

Commodity

Written by BB47

Warning, includes strong sexual themes. Intended for Adults only.

PART 1

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They say that, 'what you don't know, won't hurt you'. Or, that 'ignorance is bliss'.

Those words really didn't matter any more to John.. because as it turns out, almost the whole human race was both ignorant and dead, proving that whole idea was completely wrong.

John jolted awake and quickly became aware of his surroundings. Almost as if he was coming out of a long trance, or a deep sleep. The room was dim and it smelled liked cooked plastic.

His body ached and when he closed his eyes, he could see the nuclear blasts. He could feel the heat on his skin. Everyone was dead. This wasn't a dream.

So where was he? Was this heaven? Hell? Probably not. He wasn't stupid. He slowly sat up on the soft, squishy floor. This must be an Alien holding cell of some sort.

He knew he had been abducted... this had to be their ship.. it was the only thing that made sense. He was sure of it.

Reports had come across the news. Everyone had seen the giant ship as it entered the atmosphere, some even thought it was a tiny moon, or perhaps that it would be friendly.. they quickly discovered that they were dead wrong. Within minutes it had begun to snatch people right off the streets, "beaming" them with up with some sort of transporter ray.. like something right out of a science fiction horror movie.

The military was useless against the force-field that surrounded the immense spherical spacecraft. The ship quickly orbited the planet zooming from continent to continent almost randomly selecting humans to grab.. but it wasn't very many.. only a couple dozen. The last thing John remembered were the reports that the spacecraft had launched a series of nuclear-type bombs that were completely destroying the globe. It was the end.

As the television turned to static, John ran outside only to see the enormous blast of fire that was circling the globe from every horizon, he could feel the heat from the light. Suddenly, the Alien sphere was overhead, and John woke up in this room.

Stunned and a little numb, he stared at his bare feet.. it dawned on him that his clothes were

missing. Then he looked up around the room. It was curved and tall like a church sanctuary. Like he was inside a giant teardrop. There were no windows or doors, it appeared seamless. The sloping ground was made out of a glowing clear gel type material.. it reminded him of a Dr. Scholls shoe insert.

A dozen crazy ideas ran through his head and he glanced around quickly to make sure that something was not going to attack him suddenly. He tried to control his fear. He was shaking.

Across the room on the other side, he spotted another figure lying on the ground. Carefully, he got to his feet. The floor seemed to stick to him.. there were small tiny gooey-looking threads that let go as he stood up. He lifted one foot and the same thing happened. It didn't seem to impair his walking.. and it seemed almost alive.. like millions of tiny tendrils that met and released his feet as he walked. He crouched a little and quietly started inspecting the room. With each step, the soft sloping floor seemed to glow a little brighter as he stepped down.

A quick search confirmed his thoughts.. sure enough, there was no way in or out. As he slowly approached, he realized the figure was a woman. Like him, she also appeared naked. She was curled up in a fetal position and her stringy red hair was plastered across her face.

He was surprised that at a time like this, his first thoughts were about her body. He noticed that she wasn't very fit. It made him smile that even in this horribly, scary situation, underneath it all, he was still a man, making decisions about how attracted he was to a complete stranger. She looked to be in her mid 40's.. about ten or fifteen years older than himself. She had freckles all over and a flabby, flat butt. Her bad skin was pasty white and she was quite overweight with a chubby gut, and from what he could see, she was almost completely flat chested.

He suddenly wondered if the aliens had put them together for some crazy mating observatory experiment.

Great. If that was the case, this would be really fucked up. This poor gal wasn't even close to his type. He was too much of a pervert, he liked the small waisted, huge chested, bimbo-type girls you would see in porn. Definitely not the lady in front of him. Not that he was the greatest guy in the world. In real life, he had to take what he could get. He was short, about 5'6" with a receding hairline, he was out of shape and he had a spare tire gut. He knew he wasn't very good looking. But even if he was less than average everywhere else, at least he had a dryish sense of humor, which was attractive to certain women. He had been divorced for a few years and had recently been dating a big chested lady he met at the quicky-mart named April. She wasn't exactly a knock-out - she was way too tan and she smoked, but she was easy going, she liked sex and he liked her big boobs. He figured she was probably dead now. Yeah.. nice. Only he would think of morbid shit like that at a time like this. He bet, in reality, he was some Alien snack. This was just some weird holding cell and he probably was going to get eaten or dissected. And lord knows what those tendrils were doing to him.

Every science fiction movie he had ever seen warned him not to wake her up. He hoped that she was a human just like him.. and not some sort of monster that would attack him. But he wanted to see her face. And he figured, if the Aliens wanted him dead they would have killed him by now. He could see that those little tiny tendrils were also attached to her body where it came in contact with the floor.

Reaching down with his leg, he almost tapped her with his foot on the shoulder but before he could touch her he stopped himself.

He smiled, realizing what a chicken he was.. was he really afraid to touch her? He leaned in again closer this time and lightly blew her hair away from her face with his breath. Her eyes snapped open.

“AHH!” she screamed. She jerked away from him and scrambled back away from him on all fours. The tiny tendrils came away from her body where she had been in contact with the floor. They looked like spider webs, and as soon as she moved, they retracted back into the gel floor and disappeared.

“Whoa.. whoa.. it’s ok.. I’m not going to hurt you,” he said. He realized he was covering his privates with his hands. He got a good look at her face.. and she wasn’t anything to write home about. As a matter of fact, she looked like she got hit a few extra times with the ugly stick.

“What is going on! Who are you? Where are we? What were you doing?” she screeched at him, she eyed him up and down. “Why are you naked?!!” she looked down at herself. And quickly covered her mosquito-bite size boobs with her forearm. “Why am I naked?! Where are my clothes you freak! Help! HELP!” She screamed.. looking around in every direction. She pulled her legs up to her chest defensively.

“Stop! Stop Screaming! I wasn’t doing anything,” he realized he was chuckling.. he didn’t know what else to do.. this situation was ludicrous. She stared at him, frozen like a deer. “I think we’re on that Alien spaceship.. I think they abducted us and put us in this room. I just woke up over there,” he pointed.

“What? No. No! This isn’t happening! Tell them to take us back! My dogs.. where are my dogs.. Tigger! Pooh! Here boy! Where are you guys?” she looked around, wide eyed and crazy.

“Listen.. lady.. whoever you are.. your dogs are not here. You need to calm the fuck down! It’s just us. You and me. There’s nobody else here. And I don’t see any doors or windows, so we aren’t going anywhere. My name is John. John Peterson.” He extended his hand, “I’m from Nashville. I have no idea why we are here. But I think everybody else is dead. Look, the last thing I remember, that alien ship.. This alien ship.. nuked the planet and for some reason decided to pick us up.. and now, it appears we are trapped in this room together.”

With that.. she put her face in her hands and just started crying.

Great, he thought... just great. It's the end of the world as we know it.. and I get stuck with the ugly old emotional fat chick with no boobs and no clue.

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John was right. Everyone on Earth was dead. The only remaining humans in the Universe, all 32 of them, were now trapped aboard the alien spacecraft. Unfortunately, the Aliens didn't spend too much time researching the appropriate correct cross-section of humans that would be necessary for their purposes. This was more of a "snatch and grab" scenario than anything else. In human terms, these aliens would be considered quite sloppy about what they did. Rather than work out the careful social, biological subtleties of a race, they just quickly appropriated a random cross section of sentient beings and then were on their way. Their captives were shoved into the containment area's and they either survived or not. If not, then the beings were not worth the hassle anyways. They had limited room on their ship and there were far too many stops to make. Like wine tasters at a convention, they were only concerned with finding the perfect glass.

These aliens did not have any remorse for their complete annihilation of the planet and all of it's life forms. This was just business as usual. Now that they had what they came for, they needed to make sure no-one else could get access to their 'find', so they destroyed all life on the planet. As they left the magnetosphere of Earth, they delivered their final blow by launching a final weapon that cracked the entire planet and sent the ruined pieces barreling into the sun.

After all, the humans were just another species to test, and if they failed, they weren't good for anything anyways.

The ship was already traveling at Faster than Light speeds away from the Solar System towards another hot tip for sentient life in this section of the Galaxy.

These particular aliens were humanoid, but their mission was obviously not one of peace. They were what we would consider severe drug users or addicts.. or better yet, exploiters.. with one soul purpose.. to find another way to feed their addiction.

Therefore, they were not interested in any of the resources on planet Earth, except one.

They sought other sentient species in order to test them.

You see, these Aliens had a terrible habit. And without their drug, they would die a disgusting, painful death, which is even more shocking when you realize that with the drug, they were almost immortal in life span. Every being in their race was addicted. And their drug of choice was nothing more than concentrated.. Pleasure.

Yes, these aliens were pleasure miners.

Tens of thousands of years ago, they discovered that the essence of Pleasure itself could be converted into an extremely potent substance that eventually evolved to become the currency of the cosmos.

These Aliens were in constant search of new sources of pleasure..

Their long history has been a violent expansion where they have enslaved other, younger sentient beings and learned how to extract the pleasure from those other beings, refine it and then sell it at a high price.

Pleasure could not be artificially created. Despite what our secular atheistic society felt about the non-existence of a soul, they were wrong. If humans had been left alone, they would have eventually discovered that the religious and pious had been actually right, in a way, all along. The soul did exist.. future scientists would discover that it was an integral part of the “dark” matter that filled the universe. And furthermore it was only found inside actual sentient beings. The soul was a metaphysical entity that became trapped during the life cycle of sentience. Lesser animals only contained negligible amounts.

The soul and sentience were both required to generate pleasure. The Aliens had long known that very few species could be used to produce what they needed.

The Aliens could then absorb it in various ways to get their fix. However, as with any drug, it wore off with time and the addicts always needed more, both for the pleasure it provides and the endless continuation of their lives.

Sadly, it takes a lot of work to make a single drop. And unfortunately, outside of the central planets, it is very rare.. there are only seven known species out of thousands that exist that can produce a compatible quality and quantity of nectar that the dominant species can use.

There is one primary type of supplier-species, and all of them have been captured, bred and enslaved to produce the drug. And all production is monopolized by the central planetary alliance.

The primary type of producer-species creates their pleasure during their complex mating rituals. There are also warrior beings that totally derive pleasure from violence. Therefore, their type of nectar has a distinct effect or flavor. It's rough and full of rage and explosive, but leaves the user with some bad side effects.

There are slug-like beings that when torched produce a nectar that is very mild and hallucinogenic.

Unfortunately, most beings do not produce any at all.

Therefore, these explorers search the galaxies for new life forms and potential new sources.

They are hoping to find a new source, capitalize on it, and strike it rich!

And now, it was the Human's turn.

I think you see where this is going..

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“Ma.. ma, ma.. Mindy. My name is Mindy,” she blubbered.

John had long since grown bored of her crying and eventually just walked a few paces away, sat down and waited for her to stop.

“Well, Mindy.. where are you from?” he asked, with indifference. John actually hated small talk. But when in Rome.. you know?

“Uh..” she sniffed and wiped her nose on her forearm. Absently, she looked around for something to wipe it on.. but of course, there was nothing.

“Um.. Aspen..” her voice quivered.

“Well.. I’m going to cut to the chase.. Mindy. There’s no telling whether we are going to survive this.” With that, her already bloodshot eyes started leaking again, and her wet mouth turned downward like she was going to start whining again.

“Look.. you can sit there and cry, or we can talk this out and see what our options are. Either way, I need to let you know, we’re about to have a little problem. I really have to go to the bathroom. And unfortunately, our lovely captors didn’t feel the need to provide anything for us. So.. seeing how this room is sloped and we’re sitting towards the middle.. well.. you get the drift.”

Her eyes changed. They went from sadness to concerned. John was glad that at least she wasn’t still crying.

“What are we going to do?”

“Well, I’ll tell you what I’m not going to do, I can’t hold it anymore.. so.. you can watch if you want.. but I’m going to just go to the center of the room and take a piss.”

“Ohh.. John.. no.. that’s disgusting.”

“Well, thank you for finally using my name. But what would you have me do? I certainly can’t hold it forever. No ideas? That’s what I thought. You better just turn around.”

And she did. With her legs still pressed up against her, she made an agonized face and scooted around until she was facing away. And then, she plugged her ears with her fingers.

John rolled his eyes. What a fucking prude. The human race was surely doomed if she was any indicator.

He pointed his dick at the ground and let go.. but nothing happened. Instead, he just felt the feeling go away.

"Whoa," John exclaimed and stepped back a step. "That's pretty damn cool.."

He looked over and she was staring at the spot on the ground. He smiled when he realized that she had probably been watching the whole time. Hmmm. He got to thinking that perhaps she was less of a prude than she let on.

"What happened!" she exclaimed. "I didn't see anything.. did you go?"

"Come and see yourself.."

"Whatever, I'm not walking over there, how do I know you are not going to rape me?"

"What!? Ha! You got that wrong, sister! You are most definitely not my type! Hell, I wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole!"

As he glared at her, he realized that she had a strange look on her face. She was still staring at his crotch. He couldn't tell if her look was fear or disgust.

He followed her gaze down and realized that he was completely hard. His erection stuck out like he was ready to go. He turned his back on her and tried to get a hold of himself.

He was shocked. When had that happened?

"You are disgusting! Just keep your, your parts away from me!"

Even with his uncontrolled boner, John had had enough.. "Yeah.. but who fucking cares anymore! If you haven't noticed.. we are fucked! So screw you and your ugly ass body and your depressing, bitchy attitude!"

"Go to hell, asshole!" she screamed.

"Too late, bitch, I'm already there!" he screamed.

And with that, she started crying again.

“Oh.. geesh! Is that all you know how to do?”

“Just..” she cried, “just leave me alone...”

So he did. He stomped away as far as he could to the other side of the curved wall and he walked up as high as he could and then layed back up the curve of the wall like a recliner. He usually wasn't this mean. He didn't know what was wrong with him, he felt full of pent-up rage... she probably deserved it anyways.

There wasn't any clock, or change in the lighting. There was no way to tell how long they sat there, ignoring each other from across the room. John sat for a long while and thought about all the things he would never see again. For some reason, he had a difficult time staying focused. Instead, he thought about boobs and girls that he had been with.. all sorts of shit. He even thought about girls that he had know that were redheads. And he couldn't keep himself from staying hard. After a long time, he dozed off and finally fell asleep.

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“John.. wake up.. hey.”

His eyes snapped open and there she was, crouching a few feet away from him. She was still covering her boobs with her arm, with the other one over her crotch.

“What?” he snapped... coming out of a dream. He had been in some sort of threesome. He shook his head and realized that he was sprawled out spread-eagle and his dick was still hard.. it was sort of red and it was starting to hurt a little bit.

“I'm scared,” she whispered. Her eyelids sort of fluttered as she glanced down at his swollen cock. She was embarrassed for him

“Good for you,” he said, and rolled over on his side, turning his back to her. He felt the sticky tendrils readjusting as he moved.

“Why are you such a jerk?” she said a little louder.

“Why are you such a bitch?” he snarked back at her without turning his head.

“I'm not a bitch.. I'm just worried... look.. I'm sorry, ok. I didn't mean to give you such a hard time before.. I don't know you.”

He rolled back and looked at her. “So, that gives you the right to accuse me of being a rapist?”

“No.. I'm sorry. It's just.. you were .. you know... hard.. ..and you seem so angry” she looked

depressed.

They were silent for a few minutes. John studied at this homely woman, wondering what he was going to do with her, she was a mess. He couldn't help but notice that something seemed different, somehow.

"Your hair looks different," he said.

"What? What do you mean?" and she shook her head a little to cast her hair off of her shoulders.

"Holy shit," she gasped. "It's longer.. like a few inches longer..."

"Yeah.. and it looks redder.. or something.."

"It does! What the heck..?" She moved her arm up to touch a piece.

"Whoa.. that's not the only thing different.." smirked John. He was staring at her chest.

Where there had been hardly anything at all, practically a non-cup, it was obvious that she had grown a little bit. Two pert round breasts had blossomed, she had become at least a B-cup.

She looked at his eyes and then at her chest. Both of her hands instantly covered her bare breasts.

"What?!" she squeaked. And she started backing away from him in panic. "What is going on?" she blurted. Her hands trembled on her new bosom and she spun to run back across the room.

"Wait," said John, an idea had begun to form as he stood up, "are you hungry or thirsty? I mean, I'm not.. and we've probably been here for a while. I'm not hungry at all, and that's doesn't seem right. We should be starving by now."

She had stopped and she looked back at him.

"N, na, no..." her voice shook.. "I'm not either.. you don't think they're messing with us, do you?" she sounded almost hysterical. She looked back over her shoulder, as if there were aliens right behind her. She took a step up closer to him. He could tell that she was conflicted. She didn't know who to trust.

"I don't think there are any aliens in this room," he laughed. "But yes, I think they are fucking with us. If I had to guess, I'd say they are somehow feeding us through this weird gel floor. I mean let's look at the facts..."

"What?" she interrupted, "the floor? What!?" her voice got higher. She stared at the ground and kind of went up on her tip toes.

"Yeah.. like through our skin, or something... I mean.. you can see these clear tendrils, right?"

She snatched up one foot like something bit her.

"They must be feeding us somehow.." he said calmly.. watching her dance around like an idiot.

"But what about my, my, my hair.. and my, my.. ?"

"It has to be some sort of hormones.. Shit, that's why I'm so horny and getting so angry! I feel like a teenager. I can't seem to get my thoughts under control... i'm think I'm experiencing roid rage.. haha." He looked up at her.. "it's also probably why you are so hysterical.. they're probably pumping us both full of something."

Her eyes got wide and scared.

"Quit looking at me like that!" he smirked. "Don't worry, I'm still me. I'm not going to do anything to you. Like I said, you're not even my type anyways."

"Why would they do this?" She still looked apprehensive and glanced at his crotch for the hundredth time, she blushed and looked away.

There was only one reason that he could think of. But he didn't say anything.. he knew she would freak out if he told her what he was thinking. He looked down at his dick.. at least it was only sort of hard. He just shrugged.

"Uh.. uh.. well.. you just stay over there.. and uh.. I'll be over there.. ok?"

"Sure.. Mindy.." he shook his head. He knew that none of this was an accident.

As he slowly sat back down, he realized that his first guess was probably right. These sick Aliens were experimenting on them, amping up their sex drive or something. Whatever was in these tendrils, this was only the beginning. So far, it felt like he had been erect or partially erect for hours and hours. He studied his dick, before this whole thing, he weighed in around 5-½" inches. He didn't have a ruler.. and perhaps it was just the lighting.. but he was definitely a little bit bigger. Just thinking about it made him fully erect again. If he didn't do something soon, he might be in trouble.

He glanced over at her, she had her back turned to him. He turned his back to her and quickly started masturbating. It didn't take long. His mind was still full of images and he was totally turned on. Within a minute, he felt himself start to climax and he came really hard. For a

second he thought that his spunk would not come out.. like his urine.. but it did. He ejaculated a few times and as soon as it hit the ground, it seemed to melt into the gel and disappear. He felt a wave of relief.. it was weird, he couldn't remember the last time his sexual emotions had been this strong. The ground glowed around his feet. Somehow, deep inside, he could almost feel the echo of his orgasm slide downward through his body and into the ground. It was a strange feeling.

He glanced back at Mindy again and caught her staring over at him. She quickly turned her head back. So.. she wanted to watch. Hmm.

Normally, at this point, he would be spent and satiated. But his juiced-up body didn't agree with him. Within a half a minute, he felt himself getting aroused again.

"Shit," he said softly to himself.

Within a minute he started again.

The second time it took longer and he caught Mindy staring again.

"Do you want to come over here and watch!?" he yelled back at her.

She squeaked and whipped her head back around.

In the back of his head, he thought about going over there and jacking off right in front of her. It was a strange thought, because even though she was so unattractive, he still craved the interaction.

He came again.. a lot less but the same echo feeling still seemed to happen. He felt it drain right into the ground.

A bunch of thoughts ran through his head. If they wanted his sperm they could just extract it.. there would be no reason to keep him conscious in this cell. The only logical conclusion with all of these variables was that these aliens were making him increasingly horny on purpose. He didn't know if they were doing the same thing to Mindy, or if her breast and hair changes were a result of something more devious. Either way, they were trapped and there was little they could do about it.

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Mindy sat cross legged with her back to him across the room and watched him masturbate.. twice!. She knew exactly what he was doing. And even though she found him repulsive, she was intrigued by this strange little man. She wasn't stupid or naive. However, her feelings and emotions were off the chart. As a math teacher, normally she was in complete control and very analytical. The moment she woke up in the strange place she felt completely messed up.. almost as though every emotion she had ever felt was in overdrive. Her skin prickled and gave her the chills. She was extremely conscious of her vagina.. every movement she made sent feelings that she was unused to and very uncomfortable. She couldn't control herself and every few minutes she either wanted to scream or cry.

Dealing with John was stressful. Ever since she had caught her fiance cheating on her a decade ago, she had purposely avoided men like the plague. Men had been nothing but trouble in her life. She was painfully aware that she was not attractive. And most guys treated her awfully. Her older sister had gotten all of the looks and Mindy was always in her shadow. Most men only saw her as a “friend” or worse, they just looked right past her. Sure, she had tried to make herself more appealing.. but there was just not enough to work with. And she didn’t have the social skills or confidence to figure out how to fix it. So, she latched onto education and her job for stability.

And now.. she was trapped in this spherical room, naked, with a man who was a complete stranger who was jacking off. He wasn’t even nice. At least in the professional world, guys were polite to her. This was a frightening situation. It would be so different if he would just apologize to her or try to be civil.

She peeked over her shoulder again. He was at it again! It was so weird... she had never seen a man masturbate before, her past sexual encounters had always been in the dark, under the sheets. She was scared, repulsed and curious all at the same time. She didn’t know that guys could keep going like this.. like one right after the way he kept doing it. The guys she had slept with always finished and then rolled over and fell asleep.

She felt her nipples get hard. In wonder, she looked down and was reminded that her breasts were larger. Her breasts seemed even fuller and more buoyant, in a small part of her mind, she was actually excited that her bosom was bigger. In what seemed like a lifetime ago, she had considered getting a boob job, back when she actually cared about such things.. but it seemed so wrong and controversial.. plus, she was too self conscious and not sure that any amount of surgery could make her any more attractive. She brought her hand up and gently caressed her swollen breast. The skin was tight and warm.. she swirled her fingertips around the outside.. outlining the new shape that was formed on her chest. As her fingers lightly brushed her erect nipple she felt a small burst of sensation run through her body. She gasped. She had never felt anything like that before. Curiously, she squeezed her small nipple a little harder.

“Ooooh,” she felt herself say out loud. The sensation was intense! These were feelings that she was unused to feeling. Even sex with her “boyfriends” had been mostly mechanical, and not really emotional. She had never been sensitive like this... in truth, she had never even had an orgasm. She glanced back over her shoulder and saw him staring at her. It appeared that he had finished pleasuring himself. Did he hear her? She blushed and she looked back away from him.

She shook her head and thought rationally about this. If John was right, then these Aliens were doing this to them. But why? She looked at the small clear tendrils where they touched her legs. Was her increased sensitivity a side effect of some experiment they were doing? Or were they purposely trying to make them feel this way? She stopped touching herself.

She got angry again. How dare they do this to her!? She made up her mind that she would have no part in this! This was demeaning and intrusive! She would rather die than let them manipulate them this way! She stood up and turned, making sure to cover her privates again.

“John!” she stammered as she stomped over to him. “John.”

He was pacing back and forth.

“Mindy,” he interrupted, before she even got a word out. “I’ve been thinking..”

“Well.. I’ve been thinking too..” she said.

“We have to resist.” “I’m sorry I’ve been so rude.” they both said at the same time.

“What.. what did you say?” she asked, actually surprised by his admission.

His hands covered his privates. “I said.. I meant.. well you know. I’ve been very rude.. and.. and I’m sorry I guess. There’s something wrong with me... my emotions are out of control.”

“I know what you mean..” she said. “But.. that’s why I think we need to fight this! They are deliberately manipulating us. It’s obvious they are trying to get a reaction out of us. They are experimenting with us. I’m not sure to what end.. but it’s adversely affecting our bodies. We need to give them nothing. We need to stop. You have to quit what you’ve been doing. And.. I’ll have to stop being so emotional. It’s our only hope,” she pleaded.

He looked at her like she had monkeys crawling out of her ears.

“That’s not possible..” he said plainly. Shaking his head slowly.

“Yes it is.. you’re just not trying hard enough!”

“No. Mindy. Don’t you understand what they are doing? You’re not a guy. Don’t pretend you understand what men have to go through... you have no idea how difficult it is for a man to shut these feelings off.” He let his head droop down. He stared at his feet at a loss. Of course he had already considered the same thing.. but he just couldn’t get himself under control.

“But it’s not IM-possible, right?” she walked closer. “You could resist... you could like, meditate or something? You have to be careful.. they seem to be mutating us! Who knows what could happen?”

He just stood there frozen. He knew that she didn’t understand.. there was no use trying to explain it to her. Thankfully, after the three sessions of masturbation, his body was allowing him a brief reprieve from his horniness. But he now knew this would only get worse. They weren’t

going to let up. He shook his head in dissent at her suggestion.

“John. John. Listen, it’s going to be ok. John.” she reached over and touched his arm.

“Ahh!” he gasped and reeled back from her touch.. something coursed through him and he sat down hard on the ground. Likewise, she also felt the strange shock that had coursed through her arm and spread through her body. She grew dizzy and her knees buckled slightly. She sat down hard.

“What did you do?” he yelped. He rubbed his arm and glanced at her. She had a dazed look on her strange face.. she seemed to be losing consciousness.. from her sitting position, she fell over onto the ground. “What was that?” he mumbled.

It had felt like they had been electrocuted. He felt exhausted. His eyes became droopy and he slid over onto his side and fell asleep.

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To be continued..