Warzone

Standard disclaimers, under 18 = leave now

**Prologue**

After weeks of development, the weapon was finally ready. It would soon leave the facility heading for the field, Dr. Barkokov would monitor the first use of weapon 7969. The weapon would be shipped to a command post with in the war zone itself, and launched.

As the loading procedures took place, Dr. Barkokov looked on with a morbid wonder of the new technology. A weapon specifically designed to make resupplying an army impossible, what interesting turns history takes. As the last of the 12 canisters was lowered into the transport, Dr. Barkokov got on a helicopter bound for command post Beta. The helicopter took off, Barkokov looked out the window. “The target can’t be saved now,” he mused, “but, would it want to be?”

**Ch 1**

The helicopter carrying Barkokov touched down at command post Beta, an old wearhouse complex 30 miles from the target. The transport convoy that had snaked its way along beneath him stopped, and the unloading began. All of the soldiers in the unloading crew had on full chemical suits and were being extremely careful with the package. A soldier motioned for Barkokov to come over. Barkokov slipped on his gas mask and made his way toward the package. “Sir,” a soldier said, though Barkokov could not be sure which one, as none of them moved and the visors on the suits were reflective, “what exactly are we launching at St. –“ “Shut up,” yelled Barkokov, “you must never refer to the target as anything other than the target!” The rest of the soldiers stood there, in awe. “I want you to load shell 1 into the missile,” Barkokov commanded, scanning the compartment lock with his pass key. The case opened.

Inside were a dozen shells, each on about the size of a large canister of caulk. A soldier picked up the shell with the number 1 on it, and made his way to the missile. The soldier glanced at Barkokov and the rest of the soldiers one last time. He then put the canister into the war head and came down from the platform, the platform was then removed. “Start the launching sequence,” ordered Barkokov, “I want this thing to detonate in a half hour.” He resealed the case, and went into the command post control room.

**Ch 2**

It was a lovely day in St. Steven. A smaller city with nice people, St. Steven was home to the main munitions plant supplying the troops fighting against Barkokov’s homeland. Nearly everyone there owed their jobs to the munitions plant in some way. It had brought families to the area, including, the Scalzonnis.

Allison was 19 and went to the college in the St. Steven -- she was just getting out of bed when the launch sequence began, though she was completely unaware that it was taking place. She had a dream of becoming something some day; she did not know what that was however. Class was not for a few more hours, so she did what she always did when she had free time, spent time with Kyle. Kyle was not her boyfriend, he had wanted to date her for a while, but Allison never saw the point. As she walked across campus to his dorm, she felt that something was amiss. She ignored this feeling, and continued walking.

When she knocked on Kyle’s door, she heard the sounds of him getting out from his loft. He opened the door half clad, only a pair of sleeping shorts hung on him. Kyle was not drop dead sexy; he took care of himself, but was not what women wanted. “Morning,” he said groggily, “come on in.” Motioning for her to sit on the futon, she sat in an orange chair. She loved driving him nuts when he was only half awake. He sat on the futon, a bit zoned out. Then, a large explosion shattered the window.

**Ch 3**

Kyle snapped to attention, he had been awake for a while, which gave his morning wood time to subside. The window had been blown in; beads of tempered glass lay about the room. Kyle rushed over to Alli, she was dazed, but ok. He breathed an inward sigh of relief. Alli looked up at him and gave him a hug. She was not sure why she gave him a hug -- it just seemed to be the right thing to do at the time. They both moved over to the futon, as the orange chair seemed less safe, being by the window and all. As they sat down, Alli noticed a tingling in her breasts. She looked down at them, they seemed normal to her. All of a sudden, they started to grow. They went from a B-cup to a C-cup, all the way to a DD-cup. She had picked the right morning to not wear a bra. Kyle starred in amazement, before noticing that his dick was feeling funny. Sure it was hard, who wouldn’t be after watching that, but harder. He and Alli looked down at the same time. In his pants, the bulge kept getting bigger, until it was about to his knee. They looked up into each other’s eyes.

Alli started to feel strange all over, like she was mildly on fire. The first thing she noticed was that her hips started to bulge out, creating the perfect ass. Her legs grew some, but mainly became more defined. Her stomach was flat to begin with, but it now looked as though she had no stomach at all. The last thing that happened was that her brown hair grew from shoulder length to about her mid back. She was too pre occupied with all of these changes to notice that she had grown from 5’-3” to about 6’ tall. She looked down on Kyle, then her eyes snapped to his dick.

Kyle looked on in heated awe as Alli transformed into a goddess, he then noticed that he too was starting to change. He went from being kind of fit, to being buff. He then noticed that his sleeping shorts seemed tight. Without much warning, they gave way, revealing a clean shaven dick. Kyle had never shaved his privates in his life, but with all the other things that were going on, a lack of hair seemed like the least of his problems. He was now 6’- 4” from his previous 5’-10”, and looked like a male model.

Alli wasted no time in taking his member into her mouth, she was shocked at herself. She would never do that, but that is not to say she was not enjoying this. Kyle grunted and placed his now powerful hand on her head and guided her. She continued to expertly suck him off, right before he came, she spit him out. Kyle looked up, mad at first. He then noticed the look in her eye, she wanted him in her, and she wanted it *now*. Kyle literally ripped the strained shirt from Alli, while she maneuvered out of her pants. She looked hot, her nipples standing at an attention that would make a drill sgt. proud. She slipped her panties off in a very sexy manor, swaying slightly as she did it. Kyle then picked her up with ease and set her down on his massive member. She yelped for a split second, as he had just rammed past her cherry. A feeling unlike any she had felt before over took her and she wrapped her arms around him. He trusted himself while moving Alli up and down his shaft, doubling the amount of movement and pleasure. After about a minute of this treatment, he came in her. She cocked her head back and screamed in ecstasy as she orgasmed. They both fell sideways on the futon and passed out; they went at it again when they woke up.

**Ch 4**

Dr. Barkokov noticed a smile coming over his face. Weapon 7969 had delivered in a real world environment. The nick name for the weapon was the sex bomb. It blew out windows with a shock wave followed by a second, almost simultaneous shockwave carrying the chemical weapon that caused the changes experienced by Alli and Kyle. All throughout the target, people were changing and fornicating. This was the first step in non lethal technology to immobilize the enemy. The victims would eventually lose the highness of the libido, but they would still have to have sex almost once an hour, enough time to eat and possibly sleep. Yes, this was the perfect way to fight a way. He eyed the remaining 11 canisters.