

Caliph Industries ELITE: Ouroboros

Sex1L3X1's Finale

Alexandria Reynolds, known to the millions of her online followers as “Sex1L3X1” took in a deep breath.

Today had been a long time coming, and now that it was here, she couldn't believe it.

Lexi, as she liked to refer to herself on camera, ran a popular cam girl show as well as a gaming livestream. Part of her show was sex toy reviews, where she'd try out various dildos, vibrators, strap-ons, lingerie and other items in front of the camera. She'd frequently ask fans what they wanted her to try next, and if feasible, she'd take their wishes into account.

One fan had jokingly suggested that she try a limited edition Caliph Industries Elite item.

These were absurdly expensive, one of a kind limited edition items. They were special releases done by the famous nanolatex transformatives company Caliph Industries, who had a reputation as being the absolute best in the business. Their prohibitive price meant that usually only the most absurdly wealthy would purchase them.

As a result they became kind of collectors items, and were seen by many as stable investments as with the use of each item in their limited production run, the others became more and more rare. These days they were viewed in a similar vein as fine wines, items to be collected but never consumed.

Another interesting perk was that those individuals who did use the items, became collectibles in their own right. Lexi knew of several who were in art museums or sculpture galleries, viewed and admired as examples of modern art by the public.

Indeed the only one she'd ever seen had been the former Mrs Candace Greaves. She'd been the younger trophy wife of an investment banker, and inherited his fortune upon his death. Going into her 40s, with her youth slowly beginning to fade despite all the advances in genetic and nanocosmetics, Mrs Greaves had sold off the majority of her jewelry and bought herself one of the remaining stock of Caliph Industries ELITE transformatives.

All the items had unique names, which would appear on the user once the transformation had run its course, and Mrs. Greaves was on display in the National Gallery, under the title of “Arachne.”

Lexi didn't know how the transformation had run its course, really no one had, but the result was breathtaking. Lexi wasn't sure how the curators managed to “install” the former Mrs. Greaves, but it was an impressive feat.

The former trophy wife had been changed drastically, taking on a spider's body from the waist down the size of large farm animal. Her body was encased head to foot in a shiny black nanolatex carapace that gleamed in the museums lighting. Black latex webbing formed a huge spiders web that stretched like a black net across the ceiling of the museums entrance foyer. The synthetic smart rubber bound around "Arachne's" freakish spider abdomen, each of her eight legs and two human arms, her upper torso, neck and wrists. It pinned her limbs spread wide to the web, unable to escape from her taut rubbery prison.

When Lexi had visited she'd looked up in awe and arousal. She'd never seen anything more attractive in her lift, and when she saw "Arachne" as everyone now called her struggle minutely and ineffectual against her bonds, Lexi had bit her lower lip in sexual frustration.

The image had stayed with her. It popped up in her imagination during each cam show. She'd climaxed to the memory more times than she could count. She'd never be Arachne, she knew that. There would only ever be one of those, but the prospect of being the object of public adoration and desire was the sexiest thing in the world to Lexi.

So when a member of the stream chat had suggested that she take the plunge, or "dip a toe in the rubber pool" as people liked to say, she seriously considered it.

Most people would have dismissed it. Such an exclusive item was seemingly far beyond her means. Or was it?

Lexi made some calls and sent some emails. To her agent and accountant first, about the possibility of crowdfunding the required funds to acquire one of the extravagant transformatives. Each of them hesitated, or tried to convince her not to attempt it. They'd be losing one of their largest sources of income, but Lexi persisted.

Eventually they both acquiesced under one condition. That they raise more than needed to terminate Lexis contract with their talent agencies, and that after they were paid, a minimum amount be set aside for public charities so as to lend Lexis last show more credibility than simply being the most complex masturbation ever planned.

So they planned, and only two months after the first innocuous comment on a chat transcript, the crowdfunding campaign launched.

The exorbitant price was exceeded in the first week, followed by every stretch goal that Lexi and her agents had laid out. The event garnered national attention, and to everyone's surprise, Caliph Industries reached out and said that since the amount raised for charity far exceeded the price of the transformative, they'd supply it for free.

Everyone was shocked. Lexi went on talk shows, and as part of her stretch goals traveled around the world, meeting fans everywhere on her “Farewell Fetish Tour.”

What a crazy year it had been.

But the time had at last come.

Lexi looked around the studio rented for the special event. It was just her, the large king sized bed, a monitor hooked up to the stream online and the automated cameras.

She'd donned her trademark bunny rabbit halter top and pleated leather skirt. She'd dyed her hair a midnight black for the occasion and painted her nails a shiny midnight black. She had no idea what to expect from the transformative, no two were the same, and Caliph famously never published a list of what each series would contain.

It was just luck of the draw.

The sleek featureless black box sat on the bed beside her, a large black envelope next to it.

Lexi took one last breath and then spoke.

“Action.”

The red “on air” light on the camera directly in front of her blinked on.

“Hey guys! Welcome to last episode of Sex1L3x1! I just wanted to thank everyone for contributing to the crowdfunding effort that got me to this point. The money we raised went to many great projects, and it's all thanks to you great people. Now for obvious reasons I'll do my Q and A first, since I won't be doing much talking afterward.

Lexi glanced at the monitor as the chat seemed to scroll by a mile a minute, trying to pick out a question.

“Okay, L3x1lvr22, cute username, asks “Where are you going to send yourself after your transformation is finished?” Good question. So I mentioned that I'd been in negotiations with a couple different art galleries theatrical venues as well as a few film companies. I have decided but unfortunately I can't disclose that. You'll have to find out through other sources afterward. I will say that part of my stipulation was that they allow fans to visit and to touch, so feel free to come see me once this is all done.”

She scrolled through the rest of the page.

“Lets see here...aha. Yes. DoctorThrobbinRobbin asks if I'm nervous. Uh, Very! I didn't think

I'd ever get the chance to do this, and I also want to make sure my last show with you guys is a good one. So if I stutter a bit or something, just know it's a new experience for me okay?"

Lexi answered a few more questions, before noticing that there were more and more instances in chat of "Open the box!," or "Come on get rubbered Lexi!"

Not wanting to lose her audience right at the very end Lexi coughed delicately and then picked up the black envelope.

"Okay guys, let's do this! I'm supposed to read the instructions first. So let's just see here..."

She opened the slick latex envelope and withdrew a piece of black cardstock with embossed white lettering. She began to narrate the contents.

"Dear Sex1L3x1,

(Aww they customized it for me guys!)

Thank you so much for your interest in our product. We decided to give you something we thought you'd really enjoy. We browsed your previous streams and designed something we felt fit not only your interests but also your character. From all of us at Caliph Industries, Thank you.

Also, if any of your viewers are interested in our products, they can apply an exclusive discount code on our retail website for today only for 30% off any purchase. Proceeds from those will go to the charities you designated in your crowdfunding campaign. (Oh my gosh you guys! This is awesome)

Now, to begin activation of your Caliph Industries Elite Sex1L3x1 Exclusive Transformative, follow the following steps.

First, read all instructions to the end before starting.

Second, Remove the box from it's plastic packaging.

Third, when prompted, place your thumb on the center of the box to allow the nanolatex to key in on your genetic signature.

Fourth, lay back and enjoy the experience.

Thank you again for choosing Caliph Industries Lexi, and it's been a pleasure to change you."

Lexi felt her heart racing, pumping as though it were ready to explode from her chest in

excitement. She made eye contact with the camera again.

“Okay guys, I’m going to get started. Thanks again for everything! Remember to have fun out there.

Setting the paper and envelope aside, she reached down and picked up the featureless black box, moving it around in front of the nearest lens. She pointedly looked at the camera.

“Ok, I guess my last ever unboxing video as well. There’s really no doubt about what I have in my hands, and that’s kind of one of the genius things Caliph does. They let the reputation speak for itself. There’s something really sexy about no advertising at all. Let me see if I can find an opening here.”

The box itself was roughly half a foot wide, half a foot tall and a foot long. The sleek ebony surface offering glossy black reflections of its surroundings. Lexi searched around the box, looking for a way to peel back the thin material sealing it. Soon Lexi found a crease in the material and tugged, tearing away a cellophane like seal around the box and leaving it bare to the world.

Remembering the instructions, Lexi then waited. Soon white glowing words appeared on the box, along with a timer. She held it up for the camera again.

CALIPH INDUSTRIES
ELITE SERIES
“Sex1L3X1” SPECIAL EDITION
SERIAL NUMBER 53x113x1
PRODUCTION NUMBER 1 of 1

TO BEGIN TRANSFORMATION PLACE THUMB
ON ILLUMINATED DOT BEFORE TIME RUNS OUT

“So cool you guys! They customized the activation message for me! Oh jeez, it’s a thirty second time, ok-hoooh-deep breath!”

She pressed her thumb on the glowing white dot.

There was a moments pause, then the box seemed to almost melt rapidly before her eyes. Instead of pooling up on the bed however, it ran up her thumb. Then it was coursing over her hand and up her lower arm, making it appear as though she were wearing a slick rubbery glove.

“Whoa! That’s cool. It’s like those latex gloves I’ve had, but...like my whole hand and arm is numb. So weird. Ooooh! It’s moving higher!”

And it was, at a much slower pace it was inching up past her elbow, moving towards her shoulder. The chat transcript was flying by when Lexi turned to look.

Whoa!

Hot!

SEXY!!!!!!

You mean Sex1L3X1?

How far is it going?

She's totally getting dolled!

Don't be stupid, ELITE's Don't simply doll someone!

Lexi addressed the chat transcript as she felt the nanolatex creeping over her shoulder and towards her collar bone.

"No guys, I'm not getting dolled. At least not a regular doll. Remember, a Caliph Elite product is the only TF of that kind ever. So I don't know what I'm turning into but it hasn't existed before today and likely never will after!"

Ever the showgirl, Lexi was trying to give the cameras the best shots, being sure to showcase the slowly creeping black liquid along her body. The box had completely melted and run upon her by now, and she felt a kind of tugging on her shoulder blades as the nanolatex ran behind her and began to flow down towards the small of her back.

"Ooooooh, it's running down my back now! It feels really sexy, look!"

Ever the professional showman, Lexi seductively turned with her back to the cameras and raised her trademark tank top up over her head for the last time. The chat virtually exploded with comments, many lewd and having very little to do with the nanolatex transformation occurring before their eyes.

Lexi could feel the liquid living rubber flow down her back then nestle in the crack of her ass and run between her cheeks. She arched her butt up in the air and then moaned appreciatively and exaggeratedly in order to give her audience a treat. Then she turned around slowly, showing off her large melon sized breasts just as the latex began its march down and around their curved well shaped and heavy perfection.

The chat was scrolling so fast as to be unreadable as many of the viewers gave voice to their own early climaxes or electronically shouted lewd comments at their favorite cam girl.

The black rubber flowed over her tits, while an erotic sensation, she was surprised to see that she appeared to be losing sensitivity wherever the black material touched. The eagerness of her pert nipples, erect at her arousal and ready for stimulation was erased as the inevitable tide washed over them; rendering her breasts round featureless black globes. A tinge of regret awoke in the back of her head. The physical changes were exciting sure, but the loss of her sensitive nipples and breasts; replaced with simply these heavy round orbs was a little disconcerting.

Keeping up a strong face for the audience, she cupped her shiny new mammaries together and jiggled them for the camera. Or rather, she tried to. They felt very firm now, as though they were a solid part of her torso, they also appeared...yes, they seemed rounder. They'd lost her familiar subtle teardrop natural shape, and were taking on the appearance of spherical fake stripper tits.

Lexi had always loved the fake look of implants, and really was only stopped from getting the traditional faux tit enhancements by a market full of easier and less intrusive alternatives. Her "natural" E cup boobs had also been a deciding factor. Now though, she smiled, admiring her breasts that now looked as artificial as her new midnight black skin.

During this time the latex had continued to flow down her body, erasing her bellybutton to a flat plane of slick black skin, and creasing down her thighs. As it spread further, Lexi began to feel a tightness.

"It's like I'm being squeezed, like all over it's pressing around me. Reminds me of that time I was in a vacuum bed-oo! Hang on!"

She'd felt the slick current creep around the front of her thighs and down her hips, heading towards her groin. Knowing it was literally a once in a lifetime opportunity, Lexi leaned back on the bed and spread her legs invitingly in front of the cameras, to give her audience a better view. Then, using one black shrouded hand, she began to tease and rub her clit, moaning as she did so at the luscious pleasure she was self administering.

Then the latex closed in, riding up and over her ass and plump wet pussy. All sensations ceased. Lexi rubbed more vigorously, trying to raise the pleasurable feeling she'd been experiencing seconds before, but was greeted only with the "squick squeek snap" of rubber rubbing against rubber.

Confused she looked to the monitor, and audibly gasped.

Her genitals along with her asshole had completely vanished, only a rounded lump gave a

vague hint where once there had been a perfectly shaved pussy, watched and beloved by thousands a week.

The chat was exploding.

Uh OH!

HOLY FUCK IT'S GONE!

NOOOOOOO!

Not the pussy!

RIP SexiLexi puss

Lexi was trying very hard to keep it together now. She felt betrayed. As though all her promises had been broken. She'd build this transformation up in her head to be something amazing, to be the cherry on top of an adult entertainment career cake. Now she was just a featureless shiny black toy. Even the generic nanolatex sex dolls had holes, she had nothing.

Lexi bit her lip and smiled at the camera.

"Hey guys, calm down. I'm sure we're going to see something amazing, we aren't done with the transformation yet, so there's plenty of time for something else to-"

She'd been about to use her hand in a gesture of nonchalance, when she felt a stiffness in her arm and shoulder. She couldn't raise her arm higher than shoulder level. The latex of her body seemed to almost be tightening.

"Ooof, my arms! I think they're-whoa!"

Even as she spoke she felt her arms pulled tightly behind her back. She struggled, wiggling her torso like an asylum patient in a straight jacket. Lexi was a sucker for bondage, and owned several restraints that did similar things, her regrets lessened somewhat as she felt how inept her struggles were against her own body and its unstoppable changes.

To get a better look she twisted sideways on, showing her back in profile and let out a cry of mixed terror and excitement. As she watched, her forearms, and elbows then gradually her upper arms all the way to her shoulder blades seemed to melt or be absorbed into her torso, leaving her with two round nubs at shoulder level.

Her arms had completely disappeared.

Lexi turned around on her knees on the bed, which now were just starting to be covered in the encroaching black sheen, admiring her new handicap.

“Ooooooh! I gotta say viewers, I like where this is going now. I’ve had a thing for this kind of bondage as you all know, so I can’t wait to see what comes after this. I have to confess though, I’m a little upset about losing my fun bits.”

With difficulty she edged backward on the bed to the headboard and lifted one leg then the other in sultry motions as the latex finished its encapsulation of her lower limbs. Approaching the ends of her feet, her toes were rapidly all merged together, both of her feet taking on the appearance of an en pointe ballet dancer. Walking was almost an impossibility now.

Lexi took the time to show off her new armless body, rolling around on the bed, allowing her short black pixie cut to flop around in enthusiasm as she showcased her now limited mobility. She artfully pretended an attempt at getting up only to fall back on the bed in frustration, setting off a stream of lewdness in the chat.

Lexi wondered what came next. The latex had ended its upward motion at her neck, forming a kind of high collar just under her jaw. Everything below it was shiny black featureless rubber, and surprisingly numb. There was virtually no sensation or feeling to anything below her neck. She began to narrate this to the cameras, when she had to pause yet again. Much like her arms, her legs this time were feeling stiff.

Looking down, Lexi watched in complete surprise as her thighs were slowly brought together, then her knees, and then her feet. The shiny black material of her skin beginning to knit the two appendages together while also lengthening, forming a long heavily muscled-

“I have a snake tail? That’s so cool!”

Lexi’s feet had stretched and tapered down to a long point, the length of her lower body stretching out to more than triple its regular length, nearly twelve feet long. It still lacked all the feeling of her body before, but the novel nature of it was more than enough to offset that disappointment. Lexi began to play with her lower body, coiling around and slithering over the bed sheets on her stomach and chest. She also found she could stand herself up much higher than normal, balancing erect on her tail. She also found her snake like tail to be very dexterous, the end of it anyway, running its tip through her hair or over her lips.

Lexi was now rubber entirely from the neck down, armless with two spherical tits, armless and an exceptionally long powerful black tail in place of her legs. There was only a hint of her former legs in the form of her sloping curved thighs leading to a featureless round groin. Around her backside her glistening round butt led directly into her snake tail.

Lexi was learning to slither around and pressing her fake tits against the headboard to give her fans something enticing.

"I have to say you all, this isn't at all what I expected. I can't remember the word for this mythological creature, kind of like Medusa, but no arms, and no snakes for hair which is nice. Let me see if-"

She ran the tip of her tail up to her breasts, coiling and squeezing eliciting the sharp snapping and squeaking of rubber on rubber.

"-I can! That's pretty cool. Unfortunately, I don't really have anything, you know, to get off with. My butt and groin are totally sealed up, and I actually don't really feel my boobs at all. This kind of feels like-"

Lexi paused again. She was feeling a small ghost of a sensation from her featureless groin.

"-Oh! Somethings new is happening."

Because of her breasts, Lexi actually was using the camera and her monitor to see what was occurring. As she watched, the small round curve of where her pussy had been, began to bulge out, rising from her crotch slowly.

"What on earth?"

As soon as she muttered her confused exclamation, she knew what was happening. The expanding ball of her groin had been about the size of a softball, then it started to stretch and increase in height.

"Oooooof! It feels really weird. Looks like I'm definitely getting a dick everyone. I can't say this is unexpected, and I've used neurofeedback dildos before but-Oh my it's getting bigger!"

Indeed it was. What would have been a prominent black dildo like appendage had continued to grow. Whereas it had been simply four inches wide and a foot tall, it continued its upward growth. As her phallus grew, it took on a curve, arching backward as it rose. It soon surpassed three before finally stopping, cartoonishly tall and defiant. It rested between Lexis breasts and pointed directly at her face.

But, just like her groin before, this new absurdly big dick had no sensation in it. Lexi was coiling her new tail around her massive shaft, running up and down it's length, but receiving no pleasure. This proved to be too much for her and her facade snapped as she let loose a frustrated tirade at her situation.

“Ugh, come on! Nothing’s happening! It’s like I have just a big cartoony dildo on me. I want to come!”

The chat was incomprehensible. Comments were flying by faster than the monitors refresh rate. Lexi was using her tail to squeeze and seemingly choke her new cock, wanting to elicit an sensation.

“Ahhhhhh! Why?”

In a final act of desperation, Lexi leaned forward and placed her lips around the slick black head of her new dick. The moment her lips brushed against the rubbery head of her gargantuan member, something seemed to trigger itself within her body, as though her decision to autofellate herself was a hidden catalyst to something monumental.

Sensation unlike anything she’d ever known flooded her mind. She began to laugh around her dick, almost crying with relief as she began to feverishly suck, bobbing her head and trying to throat fuck herself with the monstrous pole.

Lexis sexual frustration and orgasm denial during the transformation meant that it took her very little time to feel an orgasm beginning to build. She felt a building rush in the base of her dildo like dick and pulled her mouth away to give the cameras a money shot. Lexi didn’t know quite what to expect, but hoped it would be a good show.

She need not have worried.

“Oh yes! Fuck! Guuuuhhhhhmmmmmmppppffffff!”

She screamed as she came, the last thing she saw were ropes of black nanolatex cum jetting from her cock, smacking her directly in the face. It quickly came alive, rushing over her face and blinding her. It swiftly encompassed her entire head with the exception of her mouth, flowing inside and stretching her maw into a round sexdoll like orrifice and silencing her but for a muffled moaning.

Where once a particularly attractive camgirl had sat, there was now a shiny black creature, snake like with a python of a cock, cumming ropes of shiny black latex all over itself.

The sensations were too much for Lexi, and she leaned forward, jamming her member through her sexdoll like mouth and down her rubber coated throat. She moaned around her cock, finally blissfully content with her changes.

But she wasn’t done yet.

As Lexi pumped seemingly gallons of rubber down her throat, her tail seemed to animate upon its own. While she'd been pumping her coils up and down her huge cock before, it now uncoiled itself and arced up. It wrapped itself around her torso and neck and pulled, slowly but inexorably. Her appendage pulled Lexi's black latex coated head down to her crotch, forcing the feet of dick to curve down Lexis throat and deep within her belly.

The feeling of having no control over her own body had no effect on Lexi. She continued to cum into herself, with a masturbatory narcissistic sense of fulfillment.

She found her spine curving, matching the phallus which now spasmed within her, the rubber of her body bending around to her groin as her tail encircled in a sexy maliciousness. She flopped sideways onto the bed, forming a circle between body, and cock.

Lexis mind was numbing itself to thought.

At this point she could feel batches of rubber ejaculate launching from her cock, down her throat and through her body, to only erupt again from her cock and begin the cycle anew.

One of her last coherent thoughts, between different cycles of ejaculation and building orgasm, her face stretched wide around a big black rubber cock was an expression of contentment.

Worth it.

Alexandria Reynolds, known to the millions of her online followers as "Sex1L3X1," had an audience of over sixty million for her final stream.

Caliph Industries product page crashed from the massive amount of traffic that followed.

The charities favored by Lexi met their funding goals for the next decade.

By any measure, the stream had been an unmitigated success.

In accordance with Lexis wishes, her serpentine form was hung in the National Gallery, looking like a giant reptilian tire swing suspended from the ceiling opposite of Arachne. The new "sculpture" was given the named Ouroboros by the curators; after the mythological serpent that devours its own tail.

As visitors watched, the circular form would occasionally writhe and pulse in a rhythmic undulation that proved to be so regular the visitors could set their watches by it.

Lexi, for her part, knew none of this. To her all there was were the orgasms and flow of slick nanolatex down her throat every thirty seconds. In between there was nothing but the wish for the next orgasm, and the occasionally fleeting memory of her life before. She did not miss or mourn, and would eagerly have traded such momentary reminiscences for the next orgasm to come a little faster, and the one after that.