly!" Fran said, her eyes sparkling. " We go into the bedroom, pick a random costume from the bag, put it on. Then, we command that person to to completely embody the body and persona of that character. For... sexual roleplay, of course. And when you cum, the persona and any costume-specific physical changes reset, and you come back out."

Matt stared at her, then at the bag of costumes. The idea was insane. It was reckless. It was also irresistibly tempting. "Okay," he said, his voice a little hoarse. "Okay, I'm in." This was going to be a hell of a night. Fran touched the collar still on her neck. "Ok, I'll go first." Matt started the command. "Fran, go into the bedroom, pick a random costume from the bag, put it on. You will then completely embody the persona of that character, including any necessary skills or physical adaptations to suit the role, for intense sexual roleplay with me. Once you orgasm, the persona and any specific adaptations will immediately cease, and you will return to your current state."

Fran practically vibrated with anticipation. "Ooh, this is gonna be fun!" She grabbed the bag, gave Matt a sultry wink, and scurried off towards the bedroom, the collar gleaming at her throat.

Matt waited, his heart pounding, a mixture of excitement and nervousness churning in his stomach. What would she pick? Who would she become?

Five minutes later, the bedroom door opened. Matt's jaw dropped.

Framed in the doorway was Fran, but not Fran. She was wearing a ridiculously short, black and white French maid outfit, complete with a frilly apron, a tiny white cap perched on her dark hair, and fishnet stockings leading up to black stiletto heels that made her petite frame seem taller, more commanding. But it wasn't just the costume. Her posture was different – demure yet provocative. Her expression was a perfect blend of subservience and sly invitation. And her body... it had subtly shifted. Her waist seemed even smaller, her breasts fuller, straining against the tight bodice of the uniform, her hips and ass more pronounced, perfectly filling out the ridiculously skimpy skirt. The collar had adapted her to the role, enhancing her to fit the fantasy.

"Bonjour, Monsieur," she purred, her voice a flawless, husky French accent that sent shivers down Matt's spine. She curtsied deeply, giving him an eyeful of her cleavage and the lace tops of her stockings. "Your maid, Nanette is at your service. Is there... anything Monsieur requires?" Her eyes, Fran's eyes, but filled with Nanette's persona, raked over him with blatant, professional desire.

Matt was speechless. The transformation was total. This wasn't Fran playing a role; this was Nanette, the hyper-sexualized French maid, brought to life. The power of the collar was truly terrifying, and utterly, overwhelmingly erotic. He swallowed hard, his own desire surging. "Nanette," he managed, his voice rough. "Yes. There is... much I require."

Nanette's lips curved into a slow, knowing smile. "Zat is what I live to hear, Monsieur." She glided towards him, her hips swaying mesmerizingly, the scent of cheap perfume and uninhibited lust wafting from her.

The roleplay that ensued was a masterclass in fantasy. Nanette was everything Matt could have ever dreamed of in a submissive, hyper-competent, and insatiably horny French maid. Her accent never faltered, her every movement was imbued with a seductive grace. She anticipated his desires, her body a willing instrument for his pleasure. The collar hadn't just given her a persona; it had seemingly downloaded a complete skill set.

When he told her to clean, she did so with an erotic flair that left him breathless, bending and stretching in ways that showcased her subtly enhanced physique, her short skirt riding dangerously high. When he hinted at needing... refreshment, she produced a bottle of wine from nowhere (or perhaps it had been in the bag and he hadn't noticed, so caught up was he in her transformation), pouring it with a steady hand while her eyes promised other, more intimate services.

The sex itself was a revelation. Nanette was a demon in the sheets, yet always with that veneer of dutiful servitude. She seemed to know instinctively what he wanted, her touch expert, her mouth a vortex of pleasure. She whispered obscenities in perfect French, her voice husky with commanded passion, her body arching and writhing beneath him, her enhanced breasts spilling from the tight uniform, her ass a perfect, handful. She rode him with an energy that was astounding, her moans a symphony of Gallic ecstasy, until he was gasping, lost in the sheer intensity of the manufactured fantasy. The collar made her the perfect lover, tailored to the role she inhabited.

When Nanette finally cried out, her body convulsing in a powerful orgasm that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room, the change was instantaneous. One moment, the

panting, moaning French maid, her eyes glazed with pleasure, her body slick with sweat; the next, Fran, blinking in confusion, her accent gone, her body subtly deflating back to its normal proportions within the now slightly looser maid outfit.

"Whoa," Fran gasped, looking down at herself, then at Matt, her face flushed. "Holy shit. That was... I couldn't stop! I was Nanette! Every thought, every impulse... it was all her! It was incredible! The things I knew... the way I moved..."

Matt nodded, still catching his breath, his own body humming with residual pleasure. "It was... convincing. Beyond convincing."

Fran grinned, a wicked light in her eyes. "Your turn, Monsieur." He unbuckled the collar from her, and she placed it on him. "Let's see who you become."

Matt felt a thrill of anticipation mixed with trepidation. "Okay," Fran said, her voice dropping into a commanding purr. "Same rules, big boy. Go to the bedroom, pick a costume. But," she added, her eyes gleaming with playful malice and the influence of her 'male gaze' attraction, "you *must* pick a female costume. And you will embody that female character, with all necessary adaptations. Persona and changes reset on orgasm. Go."

The command slammed into Matt. A female costume. Embody a female character. Powers? He couldn't resist. He had no choice but to obey. He turned and walked towards the bedroom, his mind already racing with a strange mixture of dread and a deeply buried, undeniable excitement. What female characters were even in that bag?

He emerged a few minutes later, and this time, it was Fran's turn for her jaw to drop.

Standing before her wasn't Matt. It was... Powergirl. Or an incredibly convincing, magically manifested version. Matt's body had transformed completely. He was now a tall, stunningly beautiful blonde woman, with a physique that was pure superheroine – broad shoulders tapering to a tiny waist, long, powerfully muscled legs, and a chest dominated by an absolutely enormous, iconic bosom that strained the limits of the tight white, red, and blue costume. The familiar "window" in the chest of the costume offered a breathtaking view of perfectly spherical, gravity-defying cleavage. Her face was noble, beautiful, framed by a sharp blonde bob.

But it wasn't just the look. It was the stance, the aura of confidence and power radiating from her. And then, to Fran's utter astonishment, Powergirl-Matt's feet lifted slightly off the floor. She was hovering. Flying. The collar had given him superpowers.

"Citizen!" Powergirl-Matt declared, her voice a strong, clear, confident female alto, completely in character. "I sense you are in distress! Fear not! Powergirl is here to save you!"

Fran just stared, her mouth agape. "Holy... holy FUCK!" she finally managed to stammer out, her eyes wide as saucers. Superpowers. Actual, honest-to-god superpowers. This wasn't just body-morphing or personality overlays anymore. This was... reality-breaking. Excitement, pure and potent, surged through her, eclipsing even her 'male gaze' appreciation for the stunning superheroine form before her. The possibilities... they were astronomical!

Powergirl-Matt, still hovering, tilted her head, her expression one of noble concern. "Are you alright, Citizen? You appear... overwrought."

"Matt! Snap out of it!" Fran yelled, the thrill making her voice sharp. The roleplay was amazing, but this discovery was too big. "Matt, stop roleplaying! Be your own personality, right now!"

The effect was instantaneous. The noble, confident superheroine expression on Powergirl-Matt's face dissolved, replaced by a look of utter, bewildered shock. His eyes, still Powergirl's piercing blue, widened in dawning horror and amazement as his own male consciousness reasserted itself within the super-powered female form.

"Wha—? Fran?!" Matty gasped, his voice the strong female alto of Powergirl, but laced with Matt's distinct panic. He looked down at his own massive, costume-clad breasts, then at his hands, then flailed slightly as he realized he was still floating a foot off the ground. "Holy FUCK, Fran! I'm flying! I'm... look at these TITS! They're insane! I have POWERS!" He spun around in mid-air, unsteadily. "This is... this is IMPOSSIBLE!"

Fran was practically bouncing on her heels, her mind reeling. "I know! I know! Try something! Lift the couch!"

Matty, still freaking out but also clearly intrigued, focused on the couch. He reached out a hand, and with a grunt of effort that seemed surprisingly minimal, the heavy sofa lifted smoothly into the air. "Holy shit!" he yelled. "I did it! I actually did it!" He let it down again, carefully. "What else? Can I punch through the wall?"

"NO! Don't you dare!" Fran shrieked, half laughing, half terrified. "Just... fly around the room! Slowly!"

Matty, with a bit of wobbly concentration, managed to navigate the living room airspace, a

look of utter, giddy disbelief on his Powergirl face. "This is the craziest thing that has ever happened!"

"I need to see this properly," Matty declared after a few more experimental hovers and feats of minor strength (like bending a metal poker from the fireplace into a pretzel). "This body... it's unreal." Still floating slightly, he/she began to awkwardly tug at the tight superhero costume. "Help me get this off!"

Fran, still buzzing with adrenaline, helped him peel off the iconic suit. Naked, Powergirl-Matt was even more impressive. The physique was flawless, a blend of divine beauty and superhuman power. The muscles were perfectly defined, the skin flawless, the breasts colossal and perfectly gravity-defying.

"Look at me, Fran," Matty breathed, turning slowly, examining his/her impossible new form. "I'm... a Kryptonian goddess." The awe in his voice was palpable.

Fran just stared, her mind racing. The collar wasn't just a kinky toy anymore. It was a key. A key to... everything. "Okay," she said finally, her voice trembling slightly with the enormity of it all. "Okay, this is... beyond anything. But maybe... maybe let's get you back to normal Matt before you accidentally level the building trying to see if you have heat vision." She took a deep breath. "Matt, return to your normal male body. All powers and physical changes from the Powergirl persona are gone."

With a sigh that was part relief, part profound regret, Matty felt the superheroine form melt away. The height, the muscles, the incredible breasts, the blonde hair, the powers – all vanished, leaving him standing there as his normal male self, though still with the subtle IQ and fitness enhancements from earlier. They stared at each other, the discarded Powergirl costume a vibrant splash of color on the floor, a testament to the impossible reality they had just touched.

"Superpowers," Matt whispered again, his voice raw with the memory.

Fran nodded numbly, a look of pure, unadulterated awe on her face. "This is... this changes everything."

They stood there in silence for a long moment, the implications of their latest discovery washing over them like a tidal wave. The collar wasn't just a tool for sexual fantasy and transformation. It was something far more potent, far more dangerous, and far more exhilarating than they could have ever conceived.

"We need to call in sick tomorrow," Fran said finally, her voice firm, a wild, reckless light shining in her eyes.

Matt met her gaze, an identical spark igniting in his own. "Yeah," he agreed. "More testing is definitely required."

The possibilities stretching out before them felt limitless, thrilling, and absolutely fucking terrifying. The collar, still on Matt's neck, seemed to pulse with a silent, knowing energy, ready for its next command.