

# The Choker

## Chapter 2

Jake stared at his desk drawer.

Inside sat a non-descript black choker baring a silver star. It had been a week since he'd woken up in bed with Devan, still in his Jackie form wearing nothing but that choker.

He'd snuck out before anybody else woke and ran straight back to his apartment, fully intending to rip it off his throat on the way and throw it far away. But he hadn't been able to. Even brushing his fingers against the clasp sent memories of how it had felt through his mind. The feeling of his arse growing, his chest swelling, it made him shiver.

He hated how hard it had been to take off. His body had changed back instantly, yet the transformation back had not felt nearly as good. It felt wrong, like his body was deflating. Unable to throw the choker away he'd stuffed it in his drawer and tried his best not to think about it.

He was failing miserably.

He'd tried everything to forget how it had felt to be 'Jackie'; the sensitive breasts, the full arse, the wet folds between his legs. He'd tried getting himself off a number of times since but pumping his cock just wasn't satisfying in the way that it used to be. Desperate and wanting he'd moved his free hand to his chest, playing with his nipples and imagining them as tits, only then had he managed to come. Even so, the satisfaction didn't last long, on the contrary, it made him want to put the choker on even more.

Once more wouldn't hurt surely?

No. He wouldn't, he *couldn't* humiliate himself like that again.

He had to give it back to Sara that's all. He'd give it back, tell her to never talk to him again and then it would be done.

Yanking the drawer open with more force than necessary he grabbed the choker; doing his best to ignoring how soft the silk felt against his skin.

~

Sara's house wasn't far really, cutting through the strip mall it would only take thirty minutes or so. Normally he had no issues walking straight past the collection of boutiques but today every window seemed to catch his eye. Every display seemed alluring in a way it never had before yet he forced himself to keep walking. Though his eyes roamed.

He looked at the clothing hanging on the racks: mini dresses, skirts, jeans, shirts, all designed for nights out on the club. He found himself coming to a stop and absentmindedly running his fingers along the red material of a skirt.

What would it feel like to wear something like this?

Surely just *looking* at some clothing couldn't hurt.

The saleswoman ignored him as he slowly walked the isles, running his hands along tight jeans and leather skirts.

Then he saw it.

A black mini dress with a small slit designed to show off the wearer's thigh. It was made of a dark, smooth material that would match the choker perfectly. A pair of silver high heels rested below it, a perfect outfit to go to a club with.

Somehow, he knew it would fit him perfectly...if he were to put the choker back on.

In an almost trance like state, he found himself picking up the items and walking to the counter.

~

He didn't go to Sara's.

Instead, he walked through the streets, the plastic shopping bag feeling much heavier than it should in his hand. What was he doing? Why did he buy that outfit? All he had to do was walk to Sara's damn house and yet he kept turning around, going down the wrong streets as it got darker and darker, delaying the trip.

He felt it before he heard it, the deep bass of club music. The sort that you could feel in your chest. He turned the corner to see a nightclub, already in full swing despite the fact the sun had only recently set. Jack watched as a few guys his own age walked in with confident grins, they were on the prowl. The choker was almost burning a hole in his jeans from within his pocket.

*Just one more time, he promised himself, one more time and I'll return it to Sara for good.*

With a nod to the bouncers, he walked in, making straight for the bathroom only to immediately realise the issue. Which door to walk through?

With a quick glance in either direction he slipped into the female toilet and quickly shut himself in a cubicle, thankful nobody had been at the sink. Trembling with anticipation he stripped off, carefully placing his clothes into the bag until he was full naked, only then did he take the choker from his jean pocket and almost reverently place it around his neck.

As soon as the clasp clicked together, he felt a thrum of energy pass through him, the metal clasp melting into smooth silk as it did so. No going back now. That feeling of want began to fill him before the change even started and he stifled a moan, looking down at his body with excitement. The pleasant stretching sensation began in his chest as his breasts began to swell, nipples already erect and with a sigh of contentedness he brushed his fingers over them. Pleasure flowed from his chest down to his core making him tilt his head back in wonder. With some hesitation he stopped the ministrations

and moved his hands down his still changing body. Over his hips which had already widened to form a perfect hourglass figure and then cupping his arse; feeling it grow beneath his fingers.

It took all his self-control not to venture further down to run a finger between his folds. He could feel wetness forming there already but he knew, as good as it would feel, it wasn't what he needed.

As the tingling began to conclude Jack stretched out his new curvaceous body and looked down at it; naked save for the choker around his neck.

He was Jackie again.

This time, she embraced it instantly.

Quickly, she pulled the heels from the bag, fumbling slightly as she closed the many clasps on the straps. Standing up she stumbled slightly, banging into the restroom door but quickly righting herself. Now for the dress. She hadn't bothered to buy a bra or underwear when she was Jack so she simply slid the dress up her body. The material was tight enough to stretch slightly across her breasts and arse but it felt soft against her skin. Sensual, even.

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door and stepped out.

Above the sinks was a line of mirrors. The woman who looked back at her was attractive, the dress showing off her figure and her hair while short, was stylish. Despite the growing need filling her she smiled, with this body she could find what she needed without issue.

With a confidence Jack never felt Jackie stepped back out into the club and the thrum of the music. The air was hazy with mist from the machines either side of the DJ and the lighting was low and dark, pulsating with random colours from various lights.

She let the music flow through her, instinct guiding her movements as she danced. Swaying her hips back and forth, arms stretched above her head and shaking out her hair. It felt good to move like this, she could feel her bust rising and falling without a bra to support it and judging by the looks she was getting, people were noticing.

Some were judging, other interested, Jackie didn't care which she just basked in the attention. Suddenly a gentle touch, a hand at her hip and she turned to see a handsome blonde man smiling at her, matching her tempo as he danced. It was too loud in here to talk but she knew what he was asking. Shivering with want she placed a hand at his shoulder, pulling him closer and letting their

bodies rub together. The man's hands rested at her hips, hiking up the dress ever so slightly and allowing a breeze through that made Jackie gasp. She wanted those hands to touch her bare skin.

Daring, she pressed her chest to his. Soft meeting firm, though she knew he could feel her nipples through the thin material. They continued to dance, though their movements were slowly changing from 'dancing' to petting at this stage. Jackie felt as though she would explode if this teasing didn't lead somewhere soon so she took her companion's hand and began to pull him away from the dance floor. She could see envy in the eyes that watched her, some for her body, others for the man who had claimed her. The attention made pleasure pool in her stomach.

Making it to a dark corner of the room Jackie pulled him to her so that he was pressing her into the wall. He didn't hesitate, locking his lips onto hers and kissing her, hard. Jackie moaned and curled a leg around his. His lips were rough and she found she liked it. She and Devan had never kissed in their time together, in a way this was 'Jackie's' first and she wanted more. She let him press harder, moving his tongue deep into her mouth and making her moan even more. With a gasp she broke away and brought her lips to his ear.

"Let's go outside."

~

Somehow, they had managed to fumble their way into the alley behind the club, in another life Jackie would have felt ashamed to get felt up in some dirty side street but right now she didn't care. She didn't care that this man was a stranger who's name she didn't even know. All that mattered was what he could give her and how he made her *feel*.

She let herself be pushed up against the wall, brickwork scraping at her slightly as she wrapped her legs around her companion's waist. She could feel the bulge there, she was ready for it. With dexterity that surprised even her, Jackie undid his belt buckle and unzipped his fly, taking the thick cock in her hand.

This man had none of the gentleness Devan had. He pushed into her eagerly making Jackie see stars. A moan escaped and she basked in that unique pleasure that came from being filled. Pressed up against the wall she was at the mercy of her partner as he set a rhythm. Fast and hard in and out of her, each time withdrawing almost totally only to press right up to the hilt. Each thrust made Jackie gasp as the air was pushed from her lungs. She felt her eyes glazing in pleasure, unable to do anything but wrap her legs tighter and pull him into her harder with each movement.

Jackie could feel it building, each movement felt better than the last, she was cresting right on the edge yet somehow not falling over it. Dimly, she was aware she was begging, moaning, desperate.

“Don’t stop, o-oh God don’t stop-”

The wave crashed over her, every muscle tightening without her permission as the man continued to fuck her through the orgasm. It was almost painful, yet so, so good. Jackie rode it out, biting down on the man’s neck as he came in her. Too soon they were stepping apart. He thanked her awkwardly and Jackie could only nod in thanks as he turned and left. Breathing heavily, she rested a hand at the choker on her throat.

She already had it on.

So there was no harm in going back inside...