

THE MAGIC COLLAR

A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

CHAPTER 8

The next few days unfolded in a whirlwind of directed, obsessive activity. When Fran awoke on Tuesday morning, the lingering euphoria from the pasta-making and the subsequent night of intense, transformative sex was gone, replaced by the familiar, placid neutrality of Matt's baseline command. The collar, a constant cool weight against her skin, was the first thing she was aware of, the second being Matt, already dressed and drinking coffee, a blueprint of their future gleaming in his eyes.

"Morning," he'd said, his tone brisk and business-like. "Big day. We're building our studio." He looked at her, and the command was as clear and sharp as a surgeon's scalpel. "Fran, you now possess all the knowledge, skills, and aesthetic sensibilities of a world-class interior designer and set decorator. You know exactly how to turn our spare room into the perfect, professional, and erotically appealing studio for a livestreaming business. Furthermore, you want to build this set more than you have ever wanted anything, including sex. The process of creation will be your ultimate pleasure."

The effect was instantaneous and profound. Fran's mind, a moment ago a calm but empty vessel, was suddenly flooded with a dizzying torrent of information. Color theory, lighting schematics, soundproofing techniques, the psychological impact of different textures and backdrops, brand identity, feng shui for optimal on-camera charisma... it was all there, perfectly organized and instantly accessible. But more potent than the knowledge was the desire. A burning, all-consuming passion to create, to build, to bring this studio to life, surged through her, eclipsing every other thought. She looked at the drab, cluttered spare room not as a storage space for junk, but as a blank canvas pregnant with glorious possibility.

"Oh my god, Matt," she'd breathed, her eyes wide with a manic, creative fire. "The potential... the textures... we need eggshell white for the main walls to diffuse the light, but a feature wall in a deep, lustrous aubergine for sensual contrast! And the lighting! A key light, a fill light, and a backlight to eliminate shadows and create a halo effect! We need acoustic foam, a high-end webcam, a green screen... oh, the possibilities for custom backgrounds!"

She was already gone, lost in a world of commanded passion, grabbing the duffel bag of

stolen cash and heading for the door. "I need to go to the hardware store! And the electronics store! And maybe that boutique furniture place downtown!"

Matt had simply smiled, a look of deep satisfaction on his face, and settled in to manage the online logistics. For the next two days, Fran was a whirlwind of joyous, obsessive labor. She painted walls, laid down new flooring, and assembled flat-pack furniture with a manic glee that was both impressive and deeply unsettling to Matt when he stopped to watch her. At one point, she was struggling to hoist a heavy section of a custom-built desk into place, her petite frame straining.

Matt, seeing her struggle, had casually walked in. "Fran," he'd said, "gain the physique and practical skills of a seasoned construction worker. Just for the next hour."

He'd watched, fascinated, as her slender arms had thickened, muscles swelling into hard, defined shapes under her skin. Her shoulders broadened, her back tightened. With a grunt of what sounded like pure, satisfying effort, she'd lifted the heavy desk piece as if it were made of cardboard and expertly slotted it into place. An hour later, the muscles had receded, leaving her with just the lingering, profound joy of a job well done.

By Thursday evening, the studio was complete. It was perfect. Stepping inside, it was no longer a spare room but a curated digital boudoir, a paradise built for the camera. The main wall glowed under the soft, seductive light of a custom pink neon sign, its cursive script spelling out a single, evocative word: karma. It bathed the room in a warm, inviting blush. Her throne, a plush pink and white ergonomic gaming chair, sat center stage on a soft, cream-colored rug, looking both professional for long streaming sessions and invitingly comfortable. To the side, a simple, white ladder-style shelving unit served as a backdrop, artfully decorated with some of her prettiest lace bras hanging from wooden hangers and small, scented candles on the shelves, adding a touch of sensual, lived-in intimacy. The whole scene was softened by heavy, neutral-toned curtains and a cozy pink armchair with a fluffy pillow tucked in the corner, a snake plant in a woven basket adding a touch of life. It was a perfect blend of gamer-girl aesthetic and soft, feminine allure. Her stage was set.

They checked the TikTok account together. The teaser video had exploded. Over a million views, a hundred thousand followers, and thousands of comments oscillating between rabid thirst and angry accusations of it being a deepfake. The hype was a palpable, roaring engine.

"It's time," Matt had said, his voice humming with anticipation. He looked at Fran, his

director's eye taking in her normal, familiar form. "Time to become Karma."

The command was given, and once again, Fran's face softened into the cute, freckled visage of their online persona, her hair a cascade of vibrant purple. "Now," Matt said, his tone shifting, becoming more meticulous as he walked her through the operational plan he'd devised. This was the most critical part. "Before we go live, you need to understand the system. This isn't just you playing around. This is a business."

He sat her down in the new pink gaming chair, her throne, and pulled up a chair beside her, turning his laptop so she could see. "The stream itself will be free to watch on OnlyFans. That's the hook. We want as many eyeballs as possible. We let them see the magic for free, get them hooked on the spectacle. That's how we build the audience, how we go viral."

Fran, her Karma-face tilted with commanded receptiveness, nodded. "The top of the sales funnel. Got it." Her designer knowledge had been replaced by an instinctive grasp of business strategy.

"Exactly," Matt continued, a hint of pride in his voice. "But the interaction... that's where we make the real money. I've set up a cryptocurrency wallet. It's anonymous, untraceable. Much safer than PayPal or Venmo. The QR code and wallet address will be on screen at all times. This is how they'll pay to play."

He showed her the streaming overlay software he'd configured. "This software is linked to the wallet. When a donation comes through, it will pop up on this monitor here," he pointed to the large screen set up just to the side of the main camera, "with the donor's username, the amount, and their message. Your job is to read that message. But here's the most important command of the night, so listen carefully."

He leaned in, his voice dropping, his eyes intense. "Fran," he commanded, "whenever you read a donation message aloud from the on-screen alert system, your body will instantly begin to transform according to the content of that message. The transformation will take exactly sixty seconds to complete, giving them a nice, long, slow show. You will react to these changes with genuine, entertaining surprise and pleasure. You are the star of this show, and your reactions are just as important as the changes themselves." He paused, ensuring she understood the gravity. "I'll be sitting right here, off-camera, watching the raw donation feed before it gets to you. I'll be your producer, filtering out anything dangerous or impossible. Only the approved requests will pop up on your screen. That's our safety net. You just focus

on the performance."

Lastly, he went over the subscription model. "The live show is free, but the archive, the VODs... that's for subscribers only. Five bucks a month. They'll pay to re-watch their favorite moments, to see what they missed. That's our stable, recurring income. The donations are the lightning, the subscriptions are the bank."

Fran, or rather the Karma persona inhabiting her, absorbed it all, her violet eyes sparkling with commanded excitement and a perfect understanding of the diabolically brilliant plan. "A freemium model with interactive microtransactions and a premium content subscription service," she summarized perfectly. "It's genius, Matt."

"I know," he said with a smirk. He gave her one last command for the road. "Change into some lace lingerie. Something delicate, to provide a nice contrast for whatever monstrous things they're about to do to you."

With a shimmer, her clothes morphed. She stood up and filmed one last, quick teaser. "Hey everyone," Karma's sweet voice chirped from the phone screen, "The wait is almost over. Going live on OnlyFans in ten. Are you ready to play God? Link in bio."

The stage was set. The system was in place. The puppet was ready. It was time for the show to begin.

The stream started quietly. Fran, in her delicate lace bra and panties, sat in the stylish chair, a slightly nervous but excited smile on her face. The viewer count began to climb steadily. A few hundred. But the chat was quiet, skeptical. It was free to join the stream

"Okay, so this is it?" one message read. "Just some e-girl in a wig? Lane."

Fran looked a little lost. She waved shyly at the camera, unsure of what to do. Matt, sitting just out of frame, his face illuminated by his own laptop where he was moderating, leaned in. "Karma," he whispered, his voice a low, insistent command. "You are the ultimate tease. You love the attention. You are confident, playful, and you know exactly how to get these men eating out of the palm of your hand. Lower your inhibitions completely. Make them want you. Make them beg for it."

The change was instantaneous. The shy, nervous smile vanished, replaced by a slow, seductive smirk. Karma leaned forward, making the camera an accomplice, her eyes glinting

with newfound mischief. "Boring?" she purred, her sweet voice now dripping with honeyed condescension. "Oh, sweetie. You have no idea what you're in for. But I don't give away the good stuff for free. You want to see some magic? You have to earn it." She ran a hand slowly from her collarbone down to the swell of her breast, her touch lingering.

The chat began to stir. The shift in her demeanor was palpable. "Prove it," someone typed.

"I don't have to prove anything," Karma retorted with a playful flick of her purple hair. "But you... you can pay to see it. Fifteen dollars is all it takes to see something you've never seen before." She teased them, flirted with them, her confidence growing with every message that popped up. "Oh, you think I'm not hot enough? Funny, I don't see your donation coming through to 'fix' that, sweetie."

Finally, a notification chimed, and a message flashed on the screen, bright green.

Donation from BigDaddy69: \$20.00

"Okay, I'll bite. Increase your cup size by 3."

A triumphant, predatory grin split Karma's face. "Thank you, BigDaddy69," she purred, her voice a silken promise. She read the message aloud, slowly, deliberately. "Increase... my cup size... by three."

She gasped, a sound that was half performance, half genuine shock as the familiar, intense tingling ignited in her chest. She leaned forward, giving the camera a perfect view as her modest B-cups began to swell. The change was slow, agonizingly so, just as Matt had commanded. The delicate blue lace of her bra strained, the fabric groaning under the pressure of the expanding flesh.

The chat exploded.

"HOLY FUCK"

"WTF IS HAPPENING"

"ITS REAL"

"TAKE MY FUCKING MONEY"

Karma watched her own breasts grow, her eyes wide, a genuine moan escaping her lips as

they blossomed from a B, to a C, to a D, finally settling into a full, heavy, and magnificent E-cup. The lace bra was now ridiculously inadequate, barely containing the lush, pale globes.

She cupped them, her hands barely spanning their new fullness, and gave the camera a look of pure, ecstatic wonder. "See?" she whispered. "Magic."

The floodgates opened. Donations began pouring in, a constant chime of notifications. "Okay, okay, babies, slow down!" Karma laughed, a sound of pure, commanded joy. "Your requests are going into a queue, I'll get to all of you, I promise! But," she added, a sly, brilliant idea sparking in her mind, an improvisation born of her commanded persona, "if you want to jump the line... a hundred-dollar donation gets you bumped right to the top." She winked at the camera, and then glanced off-screen at Matt, who gave her a sharp, approving nod, his fingers already flying across his keyboard to implement the new priority system. Smart girl.

The next three hours were a dizzying, surreal, and incredibly lucrative spectacle. The transformations stacked, creating bizarre and fantastical combinations.

Donation from ElfLover: \$25.00

"Give yourself long, elegant elf ears!"

Karma read it, and her ears gracefully elongated, stretching into delicate, pointed tips that poked through her purple hair.

"How do I look?" she purred, turning her head from side to side. "Think I could be your elven princess?"

Donation from MuscleMommyFan: \$100.00 (PRIORITY)

"Make your arms and abs shredded with muscle! Flex for us!"

The elf ears remained as her slender arms and stomach suddenly swelled, muscles popping into sharp, ripped definition. Her biceps bulged, her abs became a chiseled six-pack. The contrast between the delicate, elven features, her cute Karma face, her massive E-cup breasts, and the bodybuilder physique was utterly bizarre. She struck a classic bicep pose, the muscles rock-hard, and the chat went wild.

Donation from PetitePlease: \$100.00 (PRIORITY)

"NOOO MUSCLES ARE MANLY! Revert the muscles, and make her whole body more petite!"

But keep the tits!"

"Aww, you don't like a girl who can protect you?" Karma teased, before reading the new command. The bulging muscles melted away as quickly as they had appeared. Then, her entire frame began to shrink. Her shoulders narrowed, her waist cinched even tighter, her limbs became shorter, more delicate. She was now a tiny, doll-like creature, no more than five feet tall, but still saddled with the colossal E-cup breasts, which now looked even more outrageously, impossibly huge on her petite frame. The sudden shift in her center of gravity made her wobble precariously in her chair.

"Whoa!" she gasped, gripping the arms of the chair. "I feel... like a bobblehead!" She playfully begged the chat to make her a more normal height again, which, after a few more donations for things like "give her a long, prehensile tail" and "change her skin to a light shade of blue," they eventually did.

At one point, after a priority donation had morphed her into a curvy, mature-looking MILF with even larger breasts and wider hips, a message popped up that made her pause.

Donation from ShowItAll: \$50.00

"When are you getting naked? Stop teasing!"

Karma smirked, her eyes gleaming with predatory business acumen. "Nudity, sweetie? That's a premium feature." She leaned into the camera, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "But... I'm feeling generous tonight. Let's make a deal. If we hit a donation goal of... five thousand dollars... in the next ten minutes... I'll take it all off."

The chat erupted. It was chaos. The donation bar Matt quickly threw up on the screen began to fill at a staggering rate. Hundreds of smaller donations poured in, everyone wanting to contribute to the goal. It was a feeding frenzy. In less than five minutes, the bar flashed green, the total tipping over \$5,000.

Karma's eyes widened in feigned, theatrical shock. "Oh my god, you guys... you actually did it!" she breathed. She stood up, giving the camera a slow, sensual spin. "Well," she purred. "A promise is a promise."

Matt, watching from his monitor off-screen, felt his own cock stir, a thick, hard pulse of arousal. This was his plan, his creation, his girlfriend... and watching her command the

attention of thousands, watching her about to perform for them, for him, was an intoxicating cocktail of power, pride, and raw, voyeuristic lust.

Slowly, deliberately, Karma reached behind her back and unhooked her now ridiculously strained lace bra. She let it fall to the floor. Her massive, magically-sculpted breasts, heavy and pale and crowned with dark, hard nipples, spilled free, swaying with a mesmerizing weight. The chat became an unreadable waterfall of all-caps messages and emojis. She then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her tiny lace panties and, with a slow, agonizing slide, peeled them down her legs, kicking them away. She stood before the camera completely naked, a magically-created goddess, her body a patchwork of a dozen different fantasies, and she basked in the digital adoration, her face a mask of pure, commanded exhibitionist pleasure.

After only three hours of this controlled chaos, Matt checked their earnings. Over ten thousand dollars in donations had poured in. He looked at Fran naked and resplendent on the screen. It was enough for one night. He gave her the signal.

"Alright, my loves," Karma sighed, her voice a breathy, satisfied purr. "That's all the magic we have time for tonight. But don't worry. I'll be back soon." She blew a kiss to the camera, and with a final wink, Matt ended the stream.

The moment the 'LIVE' indicator went dark, the vibrant, seductive persona of Karma seemed to deflate slightly, leaving Fran looking a little dazed, but still buzzing with a residual, commanded excitement. They checked the stats. Not only had they made over \$10k in donations, but they'd gained over a thousand new subscribers to the OnlyFans itself, at five dollars a month. That was another five thousand dollars, recurring monthly. All up, their first night had netted them fifteen thousand dollars. Legally. Taxable, sure, but untraceable in the way that bags of stolen cash were. It was an unreal return. At this rate, they could eclipse the casino heist money in less than two weeks, and do it all from the safety of their spare room. The plan hadn't just worked; it had exceeded his wildest expectations.

The next few days established a new, bizarre routine. Days were for them – lazy, domestic, with Fran constantly under the subtle, watchful control of the collar. Evenings were for Karma. Each night, Matt would issue the commands, and Fran would transform into the purple-haired goddess, stepping into the studio to perform for her rapidly growing army of fans. The money poured in. The transformations became more elaborate, the audience more

demanding.

And Matt, lost in the heady success of his plan, in the thrill of being the director, the puppet master, had no idea that their high-tech, “secret” broadcasts were drawing the exact kind of attention he had so desperately wanted to avoid.

That brings us to now. Friday night. Karma was on screen, currently transformed into a seven-foot-tall, incredibly ripped, green-skinned She-Hulk, a high-dollar request from a particularly enthusiastic fan. She was flexing her massive biceps, her voice a low, confident growl as she roleplayed for the delighted chat. “You think you can handle all this, boys?” she was saying. “Don’t think so.”

Matt was chuckling, moderating the chat, filtering the donations before they hit the screen, when a sharp, insistent knock echoed from the front door.

He froze. They weren’t expecting anyone. He muted his mic and mouthed to Karma, “I’ve got it. Keep going.” She nodded, her green face not missing a beat as she continued to flirt with her audience.

Matt crept to the door, his heart suddenly pounding. He peered through the peephole. And his blood ran cold.

Micaela. Fran’s best friend.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered. He glanced at the calendar on the wall. First Friday of the month. Their girls’ night. Drinks, gossip, complaining about work. A sacred ritual. In the chaos of the past week, they had completely, utterly forgotten.

He opened the door a crack, trying to compose his face into a mask of casual surprise. “Micaela! Hey! What’s up?”

Micaela stood there, impeccably dressed for a night out, a quizzical, slightly impatient look on her face. “What’s up? Matt, it’s our night. Is Fran ready? She’s been radio silent on her phone all week. I was starting to get worried.”

“Oh! Shit! Right! Friday!” Matt stammered, trying to block the doorway with his body. “Man, I’m so sorry, we totally forgot. Fran’s... uh... she’s not feeling well. Came down with a nasty stomach bug. She’s been in bed all day.” It was a flimsy lie, and he knew it.

Micaela's eyes narrowed. She wasn't buying it. "A stomach bug? That's weird, she seemed fine yesterday. And why are you acting so shifty?" Her gaze flickered past him, into the apartment. She could hear something... a faint, low, booming female voice coming from the spare room. "What was that? Is someone else here?"

"No! That's just... the TV!" Matt lied, his palms beginning to sweat.

"Matt, what is going on?" Micaela said, her patience clearly gone. She pushed past his weak attempt to block her, her protective instincts overriding all politeness. "I want to see Fran. Now."

"Micaela, wait!"

But it was too late. She was already inside, calling Fran's name. "Fran? Honey, are you okay?" She followed the sound of the voice, her steps quickening, and pushed open the door to the spare room.

And then she gasped, a sharp, choked sound of pure, uncomprehending shock.

The sight that greeted her was from a fever dream. A seven-foot-tall, naked green woman with colossal muscles and wild purple hair was flexing in front of a camera, her breasts so large they looked like they could crush a man's skull. The room was bathed in the professional glow of studio lights.

Fran – as She-Hulk – saw Micaela in the doorway, and her own green face paled. The seductive roleplay vanished, replaced by sheer, unadulterated panic. "MATT!" she roared, her voice a booming thunderclap of terror. "DO SOMETHING!"

Matt rushed into the room just as Micaela, her face ashen, whispered, "Fran...?"

"Karma, end the stream! Now!" Matt commanded, his own mind racing in panic. "And return to normal!"

The command was too broad. Too vague. It was a catastrophic mistake. On screen, the stream ended abruptly. In the room, the towering, green She-Hulk form began to shrink with dizzying speed. The muscles melted away, the green skin faded to Fran's normal pale tone, the purple hair darkened to brown, the Karma face softened back into Fran's own familiar features. In the space of three seconds, a naked, terrified, and completely normal Fran stood where the green monster had been, staring in horror at her best friend.

Micaela stumbled back, her hand flying to her mouth, a strangled scream caught in her throat. She had just witnessed the impossible. She had seen her best friend transform. "What... what the FUCK is going on?!" she shrieked, her eyes wide with terror.

Thinking fast, his mind seizing on the only tool he had, Matt lunged forward. He ripped the collar from Fran's neck and, in one desperate, fluid motion, snapped it around a screaming Micaela's throat.

"Fall asleep," he commanded, his voice tight with panic.

Instantly, Micaela's scream cut off. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she collapsed bonelessly to the floor in a heap.

Silence descended, thick and suffocating. Matt stood panting, his heart hammering against his ribs, staring down at Micaela's unconscious form. He turned to Fran, ready to try and figure out what the hell they were going to do now.

But Fran wasn't looking at Micaela. She was clutching her own head, her knuckles white, her face a mask of dawning, gut-wrenching horror. Her eyes, no longer clouded by any command, were filled with a terrible, crystalline clarity.

"Oh my god," she whispered, her voice trembling with self-revulsion. "Oh my god, Matt... you made me... you made me show my body to strangers online. You made me... a whore."

Matt froze, the full weight of his mistake crashing down on him. His command. "Return to normal." It hadn't just reverted her body. It had wiped everything. The 'love the plan' command. The 'exhibitionism is hot' command. The 'baseline emotions' command. Everything.

The real Fran was back. And she remembered it all.

He stood there, trapped. His girlfriend, horrified and violated, staring at him with eyes full of betrayal. Her best friend, unconscious on the floor, now wearing the collar that had caused all of this. And he, Matt, had just lost every last shred of control. He was in a very, very tough position. The carefully constructed world he had built over the last week had just shattered into a million irreparable pieces.