

THE MAGIC COLLAR

A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

CHAPTER 9

The silence in the studio was a suffocating, heavy blanket, broken only by the sound of three people breathing and the frantic, terrified pounding in Fran's own ears. Micaela lay in a heap on the floor, a discarded doll. The collar, stark and black against her friend's pale skin, was a brand, a mark of ownership. Matt stood panting, his face a mask of panicked adrenaline.

And Fran... Fran was free.

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, her thoughts were entirely her own. No commands. No compulsions. The blissful acceptance, the exhibitionistic glee, the overarching love for Matt's plan, all of it had been wiped clean, scoured from her psyche by Matt's careless, desperate command: "Return to normal." And in its place, the truth rushed in, a brutal, horrifying tidal wave of memory and violation.

She saw the last few days with a terrible, searing clarity. Saw herself, a puppet, joyfully building the very stage upon which her humiliation would be broadcast. Saw herself preening and posing for a camera, her body a plaything for strangers, her mind convinced it was the most erotic, wonderful thing in the world.

"Oh my god," she whispered again, the words a ragged, broken prayer. She stumbled back, away from the pink neon sign, away from the chair that had been her throne of shame, dragging Matt with her by the arm, out of that cursed room and into the relative neutrality of the living room. She let go of him as if his touch burned her, turning to face him, her eyes blazing with a righteous fury that was entirely her own. "You made me a whore, Matt!" she shrieked, her voice raw with betrayal. "You took my body and my mind and you sold me, piece by piece, to the fucking internet! You made me like it!"

Matt flinched as if struck, his own panic momentarily eclipsed by the force of her rage. "Fran, I... I didn't mean for it to go like that! Micaela showing up... I panicked! I just told you to go back to normal!"

"Normal?!" she screeched, pacing the living room like a caged animal. "This isn't normal!"

Nothing about this is normal! You sat there, just off-camera, like some twisted puppet master, pulling my strings, making me into your perfect little cash cow! Did you enjoy the show, Matt? Did you get off on watching me twist and change for all those pathetic, lonely men? On knowing that every smile, every moan, every single thing I did was because you commanded it?"

He was starting to get defensive. His initial shock and apology were rapidly being replaced by a more stubborn, resentful anger. "Don't you dare put this all on me, Fran!" he shot back, his voice rising to match hers. "Let's not forget how this whole fucking mess started! You wanna talk about taking advantage? You wanna talk about mind control? Who was it that slapped this collar on me and magically made me agree to robbing a goddamn casino, after I specifically told you it was a terrible, dangerous idea?! Who turned me into your accomplice to a felony because you couldn't handle being told 'no'?"

"That's not the same thing!" she yelled, though even to her own ears, the argument felt weak.

"The hell it isn't!" he roared, stepping towards her, his own sense of violation fueling his anger. "It's exactly the same thing, Fran! You used the collar to get what you wanted, to bypass my consent, my judgment! I woke up with my own mind back, remembering being thrilled about being a goddamn thief! Do you have any idea how disgusting that feels? So don't you stand there and act like a martyr! This whole OnlyFans thing... this was just me teaching you a lesson! My way of showing you exactly what it feels like to have your own desires overwritten, to be made into something you're not, to have your body used for someone else's plan!"

"A lesson?!" she cried, aghast. "You call that a lesson? You call turning me into a live-streaming peep show a 'lesson'? That's not a lesson, Matt, that's twisted, sick revenge!"

They stood there, panting, glaring at each other across the charged space of their living room, the ugly truths of their actions laid bare between them. The thrill of the power, the intoxication of control, had corrupted them both, turning them into monstrous versions of themselves. The silence stretched, heavy and suffocating, until finally, the fire in Fran's eyes began to flicker, replaced by a wave of utter, soul-crushing exhaustion. The anger drained away, leaving only the cold, hard reality of their situation.

"We both took it too far," she said finally, her voice barely a whisper, the fight gone out of her.

Matt let out a long, ragged breath, running a hand through his hair. The fury receded from his face, leaving him looking tired and lost. "Yeah," he admitted, his voice rough. "Yeah, we did." He slumped onto the couch, his head in his hands. "Jesus Christ. What have we become?"

They sat in silence for a long time, the weight of their transgressions pressing down on them. Finally, a single, horrifying thought cut through the haze of guilt and recrimination.

"Micaela," Fran whispered, her eyes widening in renewed panic. "Oh my god. Your friend. She's still in there. Unconscious. Wearing the collar."

The immediate, practical problem crashed down on them with the force of a physical blow, eclipsing their own personal drama. They rushed back into the spare room. Micaela was still on the floor, exactly where she'd fallen, her breathing deep and even, the black leather band a stark, damning piece of evidence around her neck.

"Okay," Matt said, his voice now tight with a new kind of panic. "Okay, what do we do? We have to... we have to wake her up. We have to explain it to her."

"Explain it to her?" Fran hissed, her eyes wide with fear. "Explain what, Matt? 'Hey, Micaela, sorry about knocking you out, but we found a magic mind-control collar and we've been using it to get rich by doing live body-transformation porn, and by the way, magic is real'? She'll think we're insane! She'll call the cops! Or worse... she'll tell people. Word will spread. And you were the one who was so worried about attracting the wrong kind of attention!"

"Well, what's your brilliant idea, then?" Matt shot back, gesturing helplessly at their unconscious friend. "We can't just leave her here!"

"I know that!" Fran paced the small studio, her mind racing. "But Micaela... she can't keep a secret to save her life. I love her, but she's a talker. If she knows about this, really knows, it's only a matter of time before she lets it slip to someone. And even if people think she's crazy, all it takes is one person to get curious, to start digging... We have to be so careful, Matt. You were right about that. The fact that a thing like this can exist and the world doesn't seem to know about it means there are powerful secrets at play."

They went back and forth, their panic fueling a series of increasingly wild and desperate ideas. Could they fake a gas leak, have her wake up in the hospital with a hazy memory? Too complicated, too many variables. Could they just... drop her back at her apartment and pretend none of this ever happened? She'd still remember seeing Fran transform.

"We could command her to forget," Fran said suddenly, seizing on what seemed like the most obvious solution. "We wake her up, tell her she imagined it all, that she tripped and hit her head, and command her to believe it."

Matt shook his head, the grim reality of their own recent discovery dawning on him. "And what happens in twelve hours, Fran?" he asked quietly. "The collar is on her now. But the moment I take it off her, the countdown starts. In twelve hours, that command will evaporate, and she'll remember everything. The She-Hulk, the transformation, us knocking her out. Everything. Unless we plan on leaving the collar on her forever, a temporary mind-wipe is useless. It just kicks the can down the road."

They paused, stumped. The 12-hour rule, which had seemed like a fun loophole just last night, now felt like a ticking time bomb, an inescapable clause in their Faustian bargain. They were trapped.

Then Fran went very still. Her eyes, which had been darting around the room in panic, slowly focused on Micaela's sleeping form, a new, terrifyingly logical thought taking shape. "...What if we just did that?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Matt looked at her, confused. "What do you mean? What if we did what?"

"What if we did just leave it on her forever?" Fran elaborated, her voice gaining a chilling, quiet confidence. "What if we just... maintained control of her?"

Matt stared at her as if she'd grown a second head. "What? Are you serious? We just... permanently control your best friend? Make her our... what, our magical slave?" The idea was monstrous, a line so far past what he thought they were capable of crossing.

But Fran was already lost in the horrifying logic of her own idea, the power of it seducing her even without the collar's influence. "Think about it, Matt! It solves everything! There's no risk of her talking, no 12-hour time bomb to worry about. She can move in with us. We can keep her under the influence, happy and content. She wouldn't even know she was a prisoner! We could command her to love her new life!" She was pacing again, but this time with a focused, creative energy. "And it solves our other problem, too! Us! Clearly, neither of us can be trusted with the collar alone. We've both proven that the power gets to our heads, that we use it on each other. But we're a team, Matt. We love each other. This... this could be the perfect way to keep using the collar, to keep building our new life, but to do it together. We

can have shared command over her. She can be our... our test subject. Our model. Our... project. But we would never, ever use it on each other again. It would be a check on our own power."

Matt was horrified, but a sick, insidious part of him couldn't deny the twisted logic. He had been terrified of what Fran would do with the collar. She had been terrified of what he would do. But if they had a permanent, willing subject... an outlet for their desires that wasn't each other... "That's... insane, Fran."

"Is it?" she pressed, her eyes gleaming. "Or is it the only sane solution? As long as the collar is never removed from her for more than twelve hours, she'll never revert. She'll never suffer. We can command her to be happy, to love whatever we have her do. To her, her life would be perfect. No harm, no foul, right?"

He looked at Micaela, so peaceful, so unaware. Then he looked at Fran, her face alight with this dark, brilliant, monstrous idea. And he felt his own moral compass, already so battered and bruised, spin wildly and then click into a new, terrifying alignment. He was tired of the fighting, tired of the fear of being controlled. This solution... it offered safety. It offered a continuation of their new life. It offered a permanent outlet for the incredible power of the collar, without turning it on each other. It was corrupt. It was evil. And it was perfect.

They looked at each other, a silent, dark agreement passing between them. They were no longer just two people who had found a magic collar. They were becoming something else. Something colder, more calculating. Monsters, maybe. But monsters who were partners.

A plan formed, unspoken but perfectly understood. They walked back into the studio, no longer a stage for public performance, but now a private operating theater. Matt knelt beside Micaela's unconscious form. As the one who had placed the collar on her, he was still the sole controller.

"Okay," he said softly, his voice steady. "Step one." He leaned close to Micaela's ear. "From now on, you will treat all of Fran's commands as if they are my own. She is just as in control of you as I am. Her will is your will. You have two masters now." He waited a beat, as if to let the magic settle. "There. Now for step two, to see if it works."

He nodded to Fran. They each pulled up a chair, sitting before Micaela's sleeping form like a king and queen before their subject. "Micaela," Fran said, her voice clear and loud, laced with

an authority she had never possessed before. "Without waking, get up and take a seat in the pink and white gaming chair, facing us."

To their shared, thrilling relief, Micaela began to move. Her movements were fluid, like a sleepwalker, her eyes still closed, but she rose gracefully from the floor and settled into the gaming chair, her posture perfect, her head slightly bowed, awaiting her next instruction.

"It worked," Matt breathed, a giddy sense of power washing over him. Shared control. They were truly partners in this now.

"Wake up," Fran commanded. "But you are unable to leave that chair."

Micaela's eyes fluttered open. She looked around slowly, her brow furrowed in confusion. She saw Matt. She saw Fran. And then, the memories of the last few minutes before she passed out seemed to hit her. Her eyes went wide with terror.

"I saw... I saw you transform..." she stammered, her voice a frightened whisper. Her hand flew to her neck, her fingers finding the thick leather band. Panic flared in her eyes. "What is this?! Get it off me!" She screamed and tried to launch herself out of the chair, to run, to escape. But her body wouldn't obey. Her ass seemed glued to the plush pink seat. She struggled, her muscles straining, but she couldn't get up. "Why can't I get up?!" she shrieked, her panic escalating into pure hysteria. "What's going on?!"

"Relax, Micaela," Matt said, his voice calm and soothing.

Instantly, the hysteria vanished. The panic drained from her face, leaving behind a profound, unsettling placidity. "Whoa," she breathed, looking down at her own now-steady hands. "Why... why am I not freaking out anymore? God, I feel so relaxed. But I know I should be screaming my head off. What is happening?"

Matt and Fran exchanged a look. It was time for the truth. Or, their version of it. They explained everything. The collar. The power. The transformations. They left out the seedier details of their OnlyFans venture and the casino heist, framing it more as a strange, magical discovery they were still exploring.

Micaela listened, her expression a mixture of profound confusion and the eerie calm Matt had imposed. "That's... that's impossible," she said, shaking her head. "Magic isn't real. You... you drugged me or something? This is some kind of elaborate prank."

"How do you explain what you saw earlier?" Fran asked gently. "You saw me change."

"I don't know!" Micaela cried, a flicker of her original panic breaking through the calm. "I was stressed, maybe I imagined it! Just let me go, guys! Please! We're friends!"

Matt sighed, a hint of theatrical patience in his tone. "Okay, Micaela. You need more proof? Fine. How do you explain this?" He looked at her chest, at her modest breasts visible in the neckline of her dress. "Micaela, grow your tits to E-cups."

Micaela looked at him, confused, ready to tell him he was crazy. But then her eyes dropped downwards. A gasp escaped her lips. Beneath the fabric of her black minidress, her breasts were swelling, pushing outwards, growing at a smooth, impossible rate. She watched in stunned, silent horror as they blossomed, filling out her dress, stretching the fabric taut, until two large, full, perfect E-cups rested on her chest. They looked utterly real, heavy and lush. The magical calm was the only thing keeping her from screaming.

"Okay," she whispered, her voice trembling, reaching out a hesitant hand to touch one of her new, enormous breasts. "Okay... I believe you. It's real." Her eyes, wide with shock, shifted from Matt to Fran. "What... what are you going to do to me?"

This was it. The final, irrevocable step.

"You're going to stay with us," Fran explained, her voice soft, reasonable, almost kind. "The collar... it's on you permanently now. You're going to move in with us."

"What?!" Micaela cried, fresh tears of terror welling in her eyes despite the calm. "So I'm... I'm your pet now?! Your prisoner?! This is so fucked up! Hell no! Take this fucking thing off me!"

Fran walked over to her, kneeling so she was at eye level. She looked deep into Micaela's terrified eyes. "Oh, but Micaela," she purred, her voice a hypnotic, commanding whisper. "You don't want us to take it off. In fact, you want to stay under our control. You want to be our plaything. It's a secret fantasy you've always had, and now it's coming true."

Micaela blinked. A wave of confusion washed over her, followed by... something else. A strange warmth. A sense of... rightness. The idea of being their pet, their doll... it wasn't horrifying anymore. It was... exciting? She shook her head, trying to fight it. "No... that's not me... you're putting thoughts in my head!"

"It makes you so happy to obey our commands," Fran continued, her voice weaving a web of compulsion around Micaela's struggling mind. "You love knowing we own you. You love being ours. There is no greater pleasure for you than surrendering your will to us."

The last vestiges of Micaela's resistance crumbled. Her fear evaporated, replaced by a profound, soul-deep sense of blissful submission. Her wants, her desires, had been completely, irrevocably rewritten. It wasn't just a command to feel an emotion; it was a fundamental alteration of her core identity. She did want this. More than anything.

"You're thankful we're doing this to you," Fran finished, her final command sealing the new reality. "You're so happy we chose you to be the one to wear the collar."

The transformation was complete. A radiant, beatific smile spread across Micaela's face. The terror in her eyes was replaced by pure, unadulterated adoration. "Oh, Fran... Matt..." she breathed, her voice filled with genuine, heartfelt gratitude. "Thank you. Thank you so much for choosing me. I... I am so happy. I've never felt so... purposeful."

Matt let out a slow breath. It was done. "Okay," he said, stepping forward. "That's enough for now. Micaela, you're able to move around freely again, and the 'relax' command is lifted."

Micaela slowly rose from the chair, a little unsteady as she adjusted to the weight and balance of her new E-cup breasts. But she wasn't freaking out. She was beaming. She rushed forward and hugged Fran, then Matt, her embrace filled with a puppy-like devotion that was both heartwarming and deeply chilling. "So what's first?" she asked eagerly, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "What's my first task?"

"Well, first of all," Matt said, "you need to move in. We decided this can be your room. The studio."

"And," Fran added, "you may have noticed I was streaming earlier. We've developed a persona... Karma. She's an OnlyFans streamer who transforms her body based on fan requests. We pretend it's some advanced CGI filter." She paused, letting the information sink in. "And sweetie, you're going to be the new Karma."

Before Micaela could even process the idea, let alone protest, Matt chimed in. "You love this idea. The thought of showing off your body, of being transformed for an audience, excites you sexually. It's the perfect job for you."

Micaela's eyes lit up with commanded lust and enthusiasm. "Oh my god, yes! That sounds amazing! I get to be a star? And change my body all the time? What does Karma look like?"

"Like this," Fran said. "Shift your head into Karma's head."

With a shimmer, Micaela's familiar face morphed into the cute, freckled, purple-haired visage of their online persona. Her voice changed, becoming Karma's sweet, higher-pitched tone. She rushed to the bathroom mirror, gasping in delight at her reflection. She came back out, practically vibrating with excitement. "I love it! I love her! Can I stay like this?"

"Later," Matt said. "First, shift back to your normal appearance, including your original breasts." With a flash of disappointment, Micaela's E-cups receded, and her body returned to its normal state.

"Oh, and by the way," Fran added, a note of careful foresight in her voice. "You are to never override any mental commands that keep you a willing and happy participant in all this unless we explicitly and jointly tell you to. If one of us says 'return to normal,' it will only ever refer to your physical body or temporary personas, not your core desire to be our subject."

"Good thinking," Matt nodded, impressed.

"So, what now?" Micaela asked.

"I guess," Fran said, "we send you home to pack your things. You can officially move in tomorrow. We have Karma streams we need you for."

"Wait!" Micaela cried, a sudden, pleading look on her face. "Before you tell me to do that... after everything you've done to me, making me love this, making me want to be transformed... please. The breast growth was the hottest thing I've ever experienced, and changing my head was so unreal... I want to experience more. Just one more time before you send me home for the night. Please? I know you guys... it's still me, Micaela. Fran, your best friend!" Her plea was genuine, her commanded desire for transformation overriding everything else.

Matt and Fran looked at each other, a shared, wicked smile passing between them. This could be fun.

"Please," Micaela begged, seeing their hesitation. "I'll be so good."

"It's okay, hon," Fran said, patting her arm reassuringly. "We'll play for a bit."

Matt jumped in, a predatory gleam in his eyes. "Let's start with this," he said, his gaze sweeping over Micaela's clothed form. "I've always been a little curious what you look like under all that. Take off the dress, Micaela."

Fran shot him a sharp glare. "Matt!"

"What?" he retorted defensively. "She's basically part of our relationship now, right? Our shared project. And besides," he added, a hint of old resentment in his voice, "don't think I've forgotten you fucking me when I looked like that casino manager guy. You practically cheated on me with my own magically-induced hotness. A little shared exploration seems fair."

Fran sighed, but a small smirk played on her lips. "Okay... true. As long as you remember you still love just me."

"Of course," Matt said, his eyes still fixed on Micaela. "She's just our... little plaything."

Before the argument could even continue, Micaela chirped, "Done!" She stood before them, holding her discarded dress, now clad only in her simple, practical bra and panties, her expression one of pure, eager anticipation.

"Damn," Matt breathed. Fran just laughed.

Micaela, however, looked a little uncomfortable under Matt's intense gaze. "Ugh, Matt, can you please not look at me like that?" she said, shifting her weight. "I know you control me now, but... you're like a brother to me. It's weird."

"We can change that," Fran said smoothly. "Micaela, you now see Matt as the most attractive, desirable man in the world. You have a massive crush on him."

Micaela's entire demeanor shifted. Her discomfort evaporated, replaced by a doe-eyed, flirtatious heat. She looked at Matt as if seeing him for the first time. "Oh," she breathed, her Karma-voice husky. "Oh, wow. Forget what I said. What... what do you think of me, Matt?" She struck a pose, pushing out her chest, showing off her body for him.

Matt chuckled, clearly enjoying the change. "Hmm," he said, circling her slowly. "You wanted some transformations, right? Because I think we can... improve things."

"But Matt," Fran interjected, ever the pragmatist. "We do have to send her home soon. We can't send her walking through the city in her underwear. So, how about this instead?" She

turned to Micaela. "Micaela, morph your bra and panties into a form-fitting, light blue Lululemon workout set."

With a shimmer, the plain underwear transformed into a stylish, expensive-looking set of workout gear – a supportive sports bra and high-waisted shorts that hugged her curves perfectly.

"Okay, okay, that makes sense," Matt conceded, though he looked slightly disappointed. "But when she actually moves in..."

"Yes, yes," Fran cut him off with a roll of her eyes. "When she's our live-in doll, you can play dress-up with her all you want."

"Hurry up, guys!" Micaela whined playfully. "Transform me!"

Matt looked at Fran. "Any thoughts, partner?"

Fran's gaze became analytical.. "Well," she began, "you were always a bit on the petite side, sweetie. Let's improve that. Give yourself the lower half of a world-class volleyball star. Powerful legs, a high, round, muscular ass."

Micaela lit up, a gasp of pleasure escaping her as she felt her lower body morph. Her thighs thickened with sleek, hard muscle, her ass rounding out and lifting, stretching the blue leggings to their limit. The sensation of the power flowing through her, of her body being reshaped to perfection, was clearly intensely arousing.

"Guys" Micaela said. "This feels incredible! How does my ass look?" She turned around to show it off. Matt was impressed, watching her show off her new, powerful legs. "Nice," he admitted.

"Very nice. But we can improve it more." His own preferences came to the forefront. "Grow E-cup tits."

Micaela's chest ballooned outwards, her glee evident as the sports bra strained to contain the new, massive volume. "Oh, yes!" she moaned, cupping them. "So big!"

Fran just shook her head, giggling. "Classic men." She took her turn, adding a practical touch. "Strengthen your back and core muscles to perfectly support those new breasts. No back pain for our girl." Micaela's posture straightened, the new muscles providing effortless support. She thanked her bestie with a grateful smile.

Matt, getting carried away, jumped back in. "Your pussy lips grow to twice their size, giving you a massive, prominent cameltoe in those tight leggings!"

As the effect hit her, creating a very noticeable bulge, Fran jumped in. "Okay, okay, that's enough, big boy!" she laughed, swatting his arm. "She still has to walk home!"

Micaela looked down, a little sadly. "Aww."

"Before Matt gets completely carried away and decides to fuck you all night," Fran said, her tone firm but fond, "I think it's time you head home. Go get your things packed. Come back here tomorrow afternoon. And," she added, her voice hardening slightly, "you will tell no one about any of this. You will act completely normal. Understood?"

"Understood!" Micaela chirped happily. She gave them both another adoring hug, then practically skipped out the door, her new E-cups bouncing, her volleyball ass swaying, a picture of blissful, commanded obedience.

Matt and Fran looked at each other in the sudden silence of the apartment. The air was thick with power, possibility, and the undeniable thrill of their new, shared venture.

"This," Matt said, a slow, wicked grin spreading across his face, "is going to be fun."