

Commodity

Written by BB47

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

PART 2

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John felt himself waking up again. It was a crazy dream. He had been standing on a table in his high school cafeteria stroking his cock and singing the national anthem while surrounded by ugly redheaded girls. He shook his head a little and cracked his eyes.

Yep. Still here. Fuck! He felt the cool gel pressed against the side of his face as the familiar burnt plastic smell and sloping walls of their prison came back into view. He sat up and watched the tendrils snap away from his body.

Immediately, he knew something was quite different .

He blinked and looked down at his dick. His eyes felt fuzzy and slightly out of focus. Something was wrong with his vision, because once again, he was swollen and erect.. but his dick had obviously grown a few inches. And his gut was gone... it had been replaced with abs.. actual abs!! He had a 6-pack! He rubbed his eyes again. Everything looked wrong.. he must have had some sort of film on his eyes, his skin seemed too smooth or something.

“Holy shit,” he croaked. His voice seemed a bit lower. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his bigger schlong. His thumb and fingers barely touched around his newfound girth, which was quite a bit bigger than before. What impressed him more was the length. He almost doubled.. he estimated he was about 10 inches long. He lifted his hand up in front of his face. His fingers were larger.. his hands were more muscular. Once again, he blinked a few times.. the coloring in his skin was strange. Shit.. his arms and everything was more muscular. He felt good. Virile. Sexually intoxicated. Turned on! He immediately wanted to jack off again. Then he remembered....

Mindy!

He quickly turned to look over at her, but she was gone. Panicking, he quickly scanned the room, and spotted a figure far across the spherical room.

Last thing he remembered, she had shocked him somehow with her finger and they had both passed out. He sprung up to his feet. Everything felt different. He felt stronger, much taller and more fit. He felt something large smack him in the inner thighs. He peeked down, and sure

enough, his balls had grown as well. His scrotum hung down with balls the size of small oranges. The aliens had given him a whole new body, it seemed.

He slowly walked over to her, he could feel his long, heavy penis slapping against his legs as he moved.. it was arousing. Her back was turned to him.. the first and only thing he noticed was her hair... actually it was the only thing he could see. No longer was it a matted stringy mess. It had grown extremely long and thick. It was the thickest hair he had ever seen. It almost looked like a shiny solid sheet, like some sort of technicolor cloth. The lush reddish orange hair cascaded from her head, down her back and onto the floor. She seemed to be hiding behind it like a shield.

He started to doubt whether this was the same person.

“Mindy..” he questioned, marveling at the deepness of his own voice.

She jerked a little bit, but didn’t turn around. “I knew this was going to happen..” she said.

Her voice had changed as well. It wasn’t raspy and annoying anymore.. it had grown softer and much higher, with almost a melody to the way she spoke.

John’s hopes went through the roof. He mentally crossed his fingers and hoped that they had turned her into some sort of hottie. After all.. that’s what this seemed to be about. The isolation room, the tendrils, the hormones, her earlier breast growth.. it all pointed at sex. He had become increasingly aroused at his imagination. He hoped that they had fixed her ugliness... or if not, they had given her a better body. She was quite unattractive before.. and if his current changes meant anything.. perhaps she would be changed as well. Anything would be better than the way she was. He felt like a young man going through puberty.. except it was ten times worse. He knew he should be freaking out about all of this.. but he was so freaking horny, it seemed to override everything else.

“Knew what was going to happen..?” he said, coyly. He really wanted to see what was going on with her.. he could feel his testosterone churning.

“I warned you that they were manipulating us!” she said without facing him. “You’re probably getting off on all of this!” her voice choked. “I told you! I’m not going to be a part of this! I won’t let them turn me into some sort of experimental freak!” she sobbed.

“Freak? What do you mean?”

“Just go away!”

He didn’t budge. He was stuck there, fantasizing about her and way too turned on. His imagination was running wild. His huge cock pulsed and began to rise out in front of his body.. he had no way of hiding it, so he just put his left hand against it and pressed it against his leg.

Slowly, he circled her.. trying to peek around her strange hair.

“Stop it!” she fussed. And she turned slightly to keep her back towards him. The hair moved strangely. It wasn’t a bad thing.. it was just different.

“Fine.. you can’t be any worse than me,” he said. “Take a look.. am I that bad? You have to admit it.. this is really cool! I mean, I’m huge! Look at these biceps!” he flexed his right arm and marveled as he formed a new large well defined muscle. He looked back at her, her hair had made a small part and she turned her head back to peek through it up at him.. from what he could see, her eyes had dramatically changed.. they were insanely larger than before.. come to think of it.. they were much larger than a human eye could ever be! But she wasn’t looking at his arm.. her eyes went wide at the sight of his huge cock that he was pressing against his thigh.

“What has happened to you?!! What is going on!!” she blurted loudly and buried her head back down beneath her giant hair.

His eyes went back to his bicep. “I’m not sure,” he smiled, “but I’m liking this! I feel like a million bucks!”

“You look like a demented oversexualized cartoon!” came her muffled reply.

“What?” he stopped. “What are you talking about?”

She raised her head again and slowly parted her sheet-like hair until he could see her face. But it wasn’t exactly her face.. it was something different.. like they took parts of her face and made a new face that was a gorgeous caricature of herself. But that wasn’t the strangest part.

Her skin... it was like his.. he realized it wasn’t his eyes playing tricks on him.. they had both actually changed somehow. It was too smooth, too perfect. It looked more like.. like what she said.. like a cgi cartoon. She was a super high resolution version of herself... with a much needed upgrade. It was extremely erotic.

He just stood there with his mouth open.

Her eyes really were massive. They were beautiful and blue and slightly tilted, but they were definitely giant “cartoon sized”. Her eyelashes were extremely long and curved. Her nose was practically non-existent.. it was so small. And her lips. He felt himself getting harder at the shape of her lips. They were huge, pumped up and shiny.. far bigger than any porn star that he had ever seen. She looked like some sort of new life-sized character from the Bratz cartoon series. It was her.. it was definitely her.. but very different.. and younger.. she looked like she was a teenager again.

“What the fuck!” he said. “Do you know what you look like?!”

“Well.. seeing how there’s no mirrors around here.. no. You should see yourself! It’s disgusting!”

“What?!” his hand flew up to his face, “am I gross.. what is it?”

“You look like a fucked up version of Gaston from Beauty and the Beast.”

“Well,” he shrugged, “that doesn’t sound so bad..” he found himself staring at her mouth and the sensual way that it moved when she talked. “Why would you think I’m disgusting?” he asked.

“Why not! Do you think that this is ok? Is this some sort of joke? Pumping up our hormones and turning us into living cartoons? What purpose could this possibly serve?”

“I can think of one..” he leered and shifted his hand over his massive meat pole pressed against his leg.

“You’re sick!” she exclaimed. “Is that all you can think about? Sex? This isn’t funny, John! Get your mind out of the gutter! Look at us! They are messing with our DNA! This could seriously harm us.. or kill us!”

He stared at her new erotic visage. Whether she wanted it or not, she now had his complete attention. The changes in her face had touched a deep sexual craving down inside of him. Mixed with the intense hormones, he was having trouble keeping his cool. He was extremely curious to see the rest of her body.

He took a step closer to her and moved his hand away from pressing his huge dick. It swung out in front of him. “I guess our changes are different.. because I’m having a hard time thinking about anything other than sex..”

Her eyes got wide as she watched his huge member sway back and forth.. “Stay back!” she screeched. She whipped her head back around and began frantically scooting away from him. “Don’t touch me! Stay away!” she sobbed.

He smiled and watched her pathetic display of resistance. “I told you before.. I’m not going to touch you, Mindy,” he said softly. He crouched down so that he was at the same level as her. With a herculean effort, he forced himself to control his urges and he sat down near her. He would have to approach this differently. “I just want to talk.. ok? Obviously something has really upset you.. something long ago.. long before we were trapped and put in this room..”

She stopped scooting and crumpled down, whimpering.. facing away from him, her hair splayed out around her like a red cape. “I.. I..” she whimpered, “I can’t stop thinking these thoughts.. they aren’t right. I feel like an animal... out of control. I’ve spent my whole life being shamed by men

and women who used their looks and sexuality like a weapon.. and now I'm becoming just like them.. I hate it!"

He tried his best to sound sweet and sensible. Obviously anger and aggression was getting him nowhere. "Mindy.. they're all gone. They don't matter anymore. The only person that matters now is you. If there's one thing I know.. it's that most people are mean. It doesn't matter what you do, or what you look like, there's always going to be someone who treats you like shit. Look.. before a little while ago, I was a short, balding fat guy with a small dick. You can call it disgusting, you can call it horrible what they are doing to us.. but personally, I feel great! I've never been attractive or muscular or .. or.. looked like Gaston or whatever.. but this is a hundred times better than being dead."

She looked back at him.. her anime eyes were glassy and wet. Her sadness was even more pronounced because of their giant size.

He continued, "can I tell you something.. you may not see it.. or want to believe it.. but right now.. you are drop dead gorgeous! I mean, if we're both going to die anyways.. isn't that nice to hear.. at least once in your life? That a man finds you attractive? I know you have changed.. but it's still your face.. I mean, I recognize your features.. it's still you, just different. I know I've been a jerk.. I'm a dork.. I know.. it's just a defensive mechanism I put up in order to not get hurt. I want you to know I'm not saying all this now.. just because you are now attractive. In many ways.. I'm just like you. Both of us have had a hard time getting people to like us because of the way that we look or act. You see I've realized something.. all that doesn't matter anymore... do you know why?"

She lifted up her hand and wiped her miniscule nose with a sniff. Her hand and arm was very very small... It peaked his curiosity even more.

"Why?" she said softly.

"Because no matter what.. it's now just me and you. You're all I have.. and I'm all you have. That's it. So we need to start getting along."

She started crying again.

"Oh, no.. not this again.." he said out loud.

"No.." she sniffed. "I'm so confused.. I'm sorry.." she hiccuped. "I.. I just don't know.. I'm having so much trouble thinking straight.. I still can't believe everyone is gone.. I mean, everybody we know is d.. d... dead.. it was easier when I was mad at you.. but when you talk so nicely.. and you look so handsome, and I'm so turned on.. you are not the only one who can't stop thinking about sex.. it makes everything so confusing again..".

John smiled to himself and kept his mouth shut. This was not the time to talk. He realized that this was the first time a woman had ever called him handsome. It felt kind of nice. But honestly, he would have rather that she complimented his cock or physique or something sexual. At this point, she seemed to be deliberately ignoring his larger manhood.. but he kept thinking about it every other second. How could he forget it? He was sitting indian-style talking to her and he had let it flop down onto the ground in his lap.

He had to really reach deep to lay all of that mushy talk on her.. and it seemed to do the trick. Hell, at least she wasn't mad at him anymore. He kept telling himself to be patient.. he could feel his sex drive bubbling below the surface like lava. He would need to masturbate soon, or he might go crazy. He was so excited by her face and her juicy lips.. it was all mesmerizing to look at. He wondered about the rest of her body again for the hundredth time.

She seemed to be contemplating something... she kept looking at him and then back at the ground. Her sumptuous mouth moved a little like she was talking to herself. Seconds passed.. they sat there in silence. He tried not to stare at her amazing face.. and so he found himself looking around the room. There was a new shape over on the side.. it looked like a rectangular block had formed from the ground.. he couldn't figure out what it was.. and then, it hit him.. that was a bed! They had made a bed for them, geesh! Could they be any more obvious! He glanced back at her. She looked at him with those huge eyes and then over at the bed and then back at him.. and then she blushed a little and looked at the ground. She knew! She knew, just like he did, that they were slowly forcing them together. Yet she wasn't running or fighting right now.. this was good.

He decided to try a different approach. It appeared that he had somehow convinced her that he wasn't such a bad guy.. so.. perhaps.. he could play the other side of the coin.

He coughed lightly, "uh. Mindy, if I'm making you uncomfortable, then I can go sit over there.." he shifted his weight and acted like he was going to get up.

"No.. no.. it's ok.. you're ok," her smooth face snapped up and she looked at him intently.

"Really, Mindy.. I realize how difficult this must be for you," he said sweetly. But in his mind he knew he had no idea what he was talking about... but it sounded good.. he hoped. He wondered if she'd see through his bullshit. In reality, about all he could realize was how badly he needed to get his rocks off and how bad he wanted to see the rest of her. Her lips were so juicy, he wondered what they would look like wrapped around his cock. Damn, he was horny!

He kept shifting until he was about halfway up from his sitting position. He turned his backside towards her so his swollen cock wouldn't be pointing at her again. He hoped she was getting a good look at his ass and huge balls.

She coughed and made a noise. "John.. you can sit down," she said firmly. He smiled and

looked back at her. He caught her staring right at his butt and balls.. she was blushing, which looked dramatic on her cartoon face. Her hair shifted and he could see the top of her shoulder and a small bit of her back as it curved down. From what he could see, she was definitely not fat anymore.

“Just then, you reminded me of my old grade-school teacher,” he said as he slipped back down.

“Well.. actually.. that’s what I do.. uh... did..”

“Yeah, that would explain a lot. I bet you’re one of those strict teachers.”

“I’m not that bad.. Oooh,” she gasped and put her tiny hand up to her forehead.

“You ok?” he asked.

“I think I can actually feel myself changing as we sit here,” she said.

“Really?” he said. He hadn’t been paying attention, he held his arm up again and yes... it seemed a little bit more muscular. “Yeah.. I think you’re right. Are you ok?”

“I just kind of got dizzy there for a second,” she said weakly. “I think I need to stand up and walk around.. but I really don’t want you looking at me..”

“Ok.. I guess,” he said. “I.. i’ll just turn around and face away.” And he scooted around until his back was to her.

“Ok.. don’t look,” she said.

“Is it bad?” he said. He could hear her stand up and move around a bit. He fought every urge in his body to spin around and peek, he was getting frustrated with this game of cat and mouse... at least that is how he viewed it.. as a game. He realized that this probably was not a game to her.

“I’ve never been comfortable being naked around anyone,” she said softly.

“That’s normal,” but he was so curious. How could he put it without scaring her? Hmmm. “In my experience, most women do not feel comfortable in their own skin.”

“Yeah, but that’s just us ugly girls,” she laughed. He laughed along with her.. he thought, that was good if she was making jokes about herself. Progress!

“Well, you don’t have to worry about that anymore. There’s nobody here but me, and like I said, perhaps you don’t agree with what they’ve done to us, but I think you are beautiful.”

"You need to quit saying that," she snapped.

"Why?" he asked softly. "Do you want me to lie?" - Good one, he thought..

"Because this is not me. This is some sort of mask.. like a costume."

"It sure looks real to me," he countered.

"I'm ridiculous.. and this body.. it's ridiculous!" she snapped. "I don't see what is attractive about this body and these.. these.. things..? This is stupid and childish!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. Uh oh.. he thought.. she was getting upset again.. but, didn't she just say *things*.. yes, he was certain she had just said the word, *things*.. was she talking about breasts.. oohh.. he really hoped so!

"Whatever! Ha. I knew it! Screw you, John! You want to look so bad! Just turn around and look! You think I'm some naive idiot. I can see you coming from a mile away. Same ol' guy, just a different day! Everyone one of you is the same, you only think about one thing!"

He fought the urge to turn around. "Whoa! Whoa! Where did that come from?" He was losing her again.. he would have to try to fix this.

"No.. you are not getting away with this! You're trying to be the nice guy! I know your true nature! Just admit it," she cried. He could hear her start to cry again, "I bet you wanted me to look like this the whole time! Turn AROUND!" she shouted.

Suddenly, he felt her kick him in the back. The moment her foot made contact with him, he felt a strange sensation flow through his body again.. but this time it didn't shock him. "Turn! A-Round!" she shouted again.

"Stop that!" he shouted without turning. He didn't know what to do. She was absolutely freaking out. But he wasn't sure why.. wait.. it had to be the hormones. Her kicking was having the opposite effect on him. Instead of pissing him off, it was just turning him on. He craved physical contact so badly, that he would do almost anything to get it.

"This is ALL YOUR FAULT!" she screeched and she kicked him again, it actually felt good. It didn't hurt at all, either she wasn't trying hard or his back had become much more muscular than before.

He reached back without looking, blindly trying to block her and caught her foot.. and a tiny pulse of pleasure raced up his arm. Something was happening between their bodies at the point of contact.

Her foot was miniscule. It fit completely into his hand. She jerked back but he had a firm hold on her. It felt nice to hold her..

“Let Go!” she wailed.

“Stop kicking!” he growled.

“I said.. Let Go!” she gurgled through her tears.. she tried to yank away.

He pulled back hard, and instead of going back, she lost her balance, screeched and fell forward onto him.

It felt like a tangle of soft flesh wrapping around the back of his head as she stumbled forward and collided into him. He let go of her foot and she completely tripped and went head first over his broad shoulder to land sideways in his lap. He was extremely conscious of every single area of contact that her body made with his. He inhaled at the sensation.

He heard her moan slightly.. it was not a moan of pain, but of pleasure.. but then she scrambled around and tried to get sit up. John was frozen, staring at her.

She was dramatically different than he had thought... but in a good way.

Her whole body had changed.. instead of the small A-cup, they had blossomed into D or Double D or even larger, cups, about the size of cantaloupes.. but it was misleading, because of the rest of her proportions had reduced down in size. Her breasts seemed absolutely giant compared to her new petite figure. For a second, he couldn't believe his eyes. Her torso, arms and neck had been dramatically slimmed down. All of her fat was gone, she looked like a living barbie doll.. no.. even more extreme. Her waist was impossibly small, like a cartoon. It had been reduced down like a wasp, beyond human capacity.. a true hourglass, but then her hips and ass exploded back out again almost to overcompensate in the other extreme. Her legs were long, curvy and slender.

Her breasts jiggled around as she twisted in his lap. His eyes lingered on their enhanced size and he realized that he could not look away.. he was so turned on he could hardly stand it. Her breasts were very round and perfectly shaped, her pert nipples stuck out erect at full attention. His cock sprang into action it became fully engorged and rose up flatly underneath her juicy bubble butt as she moved around. Her touch on his skin was soft and succulent. He could not believe that this was the same woman that he had been so repulsed by just a few days ago. His cock felt even thicker and longer than it had been even a few minutes earlier. His body felt even bigger and more muscular.

There was an amazing tangible energy that seemed to flow between them. She finally looked

him straight in the eyes and something clicked between them. Time seemed to slow down. Their eyes locked and her look of struggle melted into a look of passion. He was trapped and intoxicated by her face. Her long lashes slowly bounced down as she slowly blinked. She stopped struggling and just stared at him. He could immediately tell that something was changing, both physically and emotionally in both of them.. something in the back of his mind said that it must be a side effect of their physical contact. She couldn't take her eyes off his face. In one motion, she twisted up towards him and almost crawled up his broad chest to look him straight in the face.

She took his head in her hands for a second and then leaned in and began to kiss him with her huge lips.

Almost involuntarily, his hands came up to grab her giant bouncing breasts. His fingers sunk into the creamy flesh. They were soft and firm at the same time. As he caressed them, he felt her back arch and she pushed forward into his hands while continuing to kiss him more passionately. Their tongues wetly met each other in their open mouths.. he could feel her quiver with excitement. He kneaded her soft breast flesh and then lightly pinched her hard nipples that were as thick as a fingertip.

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Cont'd on part 3.