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Magic ring for sale



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As we were making our way home from a thrilling day at the Enchanted Grove Amusement Park, something peculiar caught our attention.

"Brian, look!" Tom exclaimed, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Where on earth did that come from?"

Nestled beneath a sprawling, ancient oak tree near the bustling pedestrian alley, a mysterious house had seemingly materialized out of nowhere. It certainly hadn't been there when we passed by earlier that day. The house appeared to be well-constructed, with a sturdy stone foundation that couldn't possibly have been built in the mere two hours we'd spent at the park.

A curious sign adorned the front of the house, reading "Spells R Us: Magical Items Store." In smaller, delicate lettering beneath, it proclaimed, "Not tricks - real magic." One of the two windows of the quaint little house displayed a poster announcing, "Final Sale. Discounts on the occasion of the liquidation of the branch 50%, 75%, and 95%."

Together, we stopped in our tracks and stared at the house, a nagging sense of unease creeping up on me. Suddenly, I realized what was bothering me: despite the number of people meandering through the park, not a single passer-by seemed to notice the store's existence. It was as if the shop was invisible to them.

Moments later, a bearded, gray-haired old man in a colorful, patched T-shirt and faded jeans emerged from the store. He carefully affixed another poster to the second window before disappearing back inside. This new sign declared, "Free consultation and discount card for everyone whose name is Brian or Tom."

I turned to Tom, eyebrows raised skeptically. "This has got to be some sort of prank," I said, scanning the area for a hidden camera. "I bet someone's filming us right now."

Tom's eyes sparkled with mischief. "A prank? Who would go to such lengths to prank us? Besides, think about how much money it would take to set this up!" He grinned and continued, "Well, let them prank us. It sounds like fun to me. Let's go in!"

I hesitated for a moment before shrugging my shoulders. "Alright," I agreed, my curiosity getting the better of me.

With that, we cautiously stepped over the threshold and into the mysterious world of Spells R Us, completely unaware of the magical adventures that awaited us inside.

"Welcome, Brian and Tom," the old man in a whimsical, patched T-shirt greeted us from behind the counter, his eyes twinkling with a hint of mischief. "I know exactly what

you need. To save you time, I highly recommend this radeamite ring, and it's on a 95% discount. That makes it only \$600."

He presented a deceptively ordinary-looking silver ring, smooth and unadorned, as if it held no secrets at all.

"Nice try, but we're onto you," I retorted, not quite convinced that this wasn't some elaborate prank.

Unfazed, the old man plucked a single hair from his beard and tore it, as if he was a summoned jinni from ancient tales. For a brief moment, my vision blurred. I suddenly became aware of a living creature lurking just beyond the counter. It let out a strange, unsettling sound, followed by a loud noise from the left.

Instinctively, I jumped to the right, crouching slightly and turning towards the source of the noise. Another creature stood before me, motionless and staring. The bizarre being behind the counter emitted another unnerving sound, causing me to glance back in its direction, my muscles tensing as I prepared to leap over the barrier and confront it.

The creature flinched, and my vision blurred once more. "Cool!" Tom exclaimed, his eyes wide with amazement.

For several seconds, I tried to gather my thoughts, attempting to discern what had just transpired. Why had I become so furious and ready to attack the old man simply because he plucked a hair from his beard and spoke? What had he even said?

"Now, do something with me," Tom urged the old man, excitement clear in his voice. The man obliged, plucking another hair from his beard.

My vision blurred once more, and when it cleared, a cow stood where Tom had been just moments before, nearly filling the entire store. The cow let out a loud moo and tensed up. The old man hastily plucked another hair from his beard, but he was a moment too late—a cow pie plopped onto the floor just as Tom reappeared.

"Who was I?" Tom inquired, his eyes wide with excitement.

"A cow," I replied with a wry grin, nodding towards the mess on the floor. "You even left us a souvenir."

"A cow?" Tom echoed incredulously.

"Yes, I even saw the udder," I replied. "By the way, what was I?"

"A gorilla," Tom answered, still marveling at the extraordinary events that had just unfolded.

At this point, the old man felt the need to interrupt our exchange of impressions. "I'll be closing for lunch soon, young fellows, so please make up your minds. Are you taking the ring?"

"What can it do?" Tom inquired. "Is it magical?"

"Everything here is magical; we don't deal with ordinary items," the old man replied. "I've taken a liking to you both, so I won't beat around the bush. I'll recommend something you'll definitely enjoy. What do young men desire? More sex, right? This magical radeamite ring will grant you as many experiences with women as you desire."

Despite the slight shock of the recent events, I couldn't shake off the suspicion that this might be some kind of scam. The old man seemed to exhibit typical sales tactics, trying to pressure us into making a hasty decision by mentioning his lunch break. It got me thinking, why would a wizard operating a magic shop need a lunch break? Couldn't he just pull a hair and be full?

"Excuse me, what's your name?" I asked.

"Let's say John," the old man replied.

"John, money would be much more useful to us. We're in no rush when it comes to sex. We're only 18 years old; we have our whole lives ahead of us," I reasoned.

"Wait, Brian, don't argue," Tom interjected. "How does this ring work? Do we put it on a woman's finger, and she'll fall in love with us, or what?"

"For wealth, that's not our domain. That's for white magicians," John answered. "We, the yellow magicians, can only transform living beings into other living beings. To force women to fall in love against their will, you'd need to consult black magicians." The old man frowned, seemingly offended that we suspected him of dabbling in dark magic.

Once again, I couldn't hold back. "Transformation of living beings? Fine. For instance, could you turn a mouse into a donkey that drops gold coins instead of poops? That would suit us just fine."

The old man looked at me thoughtfully. "I admire your way of thinking, young man. I'd probably take you on as an apprentice if I could. Yes, transformation magic can do wonders. However, I don't have anything like that for sale at the moment. The best thing I can offer you is this radeamite ring."

"So, how does this ring work?" I asked, finally seeking a clear answer.

"With this ring, one of you can voluntarily transform into a woman for a while and let the other enjoy an intimate encounter. You can switch places as often as you like," the old man explained, a glint of amusement in his eyes.

I opened my mouth, contemplating which question to ask first. Sensing my intentions, the old man interjected, "Anticipating an avalanche of clarifying questions, I recommend reading this user manual aloud right now." He handed me a worn piece of parchment. Here's what I read aloud:

Magical Radeamite Ring: User Manual

Primary Functions of the Ring:

Transforms the wearer's body into that of a randomly selected woman while retaining the wearer's own consciousness, memories, and skills.

Upon the wearer's request, it implements the necessary mental alterations.

Upon removing the ring, the wearer reverts to their original body, and any mental changes are undone.

Restrictions and Limitations:

The ring chooses a woman to replicate from the geographically nearest 10,000 women, within an age range of $0.5X$ to $1.5X$, where X represents the wearer's age.

The ring can be used a maximum of 10 times per day. Afterward, its magical charge depletes and requires a full day to recharge.

Lending the ring to others, using it for prostitution, or for paid striptease performances is strictly prohibited. Attempting such actions will result in the disappearance of the ring and discount card, and all changes made by the ring will be nullified.

Money obtained through the copied body (including the woman's body, clothes, and handbag) can only be spent on food. Any items purchased with this money will vanish once the ring is removed.

The ring cannot harm the wearer.

The duration of body transformation is contingent on the time the ring is worn. If worn for less than an hour, the body reverts instantly upon removal. If worn for more than an hour but less than a day, the body returns within 10 minutes. If worn for more than a day but less than a week, the body returns within an hour. If worn for over a week, the body returns within a day. If worn for over a month, the body returns in a month.

The ring cannot be forcibly removed unless the wearer desires it.

The ring magically transports the wearer to a safe location if someone tries to cut off the wearer's finger or kill the wearer.

The ring can be worn indefinitely.

Instructions for Using the Ring:

Activate the ring by placing it on any finger of your left hand. It will automatically adjust to fit your finger.

To make mental changes, simply articulate your request aloud or in your mind, and rotate the ring on your finger. For example, "I want to be afraid of mice." After that, you will develop a fear of mice.

Undo mental changes by removing the ring or rotating it again while wishing to cancel one or all alterations.

To revert to your original body, remove the ring (simultaneously canceling all mental changes). If you remove the ring while clothed, your body and clothes will return. If you remove the ring while naked, your body will return in its nude state, and your clothes will be nearby, either on the floor or the ground.

"Any more questions?" the wizened wizard inquired, a twinkle in his ancient eyes.

"Yes," I responded without hesitation. "Is it possible to force the ring onto someone against their will? Can one become pregnant and give birth while in the transformed body? Would pregnancy prevent the return to one's original body? If I wear the ring for a year and then revert to my original form, will my body have aged a year? If a photograph is taken of a person wearing the ring, will the image capture their altered appearance? And if I'm exhausted, will my fatigue carry over into the new body?"

The wizard stroked his beard, pondering my barrage of questions. "You can indeed become pregnant," he admitted, nodding thoughtfully as if approving of the scenario. "As for the rest of your questions, the answer is 'no.' Now, make up your minds. I'm closing right now anyway. You have until midnight to pay. Simply place the money on the discount cards; they will vanish, and the address of the new store branch will appear in their place. So, do we have a deal?"

"We'll take it!" Tom blurted out, seemingly on behalf of both of us, as if afraid I might change my mind. Truthfully, I would have agreed just a moment later. This was an adventure we couldn't pass up!

The wizard handed Tom a small, ornate box containing the ring, along with two seemingly ordinary discount cards. He then ushered us out the door. As we turned back, the magical house had vanished, leaving behind nothing but the memories of our extraordinary encounter.

We decided to test the ring at my house since Tom lived in a dormitory, and my parents rented a one-room apartment for me. On the way, the sun was slowly setting,

casting an orange glow on the streets as we walked. The air was crisp, and the trees swayed gently in the breeze. I shared my doubts with Tom.

"I don't like this wizard," I said, the concern evident in my voice. "I think he's evil."

"Why do you say that?" Tom asked, furrowing his brow in surprise.

I explained my reasoning as we strolled beneath the towering oak trees. "Well, think about who he turned us into? A gorilla and a cow. A good wizard, it seems to me, would have chosen something nicer."

We were silent for a bit, the sound of our footsteps echoing through the empty street.

"I don't know... What's wrong with a cow?" Tom retorted uncertainly, kicking a small pebble across the sidewalk.

"Well, it's shameful to be turned into a cow. A good wizard would turn you into a bunny or a hamster. Or some noble animal, for example, a horse," I said, watching as a flock of birds took flight from a nearby rooftop.

"Would a bull be considered a noble animal?" asked Tom, squinting at the darkening sky.

"Better than a cow, but still not good," I answered.

I continued to share my suspicions. "And one more thing - although he's an accomplished wizard, he's a terrible salesman. Remember how clumsily he tried to sell us that ring? At first, he said he had lunch soon. And then he forgot about lunch and said that he was closing the branch of the store forever. One thing is clear - he really wanted us to take this ring. And obviously not for the sake of \$600. But why?"

Tom pondered for a moment, a thoughtful expression on his face. Streetlights flickered on, casting an eerie glow on the ground.

"One thing pleases me," I said.

"What's that?" asked Tom.

I explained. "This wizard is not omnipotent. The cow pie you left remained on his floor. He didn't remove it with a hair from his beard. After our departure, he'll have to take up a broom and scoop. Or he might turn some grasshopper into a housemaid for a while. Well, for us, this means that regardless of his evil intentions, if we are careful and wise, we have a chance to prevail. Because he can make mistakes."

Tom laughed, his chuckle echoing through the quiet street. "In my opinion, you've concocted something that may not even exist. Maybe the wizard isn't evil, but kind, and we're just very lucky today."

"Maybe so," I agreed, a small smile forming on my lips as we approached my house, ready to embark on our magical adventure.

"I propose we draw straws," Tom said as we entered my apartment and took off our shoes. The cozy atmosphere enveloped us, with the warm glow from the table lamp casting shadows on the walls. "The one who draws the short straw will become the other's girlfriend and will fulfill all his sexual desires during the day. And then we'll switch every day."

And then I suddenly realized that in this situation, I was much more eager to try the ring on myself than to get a submissive girl for entertainment for the day. If the ring suddenly disappeared or deteriorated, and I didn't get a chance to try it on, I'd never forgive myself.

"I think whoever is unlucky will have to wait all day," I objected. "There's a better option. One of us becomes the other's girlfriend for half an hour, and then the second one takes over for the rest of the day and the next day. In the form of compensation. It would be fair."

"You can even choose to go first or second," I added, cunningly setting a trap.

Tom pondered for a moment. "Only half an hour? Well then, I'll choose to go first."

He took the ring from the box and slid it onto the ring finger of his left hand. For a moment, my eyes blurred, and when my vision cleared, Tom had transformed into a girl. She appeared to be 10-11 years old, with blonde hair and dressed in a summer outfit with sandals.

The girl looked up at me in surprise, and then disappointedly stroked her flat chest with her palms, lifted her dress and put her hand in her underpants.

"Cool!", she said in a childish voice, but with the same intonation with which Tom spoke this word.

The girl approached the full-length mirror near the closet and gazed curiously at her reflection. Then she then turned to me. "So, what's next? Undress?"

"No, of course not," I replied. "There will be no pedophilia. Take off the ring and put it on again".

The girl tried to remove the ring, but it seemed to be stuck on her finger, refusing to budge.

"I can't take it off!" she exclaimed in horror.

In an instant, a series of bleak images of the future flashed before my eyes. Firstly, me, disappointed and never experiencing what it's like to be a woman. Secondly, Tom, stuck in the body of a little girl, whom I'd now have to look after for the next eight years, and who'd need some kind of fake identity. Thirdly... But before I could process any further thoughts, my vision blurred again for a moment.

"Ha, got you!" Tom exclaimed triumphantly. My eyes dimmed once more, and a plump girl with a square face and small piggy eyes continued Tom's phrase in a grating voice. "Did I trick you well?"

I looked at her doubtfully. Not the most appealing transformation. No, I had no desire to engage in any intimate activities with such a person. The plump girl, without wasting time, held her ample chest with her hands and closed her eyes, seemingly to better feel everything.

"Well," I asked, "How does it feel?"

"Very unusual!" she replied.

"Can you be more specific?" I prodded.

"You'll soon find out everything yourself," she grinned and asked in a businesslike tone, "So, should we continue? Time is running out; your half-hour will be over soon."

"No," I answered. "I don't want to lose my virginity with such a, sorry, scary girl. Remove and put the ring on again."

"Hey!" she protested. "We didn't agree on this! You'll use up all 10 attempts for today, and there'll be none left for me. Anyway, I'm taking off my pants."

She started to unbuckle the belt on her jeans, which were tight around her huge ass.

"Wait a minute," I interjected. "Fine, let's make one more attempt. You'll still have seven left. That's fair, right?"

"Just one more?" she asked. "Alright then."

She removed the ring, and for a brief moment, my vision blurred before blurring once again almost immediately. I glanced at the transformed girl and had to look away, overwhelmed by her beauty.

She was so stunning that it was nearly impossible to look at her for too long, like staring directly into the sun.

Until now, I never believed in love at first sight. Sure, I'd been attracted to many girls upon meeting them, but I'd never lost my head like this. This time, however, I fell in love instantly and unconditionally.

Perhaps each person has a subconscious idea of their perfect beauty, one they're not even aware of until they see it in real life. And now, I was looking at my ideal. Her beauty was complete, impossible perfection.

The girl appeared to be around the same age as Tom and me, slightly shorter than me, with blond hair swept back and gathered in a ponytail. Her large, expressive, slightly slanting green eyes sparkled with laughter. A straight nose, perfectly shaped mouth, and slightly protruding cheekbones harmonized flawlessly with her facial structure. How challenging, bordering on impossible, to attempt describing perfection using ordinary words!

She was dressed in a white T-shirt and white shorts that accentuated her impeccable figure. She wore sneakers on her feet, also white, suggesting she was engaging in some athletic activity when the magic had copied her body.

She smiled at me with a warm, genuine smile that lit up her face even more and asked, "Do you like this one? Should I undress?"

"Y-yes," I managed to stammer.

She took a quick look at herself in the mirror. "Wow! No wonder you bargained for another try," she smiled and began to remove her T-shirt, revealing a bra underneath.

Suddenly, I was brought crashing back to reality. This magical moment would soon be over! In twenty minutes, she would remove the ring, and that would be it!

I frantically gathered my thoughts. "Tom, please wait."

"Why?" She struggled to unhook her bra. "Help me take this thing off."

She turned her back to me, and I unhooked the clasps of her bra. As she removed it and faced me, I realized that her breasts were as perfect as the rest of her. It was an unbelievable level of beauty!

Taking a step back, I raised my hands in a defensive posture, preventing her from getting too close. "Tom, I have a serious proposal for you."

"What is it?" She furrowed her brow.

"It's crucial to me," I said earnestly. "Please, consider it. Stay in this body not for half an hour, but for a full day. In exchange, I'll transform into various girls for you for an entire month, fulfilling your every desire and your most intricate fantasies!"

The beautiful girl shook her head, but without any indignation, she calmly smiled. "We didn't agree on that," she said softly. "And think about it, why a day and not a week? I can tell you want me to remain this girl for the rest of my life. Be honest. But I'm your best friend since childhood. We went to school and university together. You wouldn't want to do this to me, would you?"

I sat on the bed and buried my face in my hands. That accursed wizard! I'd fallen right into his trap! He probably fed on other people's emotions like a parasite and was now smiling, watching my anguish. No, I wouldn't let him win!

Gradually, I regained my composure, the ability to think rationally and logically, and most importantly, to make quick and accurate decisions.

"Check the pockets of the shorts. Maybe there's some kind of identification?" I asked Tom. "Of course, I won't force you to remain this girl for life, but I'll do my best to find the real one – the one whose body was copied."

"No, the pockets are empty," she replied.

"Not even a cell phone? That's a shame," I said. "Let's think this through. She was wearing sneakers, so she must have been doing some sport. Most likely, she was running at a nearby stadium or park since the ring only copies the nearest ten thousand women. I have a good chance of encountering her if I visit all the local stadiums and running spots in the mornings and evenings over the next few days."

I smiled, and the beautiful girl visibly relaxed, relieved that there was a solution. "To ease your mind, I'll stay as this girl for another hour. You should get to know her better before starting your search," she suggested, sitting down next to me. After a moment's hesitation, she tenderly wrapped her arms around me.

I nearly pushed her away, remembering that the person embracing me was actually a man, and it felt bizarre. But as I looked into her captivating eyes, all foolish thoughts vanished from my mind.

For the next hour, I was in heaven. We started with the classic missionary position, gazing into each other's eyes as we moved in sync. I couldn't believe how incredible it felt to be inside her, to feel her body tighten and release around me. We then moved onto the rear position, and the view of her curvy behind only heightened my pleasure.

In between rounds, we kissed passionately, exploring every inch of each other's bodies. I couldn't help but feel like I was in a dream, like this was too good to be true. She (or rather, Tom in her body) seemed to be enjoying it just as much as me. She moaned and writhed underneath me, her nipples hardening and her vulva swelling with desire.

Throughout our lovemaking, I couldn't bring myself to call her Tom. It just didn't feel right. Instead, I called her Betty - it just seemed to suit her better. And she didn't seem to mind, responding to it with renewed passion and fervor.

When we were both completely spent, Betty gathered her courage and gave me a blowjob. I couldn't believe how lucky I was to be experiencing this kind of pleasure with

her. And when I came for the fourth time, I knew that this was something I would never forget.

Afterward, Betty went to rinse her mouth in the bathroom. But I couldn't bear to be away from her for even a moment longer, so I followed her into the shower. The water cascaded down on us as we kissed and explored each other's bodies. I couldn't believe how intimate we were becoming, how connected we were starting to feel.

Then, I lay her, clean, down on the bed and kissed her again, but in other lips, and using my fingers, clumsily, but brought it to the finish line! Her moans, at first quiet, became loud and sobbing, and finally her body arched in a violent orgasm!

All good things come to an end sometime. When our time was almost up, Betty gently asked me if she could take off the ring. I could hear a hint of apology and maybe even some regret in her voice. But I knew that our time was running out, and so I reluctantly agreed.

"Take it off," I sighed, kissing her goodbye. "Put on some shorts first".

She got out of bed, pulled on her shorts, and removed the radeamite ring. Nothing happened.

"More than an hour has passed. Your body will change back in ten minutes," I said as she looked worriedly at her still feminine body. "In the meantime, we can try lesbian sex," I said with a smirk, trying to lighten the mood. I took the radeamite ring from her and slipped it onto my own ring finger.

As the world around me blurred, I felt a strange sensation coursing through my body, and when I opened my eyes, I was no longer myself.

Now I was dressed in some kind of blue faded T-shirt, white female panties and house slippers. Apparently, the woman whose body was copied by the ring was at home and resting.

Tom, when he was transformed into that fat girl, had immediately taken hold of her chest. I, on the other hand, was struck by the sight of the white panties that now adorned my body. They looked so ordinary and natural, but they felt so new and exciting.

Without thinking, I reached down and pulled the panties to the side, staring in stunned silence at what lay beneath, and then gingerly touched myself, marveling at the sensation of not having a penis.

It was such a strange and exciting feeling, not having a penis. It was like one of those erotic dreams where you're a woman in women's clothes, looking at yourself in the mirror, knowing that there, under your clothes, everything is feminine, and that you are not feeling your penis. You have no penis. This is incredibly exciting and at the same

time immobilizes you, some kind of stiffness of the muscles appears, you want to feel something there, in the lower abdomen, and you seem to be about to feel it, but you can't move, and the dream jumps to another storyline. Only now it was not a dream, there was no stiffness, my sensations were extremely real and sharp, and I felt how my lower abdomen was filled with heaviness and excitement.

"Wow!" I exclaimed in an unexpectedly high-pitched voice, clearing my throat in surprise.

As I took a few steps towards the closet mirror, I could see the woman I had become. She was in her thirties, with a tired, elongated face and a long nose with a hump. But her black eyes were strikingly beautiful, and I couldn't help but admire them. I tried to smile, and the woman in the mirror smiled back at me uncertainly. Her short black hair and large breasts only added to the surreal experience.

Tom's voice startled me out of my reverie. "I'm back to being me again," he said, disappointment lacing his words. "We didn't have a chance to try out the lesbian sex."

I turned to face him, noticing how much taller he seemed now that I was in this woman's body. He looked at me expectantly, uncertain of how to approach me. It was strange to see my best friend in such a different light.

With a newfound sense of boldness, I stripped off my T-shirt and panties, feeling a sense of excitement coursing through me as I exposed my naked body to Tom. I stood in front of the mirror, examining myself. I had a narrow frame with slightly wide hips, and my breasts were large but a little saggy.

I arched over and stood on my tiptoes, placing my hands behind my head. At the same time, the breasts lifted and took on a more pleasing shape.

I attempted to cross my legs, hoping to give the appearance of more impressive thighs, but my feet were already tired. I sighed and lowered my arms, looking back at Tom. He was watching me intently, his eyes dark with desire.

In a bold move, I reached out and cupped my breasts in my hands, feeling the pleasant and exciting sensation of my own flesh in my palms. As I did so, I felt a contracting sensation in the lower part of my abdomen, as if my nerve endings were connected in some way to my female genitalia.

Feeling emboldened, I slid my left hand down to my labia, exploring the unusual smoothness and shape of this unfamiliar part of my body. With my thumb and ring finger, I gently spread my labia apart, exposing my wet vagina. I pressed harder with my palm and then tentatively inserted my index and middle fingers, feeling an unfamiliar sensation that was both exhilarating and a little frightening. As if something could be damaged by

carelessness, although I understood perfectly well that there is nothing dangerous in putting a finger into one's vagina.

And at that moment, Tom could not stand it and pounced on me. He easily pinned me down on the bed, his hands holding my wrists firmly above my head. I could feel the heat of his body against mine, his legs entwined with mine, spreading them apart. I could feel his arousal pressing against my thigh as he awkwardly tried to position himself.

"Here, let me help," I whispered, guiding his hard cock towards my entrance. As he entered me, I let out a soft moan of pleasure. The sensation of him moving inside me was exhilarating, and I couldn't help but move my hips in time with his thrusts.

But then, in the heat of the moment, Tom leaned in to kiss me. My mind was suddenly consumed with disgust, the thought of kissing a man - let alone my best friend - was too much for me to handle. I turned my head away, pushing him off of me.

Confused, Tom pulled away and looked at me with bewilderment. "What's happened?" he asked, his breathing heavy.

"I'm sorry," I said, feeling guilty for ruining the moment. "I just can't kiss a man, especially not you."

"Hm," Tom looked at me with a mixture of curiosity and concern. "You didn't spoil anything, Brian, I managed to reach climax. By the way, I kissed you when I was a woman. Why can't you? Is it more difficult than having sex?"

"These are different things," I objected, feeling a bit defensive. "But don't worry. The ring will help me adapt. Do you remember what the instructions say about rotating it on your finger?"

"By the way, you're right!" rejoiced Tom, his eyes lighting up. "Make a wish, spin the ring, and the problem is solved."

"Wait," I interjected, my tone cautious. "Mental changes are a dangerous thing. I'd like to conduct some experiments first before using it. But at the end of the experiments, the ring will have to be removed. Do you mind if I take off the ring and then put it back on? Or do you like this particular woman?"

Tom thought for a moment, his brow furrowed. "I like this woman, but since it is necessary for the experiment, I don't mind changing her. How much time do you need for the experiment?"

"Half an hour," I said. "Or maybe less."

"I want to see everything in black and white, but in 30 seconds color vision will automatically return to me," I explained before turning the ring on my finger.

As I rotated the ring, it effortlessly adjusted its diameter, turning smoothly before shrinking back to fit snugly around my finger. No sound accompanied the change. The world simply turned gray.

"It happened. Everything is gray," I told Tom, who looked at me with an amused expression.

Thirty seconds passed, and the world regained its vibrant colors.

"Great! The color is back!" I exclaimed, delighted by the successful test. "This means that the ring can be programmed, and this opens up many more possibilities."

"I want to see everything in gray," I thought this time, without saying the words aloud. "Color vision should return in 10 minutes or as soon as I go to the bathroom."

I turned the ring, and everything went gray. Wasting no time, I entered the bathroom, and the world blossomed with color once more.

"Conditional commands also work," I joyfully explained to Tom, whose eyes widened with fascination.

There was one final test. Could the ring be removed from the finger on command? The instructions didn't mention anything about this.

"I want to see everything in gray and fall asleep soundly on the bed for thirty minutes. Twenty minutes after I fall asleep, the ring should come off by itself," I declared, my voice filled with determination.

"And you, Tom, while I sleep, you can have fun with my female body," I added, a playful smirk on my face as I turned the ring.

The world shifted to grayscale, and an overwhelming drowsiness washed over me. I sat down on the bed and closed my eyes, succumbing to the irresistible pull of slumber.

I was lying on the bed, the world awash with vibrant colors, as I found myself back in my old male body with the magical ring sitting next to me. "Everything worked out!", I exclaimed to Tom, who had quickly slipped on his shorts in anticipation of my awakening. "The ring works flawlessly! We can continue."

Excitedly, I hopped out of bed and slipped the ring onto my finger. The world around me blurred momentarily as my body transformed once more. Suddenly, I was shorter than Tom, clad in a sleek black dress and shoes - thankfully, with low heels. The room seemed to take on a different perspective from this height.

Approaching the ornate mirror mounted on the wall, I saw a young girl of about 18-20 years old, dressed in an elegant evening gown. Her black hair cascaded down her shoulders, framing her dark, mysterious eyes. Though she appeared quite different from my previous female form, there was still something familiar about her. Her features seemed to dance between mischief and caprice, but never sadness or despair. A boyish quality lingered in her face (perhaps a remnant of my masculine nature?), mingled with an alluring, feminine grace. Her body was slender and seductive, with a slightly smaller

bust than my previous female incarnation, but I found this figure more appealing. If anyone were to describe this body, the words "touching and graceful" would likely come to mind. It was evident that the girl took care of herself, but a hint of roundness in her cheeks suggested a potential predisposition toward gaining weight.

I turned to Tom, my eyes filled with curiosity. "Like?" I asked him, unable to suppress a giggle at his intensely concentrated expression.

"Yes, yes!", Tom quickly reassured me. "This time you're much more beautiful than the last. Don't take off the ring!"

His comically fearful reaction made me want to tease him, but I restrained myself and adopted a serious expression. "Good," I said. "Here is my program for the ring. Since it's Saturday evening now, let the ring be automatically removed from my finger at midnight next Sunday. This command cannot be canceled by any subsequent commands. Until that time, let the ring modify my personality according to Tom's wishes. He need only speak his wish aloud, and the ring shall fulfill it immediately. If, by chance, the rules in the instructions are violated, let the ring be removed from my finger ahead of schedule. My own commands should be ignored from now on. This program cannot be canceled or altered by subsequent programs until the ring is removed."

I rotated the ring on my finger, smiling at my newfound confidence. "Try to make a wish," I suggested to Tom.

"I want you to think of yourself only as a woman," Tom wished. "And you should respond to the name Helen."

He looked at me questioningly. "By the way, why did you start all these experiments with sleep and removing the ring?"

"I thought that the main threat during the rotation of the ring is the danger of losing my sense of self," I explained. "A person could forget who they are and live the rest of their life in someone else's body without trying to remove the ring. I can't remember my real name now. I only remember that my name is Helen. Funny, right?" I giggled, amused by the situation. "Well, in short, my program for the ring protects me from all of that."

Tom stroked his chin thoughtfully, a glint in his eyes. "Well then, let's get started. I want you to be attracted to men and repulsed by the idea of sex with women," he said with a sly smile. "I also want you to find my appearance pleasing and experience strong arousal when imagining intimate moments with me. And I want you to feel disgusted by the idea of masturbation. Now, go to the bathroom, wash up, and return to me. Think about being with me while you're there."

"That cheeky devil," I thought to myself, my spirits high as I headed for the bathroom. "He sure knows how to make the most of his wishes! Well, I did give him permission."

"Wait!" Tom stopped me abruptly. "Remove all your clothes here, Helen, and go to the bathroom naked."

I kicked off my shoes and clumsily pulled the evening gown over my head, revealing a delicate black lace bra and panties. Tom approached me from behind, deftly unhooking my bra and slipping his hands around to cup my chest. The sensation sent a sweet shiver down my spine, tickling some hidden part of my mind. He released me, and I stumbled, nearly losing my balance.

This unexpected turn of events set me to giggling. The girl whose body I now inhabited must have been quite a joyful person in her daily life.

Recalling that I was to remove everything and head to the bathroom, I pulled off my panties and carelessly tossed them on the floor.

"Pick them up and place them on a chair," Tom instructed. As I bent down to retrieve the undergarment, his hand suddenly snaked around me and caressed my crotch. My body responded with a sweet spasm, and instead of pulling away, I found myself frozen in anticipation of more. But it didn't come.

"Go," Tom said, playfully swatting my behind.

Before leaving the room, I took one last glance at myself in the mirror. The sight of my naked body stirred a sense of unease, and my smile faded. I felt a twinge of embarrassment in front of Tom – not only was I naked, but my body was far from perfect. My gaze shifted to Tom, who was still clad in his shorts, and my mind's eye painted an image of him completely naked, his initially soft cock growing hard and strong. Flustered, I averted my eyes.

As I walked to the bathroom, my hand absentmindedly found my chest, and a heavy, aching desire pulsed through my lower abdomen. A typical woman in this state might have sought relief in the bathroom, but my personality had been altered by Tom's aversion to self-pleasure. As I washed under the warm spray of the shower, I found myself tormented. Visions of Tom's insistent fingers parting my wet folds and delving inside consumed my thoughts. On one hand, I yearned for the fantasy to become reality; on the other, I was mortified by the idea of touching myself. It felt as repugnant as putting feces in my mouth. Ugh! The cursed ring had me ensnared in its influence.

After a hasty shower, I dried off with a fluffy towel and dashed back to the bedroom, my breath coming in short, excited gasps. Tom, still in his shorts, sat on the bed, observing me with curiosity.

"The ring works, Tom. I really, really want to be intimate with you," I confessed, laughter concealing a hint of uncertainty. "And I'm more than ready for a passionate kiss. Can you help me take off your shorts?"

Tom chuckled. "Helen, I want you to be quivering, shy, impressionable, and indecisive. You don't have to make the first move yourself."

I wanted to protest and suggest that he take the first step himself since I couldn't, but then I worried he would be offended and our situation would only worsen. It was better to say nothing at all.

I couldn't help but stare at the enticing bulge in his shorts, my mind wandering to the moment when I'd slowly pull them off and playfully tease his manhood with my tongue. Then, I'd gently envelop him with my lips, and Tom would close his eyes and press my head closer to him, pushing himself deeper into my mouth, further into my throat... Holding my hair, he'd begin to move in and out of my mouth while I struggled to suppress my gag reflex. Was all of this about to happen soon?

With great effort, I pulled myself back from the vivid daydream. Was I really fantasizing about performing oral sex? I couldn't remember Tom expressing that particular desire. Or had he done so while I was in the bathroom? My mind raced, wondering what else he might want from me.

Just then, Tom rose from the bed and took a step toward me. The sensation of his proximity washed over me, driving all other thoughts from my mind. There he was, embracing me. My heart pounded furiously, feeling as though it might burst from my chest. At last, Tom wrapped his arms around me, and I nearly swooned from the overwhelming sensation.

As our bodies pressed together, I knew the ring had fully taken hold of me. In that moment, I was Helen – passionate, desirous, and completely captivated by Tom.

As Tom penetrated me, his manhood slid into my aching, yearning pussy so perfectly, igniting a fire that coursed through my entire body. The waves of pleasure were so intense that I was immediately swept up in a powerful orgasm. In that moment, my consciousness was overtaken by pure ecstasy, and I felt as if I'd surrendered my entire being to Tom.

Tom reached his climax shortly after me, and as he leaned back on the pillow, a look of mild disappointment crossed his face. The intensity of our lovemaking had dissolved my shyness, and I found myself tenderly kissing Tom's chest, my hand resting playfully on his thigh, inching closer to his most intimate area. My desire to please him welled up within me, and I eagerly set to work.

I continued to shower affection on his chest as I repositioned myself closer to his legs. A thought struck me: most men have likely never seen another man's penis up close, just as most women have never had a detailed view of a vagina. With this newfound insight, I approached Tom's manhood with curiosity and enthusiasm.

Using my small, delicate hands, I gently stroked and massaged the shaft and scrotum while my lips and tongue teased and tantalized the head. As Tom's arousal grew, I decided to attempt the deep-throat technique from my earlier fantasy. Taking a deep breath, I opened my mouth wide and pushed myself onto him as far as I could manage. The sensation was too much for me, and I gagged, quickly pulling away to avoid choking.

"I wanted to try deep-throating," I said, clearing my throat and apologizing to Tom. "But it didn't work out. I'm sorry."

"It's alright," he reassured me. "It seems the ring doesn't grant actual skills, just the illusion of confidence. Something like that probably takes a lot of practice."

My hands continued to explore Tom's rigid member, and in a bold move, I climbed on top of him and guided him into the wet, sweetly aching space between my legs. The sensation of his cock entering me so deeply was beyond anything I had experienced before, far more intense than when Tom had been on top. I began to rock from side to side, from front to back, discovering various pleasurable points inside of me with every motion.

As the physical tension intensified, I felt my consciousness drift into a hazy state of anticipation. My only concern was how Tom would react to me taking the initiative without his permission. What if he didn't like it? But just as these doubts threatened to consume me, Tom began to move energetically beneath me, lifting me with each powerful thrust. His hands roamed over my body, first cupping my breasts and then gripping my buttocks. I adjusted my position so that his thrusts grazed my most sensitive spot (likely my clitoris) with each penetration.

Suddenly, Tom increased his pace, tensed, and then relaxed. Realizing that he had reached his climax, I continued to bounce on him for a moment before his softened member slipped out of me. Exhausted and satisfied, I lay on top of him, my breasts pressing against his chest, and gently kissed him.

"Did you like it?" I asked uncertainly.

"Yes, it was great," Tom replied.

He reciprocated my kiss and held me close, before carefully disentangling himself from my embrace and climbing out of bed.

"I need a break, but for now, I'm removing all the mental alterations from you. Be yourself, and continue exploring this body if you'd like," Tom said.

As my mind cleared, I regained my confidence and sense of self. "Thank you," I replied with a smile, still lying on the bed. "By the way, I'm still incredibly aroused."

I spread my legs to reveal my swollen, excited labia. "Would you like to play with your fingers while I study how this body reacts?" I joked, laughing at my own audacity.

"Will you kiss me?" Tom asked. "Then I'll play."

"Where?" I inquired.

"On the lips," Tom clarified. "Without the help of the ring."

"No, I won't," I responded firmly.

"But we just kissed, didn't we?" Tom insisted. "Was it bad? You're a woman now, so it's natural to kiss a man."

"Okay, okay," I conceded.

Tom approached the bed, leaned over me, and tenderly pressed his lips to mine. Surprisingly, it wasn't as unpleasant as I had anticipated. As we kissed, his hand found its way between my legs, and one of his fingers delved inside me, vigorously stroking and pressing against my sensitive flesh. I focused on the sensation of his finger and didn't immediately notice that his tongue had entered my mouth, moving in sync with the rhythm of his hand. My body seemed to enjoy the dual sensations, and I moved my mouth and hips in tandem with Tom's ministrations. I wished someone could caress my breasts as well, and as if he had read my thoughts, Tom managed to reach one of my nipples with his other hand, tugging gently. That was the missing piece – my second orgasm of the day washed over me, this time without the aid of the magical ring.

The intensity of our earlier encounter seemed to have reignited Tom's desire, and he soon climbed on top of me, entering me once more. My body had relaxed, and I simply lay there, watching him with an indulgent smile.

The rest of the day unfolded in a similar fashion. To ensure I wouldn't forget, I retrieved a wad of cash from the closet and placed it on the enchanted discount card, which promptly absorbed the money. The word "activated" appeared on the card in green letters, along with a new address for the magic shop. Intriguingly, the address couldn't be written down or memorized; to find the shop, one had to hold the card before their eyes while en route.

We engaged in more intimate activities, increasing my attraction to Tom and experimenting with cunnilingus. I also thought it would be a good idea to purchase some clothing for the other female forms we'd inhabit in the future. We ventured to a store and bought an assortment of clothes, spending around \$300. Among our purchases was a soft, sensuous nightgown. The idea of wearing the nightgown without any underwear excited me, so I planned to do just that for the night ahead.

Later that evening, Tom decided to test out a rather peculiar fantasy: having sex with a less intelligent partner. He wished for me to become as dim-witted as the stereotypical "dumb blonde", in fact, three times dumber. Thinking quickly became exhausting, and understanding what Tom wanted was a challenge. When he spoke at length, I would lose the thread of the conversation as I forgot the beginning of his sentences. My desires were simple: to please Tom and avoid making him angry. When he instructed me to

perform certain acts, I did so without questioning his intentions. Tom seemed to enjoy this scenario immensely and laughed heartily.

Eventually, my intelligence was restored, and we prepared for bed. Before turning in, I spent some time admiring my beautiful form in the mirror, trying on various outfits and experimenting with makeup. After a relaxing shower to wash away the cosmetics, I donned the nightgown and climbed into bed.

Lying there in the nightgown without any underwear was a curious sensation – I felt both protected and vulnerable simultaneously. The thought of Tom lifting my nightgown and taking me right there was thrilling. I resolved to try wearing a dress without underwear on a future outing, perhaps to a movie with Tom, where we could engage in some clandestine intimacy.

In the morning, I devised an intriguing new game for Tom and me. I would temporarily forget my identity and my connection to Tom, and he would encounter me on the street and try to befriend me. Each time, we would assign me a random persona and a variable degree of initial attraction to Tom, ranging from indifference to love at first sight. Success would be defined by Tom's ability to persuade me to join him at a café, with the ultimate goal being to bring me back to his place and entice me into intimacy.

Tom was enthusiastic about the idea, and we spent more than half the day immersed in our game. Tom lost thirty times but triumphed in ten instances. The experience was fascinating for both of us (after each round, my original personality would return, but I retained the memory of what had transpired).

At the end of the day, before turning in for the night, I decided to explore the experience of drinking alcohol while inhabiting a woman's body. Tom altered my personality to erase my memory of who I was, and we enacted the following scenario: I worked with Tom but had not seen him that day, and I brought him an envelope containing urgent documents. Inside the envelope was a message notifying him that he had won a design competition for a new high-rise building.

Ecstatic, Tom suggested that we share a glass of champagne to celebrate the occasion. Though I viewed him as merely a pleasant and ordinary coworker, I didn't want to refuse his offer during such a momentous event, so I agreed to drink with him. Tom's objective in this scenario was to get my character inebriated and seduce her into intimacy.

Two glasses of champagne later, my character was tipsy and the evening culminated in a passionate encounter. Afterward, Tom restored my memory, and to complete the experiment, I finished off the bottle, becoming even more intoxicated. Overwhelmed by the effects of the alcohol, I ultimately passed out in bed.

I awoke in the middle of the night to the sensation of someone eagerly exploring my nether regions with their tongue. My head throbbed slightly from the alcohol, and the lingering aftertaste of champagne was unpleasant in my throat.

I switched on the bedside lamp and gazed in astonishment at the red-haired girl who was attentively nestled between my legs, her eyes meeting mine as she continued to lavish attention on my sensitive spot. Then I noticed the magical ring on her hand, and everything clicked into place. It was midnight, and the ring had been automatically released from my control. I remained in the female body since I had spent over a day in it, and my original male form had not yet been restored. The red-haired girl was, in fact, Tom.

"Tom, is that you?" I inquired, just to be certain.

"Yes," the girl finally stopped her ministrations. "The ring was freed, and I decided to have some fun with it while you slept. I set myself to be attracted to lesbian sex and now I'm giving it a go. Do you like it?"

"It's not bad, but while I'm in a woman's body, it's not comfortable for me. Plus, your face is kind of moronic. I don't like this woman", I replied. "While I'm still in this body, let's I give you a blowjob for the last time! Remove the ring."

She shrugged and obediently took off the ring. In an instant, my vision blurred, and Tom reappeared between my legs instead of the red-haired woman.

We switched positions, and I eagerly got to work. My lips and tongue enveloped, caressed, and sucked on the head of Tom's rigid member as I bobbed my head up and down at a rapid pace, determined to bring him to an orgasm.

And then, my vision blurred once more, and I found myself back in my original male form as Brian.

Despite the sudden transformation, I was determined not to spoil Tom's pleasure. I continued my task, and soon enough, Tom's release filled my mouth.

Days turned into weeks as Tom and I tirelessly scoured the nearby stadiums, parks, and public places, hoping to find my beloved Betty. Today, our relentless efforts finally paid off.

Tom, who had taken on the guise of a girl for the day, was the first to stumble upon her. Tom introduced me to her as a friend. In reality, her name was Kimberly.

There was no doubt she was the same person I had come to adore as Betty, with the same face and even the same clothes she had worn when Tom had transformed into her. Yet, something was amiss. She bore a striking resemblance to my goddess, but the expression on her face was different, unappealing. Her eyes lacked the warmth I remembered, and despite our brief conversation, it was evident that we were worlds apart. We were entirely different people, and, to make matters worse, she seemed rather dim-witted. Worst of all, her character appeared disagreeable and repulsive, a fact that became clear from the start.

I couldn't bring myself to believe it. How I wished I was wrong! My Betty had been the epitome of perfection, while Kimberly was nothing more than a beautiful shell with a rotten core. She was a poor imitation of my love, and I couldn't even bear to look at her.

What was I to do? Was this the end of everything?

Or perhaps there was still a glimmer of hope? Among the next ten thousand attempts Tom would make using the ring, there might be a chance that my Betty would return to me. Could I convince Tom? She would live the life of a stunning and adored woman, virtually idolized, and the magic ring on her finger would keep her from growing bored. If not, I feared I might perish from longing and despair.

That damned wizard had ensnared us after all!

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