

Another Choker

For =C=

By TheSpiralledEye

Sara is bicurious and decides to spice things up in the bedroom after she discovers her boyfriend has a thing for TG fiction.

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Sara was standing with one hand on her hip, the other dangled a delicate black choker before his eyes. A tiny metal pendant shaped like the female insignia hanging from its middle. When she had mentioned mixing things up in the bedroom I had been expecting fluffy handcuffs or maybe some sexy underwear; not this.

“Come on, you know I’ve always been bi-curious and you’re always talking about how great I have it being able to cum multiple times so quickly.” She said with a smile, “This is perfect for us.”

“I don’t know.” I could feel my face turning red just looking at the necklace, “Isn’t this a bit much.”

Sara pouted and crossed her arms.

“I thought you’d be excited.” She complained, “This was expensive, magic this strong doesn’t come cheap you know. Especially in the kink scene.”

My unease increased; I could only imagine how much she’d spent on that little trinket.

“Besides,” She added coolly, “I’ve seen your browser history I know what you’re into.”

I felt as though I’d been struck by thunder. We’d always had such a trusting relationship I’d never felt the need to clear my browser history. Sara and I were both busy people, we both knew the other occasionally masturbated when they were too tired for sex it was just an open secret. Still, the fact that she’d found out I’d been looking at transgender transformation caps left me feeling more than a little exposed.

“That’s just a kink thing.” I explained awkwardly, “I don’t actually want to be a woman.”

“It won’t be permanent.” Sara insisted, sensing a crack in my defences, “We’ll turn you right back after I’m done making you wail.”

A shiver went down my spine and I felt my cock twitch. I’d be lying if I said the idea didn’t intrigue me but...there was a big difference between reading and looking at that stuff and actually having it happen.

“Come on,” Sara urged, her eyes turning hooded and seductive. “I know you want to. Besides, it’ll make me happy and we both know you want that.”

Fuck; I bit my lip. She was using that voice on me; her dom voice. The one that made my knees go weak and my balls tighten. I’d tried hard for so long to hide the fact that I was a sub; real men were supposed to take control, at least that’s what I had been taught. But one night Sara and I had been having sex and she’d bit down on my neck and I’d unravelled. From there she realised what being hard with me could do and it had been our secret ever since.

One of the side effects though; was that she could get me to do almost anything if she ordered it in just the right tone of voice. Like she was doing right now.

“Do it for me.” She whispered, holding the necklace and all it represented up in front of me again.

The temptation was too much, not to mention that sexy voice of hers. I was already half hard as I nodded and Sara’s smile went wide.

“Go on then, strip off, I have one last thing I want to add.”

I unbuttoned my shirt and kicked off my jeans and boxers, doing my best not to seem too eager. I didn’t need to worry, Sara hadn’t told anybody about my kinks yet, she’d keep this private for the sake of my masculinity I was sure. Though doubt did appear when she returned with her second item, a pink skirt with a frilled edge.

“You...want me to wear that?” I couldn’t help but pull a face.

The idea of being a woman and feeling their pleasure intrigued me but wearing girly clothes? That was a turn off. But Sara pouted and looked so sad and a feeling of shame, something she'd programmed into me after months of sex role play, filled me. I had to make her happy again or I wouldn't be able to cum no matter how much she touched me; I had no choice but to take the skirt.

Sara in turn stripped down to her underwear, showing off her gymnastic physique. Muscular and flexible while still being lithe and slightly curvy. Immediately I couldn't help but wonder if my body would be similar. She pulled her ponytail loose, sending her dark brown hair cascading down to the small of her back and she fixed me with a hard glare.

It froze me in place and my breath caught in my throat as she moved closer. I felt like a deer in the headlights, heart beating faster and faster as she approached and clasped the choker around my neck.

It was tight enough that I could feel the ribbon digging into my skin somewhat, the pendant sitting heavily on my Adam's apple. I swallowed and felt it squeeze around me as the metal clasp at the back magically faded into nothing; no going back now even if I wanted to.

Sara thrust the skirt into my hands, somewhat dampening my excitement. I suppose nothing is perfect. Trying to hide my humiliation I stepped into the skirt, stretching out the waistband and pulling it up my legs. I looked ridiculous; my thick, muscular thighs appearing out of such a delicate skirt looks comically off.

Fortunately, I did not have to dwell on it for very long as the choker began to almost hum with a strange energy. The symbol turned from dull silver to a brilliant white and Sara took a few steps back and squealed with excitement.

"Here we go!"

I held my breath waiting for some grand change to start but for a moment, there was nothing. Then I realised something was different; the choker wasn't too tight anymore. My hand flew to my throat and found it smooth and curved, no tell tale bump where I was so used to finding one.

"Oh." I breathed out before going wide eyed, already my voice sounded different, breathy and higher pitched. It was...beautiful.

A thrill passed through me and I felt my cock beginning to brush against the skirt. Sara could barely contain herself, she sat down on the bed and simply watched me like a hawk. It felt so embarrassing, doing this in front of her, I desperately wished I could run to the bathroom and

lock the door. At least that way I could enjoy the changes without feeling her eyes on me; judging my new body as it formed.

I took a deep breath as I felt my chest begin to expand and I managed to look away from my girlfriend's face. Eyes down down to my pecs as they began to turn round and bouncy. With each breath I took, they seemed to grow, inflating almost like balloons. Unlike balloons though, they had weight, a lot of weight in fact. Every time I thought they were done growing they expanded once more. Soon they were equal in size to Sara's but they rushed past, expanding from C's to D's and finally E cups as I felt the need to bend over to counter the weight of them on my chest.

They hung in beautiful teardrops from my chest, swaying slightly as I leaned over. The nipples grew, pretty pink circles of areola forming around them as they turned stiff in the cool air.

"Oh my god." Sara breathed, "You're huge, fuck."

Huge was an understatement; I was wobbling on my feet, I felt top heavy and balancing was proving difficult, especially as my feet began to shrink. The hair disappeared from them as my ankles slimmed and I almost fell over. God this was so hot yet so humiliating at the same time; the emotions mixed together until I couldn't tell where one started and the other began.

My legs continued to shrink and change, the hair falling away leaving nothing but smooth, creamy skin behind. I watched as the taut muscle of my thighs melted away; I expected them to shrink as my feet and lower legs had but they stayed the same. Thick and wide, ready to support my widening hips.

I sighed in relief as my sense of balance returned. My ass was swelling, ballooning up to match the heft of my breasts. I turned, trying to catch a glimpse of it but all I could see was the skirt slowly rising and stretching as the flesh below it continued to grow.

Soon my feminine figure was complete; all curves. My shoulders sloped and my lips tingled as they filled in to an almost dangerous degree; leaving me with a permanent pout. I blinked, watching as my lashes grew in the periphery of my vision. I desperately wanted to run to a mirror to see what I looked like but Sara was still fixing me with that hard glare. I couldn't disobey her.

I watched as her eye dipped to my crotch and my gaze followed. The front was now fully tented; my arousal strong and obvious. We both watched with bated breath and that bulge began to shrink. A squeak escaped me watching; I could feel it. I could feel my cock slowly receding up inside me as it shrunk, my balls melting into my skin until nothing remained. It felt so wrong and yet so good at the same time; I couldn't help but moan and Sara's eyes glinted as she grinned.

“You’re getting so turned on by this, aren’t you?” She teased, “Fuck it’s so hot to watch. You should see your face right now, like a porn star.”

Her praise made me shiver as the last of my manhood disappeared. All I could do was nod, I didn’t like the idea of being compared to a porn star but I was unable to do anything but increase that image as the feeling of my pussy forming overwhelmed me. It was indescribable, feeling the skin open up and turn soft and wet. A strong ache formed between my legs and I felt almost painfully empty.

How did Sara stand it? I felt so hollow; a want, no a *need* to be filled washed over me and without thinking my finger slipped under the skirt only for Sara to grab my wrist.

“Uh uh uh, I get first dibs on touching that.”

I whined; I wanted to see it so badly but the skirt hid it. I finally had a pussy, a wet, wanting pussy and I couldn’t even see it! My chest was heaving, I could feel the choker around my neck, pressing against my racing pulse. When would the clasp reappear? After I came? God that wouldn’t take long.

Sara took my hand and led me to the bed, ordering for me to sit on the end. As I did so the soft ruffles of the skirt brushed against my overly sensitive pussy lips and I shivered. How did any woman think properly with this between their legs? It was so sensitive, any tiny movement seemed to send sparks flying across my skin.

Sara looked down at my new curvaceous body with hungry eyes; the intensity in her gaze almost made me cum right there. She reached forward and cupped my new breasts; they were so big she almost needed two hands just to lift one. Gentle she began to massage the skin there, brushing her fingers across each nipple in turn and making my vision blur. It felt so good; I could feel something start to build inside me. A strange pressure that seemed to grow with each and every touch.

“You’re so...mmmm.” Sara’s words turned to primal sounds as she leaned over and touched her lips to one of my nipples.

“Oh! Ah!”

It was a simple peck, but the little touch was enough to light a brand new fire beneath me. I wanted her to suck them, to be rough, to tease my nipples till I came. My need must have

been obvious because she giggled and drew back while I groaned in frustration. She loved denying me.

“Alright, let’s check out the main course, shall we?” She breathed, pressing her hands into my shoulders and pushing me onto my back.

Before I could get a handle on what was happening she was resting my legs over her shoulders and pressing her face close to my new pussy. SO close I could feel her hot breath wafting over it and I quivered.

“So pretty.” She murmured, “I wonder…”

A moment later there was a bolt of pleasure so intense I actually cried out in shock. The sensation was followed by another, then another; it felt so good it took me a moment to realise exactly what was happening. Sara’s tongue was lapping against my folds, drawing more slickness from my hole as she circled and licked around my clit.

“Ooooooh! Ooooh don't stop! Don't stop, please!”

I couldn't take it if she drew away now, my hands came to rest on her head, feeling it bob as she began thrusting her tongue into my hole over and over. I could feel that wet tendril licking at my new inner walls. They burned from the sensation and I wailed as that pressure inside me began to build.

She moved up, latching her lips onto my clit and sucking, swiping the tip of her tongue across my clit before sucking hard; then she did it again, and again. Lick, suck, lick, suck; the same motions over and over until my legs were shaking with the intensity. I could feel her chin bumping against my hole, gently rubbing against it and I wailed. No longer capable of words I simply babbled and moaned.

My breaths turned shaky, I watched as my giant boobs rose and fell faster and faster as Sara picked up speed. The pressure reached its highest point and pleasure seemed to fill every pore in my body until suddenly; I was cumming. Hard.

I threw back my head and wailed as my pussy pulsed, sending a stream of juices out with each throb. I couldn't stop it; all self control failed me as I writhed and flailed as Sara continued to suck on my clit. The pleasure was so strong it almost hurt. I tried to push her away, tried to tell her it was too much but my words failed. All I could do was lie back and cum again as she continued to lick me. I could feel her own body trembling as she furiously fingered herself in turn.

The choker glowed faintly against my throat and I let my eyes slip closed, surrendering to the sensations. I decided I didn't care if it ever came off.