

The Himbo Necklace (Man to Himbo TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Liger-spark

When Sasha gifts her adorable boyfriend Pete a cute little bell-chain necklace, she could never have known that it possessed the magical power to transform him into a buff, tough, but not-too-bright himbo. A good thing for them both that they're about to rock each other's worlds, but will it be enough for his now sky-high libido?

The Himbo Necklace

Sasha was excited. She had found a particular gift for her boyfriend Pete, and was looking forward to giving it to him. They were on a date together at a restaurant, and he was talking about his work in the lab as a research assistant, something about gene-engineering and molecule matters or something. It wasn't really something she could understand well, but she loved to hear it all the same. He was animated as ever, flinging his thin arms about and nearly knocking a tray from a waiter's hand as he passed, and Pete hardly even noticed. Instead, he just adjusted his glasses, patted his springy brown hair that always looked mussed up no matter what he did to it, and continued his story.

"And that's why we think we may even see developments in the gene basin we've set up within a year, two years tops! Pretty exciting, right?"

He beamed at her. He was a gawky looking man, with a nose that was a bit too long and thin, bony chin. He was a consummate nerd, from his wiry frame and below-average height to the thick lenses of his glasses. More than a few people had asked Sasha why she was with this man. It wasn't the strangest question, really. She was, to outside appearances, quite out of his league. She had long blonde hair and a fit, athletic physique. She had an impressive C-cup bust and nice hips. Her ass was flatter than she would have liked, but you can't have everything you want in life, can you? Her face was certainly very pretty, beautiful even. So for people to see them on a date together, the mental question often formed in their minds: is that young man rich? Is this a pity date? Is she blind?

The truth was, of course, that she loved her boyfriend's passion. She loved his intelligence. She loved that *he* asked her out so confidently, despite his looks, and that he treated her as a human being for *more* than her looks. Did she wish he was taller, more muscular and manly? Or of course she did. And did she wish the sex was more frequent, lasted longer, and put her in a more tantalisingly submissive position? Naturally. She loved a dominant partner in bed, but had accepted that the occasionally anxious Pete was not really that kind of man. But his thoughtfulness - such as surprising her with a date to her favourite

restaurant, a gorgeous bracelet tailor made for her as a gift - was more than enough to make up for any perceived shortcomings.

Which was why she was getting back at him. She'd purchased it from a strange little shop that was really a mobile wagon, driven by horses and everything. The 'Wandering Witch', as she called herself, was its operator, and she had many cool trinkets for sale. One of them stole Sasha's eye: a chain necklace with the little dumb bell on the end. It apparently was a 'necklace of virility', and the little card explained that it would make its wearer the 'ultimate man to please any woman' along with an explanation of side effects about mental alteration etcetera, etcetera. She didn't pay the bogus magical stuff much mind so much as the look of it, which just seemed to suit him, at least in her mind. He loved little trinkets like that, so even if he didn't wear it, it would certainly go on one of his wonderful little nerd shelves in his apartment.

"Hey, Earth to Sasha? Did you hear what I said?"

Sasha snapped back to reality and grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, I was lost in your eyes, Pete. Also, I won't lie, I understood maybe ten percent of that."

They both laughed, and as they did so, dessert was served.

"Mhmm, love a good sticky date pudding," Pete said, about to dig in.

"Before you eat, I figure now's a good time to give you my gift."

Pete paused. "You got me a gift? I'm so sorry, Sasha, I didn't get you anything. Are we celebrating something?"

"No, you nerd, I just wanted to get you something since you're always such a sensitive and thoughtful guy. Here."

She passed him the box the so-called Wandering Witch had done the chain up in. she'd delivered some amusingly spooky warning in-character about this chain having the power to "make a real himbo," but Sasha had just laughed at that.

"It would take a lot of actual, factual magic to turn my cute dork of a boyfriend into a himbo, trust me."

The witch had just shrugged and wrapped the package, which Pete now unwrapped.

"Wow," he said. "It's a necklace." Ha! It's got a little dumb bell. A message, perhaps?"

She smirked mischievously. "I thought you might like it. You don't have to wear it if you don't want to. But it might look nice on you when I take you home after this dessert."

He raised an eyebrow. "Oh, why's that?"

"Because," she said, reaching out to take his hand and putting on her most sultry voice, "it's apparently a 'necklace of virility.' And I want a really virile boyfriend tonight. Get me?"

She had never seen a man stuff his face with pudding that fast. By the time they were in the car and heading back to his place, his excitement was damn obvious.

Sasha was waiting on the bed, sprawled out in her lingerie. She knew she presented a gorgeous picture, and was looking forward to seeing Pete come out in his underwear too. Or better yet, she could strip him down. Sure, she wished he could be a bit more masculine, tall, muscled, and so on, but she forced those thoughts away. They only led to silly jealousies. She liked Pete the way he was.

And the way he was, was a man who was shirtless, his torso bare but for the necklace he had just put on.. He entered the room looking just a little sheepish - confidence wasn't exactly his forte - but trying his hardest regardless. It made Sasha giggle just a little, but she still had an anticipation building in her depths, wanting to fuck her man. He had that goofy grin on his own features.

"Don't forget to take off your glasses," she reminded him, "and everything else. I want you in nothing but that necklace."

He put his glasses away. "What do I do to deserve you? You're too amazing, Sasha."

"Come over here and I'll think of something."

He crawled up onto the bed, the necklace dangling with its little dumbbell. It flashed, just briefly, and only Sasha saw it. It had glittered red, like a startlingly perfect ruby, and she had to blink to register what had just occurred. But by that point the little dumb bell was back to normal, and she forced it out of her mind; it was probably just a trick of the low, sensual lighting.

The two made out, holding one another, him yielding to her more than she to him. She enjoyed it, particularly when she placed his hands upon her breasts to play with them. He was pretty good at it, all things considered. But part of her wanted more of a lion in the bed tonight, despite her initial excitement. She wanted someone who would dominate her, and put her in her place.

"Go rougher," she whispered in his ear, biting on it a little.

His erection became just a little harder, and he indeed was a bit more forceful, but his thin limbs could only do so much, so she let herself forget that high expectation and simply enjoy the ride.

At least, that was what she thought she had to do.

Pete grunted. It was an odd sound. The man was sometimes annoyingly silent during sex, but this was a low, borderline guttural sound that came from his belly. He felt an emanation of something, a sort of power cascade through him. For just a moment, the dumb bell lit up again, and they both caught the after-flicker of its crimson redness.

"Um, what was that?" Pete asked.

“It was the pendant of your necklace. The little dumb bell!”

“It’s got a light up function or something?”

“I didn’t think so. Who cares? Let’s get back to it.”

“Oh, yes. Of course.”

But in typical Pete fashion, his mind was now going to the technical specifics of what he’d just witnessed, and it occupied his mind. He continued to make out with Sasha, but his heart wasn’t quite as in it as before, and she could tell.

“Hey, Earth to Pete!” she said, calling back to *his* comments on their date. “I thought we were going to make passionate love to one another here?”

But Pete had stalled, and was staring at the dumb bell icon on the end of the so-called ‘himbo necklace,’ holding it in one hand.

“Hey, Pete, can you hear me?”

“S-Sasha, I can f-feel something.”

She pulled herself up into a sitting position opposite him, ready to be a bit annoyed at her total dork of a BF. But then the pendant lit up a bright red again, and this time it didn’t wink out.

“Woah!” Pete exclaimed. A torrent of powerful energy surged into him, a massively multiplied and magnified amount compared to what he’d felt before. “S-Sasha, I can f-feel it again! It’s - NGH!!!”

He grunted, and something in his voice *changed*. It lowered, becoming a brass boom. Sasha’s eyes went wide in shock at hearing her light-voiced boyfriend sound like that, but that was only a minor change compared to what happened next.

“Ahhh, it’s - my muscles! Mmhmm! AGGHHH!!”

Suddenly, almost *violently*, Pete’s shoulders widened and broadened. His muscles enlarged, growing at a rapid pace. His pecs, previously flat and not worth writing home about, swelled to become worthy of any A-list action movie star. The nerdy young man arched his back, groaning in his newly deep voice as a series of abs pushed forth, the muscles burning as they formed, each set after the next. Sasha watched on in shock - and surprisingly, more than a bit of arousal - as he gained a four pack, then a six-pack, then a damn *eight-pack*. This coincided with a cracking of his spine and limbs as they stretched out further, leaving him growing, growing, and growing some more. He had previously been a mere 5’7. Now, with each low grunt and groan, he rose inch by inch until he was easily 6’1 or 6’2.

Pete tried to fight the changes, even as his chest gained body hair for the first time and his biceps surged into being, powerful and manly. But the feelings were intense and amazing, and his body was increasingly much more of a focus than his mind. In fact, his

attempt to analyse what was happening to him simply fell away, as if his brain no longer cared for such things.

Sasha did, however. Her boyfriend was becoming a muscled titan of a man, and that was hot as hell, but it still concerned her greatly.

She gripped him by his muscles, accidentally copping a feel of those incredible biceps. "Pete, are you okay!?"

Pete managed to get ahold of himself, just in time for his jaw to crack, gaining a square shape and slightly cleft chin. His face was becoming that of a damn professional footballer, albeit a fucking handsome one instead of the ugly meathead variety.

"Ahhhh, yes!" he exclaimed, tensing his spectacular muscles. They continued down his back, his entire figure gaining an impressive breadth. "*Like*, this is - this is incredible, Sasha! I've never, *like*, felt like thissss! NGGHH!! Give me m-more!!! MORE!"

The dumb bell symbol flashed upon his necklace, accelerating his remaining changes further. His neck widened a little, his face became even more attractive. His hair turned bright red, with a smooth swirl to it that looked deliberately mussed in a sexy 'just got out of bed' way, instead of the mess Pete usually possessed.

"Pete!" she said, as he began to feel her body with his now-powerful hands. "Your hair has changed! You're a ginger now!"

"A sexy ginger though, right?" he asked, muscles still tensing, his ass becoming firm. His thighs swelled with further strength, but the real big changes were happening in his mind now. He had always enjoyed sex with Sasha. But now, he needed it. Craved it. His body *demand*ed it. And he didn't want to do it like before: he wanted to fuck her damn *brains out*.

"I, like, really wanna make you cum so hard," he said.

Sasha paused. He was gently pushing her back into the bed, but as alarming as this all was, his words and tone were the hottest fucking thing she'd ever heard. She spread her legs instinctively, just in time to see Pete's eyes roll into the back of his head.

"Euurghhhh . . . ahhhh . . . yesssss. Yesssssss!!!"

Her jaw dropped as his penis began to grow. He'd always been average size, perhaps a little below average in fact, but now his cock gained girth and length at a rapid pace. It extended outwards until it pressed against her entrance, rigid and hard and *hungry*. He exhaled almost animalistically as his balls swelled, filling with far more semen that need to be ejaculated, pronto.

"Holy shit, you're fucking huge!" Sasha said. "The magic was real!"

"Magic?" the man asked, his mind losing intellect fast as it made him into a proper himbo. "Like, was that was all those, um, flashy lights or whatever were about?" He grinned. "Nice. Best present ever, babe."

"Since - since when do you call me babe?"

“Since I suddenly stopped caring about being such a, like, nerd and stuff, and started caring more about rockin’ your world, *babe*.”

And with that, he entered her. It was Sasha’s turn to moan as his enormous girth parted her walls, stretching them wide. She was instantly wetter than she’d ever been, his huge cock invading her entire being, almost all the way up to her cervix, though thankfully stopping just shy. Pete grunted with approval, leaning over to lick her nipples and kiss her gasping lips.

“H-holy shit, you’re s-so biiiig! Oh, G-God!”

“Right? I feel like a total God. I want you to have, like, the best sex ever babe. I want you to have multiples. I’m totally gonna get you there, don’t worry about that!”

He began to work in and out of her, producing pleasurable sounds from the pair of them. Sasha held on for dear life. It was the best sex she’d ever had, particularly as she felt his strong muscles against her. He played with her tits perfectly, gripped her thighs with his muscular hands and pounded her. She felt totally submissive before him, and he was dominant over her. It was goddamn wonderful, despite the shock of the magic.

“Ohhhhhh God!” she cried. “I’m s-sorry! I didn’t m-mean to make you a sexy d-dumb himbo, Pete! I n-need to change you b-back but you’re s-soooooo fucking hoooot!”

But Pete was already in the throws of ecstasy. He was fucking his hot girlfriend, and realising how much he hadn’t appreciated her body. He should have been honing his muscles, working on his delts and biceps and glutes and fucking *everything* to be the monster of a man she deserved. He gripped her tightly, ramming his huge cock into her, holding off his own pleasure to raise hers higher and higher. His advanced knowledge of mathematics, engineering, genetics, lab research methodology; all of it fell away, replaced by an understanding of woman, how to seduce them and fuck them and most importantly *treat them right*.

“I’m going to make you cum harder than you, like, ever have!” he said. “You’re my girl, Sasha, and I want you to go totally wild for me! This is, like, my mission in life!”

She cooed, wrapping her legs around him as he thrust deeper and deeper. She was helpless to the pleasure, and soon was no longer guilty about accidentally transforming her boyfriend. He was indeed rocking her world like crazy, and her own orgasms - plural - were about to come on.

“Yessss!” she cried. “You’re like my b-big, dumb, beautiful golden retriever! You’re so f-fucking hot and nice!”

Pete grinned. He was a bit like a human golden retriever right now. He was excitable. He wanted to do all sorts of things. He wanted to show Sasha a good time. He wanted to *do* her all the time. He gripped her breasts and kissed her lips passionately, and then with one final thrust she finally came, and he came with her.

“Ohhhhhh, yesssss!” she moaned. “Yes, yes, yes, YES!”

“F-fuck yeaaaaahhhhh!” he cried, all macho cheer. His cock tensed, and soon it ejaculated what felt like *gallons* of cum into his girlfriend, leaving her shaking, legs wobbling out of control. She’d never cum more than three times before.

The new and improved himbo version of Peter made her cum *six* times. It was goddamn heavenly, to the point where she was utterly speechless for whole minutes afterwards. He spooned her gently, seeing to all her aftercare, and it was only when she had to get up to clean herself that she looked at the man she’d accidentally changed.

“Pete, that was incredible, but-”

He bolted to his feet and placed a finger on her lips. “Shhhh, no way am I going back, sexy. Your magical necklace has made me into the guy of, like, your dreams and stuff. I don’t have all this extra bullshit in my head getting in the way. Now I can be there for you all the time and rock your world, honey.”

He said it with such confidence, and his muscles were just so *there*, that it was hard for Sasha to disagree with his assessment.

“I - I need to have a shower. I’m leaking a lot down my thigh. Then we can deal with this.”

But Pete just grinned. “I’ll join you in the shower and give you round two. You always wanted to fuck in the shower, and now I can, like, totally take you from behind and make you cry out. It sounds hot as hell, right?”

She swallowed, nipples already stiffening. “Y-yeah, that sounds hot as hell.”

“Then we’ll head out on the town.”

“What?”

He beamed. Again, there was an almost puppy-like innocence to his new self, tempered by his massive libido, and massive . . . third leg.

“I’m thinking we find, like, a clothes store that runs at night or something so we can get me fitted. I’m restless. I’ve got so much energy. I’m taking you out on the town, babe. We’re hitting the clubs.”

“But - but you hate clubs!?”

“I thought I did. I think I might be good at dancing now. And more than that, I want to grind up against your hot ass and make everyone in the club jealous. You in, hot stuff?”

Sasha bit her lip. Maybe having a total himbo for a boyfriend wouldn’t be such a bad thing after all. She could always visit the Wandering Witch and get the effect reversed later, right?

Spoiler alert: she never did. And both of them were just fine with that.

The End