

In the room, you could hear the long moans of a woman that would scare away any man. If you look inside, you can see a strange picture. A woman in a latex suit, gloves and boots was writhing on the bed, actively fucking herself with an dildo. And it was an old lady close to her 60s, the mistress of this house. The hairstyle was lush, like many elderly ladies, the hair was already gray. There were wrinkles on her face, even though she used anti-aging creams all the time. In a latex suit, her body was toned, even her breasts seemed to retain their shape. But it was all an illusion once she took it off. And her health condition did not allow her to wear the suit for a long time, the skin needed to breathe.

Her husband died a long time ago, leaving her everything from the house to all the fetishistic things she wanted. In her youth, she had a stormy sex life. And she was crazy about latex. They were ready to make love for hours in latex. But those times are over, they had a daughter. They tried to do everything so that she would not find out about their hobbies. Which, in general, they managed to do. Now she was already an adult married woman. She lived with her loving husband and two daughters. One was 18 years old and the other was 19. Both beauties, both took after their mother. And she was proud of her daughters, she loved them and literally didn't want to let them go.

And that was what upset the old woman. Her life was over, a new generation was beginning to live. She didn't like her grandchildren with their perfect young bodies. Over time, she stopped loving her daughter for the same reasons. Loneliness and envy made her what she is. She considered all this unfair, she had not tried everything in her life yet, she had not walked with all men. And dark thoughts began to creep into her head, reaching almost to murder. But God must have heard her.

She lived alone in the mansion, only the maids sometimes came and cleaned for her. Until one evening she saw a box in front of her house. This package was meant for her. She grabbed it greedily, thinking it was her next order. But there were so many of them that she no longer remembered what exactly was coming. Another cream, face masks, or new toys. But after opening it, she only finds two pens and a note that said – "With this you can fulfill your dreams." On the reverse side there was a small handwritten instruction manual, which said: "With the help of a black pen, you can become whoever you want, just point it at your victim and press the button. The brown one is needed if you want to get the victim's memories, but be careful, there are may be a lo..." and then the text breaks off, as if someone did not add it on purpose or erased it.

Her twisted mind was ready to cling to any possibility of prolonging her life. Therefore, she did not even begin to doubt the veracity of the written words. A smile spread across her face, apparently her first victim would be her own daughter with a hot body.

In anticipation, the Lady called her daughter to clarify if she could come to her tomorrow for tea, alone? To her surprise, she was glad of the invitation, and said that she would come tomorrow. Rubbing her palms in anticipation, the lady went to her room to put on some latex suit again and indulge in pleasure...

The next day your daughter comes to your house. The bell rang. The lady opens the door and meets her in a... latex dress from neck to toe. The daughter stood in shock for a while at the threshold, but still entered the house. The lady sat her daughter down at the table and started pouring tea.

"Mom, you're at it again, you're no longer at the age to dress like that," the daughter said.

"But in my soul I never get old, my daughter" - the mother retorted.

While the daughter was sipping tea, the mother had already taken out a black pen and pointed it at her daughter.

"And you, you will help me stay young even in the body" - the mother said, pressing the button.

"Wha..." - said her daughter, crumbling into a pile of skin on the chair.

The mother was surprised that it worked at all, but interest overcame fear and surprise, and she rushed to the pile of clothes on the chair. Taking the skinsuit in hand, the blouse, skirt and tights slid off the suit to the floor. The mother saw a crack in the suit, the insides were light red. She really could have worn it. Swiftly starting to take off her latex suit, after a while she was already standing naked in the room. Your breasts were hanging down, your skin was flabby – it was your ticket to a new life, despite the fact that this is your daughter, but for some reason you didn't care.

The mother put her foot in the skinsuit. She had long been used to the feeling of latex and all sorts of other materials, but this was something special. Her left leg was immediately transformed, now she was moving her snow-white, thin, taut leg of her daughter. It was like some kind of magic. She continued to pull on the suit further.

The labia of the suit enveloped her ones. She let out an excited sigh. Then she slipped her hands into the thin and tight sleeves of the suit. Her breasts were replaced by daughter's smaller but firm breasts. She clutched at them and let out a moan again.

She went to the full-length mirror to see the old woman's head sticking out of the young body, which had already begun to secrete love juices. This had to be fixed, and she threw the hood hanging down in front of her. The fitting of the face went quickly, and then the light... the seal...

She opened her eyes... She turned into her daughter. She really wanted to try out her new body, and she began massaging her clitoris by plunging the fingers of her right hand into the vagina. While the left massaged the chest. The daughter was no longer young, but her body retained elasticity even after the birth of two daughters. And the feeling when masturbating was completely different.

She leaned against the mirror, licking her reflection.

"Now I'm going to be their mom... I guess you don't mind"

After that, she finished, rolling her eyes, slowly rolling down the mirror to the floor, splashing her juices in front of the mirror.

"Fuuuuck, I already forgot how cool it is to be young, aaaaaaaah haaaaaaa"

After lying like that for 10 minutes, she got up and picked up the suit she was wearing before taking her daughter's place. It seemed like the suit was supposed to fit, and she started putting it on. Fully dressed in latex, she went to her room where she then played with herself all day in latex and her toys...

Naturally, she wasn't going to stop there, and a year had already passed since the incident that no one knew about. She didn't use a brown pen, she didn't need the memories of her unhappy life. She just wanted to live her new life in a new body. And she led a slutty lifestyle, she used her old husband's inheritance, walking left and right. In this regard, she had to divorce with her husband, giving both her daughters to his care.

The daughters could not believe that she had done this. They begged, begged her to come back or at least explain the reason. But their mother didn't want to listen to anything, she kept talking about a new life. They knew she couldn't do that,

something must have happened. But no one knew what it was. Therefore, they decided to conduct their own investigation. And they decided to visit her, where, as they found out, she lived in the house of their rich grandmother. About which there was also nothing heard, except from your mother herself, who said that grandma had died a long time ago.

The bell rang. The mother was unhappy that she was being distracted from entertainment, and she opened the door with displeasure. She was surprised when she saw two daughters on the threshold of her house, who found out where she lives.

"Oh, well hello girls, what did you want?" - the mother blurted out

The girls stood with rounded eyes, because the mother in front of them was dressed in a latex suit from neck to toe. The youngest covered her eyes with her hands, the eldest, gathering her thoughts, said:

"So that's what you're doing here! Let us go, we need to talk!"

"And how long have you become such an impudent young lady, come on in," curtsied and invited their mother inside.

The house completely smelled of female pleasure. The older one looked with disgust at the scattered latex clothes and toys. The mother sat them down on the sofa and told them to wait until she made tea.

"I've never been to Grandma's house before" - says the youngest.

"I used to be, and believe me, nothing has changed, there is clearly something wrong here," the elder concludes.

"Why was Mom dressed like that?" the younger one asks curiously.

"This is the whole problem that she has never dressed like this before, our grandmother used to dress like this..." - the elder concludes.

"It can't be! Really?"

They did not have time to continue the conversation as the mother returned with tea. The conversation was essentially about nothing, they could not get anything new out

of it. The youngest cried and threw herself into her mother's arms, but she categorically did not want to hug her. More and more suspicions crept into the older sister's head. And saying that she needed to go to the bathroom, she then asked where she was. Her mother agreed to accompany her there. After escorting her, the mother stayed outside while the eldest tried to do her business. Even the toilet room was spacious, it was combined with the bathroom, there was a huge mirror over the sink. Quickly finishing her business, she went to the sink to wash her face. She heard the door open and in the reflection she sees a latex figure coming into the room. Her mother was holding something in her direction. The mother was serious and it could be seen in her eyes.

The elder saw with her peripheral vision that she was going to press something, she quickly dived to the floor, clutching her head with her hands. She didn't even see that the beam was released in her direction which hit the mirror...

Opening her eyes, she saw latex clothes on the floor. Coming closer, she screamed when she saw her mother's deflated head. The younger sister immediately ran to the cry, who saw a pile of clothes with her mother's head on top in front of her, covered her eyes with her hands and turned away.

The eldest jumped off the floor and hugged her younger sister, not letting her look at what was left of her mother. The youngest was still innocent, so it was dangerous for her to show such things. But something had to be decided, and the eldest asked the youngest to sit outside for now, or even better to look for her mother's room. The younger one went out, and the older one began to examine what was left of her mother. There was just a latex suit on the floor, and mother's head was sticking out of it. She touched it, and it felt like it was a latex mask, like on Halloween, but very high quality. Then the eldest saw a black pen, which actually turned her mother into what she is now. It was an ordinary antique pen with a button, she zaps into the wall and a green ray flew out of the pen for a moment.

"So that's what she wanted to do... Apparently this pen turns people into costumes... But where did she get it from? Has the pen turned her head?"

She picked up the skinsuit, it was quite heavy. She noticed a cut on the back of her head, but first she had to take off her latex suit. Then her younger sister called out to her, she had already found a room. Gathering her thoughts and strength, the elder took with her a skinsuit and a pen, and went to the call of her sister.

The eldest comes into the room that belonged to her grandmother. There was already a musty smell of pleasure. The room was filled with latex costumes and toys.

"Don't touch it!" - the older one shouted when the younger one started touching the toys.

The younger one got scared and ran up to you, and now you were both standing and looking at the deflated suit. The older one starts to undress the latex suit, the younger one grabs the leg of the suit and tries to help. The older one did not want to interfere with the younger one at all, even though she was of age, but she was like a child in growth, perhaps mother's leaving also somehow affected her mental state.

They managed to remove the latex suit exposing the naked body of the mother. The younger one stared, as if for the first time she saw a naked female body.

"Why are you surprised, we wash together every time" - said the elder.

"Yes, but you don't have such a beautiful adult body" - the younger one said without a twinge of conscience.

The older one gave her a light slap on the back of the head, and then grabbed the suit and lifted it at shoulder level. The suit was almost the same height as her, but the shape and ass were much larger than the older one. The younger one could not boast of any of this at all.

Suddenly, something began to appear from the vagina of the suit, until a purple dildo completely appeared, which fell to the floor with a dull sound. The younger one rolled her eyes and wanted to ask something, but the older one stopped her attempt.

"As you can see for yourself, our mother was obsessed, she would never do that, do you believe me?" - the older sister asked.

"Yes..." - the younger one replied, puffing out her cheeks, stroking the suit.

The elder opened the crack on her back and a powerful smell escaped from there, as if perfume mixed with sweat. But then she felt as if there was an inner layer in the suit. Fumbling with her hand, she was able to separate the inner layer from the outer one, and with a sharp movement she pulled the suit out of her mother's suit.

"Grandma???" - the sisters shouted in unison.

The older one dropped both suits in shock, the younger one covered her face with her hands and just stood there. The older sister jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom, vomiting sounds were heard.

The younger one took her hands away from her face and looked more closely at how the two skinsuits were lying on the floor in front of the bed. She always liked to dress up for Halloween, and she had a pair of latex monster masks. She crawled over to the suits and started pulling her grandmother's costume out of her mother. She rarely saw her in principle, but naked for the first time.

She pulled out the suit completely. She touched the dangling deflated breasts. It was disgusting, but she was interested. She has never explored her body from a sexual point of view. She began to feel strange sensations in her virgin pussy when she touched the shaved crotch of the suit.

She opened the slit of the suit and saw the red insides. The desire to try the costume began to grow. The younger sister began to take off her black blouse, skirt and beige tights. Breathing heavily, she picked up her grandmother's suit and began to put it on. She pulled it over one leg, then the other. She had never worn anything like it, and she blushed. For her, it was just some Halloween costume that she wanted to try out of childish curiosity. The costume's pussy matched her pussy and she shuddered. She touched her new sagging ass, which was already bigger than her own. She felt a touch, it scared her, but she continued to put on the suit...

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" - came from the doorway.

The younger sister covered her face with her hands and turned away.

"What are you doing?! Take it off immediately" - the elder pulled the younger by the hand, and she saw her red face.

"Haaaaa... I just wanted to try... I've always wanted to try a full body suit," the younger one stammered

"But why this one? Take it off! It's disgusting!"

The youngest hugged her small breasts and was embarrassed.

"Please... just once... I don't want to try Mom..."

The eldest rolled her eyes.

"Heck!... Well. Then I'll search the room for now, maybe I can find out something more about the pens."

It was inconvenient to dress in front of her sister, but slowly she began to pull the suit up to her chest. The suit immediately shrank in the places where she put it on. She felt old, and there was no trace of youth left.

At this time, the elder was searching the room. But so far, she hasn't found anything but a pile of latex clothes and toys. Although on the table she noticed a box with another pen and instructions. She put the black pen in the case and began to examine the instructions.

At this time, the younger one had already put her hands into the sleeves of the suit, she was scared that now she had a big sagging chest. She grabbed it and it was as if she was electrocuted, she had never experienced this before, even when her sister was washing her. She started playing with them, and apparently she was getting excited. It was a strange costume, but she decided to finish the transformation, and put a mask on her head. The suit was a little bigger than her, but she seemed to have increased in size. The mask shrank, the suit seemed to become her second skin. She exhaled loudly and said in her old voice:

"I'm done. Oh my God, my voice!" she closed her mouth in amazement.

The eldest was frightened when she heard a voice that she hadn't heard for many years.

"Listen, this is weird. Take it off!"

"Hehe, I'm already an adult, I want to stay in this mature body for now" - says the younger one

"It's already overripe! Can you put something on while I am searching?"

The youngest went to the wardrobe and found black lace underwear there. When she put on her panties, this pleasant feeling passed over her again. She rubbed her pussy

a little with her panties, and it was amazing. But it was strange and she stopped, and continued to put on a bra. Next, a skin tight leather dress caught her eye. And there were high-heeled shoes nearby. Her breasts no longer seemed so saggy with a bra, and therefore when she put on a leather dress, it was slightly baggy, in places even too much. Putting on her shoes, she went out to her older sister.

"Ok? I like it... I've never worn this before."

The older sister made a facepalm. Then she said that the black pen allows you to turn people into costumes, and the brown one allows you to get memories, but there was some kind of warning.

"Maybe if we get her memories, we can find out what happened to our mother?", the younger one suggested.

"What happened to her and so everything is clear, she turned her into a skin with a black pen", stated the elder.

"Then maybe we can find out why our grandmother did this?"

"It's dangerous, who knows what could happen"

"I think we should try..."

Incredulously, the elder began to twist the brown pen in her hands.

"If something happens, let me know right away."

"Okay, come on" - the younger one stood in the T pose and waited.

Sensing something was amiss, the elder pointed a brown pen in her direction and fired.

Everything was fine for a couple of seconds, until the youngest grabbed her head and screamed.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

She fell to the ground and started writhing on the ground.

"What's going on?!" the older one shouted.

"Her... memories... are too...much..."

Then she started pulling her face, and at the same time did not stop shouting:

"Help me take off the suit! It hurts!!!"

The elder threw the pen on the floor and rushed to help her sister. While she was pulling her hair and face, the older one tried to pull the skin on her legs, thighs, arms, but nothing worked, it was like her skin. And the younger one was suddenly very excited by such touches. And she really wanted to masturbate, although she literally didn't know what it was recently. She began to reach out with her hand to the crotch, and began to massage.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, it's so nice! Masturbation is so nice!"

The younger one was still trying to remove the mask, and at the same time she was fingering her crotch in search of a way out. But she found only endless pleasure.

"Stop doing that! Oh no, her memories are corrupting you! I will stop this madness," the older sister rushed to the table, but she was intercepted by a hand and pulled to the floor.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaa sister, help me reach the orgasm" - the younger one stammered.

"NOOOOOO! Let me go!" - the older one screamed.

But the younger one grabbed her tightly. For an old woman, she had a lot of strength. And she pressed her sister's face to her pussy. She literally screamed with a sharp rush of pleasure, while the older one began to struggle, as she had nothing to breathe.

She went on and started pushing her sister under her dress to fill in the bagginess. And here she is completely under a leather dress with her face pressed to her chest. Their crotches were almost touching each other. The younger one pressed her legs covered with black tights to the floor and did not let go, and with her free hands she began massaging her pussy and her sister's pussy.

The eldest began to hum in her chest and beat in hysterics. But the dress was clutching her tightly, she couldn't do anything. The youngest experienced a pleasure that she had never experienced, she was over the moon. The older one also enjoyed it, only she had almost fainted. With a scream, the youngest in a granny skinsuit came, pouring a bunch of liquids on the floor. Together with her, the eldest also came, who lost consciousness after convulsions.

The younger one pulled out her sister's head so that she wouldn't suffocate, and when she saw her tear-stained face up close, the younger one seemed to dawned on for a moment

"What?! What am I doing?!"

And she frantically tries to pull her sister out from under her dress, and she begins to undress herself. There was a black dress, shoes and underwear on the floor.

"I have to take off my suit..." - she starts to run her hands over her back, while not her memories pop up in her head. Lust, sex and masturbation. Loneliness, senility and old age.

"Haaaaa... no... who am I..." - the hands are becoming more and more sluggish. She didn't find anything on her back. She began to feel her face.

"Haaaaa... yeah... this is my face..." - she pulled on it, the mask slightly stretched slightly exposing the young skin of the girl.

"Yeah... now it's my face" - she let go of the mask and started smoothing it.

"Now it's me... forever... I see no reason... to take off..." - she began stroking her old body. Until her gaze fell on her granddaughter, lying unconscious.

"Aaaaah, granddaughter, you're so beautiful..." - she crawled up and began caressing her legs in pantyhose. From the hips to the tips of the toes. She sucked them a little and then started massaging her crotch with her foot.

"Ah! This is amazing! It's like I'm still young and full of energy in my soul!"

The granddaughter began to chuckle. Interrupting her act of masturbation, the lady took the familiar beige tights and tied her arms and legs. Then she gagged her with familiar pink panties, and put her black ones on her face. And suddenly she was

visited by thoughts of old age, the desire to live longer. She wanted to live forever and have pleasure forever. Her gaze fell on her daughter's skin.

"Yeah... I completely forgot about you... my ticket to a new life...", she said pulling herself up to her daughter's skin.

Opening the skin, she began to put it on slowly with an obsessive look. Meanwhile, the granddaughter opened her eyes and tried to say something, but she was gagged. She tried to move her arms and legs, but they were tied. Then she saw how her grandmother, or rather her sister in a grandmother's skinsuit, began to put on a second skinsuit.

"Mpffffffffffh! Mpffffffffffh!" - the granddaughter screamed into the gag.

"Ah, you're awake, don't worry, Mommy will join you soon... And we will be a happy family again"

Not believing that her chaste beloved sister was doing this, she tried to get out of her bonds, while her sister had already put on half of the costume. But she didn't succeed, she just continued to squirm on the floor, she wouldn't have been able to get to the black pen on the table in such a state.

"Ah, finally that new body..." the lady said, pulling her head up. Now she has become her daughter and at the same time the mother of two children. The suit tightened on her back. But she wasn't going to use a brown pen, she didn't need memories. She remembered about the latex suits in the closet and took out one of them. A one-piece suit from neck to toe, and began to put it on in front of her daughter.

"Mppppppfh!" the older one screamed even harder.

"Don't worry, baby, Mommy will help you soon" - the mother said, pulling on a latex suit. Zipping up her suit, the mother approached her squirming daughter.

"But I won't let you go so easily, you know too much...", and after these words she sat down with her latex crotch on her face. It was already difficult for her to breathe because of the gag and panties, and now it's impossible at all. She drove over her face, getting a lot of pleasure, but, and so that her daughter would not be bored, she began to masturbate her. The room was filled with obscene sounds. They both experienced another orgasm, so the daughter lost consciousness. And the mother

made an obscene face because she experienced an orgasm with a young body. And she had already forgotten that she was wearing a suit, just as she had forgotten that a chaste girl was hiding inside her, who had never known pleasure with her own body.

The mother remembered that she had a slave costume just in case, she herself wore it only once, but it was too uncomfortable and now she has found a use for it. Rummaging through the pile, she pulled out a full suit from head to toe, a black suit, without eyes and mouth, only with holes for the nose. Inside was a gag for mouth, anal and pussy.

A fire lit up in her eyes and she began to undress the unfortunate. It tore off her T-shirt, shorts and tights, and then underwear. She quickly started pulling on her suit until she woke up. For submission, she found a small vibrator and shoved it into her pussy. And quickly plunged the dildo into her pussy and anal. The daughter moaned and seemed to start waking up. The mother quickly threw on the hood, gagging her mouth, and threading her arms into the sleeves. The sleeves of the suit ended in a ball, and her hands became useless. She quickly closed the zipper of the suit, and satisfied, she began to admire her work.

The daughter woke up and tried to figure out what was going on. She couldn't see anything and couldn't speak, she felt something in her ass and pussy. She tried to take off the suit, but there was nothing she could do with her hands. She started screaming into the gag and rubbing her face with her hands. Then something snapped on her neck and the toy started working in her pussy.

"Now you will be my toy, and I will not let you go until I deem it necessary..."

The daughter continued to shake on the floor rubbing her crotch.

"No one will even notice you're missing... That WE are missing he-he..."

It's been a lot of sexy nights for you. She made you cum over and over again day after day. Her goal was to break you and really make you a slave. But you won't forget what she did to you, your sister and your mom. Hatred filled your mind. But over time, you realized that the more you resisted, the more she punished you. You decided to pretend that you submitted to her.

By giving her and yourself endless pleasure, you have grown to the point that the suit with useless hands has been replaced with a regular latex suit. You slept in a

separate room, for security reasons. The days were not in vain, you were able to find out where she keeps pens. She didn't really care about them for some reason. You saw them under the bed, still in the same case, during the next sex, when she f*cked you mercilessly on the floor. It remains to figure out how to get out of the room. Until it dawned on you.

Hoping that she would not leave the house in the evening, you were able to pick up the keys to the front door and hide them in your room. After another session, after which you almost went crazy, and your mother became more and more convinced of your devotion. And after you somehow ended up on your bed, you gathered your thoughts and strength to implement your plan. When it was late at night, you got up, took the keys to the house and opened the window. The idea of falling from the height of the second floor was not very pleasant, but that was the price of saving, not just your life. You were hoping that your latex suit would soften the fall. You looked out of the window.

"It's very high" - the pitch-black night outside made the picture even darker. You didn't think of jumping directly from the windowsill. You climbed up on the windowsill, and began to slowly go down, holding your hands on the ledge. Now the height was about a meter and a half.

"Well... with Go... Waaaaaaaah!" - you said to yourself as your latex hands slipped and you fell down.

You felt short-term pain and briefly lost consciousness. When you woke up, you found yourself lying on the grass under the window.

"Holy shit... God" - you stood up, grabbing your head. You were hoping she hadn't woken up. The keys were lying nearby next to you on the grass. In this regard, you are lucky, and the fact that you did not crash to death, too.

You got up and slowly trudged to the door. You tried to open it as quietly as you could, but you had to click the lock several times before opening the door. You entered the house quietly, carefully turning the lock once. Now all you had to do was get to her room and hope she was asleep.

You quietly went up to the second floor and stood in front of her door. You heard your heart beating in your chest. You quietly started opening the door to her room.

"This bitch also sleeps in a latex suit" - flashed through your mind. You carefully approached the bed without closing the door. Your mother was actually very beautiful, you even got a little excited, and you started rubbing your crotch. Then you remembered your goal and looked under the bed. The case was still there. You took it out and carefully opened it, both pens were in place. You felt like a small child who is secretly rummaging in the kitchen at night.

You decided to tie her up and make fun of her one last time. In the dresser you found stockings, quickly taking them out, you began to tie her hands first, then her legs in quick knots. She began to wake up slowly.

"What... what the hell?!" – your mother screamed, rampaging in her fetters.

"How did you leave the room, you little bitch..."

You grabbed her breasts and said through your teeth:

"I've been dreaming of taking revenge on you for a long time. You're an old hag for my whole family"

She kept trying to get out.

"You little bitch! You are nitwit! I should have turned you into skin from the very beginning! Without hesitation!"

"And what prevented you?" - you asked her sarcastically while massaging her breasts.

"Grrrrrhaaa... because your little sister is constantly getting on my nerves. I feel sorry for you all the time for some reason! I'm constantly going through these childish urges in myself. Damn you!"

Tears rolled into your eyes. Your sister fought, she tried to help you, but she was weak. You took a wad of tights and stuffed it in her mouth.

"Shut your fucking mouth! My beloved sister is trying to help me!"

"Mpppfhhh!" - she tried to bite you, but you managed to stuff a gag in her mouth and then tie her mouth.

"I'll take pity on you and let you cum for the last time" - you gritted through your teeth and began massaging her pussy.

On the bed were various vibrators, from large to small, which were inserted inside. You unzipped your crotch and inserted a small one there. After all, you also wanted to have fun. Then you unbuttoned her crotch and inserted the included small vibrator there and fastened the crotch. Taking a large vibrator, you began to masturbate her in parallel by turning on your small vibrator and rubbing the clitoris with your free hand.

From the side, one could observe an obscene picture. Perhaps in all these days she has really been able to spoil you to some extent. Or you hit your head too hard today. You enjoyed it, and so did she, even though you should have finished your business by now.

Realizing that you were about to cum, you pressed your crotch to the other side of the vibrator, and together you moaned in unison. It doesn't matter who came first, but you both experienced a big orgasm.

Moving away from orgasm, you almost forgot why you came here at all. You took the black pen out of the case.

"I will stop this madness!"

The gagged mother screamed and began to rampage on the bed, trying to tear off her bonds. You have set the maximum power of the vibrator. And when, as it seemed, she was already close to orgasm, you hit her with a black pen.

She moaned loudly into the gag one last time until she completely deflated, leaving a skinsuit in a latex suit instead. But you knew there were a couple more inside.

You came up and removed the gag. It was easy, as the head was deflated. It was also easy to get her out of bondage. You unzipped her latex suit, exposing Mom's beautiful body. It didn't seem like that to you before, and you never considered her sexually, as long as the grandmother in her image brought you to orgasm for many days.

You ran your hands over the skin, for some reason enjoying this feeling. But you felt even more disappointed because you were the only one who hadn't tried wearing a skinsuit yet.

You were able to tear the skin on mother's back and pull out the lady's skinsuit. Your face was full of contempt. You wanted to burn it, but you also wanted to play with it. You were holding a wrinkled old skin with gray hair and could not believe that it had been tormenting you for all these days. At least not to say that you didn't like these tortures directly. You are filled with lust. Remembering that there was another layer inside - your beloved sister, you quickly opened the hole on the back and pulled out the smaller skin.

She was all slimy and wet with sweat. But you hugged her anyway. You missed her. She even seemed even more beautiful to you. You didn't know how and whether it was possible to return a person who had been turned into skin. But the more you cuddled with your sister, the more strange lustful thoughts began to appear in your head. Your pussy begins to blush and throb again.

"What to do... I wanted to save everyone so much... but the temptation to try it..."

The skin you were holding attracted you too much. You inadvertently opened the seam on the back of the suit from which the smell burst out. That smell belonged to your sister. Her special fragrance immediately intoxicated you. If you touched yourself now, you would definitely come. In fact, after looking around the room and realizing that almost all your family members were here, you couldn't stand it and started taking off your latex suit. Unzipping your suit, you threw off the latex shell along with a small vibrator. You took your sister's skin in your hands again.

"So soft..."

You opened the gap and tried to roll up the sock of the suit as you do with tights.

"Wow! It's so elastic! As lycra but it's opaque, but at the same time it looks like real human skin" - You put your feet in the assembled sock, letting out a groan of surprise.

"Damn, the suit glides so pleasantly on the skin... better than stockings and tights... So warm... and for some reason... Sister! I love you!" - you shouted into the void and with you began to thread the second leg. She was a little shorter and you didn't

understand how you would fit. You experienced a short orgasm when your pussies touched. You, breathing heavily, pulled the suit up to your chest and then decided to touch your crotch.

"Oooooohh! Aaaaaaaah!" - such feelings are experienced only by someone who touches himself in this place for the first time in his life. And these feelings were new to you. Something started to break in your head.

Even though she was 18, she looked like a child. You began to understand why lady went crazy, and perhaps even your chaste, pure sister who put on a lady's skin.

You put your arms through the sleeves. Your hands have shrunk and become thinner. Just like your sister. You looked behind you, the suit was sealing itself. Only the head remained. You were drooling from your mouth. You were excited. Your sister was smaller than you in everything. Now you had her little ass, small breasts, you got shorter, but you loved these changes because you loved your sister.

"Haaaaaaa... Haaaaa... Little wretch... this is for you for putting on a suit first and depriving me of this opportunity ..." - you said to yourself under your breath as an excuse for your actions. And then you started pulling the mask over your face.

You screamed in surprise when the suit began to shrink around you even more. The opening of the suit was tightened and it was not visible. You didn't even really know if you could just get out of the suit. But you didn't care. You ran your hands over your face, her skin was much softer and smoother than yours. You noticed that you now had her golden hair.

You were so excited that you so became your beloved little sister. Your pussy started tingling. You took a small vibrator from the bed and inserted it inside yourself. And when you turned it on, your face distorted into a very perverted smile. You fell on the bed and you started to writhe from the vibrations. You didn't even notice that you were lying on two other suits that rubbed your skin pleasantly. As if these suits somehow lured to themselves. But you were already unable to think because you have come like never before. A small vibrator flew out of you like a bullet, and love fluids began to pour out on the suits and the bed, while you rolled your eyes and began to lose consciousness.

"Aaaaaaaah this is the best thing that has happened to me in my life" - you said after awakening. While you were lying still recovering from orgasm, you were thinking what to do next.

While you were lying, bathing in the afterglow of orgasm. Writhing sensually on the bed, you remembered that there is a pen that gives memories. You immediately remembered how the lady's memories absorbed your sister and after which you became her slave. You are winced by this thoughts.

But once again looking at your young body, you are thinking. It was your sister. She couldn't have done anything wrong to you. And the thought that you could become one made the fire in your loins flare up. Having started stroking your crotch again, you crawled to the case with a brown pen.

"I want to know what my sister thinks of me" - you said, as if trying to justify yourself.

You took the pen and climbed back on the bed. For some reason, you were very excited and started massaging your small breasts again. The sensations were not as sharp as those of your old body, but the fact that this body had never experienced sexual stimulation before directly multiplied the pleasure you received.

You started masturbating by pointing the pen at yourself. Without further ado, it turned you on, as if you were lying at gunpoint and about to disappear... forever.

Author's note. But she didn't know that the more excited she was, the more likely it was that the memories she received would occupy the entire void in her head, and she might forget herself and never remember.

"But be careful, there may be a loss of identity. It is highly not recommended to use a pen during orgasm" - what was erased in the instructions for these pens.

You haven't even noticed how perverted you've become in such a short period of time. You used to like to touch yourself, but this is the first time you have such dark thoughts in your head. The training (torture) that you endured was not in vain. Either you just hitted your head hard recently, or all at once.

You were almost on the verge. You got someone's hand under your arm, and you took it and started masturbating with it.

"No... I am now... I'll cum..." - you said in your thin voice.

You were already unsure if you wanted to use a pen. You just wanted to have fun. But when you started spraying your fluids like a fountain, having experienced an orgasm, your hand trembled and you pressed the button.

You could think clearly. All you could do was make incoherent sounds clutching your head. From the outside it may seem that you are experiencing hellish pain, but it was the opposite.

"Cumming! I'm cumming!" you shouted to yourself.

For some reason, after hitting the pen, your orgasm only intensified, and it seemed to be stuck. Something similar to multiple orgasms, only the interval was only 1 second.

You didn't want it to end. Along the way, someone's life seemed to fly by in front of your eyes. Infancy, then you see a beautiful girl who played with you. She was so kind to you. Then you found out that it was your older sister. You grew up and your love grew for her. Adolescence, youth, she was always with you, and after mother left, she replaced your mother.

And you saw all this against the background of a never-ending orgasm, your head was splitting from the information you received. Until your brain couldn't stand it and shut down. Your body went soft on the bed and kept twitching...

You woke up after a while. Your head hurt a little.

"What's going on... where am I..."

It was dark outside the window, which made things even more gloomy. You noticed that you were naked, you screamed and tried to cover yourself with your hands. You felt something was in your pussy. Then you saw the skin of the lady and the mother. And you screamed even harder, covering face with your hands. You jerked violently in fear, and the suit's hand flew out of your pussy. You experienced a strange pleasant feeling when something came out of you. Something started flowing down your legs. You thought you accidentally peed out of fear. But the liquid felt a little sticky.

"It's not a pee" - you concluded.

You licked it, and it was a little salty. You wiped your fingers on the sheet and looked around and realized that you were in a lady's bedroom. You were here with your sister!

"Siiiiiiiiis! Where are you!"

You got out of bed a little trampling the skinsuits that were lying on it. On the floor you saw a latex suit that someone took off in a hurry. You couldn't understand why you were naked. Looking out into the corridor, you shouted

"Sister! I'm scared... * sob* ... Where are you!"

But there was no response. You closed the door and went back to the bed. You sat down wrapped in a blanket and tried to remember at least something. You remembered how you came with your sister to the lady in this house. Then you were drinking tea and your sister went to the toilet. Then you heard a scream and saw these strange skinsuits. You glanced at them briefly and turned away again in embarrassment. Your crotch is tingling again.

And then you put on one of them. It's a strange feeling, this skinsuit was so comfortable, warm and soft.

"But why isn't it on me?" - you asked yourself a question.

You remembered how you put on a black dress, and then you persuaded your sister to hit you with a brown pen. And then the pain. And the darkness. You don't remember anything else.

"Maybe I offended her with something and she went home without me?" - you thought.

You looked at the skinsuits on the bed again.

"Aaaaaah...Haaaaaaaaaaa... should...I... try again?"

Something caught fire in your crotch again.

You could not restrain yourself, an unknown feeling came from your intimate place.

You slowly put your thin hand on the crotch, and began to gently stroke.

"Aaaaah... Why didn't I before... I suspected that everything is not so simple..."

The warmth continued to spread through your body, the second hand grabbed your chest by itself. It's like you've done it before, although you're sure you're doing it for the first time. But the movements were confident and as if on automatic.

You felt something approaching, your hand began to accelerate until you literally came clinging to your pussy.

In ecstasy, you started pulling at your labia until they accidentally opened wider. There was a second bigger pussy peeking out from inside your little pussy.

"What??? Is this normal?"

You accidentally touched it and you felt the same pleasure, but as if a little different.

You wanted to continue masturbating until you accidentally found this pussy familiar. You found a mirror and started looking at your pussy.

Indeed, from your little white-skinned pussy, another one peeked out, a little bigger and the skin was a little tanned.

"What... The skin color is different..."

You were able to see pubic hair and you realized that it was brown.

"It can't be... Sister?..."

You looked at yourself in the mirror, you pulled your face, but it was like your face. But you managed to grab the corner of your mouth, pulling it, you saw the tanned skin under your own.

You screamed in horror and covered your face with your hands. You started crying.

"It can't be... Sister! That's where you've gone! But... I do not believe... It can't be that she turned me into skin and put me on... Why?... Sister..."

You just sat on the bed hugging your knees and crying.

"Am I just skin?... Am I skin? Who am I? How do I get back... How to fix everything..."

In your head, you began to hear faint echoes.

"I'm sorry... I'll fix it... Try to free me... I'll save you."

Tears welled up in your eyes. Trust the voice? Or succumb to emotions? You had a complete mess in your head.

"I am skin... Sob... I believe you, sister, that you didn't mean... How can I help?" - tears were running down your face.

"Take off your skin... Think about me..."

You were thinking about your sister. About how good and caring she is, you loved her, you are sure that she will never deceive you.

"Wait... Think about what you literally is me"

You got into a stupor, but it seems you understand. You thought of yourself as an older sister. And that you want to escape. You felt something start to crack on your back. You hesitated.

"Sister... Is it really you?"

"Yes... Forgive me, my beloved sister... I'll fix it..."

You grabbed the gap in your neck.

"I believe... I believe... I..."

You pulled the edges sharply and the seam opened even more to the back. The mask slowly fell off your face. You rested your hands on the bed. You were looking straight into a small mirror.

"I..."

All your memories have started to come back and fall into place. It was as if you were electrocuted and you started up. You remembered everything you did after using the brown pen. You felt so ashamed in front of your little sister.

"I'll save you..."

You were frantically taking it off.

"Please forgive me... I'll fix it."

Her suit was already lying on the bed, hollow and lifeless. You had only two options: a black and a brown pen.

You took a black pen and pointed it at your sister's skin.

"God, please let it work"

You fired a red beam right into the head of skinsuit. At first nothing happened, you already wanted to take up the brown pen, when suddenly you noticed that the skinsuit was beginning to take shape.

You were ready to cry, the black pen fell out of your hands on the bed. You crawled closer to the skinsuit and sat on the floor waiting.

Her sister's skin seemed to swell, her eyelids and mouth closed. You touched her hands.

"She's really coming back! I don't believe it was that simple..."

You squeezed her hand and pressed it to your forehead. How surprised you were when your hand was squeezed in response. You raised your tear-stained eyes, she looked at you with a smile.

"I'm sorry I hesitated... I was scared... I will never doubt you again!"

You hugged her tightly, stroking her head.

"I'm the one who's sorry... I succumbed to temptation and tried one of the skinsuits... I chose you because I love you... I..."

She hugged you back.

"Then by this logic... I would have chosen you without hesitation..."

You both laughed in unison. After you calmed down, you realized that there were two more skinsuits on the bed. And you have to decide their fate.

You stood up and pointed your pen at the Lady's skin.

"As you think... Is it worth it?... Return her"

Little sister tilted her head and ran her hands over the sheets.

"She destroyed our family... She lived for a year instead of our mother! She's gone crazy! And if we return it, God only knows how she will take revenge on us."

The sister still didn't dare to say something.

"She almost ruined our lives... Tell me what to do..."

She raised her head and said softly:

"Whatever you do, I will be on your side... Sister... I just want to say that... Killing is bad..."

Indeed, in fact, this is murder, because she will simply disappear, on the other hand, she was already old, God only knows how many years of life she has left, and yet, she destroyed your peaceful family life. You gave up, you didn't know what to do. You looked at her shell again, so far you felt only disgust, but for some reason you felt a little excitement. These are clearly the results of her "training".

You sat down closer to your sister and took her hands. After taking a deep breath and exhaling, you have made a decision.

"Restore only the mother... At our house, I hope she won't remember anything..."

You shifted your gaze to the lady.

"And about her... she wanted eternal life, let her have it... We'll leave her like this, seal her up and hide her."

"And these pens?" the sister asked, pointing her finger at your hand.

"We will destroy them, their strength is too great, I doubt that someone will have the willpower to restrain themselves... Even me"

Your sister seemed to blush and she looked away.

"And me... I liked wearing skinsuits... They're so soft and..."

You hugged your sister.

"Don't say anything... I liked it too, but it's something we'll have to live with..."

"Can we at least keep the black one?"

You didn't expect such an offer from your sister. Looks like you've both discovered a new fetish.

"They're too dangerous..."

"We'll hide it with the skinsuit..."

"And if someone finds it?"

"Let's hide it so that only you and I know where"

The thought flashed through your mind that all these events were the fault of your sister. She put on a skinsuit while you were away, she persuaded you to use a brown pen.

You hesitated, you wanted to agree with your sister, but somehow it sounded all wrong. However, your sister will support any decision you make.

You said to fold Mom's skin separately, and find a package for the lady's skin. You went to light a fireplace in the same room. The dry logs were already inside, you just lit a twig with a lighter and threw it inside. After a while, the fireplace lit up. You were standing in front of him with a brown pen.

"They are both dangerous, but this one especially, probably it was worth destroying both, but my sister apparently has plans for this"

You didn't think twice about throwing a brown pen into the fireplace. When it seemed to you that this was not the best idea, you already smelled the plastic. You coughed, but the sister had already closed the window. As soon as you caught your breath, the pen in the fireplace exploded. The flame flared up even more, but the pen was no longer visible.

Your sister hugged you from above, you hugged her back. And you just sat there and looked at the flames.

You told your sister to find a case for the lady's skin, while you were laying out mom's skin on the bed, your sister found a case with a password.

"Then I'm restoring Mom, then I'll go quickly hide the case in the attic"

You put the lady's skinsuit in there.

"What's the password?"

"Let's give the dates of our birthdays? 1829," said the sister.

You nodded, then aimed a shot at the mother's skin and quickly hid the pen in the case, set the code 1829, tried to open it, the case didn't open. After slapping the lid of the case several times, you took it and carried it to the attic.

It was abandoned and no human foot has set foot here for a long time. You put the case under some dusty box and covered it with a dusty sheet. Coughing, you rather hurried to leave the attic.

Your sister was waiting for you at the bottom of the bed, her mother was lying naked on her.

"Mom! Mom!" You both screamed and sat down next to each other on the bed.

"What happened?... Where am I..."

All she remembered was coming home to the lady, and after a casual conversation, she fainted.

You tried to make her believe that she fell into a coma for a year. She divorced her father, did a lot of stupid things, and then fell into a coma. You barely managed to explain why she was lying naked in the lady's house. And the lady herself has been missing for this year.

Later, you met with your father and told him how to beat the script so that the mother would not suspect anything. Soon they got back together, the mother apologized for a long time, the father loved her and therefore forgave her. Now you were living as a whole family again, trying to forget the awkward moments that happened over the past year.

Soon the lady's house was sold, your mother did it without telling you anything. That's why you both didn't have time to pick up the treasure that you left in the attic. You both tormented and scolded yourself for a long time, after all, the desire to wear the skinsuit was too great.

You were saved by arts and stories on this topic on the Internet. Often you masturbated together dreaming that the same thing would happen to you. It was most offensive to you because you had such an opportunity.

A few years later, you found a boyfriend and were already preparing to start a family. Your younger sister was left alone with her fetish and apparently she began to be offended that she was now losing you.

She has matured and has already become bolder, not the same as before. And one night she decided she couldn't wait any longer. The inability to wear a skinsuit resulted in her love of tights of different thicknesses. She picked up black tights and wrapped herself in them from head to toe, turning into a faceless black figure. She

had not yet saved up money for zentai, so she was content with little. You rejected these fetishes in favor of a normal family life, but the younger one couldn't just give it up.

That same night, she opened the door to the lady's house, and made her way to the attic. The whole night-time hacking situation was turning her on. There was even more dust here for so many years, she had to dig through the whole attic because she didn't know where you hid the case.

Her eyes sparkled when she found it, covered in dust, but untouched by anyone. She patted the case and hugged it.

"Finally... I've been waiting so long..."

End?