

Commodity

Written by BB47

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

PART 3

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FROM MINDY'S POINT OF VIEW

Mindy had woken earlier to the throbbing of her heartbeat between her legs. It was intense! Her normally stagnant clitoris was pulsing like a drum, sending small tingles of pleasure running through her body. She was groggy but very turned on.. which was a very foreign and uncomfortable feeling for her. With her eyes still closed, lying on her side.. she hesitantly slipped her hand down between her legs to investigate these newfound feelings. With surprise, she realized that she did not have to reach around her normally bulging plump stomach, her hand slid easily along her smooth flat tiny tummy down to her slit. As her fingers came in contact with her swollen and bothered clit, which felt much larger than ever before, an avalanche of pleasure rippled through her body. She moaned and spasmed; never in her life had she felt this way, she was on the verge of an orgasm!.. It was intoxicating and disturbing at the same time. For a moment she almost continued, but her strict sense of propriety won out, and she moved her hand away and forced herself to calm down.

She shook herself and tried to draw her focus away from her wet pussy. Everything was wrong. Her body felt disjointed and disproportionate and she seemed to be swimming in a sea of red hair. She could hear John breathing heavily next to her and she pushed herself up to look around, her arms seemed far too thin. Then, she became immediately aware of her breasts. They were bulging from the front of her chest like small grapefruit.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed at the sight of them. And she was shocked once again as she hear the high soft pitch of her own voice.

She grew suddenly suspicious and angry and glanced over at John. He was asleep with his back to her only a few feet away from her and he appeared much larger than before. His entire back had become a broad mass of muscle.. but the skin texture was way too smooth, too perfect, he looked almost cartoonish.

Something deep inside of her felt excited by the bulging muscles she could see. For a moment, she forgot all about her breasts. Never before had she ever been visually turned on by the sight or thought of pure masculinity... but this.. this was intoxicating.. the strength.. the size.. she wanted it.. she suddenly envisioned him embracing her with those muscles, visions of his penis

jumped into her mind. She reached out to touch his skin, but then she saw her own hand.. she stopped.. something was wrong.. her hand was so small! It was dainty and elegant like a doll, with perfectly manicured nails, she remembered having hands this small back when she was grade school. Her skin was smooth and flawless like his.. she had never seen skin so perfect. She stared closely, and brought her hand up to her face. Wait! She only had four fingers! - Literally, a thumb and three fingers, like a cartoon! What the fuck!

She frowned. This had to be his fault! Somehow, in some way.. she knew he was the reason that she had ended up like this! If what he had been saying was right, and the aliens were somehow connected to them through these little tendrils on the floor.. it wouldn't be a far leap to expect them to read their thoughts to tailor these physical adjustments to match their desires... or something like that. And who knew what perverted thoughts were swimming around in his misogynistic mind. Obviously the dude had some sort of cartoon fetish! Wait. Did this mean that she had a bodybuilder fetish or something? What else was trapped deep inside her mind.

The aliens were obviously guiding both of them towards increased sexuality. But why??

She shivered from the pulses in her body and she focused on ignoring the feelings, and cleared her mind. She was determined to fight this! She would not allow these aliens to manipulate her!

Slowly, careful not to excite herself, she got to her feet. Her hair was so long that it went all the way to the floor, she let it drape around her like a cloak. She examined herself and tried to keep calm. Her center of balance had completely shifted.. she felt light and off-center at the same time. Her breasts jiggled a little as she moved.. it was a completely new sensation for her.. and it felt really good. She noticed that her perfect nipples were sticking out at full attention.

From what she could see, most of her body had been dramatically slimmed down and re-sized. She felt much shorter. She looked down past her breasts to stare at her feet. Like her hands they were much smaller than before, very Barbie-doll looking.. she had to admit, her tiny toes were very cute... and yes, it appeared that she only had four toes.

She reached down run her hands down around her bulging breasts.. they were firm and soft, she sunk her fingers into the pliable flesh.. Boobs! She had breasts! All her life she had wanted tits and now, in this horrible, crazy situation, she finally had them - and they were big! They were awesome.. she squeezed and played with them.. but she was torn, she hated this whole situation, but unbelievably, she found herself attracted to these new breasts.. they were beautiful and so pert and sexy.. and she couldn't believe her own thoughts.. she caught herself wondering if they would get any bigger!

She avoided touching her erect nipples, knowing that once she started, she wouldn't be able to stop. She caressed the smooth skin and squeezed the pliable flesh. It felt wonderful. She loved how big they were getting... almost as if the size was somehow directly linked to her

libido. The larger the size.. the hornier she felt??

Her hands glided down her torso to her tiny waist. It was incredible, her waist cinched in like she was wearing the tightest corset in the world and then her hips jutted right back out again. She circled her small hands around her waist.. it almost seemed impossible! Her waist was only about as big around as a two liter coke bottle. She looked back behind her over her shoulder and grimaced at her jutting buttocks. She should have figured! Her ass was extremely out of proportion with the rest of her. It stuck so far out, she knew she could easily have set a glass on it. Like her boobs, her buns were smooth and perfect.

Great!, so now she had Kim Kardashian's ass, with a Wilma Flintstone waistline and Dolly Parton's boobs! She couldn't see her own face, but with all this red hair, she imagined that she probably looked like some sort of perverted version of Jessica Rabbit by now!

She made her way over to the other side of the room so she could think. Every step she took caused her breasts to lightly jiggle and caused small sensations to buzz through her wet vagina. She steeled herself and forced herself to cross the room and sit down and she began the shocking process of feeling her face with her hands. As she traced her fingers along her cheeks and huge lips, it was shocking.. she didn't know whether to cry or scream.

From behind her she heard movement.. John was awake and now approaching her. She started to panic. She absolutely could not let him see her like this! She pulled herself into a tight ball and hoped that her sheet-like hair would hide her figure from his prying eyes.

Down deep inside of her, she was less afraid of him than her own feelings. Her nipples throbbed as her pulse went up. She felt herself become wet and ready between her legs. She almost swooned from the intense pleasure. She longed to be loved. She craved a man's attention - this man's attention! She would give almost anything to be kissed, to be squeezed.. to be ravaged!

She could barely contain her passion. What was she going to do?

"Mindy?" she heard him ask in a voice that was much lower than before. She jerked slightly. The deep resonance of his voice was intoxicating. It wrapped around her like a comforting blanket. She wanted him to leave her alone.. but she also wanted to hear him speak again.

"I knew this was going to happen," she spat. Her voice sounded ridiculous. It was high pitched and soft. She sounded like a My Little Pony cartoon character.

If he kept talking to her, she wasn't going to last long.. she was so confused! Her emotions started to take over and she began crying. She was angry! This was his fault! And now she was turning into a freak!

"Knew what was going to happen..?" His warm low voice soothed her..

But she wouldn't let her anger subside.. it was the only thing keeping her focused.. keeping her from turning around and jumping on him.

She heard herself spit out some sort of accusation.. but she was having trouble keeping her thoughts straight. Her small hands crept up until she found herself caressing the smooth curve of the bottoms of her swollen breasts.. "Just go away!" she blurted.. but it couldn't be further from the truth..

She lightly dug her fingers into her juicy large breasts and squeezed them softly.. the pleasure was so intense.. she almost gasped. In her mind, she fantasized it was his hands touching her.

She heard him moving around her, and fear clutched her heart. She wasn't ready! Despite her desires.. she fought back against her baser needs..

"Stop it!" she pleaded. And she turned slightly away so that he couldn't see her fantastically redesigned body. She knew that as soon as he saw her, his lust might overtake him and he may pressure her.. or worse.. rape her.. and sudden visions of him pinning her down and ravaging her blossomed into her mind. What scared her more is that she wanted it to happen!

He was talking about his arms or something.. his voice was joyous, excited and thrilled that all this had happened. She couldn't hold back she wanted to look at him... she turned her head slightly and peeked out through the long hair running down her back.

One thing and one thing only caught her eye. His huge, thick penis! It was almost a foot long and so fucking thick.. like stacked coke cans! There was a large pulsing vein running down the surface of it.

He thought he was hiding it by pressing it against his leg with his hand, but there was no hiding that monster! A dozen emotions hit her all at once. Excitement, lust, disgust, fear, longing.. all with the wonder of how it could fit into her.

"What has happened to you?!! What is going on!!" she screamed, and quickly turned her head back to look away.

She couldn't believe her eyes. No.. she couldn't believe her thoughts! Instead of being repulsed by his huge sex organ.. she was attracted to it! Everything about him was super-realistic. His skin, his muscles, his cock! The very first thought that she had was what it would feel like being impaled by his penis. Why was she thinking like that?!? She had never been horny like this before.. these emotions were all so new.. she was ashamed of how she felt.

"You look like a demented oversexualized cartoon.." slipped out of her mouth before she could catch her thoughts. She hoped that he didn't take that as a compliment.. she shouldn't have drawn attention to his sexuality... she knew that would only peak his curiosity.

He said something.. and then there was silence... perhaps he was walking away?

She turned and parted her hair a little more to look at him again. He was staring at her.. straight in the eyes. She got a good look at his face.. and he was gorgeous! If there ever was a "type" of guy that she would have wanted to look at, he had become it. It was too much! She almost withered from the intensity of his stare.. it's like he couldn't move..

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

No.. no she had no idea what she looked like! She knew what she "felt" like with her hands.. but.. why? Why did ask that? Was she deformed? Were her big lips a result of some swollen-looking infection? Why was he staring?!

She grew defensive..

"Well.. seeing how there's no mirrors around here.. no. You should see yourself! It's disgusting!" - she completely lied.

"What?!" he said, reacting, "am I gross.. what is it?" - she was happy that she had put him back in his place. He had No Right to stare at her like that!

She liked putting him in his place.. it gave her a sense of control.

"You look like a fucked up version of Gaston from Beauty and the Beast." - she somewhat lied again. In reality, he looked like a super-hot version of Gaston, and she wanted to kiss him!

"Well," he shrugged, "that doesn't sound so bad.." he was staring again. "Why would you think I'm disgusting?" he asked.

Uh.. oh.. that had backfired.. he was getting too comfortable again.

"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 said softly and stared at her with a wink in his eye.. What? why was he winking? she didn't get it.. What was he inferring?

She noticed his movement down below.. he was slowly shifting his beautiful penis! Oh my GOD!, she thought to herself.. she never wanted something so badly in her whole life.. but .. but.. but.. she had to resist.. had to! Had to! Had to!!!

She fought for control over her emotions.

"You're sick!" she got out.. building up steam. "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!"

But she knew the words were untrue the moment she said them..

Try as she may, she couldn't avoid the way she felt.. the hormones were just too strong.. her attraction to him was just too intense.

Before she knew it, she spilled her heart out to him. For the first time, she actually confessed her fears... and instead of being mean or condescending.. he was.. kind.. and actually sweet. It was easier to get mad at him when he was being a jerk.. but then he came and sat down.. not too close.. but close enough.. and he spoke warmly to her, her fear turned into fascination.

Her tears of pain became tears of passion. Her heart rose in her chest and she felt her entire body start to tingle and shimmer as he spoke.. he had told her that she was gorgeous.. never.. never had anyone thought that she was even pretty, much less gorgeous.

She felt a pressure in her chest.. she reached up again with her tiny, four-fingered hands to cup her breasts and was surprised to realize they had grown just slightly and filled out even more! They felt wonderful and full and heavy. Instead of grapefruits, they were now nearing the size of cantaloupes.. and on her tiny frame, this was an amazingly extreme contrast. She could only imagine what she would look like in a bathing suit now. Her hip to waist to bust ratio had to be insane! - How about that! You bitches! - she sent that thought at those preppy girls in high school who had made fun of her at the beach. Jennifer Blake's eyes would pop out of her skull if she could see me now!

Whoa! Was she directly responding to these positive affirmations that she was feeling? If so, would she continue to enlarge? The craziest part is that she secretly wanted them to keep growing! What an amazing feeling!

Subconsciously, she had made her decision. She wanted to give herself to this man. But this place seemed so wrong.. it would be so much better in a proper bedroom.. She realized she was talking to herself.. she looked up and he was just staring at her.. he looked mesmerized. She looked back down wondering if she dared to be more forward with him..

Mindy looked up again and noticed he was looking at something. There, in the middle of the room had formed a bed! Right out of the ground! She had no doubt that these aliens were somehow reading their thoughts.. which suddenly brought her back to reality. He looked back at her with a twinkle in his eye.. and she felt herself blush.. talk about letting the cat out of the bag! If he had any doubts about her feelings, they were surely gone now!

But then, he seemed uncomfortable and started moving around and actually asked if he could leave. She was suddenly confused. Why would he leave? Was it because of the bed? He

moved and put his knee down to stand up and before she realized it she got a full eyeful of his genitalia. She was NOT prepared for this and blushed furiously! His ass was amazing.. it was pure muscle, she wanted to bite it!, but more than that were his balls and penis. His scrotum hung down like a sock with two tennis balls.. and his penis had seemed to have grown a little thicker and longer than even a few minutes ago.. a blast of hormones seared through her mind! She physically had to keep herself from jumping over and grabbing hold of his pole with both hands! - Instead, she told him to sit back down, and she kept him talking. But she started to feel dizzy from the effort of resisting him.

Her hormones were out of control.. she could barely think straight, her breasts were throbbing on her chest.. she felt a tangible emotional "pain" from holding back from him, she swooned and held her head. Tingles and chills ran through her body.. and before she knew it she had managed to stand up.

Before she realized it, she had lashed out at him... her passion had turned to violence and anger!

In a last ditch effort, she tried to kick him.. he caught her tiny foot and a connection of some sort clicked inside of her head and heart...

She tumbled onto him and into his lap.. he seemed mesmerized for a moment, as he stared at her body... but only one thing dominated her senses now.. she twisted to climb up on his body-builder chest and stare him in the eyes..

Her back arched as his large hands came up to grab her swollen breasts. His tongue was huge and sweet as it slipped into her mouth, probing the wetness. She wanted more! She needed more! She sucked on his tongue and pulled it back into her mouth. Her giant lips pressed against his face as she smashed into him, he smelled somehow.. manly.. spicy.. like fresh cut wood mixed with leather... it was intoxicating. She felt the urge to eat him, to devour his hulking body, her hands absently slid down the back of his neck over his insanely ripped traps and deltoids, she never realized how attracted she was to this extreme bodybuilder physique, but every dip and groove of his muscle just turned her on even more.. never more in her life did she want him inside of her..

A spike of pleasure rippled through her body as he slipped his thumb and forefinger around to pinch her large erect nipples. She heard herself moan. A bulging pressure formed in her breasts.. she felt them growing again.. surging forth.. the soft flesh filled his hands and pressed out between between his fingers as they pressed outward, almost soccer ball size.

He grew more excited and groped her almost violently, but instead of pain, she felt immense pleasure as he squished and tightly squeezed her growing breasts. She could feel them pressing out between his fingers..it was intoxicating. Holding back no longer, she released his tongue with a wet slobbery "pop" and she tried to dive down for his giant erect cock, that was

pressing up against the back of her leg.

He felt her move and his enormous muscles flexed and she felt herself easily being lifted in up into the air over his head like a rag-doll.. her curtain of gorgeous red hair whipped out like a sheet.

He simply threw her over his shoulder and stood up. It was exhilarating! She was being literally man-handled by this giant buff cartoon stud, and instead of being offended, she relished the feeling!.. she couldn't believe her emotions.. she wanted more.. she wanted him to dominate her!

Carrying her like a sack of potatoes, or a caveman who is ready to fuck his woman, he spilled her down onto the "bed" in the doggystyle position.

There was no foreplay, no seduction. They were both already there, a tidal wave of desire just ready to crash into each other.

She arched her tiny waist and stuck her juicy bouncy ass up as high as possible, her buns were swollen and also expanding. Between her legs, her tiny dripping, bald pussy pulsed like an offering. Standing behind her, without missing a beat, John grabbed her soft meaty hips and tried to jam his giant head into her wet cunt. By all accounts, it should not have fit, but her elastic skin stretched to receive it, her wetness lubricated the giant organ and he began pumping her ripe body like jack rabbit. She screamed with pleasure, loud and repetitive. Barely taking a breath.

"Fuck! Yes!" he growled and smacked her bubble shaped ass with his large hand as she squealed in pleasure.

It didn't last long, within a minute both of them began cumming like crazy, John didn't even pull out, his mighty hose just squirted ropes of cum up inside her abdomen. Once again, their orgasms seemed to radiate out of them and down into the strange flooring to be absorbed.

He flipped her over easily and began salivating at her jiggly giant breasts that seemed almost bolted onto her chest. She was in ecstasy. They were easily as big as basketballs now with nipples as thick as quarters sticking out hard like wine corks, and they showed no sign of slowing. His giant hands groped and squeezed them as he dropped to his knees and pulled her back onto his turgid meat pole. He popped one of the huge nipples into his mouth and sucked on it hard, as his hips bucked and fucked her rapidly.

"Fuuuuuck!" She gurgled. Her over-plumped lips were wet with drool. She was almost unable to handle the pleasure.. her giant eyes were scrunched up in concentration.. and her pretty face lolled from side to side. She felt miniature orgasms radiate out from her nipples. She moaned and arched her back.. "more!" she squeaked.

He was so turned on, he couldn't stand it.. and he drove his manhood as deep as he could, smacking himself harder and harder, pelvis to pelvis, plowing all the way into her.

Their next joint orgasm occurred within the next few minutes.. Somehow they were completely synchronized.. both of them screaming in pleasure, but neither of them were satiated. They both wanted more.. .Needed more. And so it continued..

With each successive round, the orgasms took longer to achieve - her breasts continued to grow, this continued for hours until his cock grew so long and thick that was bulging up out of her abdomen as he plumbed her depths with each thrust. Her tiny pussy was stretched to capacity but gripped his giant rod like a mouth. The huge head of his cock was pushing up out under her sternum like an alien trying to escape her body. Her glorious breasts were swollen like beach-balls bouncing around as he fucked her. Her screams rang out through the echoless room.

She was like a rag doll, getting thrown around by him.. but she didn't care. She longed to be ravaged. Sex was the only thing on her mind, her libido showed no sign of relenting. He manhandled her, groping her breasts and squeezing them hard. He kissed and bit her large lips. he spent a long time sucking her large nipples. She was in ecstasy.

He finally ended up standing behind her, holding her legs out to either side as he squatted and fucked her over and over.. pile driving his ginormous schlong into her red swollen, over-fucked pussy. Her ass cheeks bobbed and swayed with the rhythm. Nasty red spank marks covered her buns and legs from where he had smacked her repeatedly.

Her boobs were gigantic. As he entered her from behind, her torso was supported up by the massive breasts, floating on top almost like a strange wheelbarrow race. She held onto them with both arms and bounced as he abused her tiny hole. He grunted hard with each plunge, his arm-sized cock was insanely thick and long. Any deeper and it seemed he would be hitting her heart. The giant bulge of his cock could be seen as it drove into her abdomen.

She was crying. Tears streamed down her gorgeous face over her giant lips. Her sobs were interspersed with moans and yelps. Another orgasm rocked her body and she shook and grew limp, but he kept on going.. driving again towards the next climax. The pleasure was so intense, and the experience was so raw, it was all she could do to just hang on for dear life. But she didn't want him to stop.

Losing track of time, after what felt like a few more orgasms for both of them, they both finally collapsed into each other. She laid on top of him, his mouth was securely latched onto her pussy, with his large tongue slurping her enlarged swollen clitoris as he finally slowed down, while his monster cock was halfway down her throat as he finally softened after his final spurt, which she hungrily swallowed, pulled the hose out of her mouth, and pressed her face against it in contentment.

They laid there, panting against each other in a 69 position.... her holding and cradling his cock

like a teddy bear between her giant breasts which jutted out preposterously to either side of her, and John still slowly licking the juice from between her hairless legs like a lollipop.

A sudden noise, like a gurgling sound emanated from across the room.

“What was that?” Mindy asked, snapping out of her reverie and tried looking over.

The glow of the room started changing.. And the gurgling sound turned into a bubble forming on the floor. It started growing to a huge size and then folded away to reveal another human laying there on the floor.

“John, John!” said Mindy. “Oh.. that feels good.. Oh.. I hate to say it.. But pause for a second and look at that.” She didn’t even sound like herself anymore.. Her voice was cutsey and girly like a pre-teen.

John’s large tongue was softly probing Mindy’s asshole, but he stopped and shook his head and crawled up from under Mindy to stare at the person.

“Where did she come from,” he said, shocked at his own voice. He chuckled, his voice had become gravely and low.

She was completely naked.. female.. and really really old.. like 80 years old, covered in blood, and although she seemed to be breathing, she wasn’t moving.

“Something is wrong with her,” Mindy said tenderly. It was apparent that the blood was hers, she seemed to be bleeding and bruised all over, with patches of her hair ripped out.

As they watched, a soft glow emanated from the small tendrils that touched her skin.. Almost as if they were fixing her.

Mindy swung her curvy legs off the bed and amazingly stood right up without any problem. Her giant beach ball boobs jiggled and bounced, but she had no problem moving around with them.. It seemed despite her impossibly lithe frame, she was much stronger than before. She tiptoed over the old lady, her long hair flowing behind her and stood over her, but had to pull her jutting breasts back to look over and inspect her.

“Be careful.. “ whispered John. “I think we both know that physical contact does weird things in this place.”

Mindy smiled and took a step back. "Excuse me!" she said, "Hello.. Are you ok?" She smiled again at her funny voice. And she turned to look back at John.

"Really, John? this is how you like my voice? I sound like a little girl.. Don't tell me you're a pedophile?"

John snorted in his basso-profundo tone. "Oh, like you have room to talk.. I sound like Darth Vader and the Hulk had a baby."

The old lady stirred and coughed a few times. She slowly sat up, obviously confused, and slowly looked around. Mindy crouched down until her boobs rested on the ground.

Her eyes were swollen and she was having trouble focusing.. She saw Mindy and became frightened... and scrambled back a few feet... but she kept rubbing her eyes like she was trying to see better.. She was even older than they thought.. She must have been a hundred.. Her skin and hair was thin and yellow, her hands were arthritic, her teeth were missing and she was hunched over.

"Are you ok?" said Mindy, softly, "where did you come from? How did you get in here?"

"Please don't hurt me.." she croaked, sounding like a frog.

"We're not going to hurt you," assured Mindy. "You have nothing to fear from us.."

She exhaled, like a weight was lifted off of her. "Is he here?" she said, squinting around, still rubbing her eyes.

"No," said Mindy, "there's nobody here but us three.."

"Three!" she snapped, "who else is here?"

"Just John and you can trust him.." she smiled.

She still looked leery, but eventually, her shoulders slumped and she started crying. As tears rolled down her wrinkled face she mumbled.

"Please tell me that he won't hurt me anymore. Oh God.. it was horrible." She looked up and squinted at Mindy. "You have to protect me. Uh.. my name is Janice, I don't know how I got here," she coughed again and a bit of blood came up. "It seems like it was another room.. Just like this one. And.. and.. There was a man in there with me.." she shuddered. "An evil man."

She looked around, scared, but continued her story. "His name was Thomas.. At first, he seemed nice.. But then," tears started streaming down her face.. "But then we started changing."

“Yes, we know about that,” giggled Mindy. “It’s wonderful..”

“It was horrible!.. I started getting older and older, my sight getting worse, my body getting weaker.. All the while, Thomas kept looking more and more like my boyfriend.. And soon that’s when he began to beat me.”

“What?!” exclaimed Mindy as Janice continued her story.

Apparently, Janice hadn’t become sexier or hotter, instead, she grew older and weaker. From what she told them, she was really just twenty years old.. but as she grew older, he began to beat her and abuse her. She was helpless and so it got worse.. The beatings turned into torture. Somehow, he got off on it.. she was scared.. it got worse and worse.. he choked her.. she kept passing out, but Thomas never raped her, he never got erect, never fucked her.. There was no sex, no orgasms.. Just nasty hitting, kicking, slapping and abuse. She could see it in his eyes.. he was turned on! But he seemed content to just hurt her over and over.. messed up fucker!

As the abuse got worse, he started calling her “Patsy” and he kept telling her how much he hated her. She pleaded that she was not Patsy, but he said she was lying and he kept hurting her. Thomas also changed, he grew less like her boyfriend and he started looking sickly and grey looking.

Soon, he realized that the tendrils would fix her.. So he got progressively more violent, he started breaking her bones, ripping her hair and choking her until she died.

Then he would wait and the tendrils would repair her and bring her back to life, and then he would try it again. She never found out who “Patsy” was or why he hated her so much..

Finally, she couldn’t stand it any more, it felt like just a few hours ago.. he was beating her up really badly, she jumped on him and bit his neck, he clawed at her, pulled out her hair, scratched at her. but she must have hit an artery, he started bleeding everywhere, and fell over on the floor passed out.. the tendrils didn’t want to help him heal.. so she used all of her remaining strength to lift him off the floor, he bled out all over her, but she still waited, she stood for as long as she could, her legs shaking, minutes, time slipped by and he bled out until she was sure he was good and dead.. then she collapsed.

Immediately, she watched as the tendrils snapped up and stuck onto him.. but then something changed, they let go.... she pulled away one by one and then the floor turned soft under him and he melted down into the floor like quicksand, they couldn’t fix him.. she finally passed out and woke up here.

The tendrils in their room were attached all over her legs as she sat there. Her bruises were healing as she talked.. she looked better already.. She blinked and her eyes became more focused and she really ‘looked’ at Mindy and then saw John standing behind her.

Her eyes grew wider.

“Wait!”.. she got scared.. “What the fuck? Why do you look like that? What is going on here?”

She started to panic.. Her eyes were glued to Mindy’s body and breasts.. and then she looked over and her eyes got stuck on John’s huge cock hanging down between his legs.

“Oh God NO! Are you aliens!? Please don’t hurt me!!” she gasped, standing up and backing away.

Mindy spoke softly, “.. no, no.. we aren’t aliens.. we’re humans.. just like you.. the tendrils did this to us. My name is Mindy and this is John.. I’m from Colorado and he’s from Nashville. Where are you from?”

“You can’t be human.. Look at your boobs! His penis!.. What happened?”

“Calm down.. It’s ok.. We changed too.. Just like you and Thomas.. But just differently..”

Janice paused, thinking it over staring at both of them. A thought seemed to occur to her. “Wait. I’m from Bordeaux.. You said you are from the U.S. . you know French?”

Mindy smiled.. “We’re not speaking French.. to me, it sounds like you are speaking English.. hmm.. interesting.. we have a sort of theory, that the tendrils somehow have the ability to change us into what someone else fantasizes about..” she looked back at John and smiled.. “that is why you look so old.. and why Thomas started to look like your boyfriend... evidently, Thomas wanted you to be old... and weak, so that he could abuse you..”

Janice stared at her wrinkled hands and asked.. “So.. that’s why he started to look like my boyfriend? You think that the.. Tendrils? Read my mind and changed Thomas to look like the person that I most wanted? Um.. well.. I guess that sort of makes sense, but why would they do this to us? What’s the reason?”

“Well, “ thought Mindy, “um.. I noticed that whenever we have an orgasm, there’s like this sort of energy burst that flows out of us and goes into the floor. Did you see anything like that with Thomas?”

“No. There wasn’t anything like that. Like I said, he never did anything sexual to me. He just beat me up over and over. The asshole!”

“Janice, if it helps.. I think you were fully justified in doing what you had to do to make him stop.”

Her eyes continued to clear up the longer she stayed still and let the tendrils work. She was amazed at the way the Mindy looked. Her hair was bright fluorescent red and luxuriant. It fell all the way down her back in a shimmering sheet. Her face was extreme. She looked like a Disney princess who had been redrawn by a pervert. Her eyes were way too big but sultry and sexy, her lips were huge and inflated, her neck was even a little longer than normal. And her breasts! Why were her breast so big? She had never seen anyone with breasts that big, or perky and spherical. They were so big, she couldn't even see Mindy's torso or waist. Just two adorably sexy legs that poked out the bottom.

She realized she had been just staring at Mindy.. Who had blushed a deep rouge in response to Janice's obvious inspection of her body.

"Wait.. so you both started out completely human.. and now you look like this.. all cartoony and uh.. Extremely overdeveloped?" she glanced at John, "because of Him?" Her eyes turned mischievous.. and she smirked.. And she chuckled for the first time in a long time.. It came out as a wheeze from her aged throat.

"And he looks like that, because of you now? Eh? You do realize that you both are extremely perverted? Right?"

John smiled and spoke up with his deep voice.. "we don't think it's entirely conscious.. it's almost as if the tendrils read our deepest thoughts and pull out our fantasies. You said that after a while, that Thomas grew plainer.. like almost dull or gray-looking? I'm thinking that you stopped wanting him to look like your boyfriend and you re-fantasized him as fading away, or becoming so sick that he couldn't hurt you.. I'm starting to believe that our new forms tend to respond to the situation we are in.."

"Yes.. but why? Why do they want us to fantasize with each other? Is it just about sex?" Already, her hair looked better and her bruises were almost faded completely, but she was still quite old looking.. she carefully walked closer to them. "Geesh, this sucks! If we get out of this, remind me never to grow old.."

"So.. from what you are saying, all of these changes started happening when Thomas first touched me.. so.. if your theory is correct, then the changes might be initiated by first touch.. hmm.." She stood up straight and walked wide around Mindy and straight up to John. "How much sex have you two lovebirds had?" She glanced back up at John and he sported a crooked smile and blushed himself. "Yeah.. that's what I thought, while I was getting my ass kicked, you both have been in here fucking like rabbits! Merde! Just my luck! I got stuck with a psychopath."

He looked down on her shrunken wrinkled body and knew what she was thinking.. he was still reeling from the serious fucking that he had just delivered to Mindy, but his Libido was still raging and he looked over at her again with complete lust. He didn't mind adding another

person to this strange situation as long as this crazy old lady wouldn't get in the way of them hooking up again.. soon!

She eyed him up and down, like an old grandmother.. and then she smiled.. "I can see that you want nothing more than to climb back on Mindy here. I promise this won't take long.. but damn dude, that has to be the biggest cock in the galaxy.. and i've seen a lot of cock.." she lifted her shaky bony hand up.. " Well.. when in Rome.. right? If we're stuck here, we might as well have some fun.." And she reached out and grabbed his huge dick.

Once again a massive shock ran through both of their bodies!

He knees buckled and he sat down hard on the soft ground.. he lifted his hand to his head.. "whoa!" he said, his eyes rolled back in his head and he crashed over on his side.. deep in slumber.

Janice screeched and toppled over on her side. Mindy reacted.. "Janice! She yelled.. are you ok? And she reached down to touch her shoulder and a second massive electric jolt blasted through Mindy.. Janice screamed again and passed out completely, Mindy's eyes glazed over and she bounced down on the floor, her huge boobs cushioning her fall.

Continued on part 4.