

"I dunno, I want something more... *Original*, I guess." Tim explained, watching a distorted version of the lady at the balcony through the purple crystal ball he held. She blew the smoke from her cigarette in the air. As Tim approached her, he could still feel the amiscar scent. "Is a crystal ball that predicts the future too ordinary for a regular, non-magic man?" The woman sarcastically asked. Now closer to her, Tim looked like a giant: standing above average, his 2 meter stature completely shadowed the old lady that barely reached his chest; her presence, however, denoted the confidence one should expect from the owner of a store that sells magical items.

"Well, it's nice, but... It's too cliché, you know? This may be my first acquisition here, but don't you have something different?" He tried to calmly explain, handing the ball to the small witch; as she looked at it, something made her hold her laugh, as the smoke of her cigarette suddenly became purple. "You know, if you want something more 'original', this may please you!" She replied, getting a small wooden box. Tim got close, watching as the lady took out a pair of silicone bracelets. Almost completely purple, their only remarkable feature were the black arrows that pointed to one of their sides. "These armbands, my dear, can be of incredible use for a young man like yourself. By putting them on, all your members under the arrow mark shall change in material, matching the purple silicone the bracelets themselves are made of. I heard it has many usages and it is very popular among the witches in your age." She winked at him, pushing the wooden box closer to his hands. '*Young witches are interested, huh?*' He thought, intrigued, but still unsure. He smirked, thinking of its usages, a natural reaction that made the old lady add the killing detail. "And if you buy it now, I'll give you a nice discount!"

In previous situations, Tim would secretly make fun of people for believing in the existence of magical items. Yet, now there he was, looking at himself in the mirror with a pair of armbands sold to him by a woman who claimed to be a witch. Nevertheless, that specific store, in a specific and shady avenue Tim would never have found weren't him searching for a shortcut to get to work, put him in this position. Not only was it located in such a mysterious place (even now Tim was unsure on how he got there), but he experienced the magic of some of the items while in there.

As he stretched one of them to put on his wrist, he was surprised by how easily it got loose. And as his right hand slid inside and he released it, the bracelet slowly shrunk, perfectly fitting his wrist. At first, he couldn't help but laugh at himself for being there, staring at his own hand, to which the arrows in the armband pointed. His laugh, though, was suddenly suppressed by shock as the skin on his hand started to turn purple. "You gotta be kidding me..." He smiled, amazed as his body hair was sucked in and his fingernails were swallowed by what used to be flesh; now, however, the smooth and clean surface, in the exact purple tone featured by the armband, was clearly not

made of flesh and bones anymore. He could tell this visually, but also feel it, as he closed and opened it, without any of the resistance a bone structure would offer.

"This can't be true!" He laughed, using his left hand to completely bend his fingers to impossible positions, as if he was contorting a doll. It even stretched slightly, featuring all the material characteristics you would expect from the armband. Decided to take it even further, he moved the armband up on his arm, smoothly adjusting it close to his shoulder. As expected, his entire arm was now made of the same material, without losing any of its usual functions. Happy with what he saw so far, Tim took the armband off with a smooth movement. To his concern, even though the color in his arm went back to its normal tone, the silicon-like aspect stayed for five more minutes, at the end of which he was about to freak out. "Okay, Tim, okay, it takes more to wear off than it takes to wear on." He mumbled to himself, panting as he watched his arm going exactly to the way it was before.

As his heart slowed down, Tim couldn't help but wonder what else he could do. And, with a justifiable anxiety, the young man stretched the armband even more and, with its arrows pointing down, slid his head inside it. Even though the results were exactly what he expected, he couldn't help but squeal as, in complete wonder, watched his entire body neck down turn purple. Every single trait of hair was pulled inside, leaving it smooth as rubber; taking off his shirt, he watched in shock as his nipples were covered by the silicone-like material his body was now made of, in an almost pleasurable, yet cold sensation that weirdly reminded him of tickles. The same fate was met by his belly button, as well as by all of his nails and any other feature that made his human body remarkable. Well, *almost* every feature, since (as Tim soon made sure to check) his dick was still proudly there, even if it now had no hair at all.

Looking inside his pants, though, he could now watch the final process his body faced: with a sucking sensation, his penis slowly shrunk, being engulfed by the smooth skin his groin now had; just like his nipples, it produced some sort of bizarre pleasure, until it completely disappeared inside the soft silicone that now composed his body. Looking now, not even a single vestige of it was left in the form of a bulge. Feeling no more tickles nor any other change, Tim undressed, perplexedly looking at himself in the mirror: wasn't it by his head, no other characteristic made him look either as male or female; without any other remarkable trace, his body looked now like a mannequin made of purple silicone.

Breaking out of his trance, Tim couldn't help but wonder what that body could do; as he tested it, he concluded the limits were, basically, the same of regular silicone: even if he could move it normally and finish any task his flesh-and-bone self would be able to complete, it stretched and bend like rubber. With enough effort, he could now touch his feet or even hug his own legs. The utmost demonstration of surpassing the human limits, though, came when he realized he didn't even have to breathe! "Wow,

this is just amazing! Wait, how can I even *speak*?" He laughed out loud, staring at his chest. Those armbands were indeed amazing and, if he was just a little hornier, he would certainly find out even more possibilities.

Standing in front of the mirror, after hours literally playing with his body, Tim was getting ready for a final test: stretching the other armband, he slid his head into it, though this time the arrows were pointing up. After all, if he didn't have to breathe, he wouldn't need a mouth, right? However, he was once again surprised, as he watched in the mirror not only his hair being sucked in, not just his mouth being completely shut, but also his own eyes, disappearing amidst the silicone his face was now turning into. While his eyes vanished, his vision faded, without ever disappearing completely. In fact, even though he could still see his surroundings, everything seemed to be covered in a thin purple haze.

In wonder, he kept watching all the characteristics from his own face vanish and impossibly stared at the featureless outcome, with bare outlines and bulges showing any resemblance to his former self. Without anything to hold it, his glasses fell to the ground loudly. *'You gotta be kidding me...'* He tried to say, but no voice came from where his mouth once was. He may not need to breathe, but apparently talking was off limits while like that. For some more minutes, Tim kept posing in front of the mirror. Except for the bracelets in his neck, he was a soft, gender neutral silicone doll.

He spent some more time like that, taking some photos and playing with his new form, so that the sun was about to set when he decided to take off the armband transforming his head; as expected, it took only 5 minutes until it was back to normal. Between all the changes happening to his body while using the armband, just now, by hearing the sound of birds and the wind outside, he realized how muffled his hearing was while his head was transformed. Tim laid on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

That day was being amazing. But there was still one detail missing, one person that could make it better. Sara had to see that, she would have even more ideas about what to do. He turned his head to the side, just to see an old silicone bracelet of herself, forgotten on his nightstand. Tim kept it there just to remember her, just to feel her scent when she was away. It certainly didn't have special powers, but it was even more important. However, when he reached his purple hand to get it, he couldn't help but squeal.

Suddenly, Sara was out of his thoughts, and he could only focus on one thing: even though his hand was perfectly open, Sara's armband was still there, attached to it. Its pink color was slowly changing to meet the purple pattern the bracelet gave Tim's body. The silicone seemed to be merging, being assimilated. It was funny so far, but now Tim wanted to remove that armband from his neck, to release the one he was merging with! The witch didn't say anything like that! However, he didn't have to remove

any of the bracelets: as soon as he thought about releasing Sara's armband, it fell to the ground, its color back to the usual pink.

Once again, Tim was panting. Maybe the bracelet could do something the old lady didn't tell him? Just to be sure, he once again attempted to get it and, to his surprise, it attached to his finger at the slightest touch. Feeling it more carefully now, he could recognize a slight breeze flowing through it, as if Sara's armband was now an extension of his own hand. Proceeding to touch and pinch it with his other hand, there was no doubt: his silicone form was capable of merging with things of the same material. But what could this cause if he took the bracelet off while merged with something? In his ecstasy, Tim didn't even think of the consequences as he took the armband off and watched, in disbelief, as the armband kept attached to it. This was too amazing for him to even think about what would happen when his body was fully back to normal, but luckily he didn't have to worry: for after five minutes of wondering, his arm was fully restored and Sara's armband fell on the ground.

"But how far can I take this?" Was the thought that led Tim to put the magical armband back on, now on his shoulder; it's arrows pointed down, so that his whole arm was now silicone. Once again, he reached for Sara's armband, attaching it to him. But if he could "glue" it to himself, what about... Fully *assimilating* it? By the mere thought of this, Tim laughed in satisfaction, realizing the result was as expected: Sara's bracelet was completely swallowed inside his arm. He couldn't even feel it, it just vanished. To his surprise, not even taking the magical armband off would be enough to make it reappear. But he didn't worry this time: he was mastering the armband. So he knew that all he had to do was to put it back on and think of releasing Sara's bracelet. And, as expected, his arm expelled it. Smirking, Tim took the bracelet off and got Sara's armband. Enough of having fun alone. He knew his girlfriend's creativity would be of great use.

"Okay, now, put this on!" Tim asked Sara, giving her the armband. It was almost midnight, but both were sitting on his carpet, like kids in a sleepover. Through his slightly bent glasses, she stared at him suspicious, as if that was some kind of prank. She obeyed, trying not to laugh. "You know Tim, if you wanted to handcuff me you didn't need to create all this scene." She mocked. Even though Tim expected this, he was amazed by how the bracelet, just hours ago stretched in his neck, was now fitting so well in the wrist of a girl with such a petite build. But he didn't have much time to contemplate how cute her hand looked, as she suddenly got up screaming when her arm started turning purple. "WHAT THE FUCK, THIS THING IS STOPPING MY BLOOD FLOW!" She yelled, taking it off quickly and throwing it away. As she stared at her arm, though, she didn't need to hear Tim's explanation to know that, whatever happened, it wasn't a simple lack of blood flow. Nothing like that would make her arm

look like... "Rubber?" She whispered, more to herself than to anyone else. "Silicone!" He corrected, smiling.

After that, it took Tim a while to explain to her what that thing was; well, the explanation about what the armbands could do and how he got them was fairly short, but when it came to demonstrating... Why would he just describe it when he could actually *show it*? Like children, they spent hours just playing with the transformations their body could go through: Sara wasn't busty, but still it was fun to see her with no breast at all; and she also assured to make all jokes she could as she stared to the purple smooth surface where her boyfriend's cock should be. But the childish games suddenly stopped, right after Tim showed his girlfriend what he could do with her armband.

"So you can absorb *anything* similar in material to the armband?" She asked, getting up. Tim could see a creepy glimmer in her delicate blue eyes. "Well, I guess." He answered, wondering what she had in mind as she walked towards the bedroom to get something. "Wait, where did I put it... Hah! There he is!" She yelled from inside, scouring through her boyfriend's messy drawers. "You thought it was just a joke that I'd give you this on your birthday... But I knew we would use it someday!" She announced, theatrically walking out of Tim's room with a huge black-and-red dildo in her hand. Tim startled, having already forgotten that she gave him that as a prank, two years before they started dating. "Absorb this!" She asked, almost throwing the dildo on his hand.

"W-What?" He asked, holding the stiff silicone penis with his purple hands. "Why would you want that?" He asked, turning his head back to Sara, even more startled as he saw her delicate B cup breasts completely exposed. He was definitely taller, but seeing her standing while he was there, right below her, crossed legs onto the carpet... It was definitely a view to appreciate. "You know why~" She answered, coming closer and getting it back from his hands. "But if you are too afraid... Just focus on absorbing." She whispered in his ear as, leaning onto his back from behind, she placed the dildo right in her boyfriend's groin.

But no matter what they were expecting, both were surprised to see the penis slowly clipping into the exact position where Tim's original organ should be. It was bigger, that's true, but as it turned purple, the dildo seemed to be becoming Tim's penis. Considering this, neither of them was really surprised when they saw the dildo (now completely merged to Tim's body) go limp and touch the ground, softly taking its place as the silicone doll's cock. "Allright, this worked even more than I expected." Sara said, as surprised as Tim, staring to his penis from over his shoulder. For a second, the boy forgot that his girlfriend was there, propping her slim body against his back, her perky, warming nipples pressing against his cold, soft surface... Tim didn't even realize what he was really thinking about until Sara let out a cute giggle, staring at his purple, long

penis hardening up. "Welp, apparently it works!" He concluded, weirdly satisfied with Sara's reaction.

"Oh, you can't be so sure it does~" She mocked, standing up once again. "What do you mean? It's rock hard! Well, I mean... As hard as silicone may be." He joked, as his girlfriend slightly played with his new dick with her feet. He could see the pressure making it bend and squeeze, but he felt no pain at all: in fact, his heavy breathing denoted the absolute opposite of pain. "But being hard isn't enough!" Sara kneeled in front of him. In that position, Tim could see her slim belly, her delicate waist, her perky and firm breasts with hard nipples that craved for attention. "In order to work, a dick needs to cum!" She stated, quickly and strongly grabbing his penis with her tiny hand. She stroke it and Tim concluded it was, definitely, a working penis. And that's just to say it wasn't even better, for silicone could take much more strength and roughness. But Sara knew it and, aware it wouldn't hurt Tim, she kept going.

"Show me that this silicone toy works then, Tim~" She whispered in his ear, now bending her body so that her breasts touched the silicone surface of his chest. Tim could feel as the pressure caused her to slightly sink in his softness, feeling Sara's body as he never did before. Her warm body, her sexy voice, her rough strokes... Almost moaning, Tim climaxed without even warning before, aware of the mess he was probably doing; but, to the man's surprise, no cum came out. Panting, he just watched as Sara looked at his urethra, both intrigued and marvelled. "This way, it is much easier to not leave a mess, I guess." She joked, as Tim's dildo-cock slowly limped and he fell back. "You know..." He kept said, still catching his breath. "This may sound a bit weird, but with this body... This may be just the beginning of what we can do!" He wondered, turning his body to face Sara, amazed. "I only have one question before you proceed, honey." She asked, suddenly weirdly serious. "If you don't need to breathe, why are you panting so much after cumming just once?" She mocked and started laughing from her own joke. Tim just kept looking at her. He smiled, sure that that night was merely the tip of the iceberg.

"There's more, though, babe..." Sara added, trying to get back to her former teasing behavior. Tim, slowly moved up and sat, his penis slightly enlarging, about to get hard. "I also found this, while I was in your room~" She dramatically announced as, from her short's pocket, she got an old onahole that Tim was sure to have hidden inside his underwear drawer. "H-Honey, I mean, this is old, I don't use it anymore..." He tried justifying, but all Sara did was sealing his lips with her finger. "Shh... I'm not mad. Don't lie to me, I can smell the scent of your cum in it. All I ask you is to try it on~" The petite girl teased, slightly pulling her boyfriend's huge cock off. At his mental command, it fell off. Tim didn't have a heart to beat fast, but still, he was sweating. "O-Okay!" He babbled, surprised by how that idea aroused him as well. He got the fleshlight from Sara and, breathing deeply, merged it with his crotch.

It was hard for both of them to stay serious, though: the poor fake pussy was so old and degraded it barely resembled a real one. All it was now was a masturbatory tool. While Tim's dildo, that was never used, clipped at the right position and started working as soon as he put it on, the onahole wasn't even perfectly docked. Tim tried touching the spot where the clit was supposed to be, but he felt nothing. Well, he did feel the touch, but not any pleasure. Sara started laughing. "Maybe it isn't working because I'm a dude?" Tim wondered, blushing at her laugh. At his will, the onahole fell to the ground. "Dude, how many times did you use the poor thing? She is so destroyed the armband probably didn't recognize her as a pussy." Sara concluded, tossing Tim's old fleshlight aside. "Wait..." Tim interrupted, with a glimmer in his eyes. "I guess I have an idea to make this even better!"

"Okay, did you bring them all?" Tim asked, excited as a child on Christmas morning, trying to peek inside Sara's bag. "Chill man, it's all here!" His girlfriend answered, dropping the backpack loudly on the ground. "It was delivered this morning. And trust me, honey, it was worth it!" She smiled, squatting and opening the bag up. Inside, everything they picked on Amazon a week ago, right after their first play session with the armbands. There was truly a collection of silicone sex toys inside, mostly consisting of dildos in all shapes and sizes (some of which would make most Bad Dragon's toys look normal). Inside, Tim got one that looked almost feral. "Is this a horse's..." He asked, holding it. Sara smirked. "Why don't we find out if it also works?~"

As expected, all the dildos they tried worked perfectly, enabling them to do a real full course of pleasure. It was after the third or fourth one, though, that Sara reached for the most unique of their acquisitions: a pink, amazingly shaped fleshlight; the pink, perfect replication of a woman's pussy, was the most expensive acquisition, but also the one they were most anxious to try. "O-Okay, let me..." The silicone doll named Tim reached for it and, for some more seconds, just stared at it. Then, with a deep breath, he placed it where he'd usually place the dildos. Just as expected, he felt as it merged with his body and, differing from the last onahole, Tim now felt (and watched) it clipping and reallocating to the middle of his legs. It would usually be awkward, listening to the smacks and slightly moist sounds produced by an organ he had no idea how to control, but once it found its place, it all stopped.

Its shape and color matched perfectly to Tim's body, even if it was slightly spreaded (as expected from the fleshlight). Pressing the clit with his right hand, Tim felt a shock go through his body and, heating up, let out an unexpected moan. "Yeah, it works~" Sara added, excited. Tim could now see that he wasn't alone in this: staring at Tim's cunt, she now also started touching herself. "Heh, you like it?" Tim asked, spreading his legs. Sara waved affirmably, biting her lip. "If that's the case..." The doll added, bolder than he had ever been as he got one of the dildos laying on the ground.

Unused to play with himself like that, he clumsily opened his silicone labia, producing a delicate sound of stretching, and roughly thrust the fake penis inside himself.

Tim started masturbating, falling to his back on the ground, thrusting harder at every time. Sara could now completely see her boyfriend's vagina twitch and suck the dildo, hearing the lewd "pussy farts" the silicone sounds bizarrely resembled; as Tim arched his back and almost screamed, moaning louder as he thrust faster, Sara could tell her boyfriend had cum with his own silicone pussy. "This is~" He babbled, by the end of his climax. "This is so good~" He practically moaned, with his legs shaking and the doll body heavily hitting against the ground. "This is so good..." He panted.

Sitting once again, though, he realized Sara didn't climax yet, for her masturbation showed no signs of slowing down. "There is one more thing, babe~" Sara teased, getting her hand away from her groin. Her thighs were soaked, but she seemed determined to have the perfect orgasm, since she opened the zipper of another pocket in her bag. "I didn't warn you about this, but still..." She tried to explain, clearly embarrassed for the first time. As her hands brought out two wobbly orbes of silicone, Tim couldn't be more confused. "They are just a cup size bigger than mine, but..." She felt her pussy twitch in plain sight, for Tim to notice it too. "It would be so hot to see you with these implants~" She almost moaned, just by picturing the scene and, embarrassed, handed the silicone breast implants to Tim. It may be because of their arousal, or maybe Tim was just curious, but without a second thought, he gulped and got it from Sara's hand.

Pressing it against his own chest, he warned Sara: "I'm not sure if this is going to work. Maybe the armband will recognize it as just orbe~ Oh!" His voice failed, as he soon found himself pressing two C cup silicone breasts attached to his body; they weren't just colorless implants anymore, they were silicone-made purple tits, part of his body; and now, Tim was fondling them. Blushing in arousal, Sara couldn't help but start touching herself again, watching the lewd, feminine body of the mannequin her boyfriend now was. "This is just perfect~" She almost moaned, leaning towards Tim and groping his left breast with her free hand. "We can experience the best of both worlds~" She completed, playing with her boyfriend's nipple until Tim let out a delicate moan. His own pussy was now twitching again.

For how many hours they kept playing with Tim's female body was unsure, but the moon was high in the sky once they were done. Both were a mess, the silicone body of Tim wet with Sara's fluids, slightly marked with the shape of her body. They were tired and, nonetheless, amazed. "Okay honey, you can take it out now." Sara announced, pointing to the armband in Tim's neck. As ordered, he took it out. However, both of them weren't expecting to see the perfectly shaped pussy, with thin pubic hair, and the perky and firm breasts, made of fat and flesh, now being features of Tim's body.

“W-WAIT NO NO NO!” He practically yelled, looked down at himself. “WHY DIDN’T IT FALL DOWN?! WHERE’S MY DICK?” He cried, staring at a confused Sara. “I-I don’t know Tim, we played a lot, maybe it will take more time to return to normal.” She argued, slightly scared, but doing her best to calm him down. “Y-Yeah, you are right... I will get back to normal, right?” He asked, but heard no response back. Apparently, Sara was distracted, staring at a very specific spot on Tim’s groin. Now looking at it, he was as confused as her: his clitoris seemed to be swelling. At the same time, his breasts started to slowly shrink. Realizing what this meant, both looked at each other relieved and, about 4 hours later (and boy, those were 4 long hours), Tim’s body was back to normal.

“No trace of the additions, though...” Sara added. “Isn’t it possible that they fell and we didn’t notice?” Tim tried arguing, but didn’t need a response back. He smirked. “No, wait, this happened before!” And, once again, put the armband back on, just to find his silicone feminine body spotting all of its previous sexual features. “There they are!” He smiled, taking off the fleshlight and the implants, returning to the gender-neutral default form. Tim threw both, fleshlight and implants, on the pile where the other toys rested. Sara said no word and just stared at him with a delicate smile. She loved him and he loved her. However, the glimmer in her eye made clear love wasn’t the only thing in the air. “Tim, tell me... After this entire time, aren’t you tired?” She asked. “Oh, well, maybe a little, but... My silicone body has different limits, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to climax that many times. So, I would say that I’m good.” He innocently replied, just realizing her true intentions when she got up. “Then I have an idea: since you are still good to go, give me the armband and get me those toys~” She teased, once again arousing Tim. He smiled and took off the armband.