

A Commercial Success

by waesrty

Text:

In spite of her gut feeling, Lilith decided to hear her mother, Dominique, out. Sure, there were all those times where she'd end up used, molded, and transformed by her. But this, this was different.

Recently, the factory which Lilith ran, called by the rather basic name "Decuir Factories," had started to wane in sales. Yes, it was highly profitable. I mean, after all the years it had been open, it better be.

Yet, it seemed, the recent generation seemed to buy fewer and fewer Decuir family products. As such, Lilith had been trying to figure out some way to get profits back up. This was when her mother, Dominique, came to her.

Being one to be occasionally mysterious, she decided not to tell Lilith what she had in mind. Instead, she simply set up a meeting with the 'young' woman. So, the bald, latex-clad half-demoness met her mom in the older woman's office one day.

"So, Mom, what do you have in mind?" Lilith asked upon stepping into the room.

"Not even a hello first, dear. I'm disappointed." Looking over her mother, she found her clad in a light black latex catsuit. Her deep red hair, already bright, stood out even more against her clothing.

"Though we might as well get on with it. We both know that our company has been becoming less and less profitable."

"Yes, I know that. Do you have an idea to make things better again?" Lilith asked.

"Yes, we did," Judith responded. As she finished speaking, her daughter heard a noise. Suddenly, from two corners of the room, her aunt and sister stepped into view.

In front of her now stood three beautiful women. Her sister Sareena, equally as pale as her, with bright red hair, decked out in a solid black latex outfit. Her mother, now with a cigar in her hand, blowing smoke throughout the room.

Finally, there was her aunt. The most beautiful of the three, at least Lilith thought so. She had her brunette hair tied back in a pony-tale, all while wearing a pair of bright red latex overalls. Already, Lilith could feel a chub start to develop.

Taking in the three works of art in front of her, she barely reacted as they swarmed her. Sareena came to her right, her mother behind her, and her aunt to her left. She felt as her sister's hand wrapped around her shaft, lightly gripping it.

Judith's hand found its way on top of her cleavage, lightly rubbing against it. Finally, her mother's hand was around her waist. Her other one was free, taking the cigar out of her mouth. Puffing the smoke in the air and over Lilith's head, she began to speak once more.

"Lilith, my dearest daughter. Your family has thought of a wonderful idea on how to drive up profits again. All you'll need is a little help advertising your factory. So, my dear, would you be interested?"

At that last bit, Sareena's grip began to tighten around her shaft. Lilith let out a soft moan "Mmmf..." before saying "S-sure, mom..."

"Perfect, now then. Why don't we take our little meeting elsewhere?" With that, the three women began to head to one of the various parts of the factory. Lilith led the way, in the since that she was in front of them all.

Her three family members were all but pushing her towards their destination, with Sareena's hand still around her shaft. After a bit of walking, which given how she was being treated felt like hours, Lilith and them arrived.

It was one of the empty areas of the factory. It was mainly for storage, but it was still large enough to have quite a lot of open space. They stopped in the middle of the room. Judith moved her hand back where it once was and grabbed the zipper by her boobs.

In a swift motion, she opened up her latex suit, exposing the half-demoness's pale skin to the world. Sareena and Judith then all but pushed Lilith to the ground before her mom came into view. Looking down at her, she began to speak.

"Well, my dearest daughter. It's time for you to drive up interest in your factory. Just think of this, you on the side of a blimp. That's going to surely drive up sales, don't you think?"

Having not paid attention to her sister and aunt, it came as quite a shock to Lilith when, from behind her, she heard a sort of rolling sound. It was quite slow, taking a moment to reach her. When it did, she only realized what was about to happen as it began to come over her head.

A solid metal beam rolled itself over her forehead and down, squishing her eyes, her nose, and her mouth. Her entire head was reduced to a fraction of its former size. She tried to frantically wiggle as the roller worked its way down.

Her arms, once flailing about, were now crushed. It took a little more effort to crush her cyborg arm, though, given how committed Judith and Sareena were to flattening her, it happened in no time. Her breasts also put up a fight, given their size.

Though thanks to how they were still flesh, they were ground down in no time. Little by little, they flattened Lilith. They took their time, both to make sure she had no wrinkles and to taunt the woman. As they went down her body, they began to hear as she started to moan.

As it turned out, this whole thing felt really good to the half-demonness. It felt more so as the roller went further down her body. As it reached her balls, it became apparent to everyone how much Lilith was loving this. Little by little, her cock spurted out little driplets of cum.

As she did, she began to moan more and more. Looking back at her face, they noticed it was now beet red, no longer the solid white it once was. Sareena couldn't help but bring up how much her sister was loving this.

"Oh, just look at her. She really gets off on getting flattened." She said while laughing.

"Luckily for her," Judith responded, with a sort of seductive tone. "We're far from being done."

Just then, Lilith began to speak, though it seemed she was just talking to herself. "Why...Why does this feel so good?..."

The two family members continued running the roller down the younger Decuir. As it moved its way down her cock, Lilith moaned more and more. Subsequently, she came more and more. Finally, though, after making it down her shaft, she stopped.

The last bit was easy to flatten. Yes, one of her legs was robotic, but, like her arm, they got it flat in no time. Finally, what lay before Dominique, Sareena, and Judith was Lilith flattened to a fraction of her former self. Although they weren't done yet.

The three women walked away, leaving her to stew in her own pleasure for a short while. And the time was short, not even a minute later, they returned. This time, they each had their own mini rollers. Each of them had a sort of sadistic grin on their face.

At this, she had a feeling of what was about to happen to her. As it turned out, she was right. The three women began to flatten her out more and more. They each took turns rolling over her, and by extension, walking over her.

Cycle after cycle, they flattened her, each having no mercy on her cock, with Lilith moaning each time it was passed over. After some time, she was wide enough for two of the members to begin rolling over her.

By this point, she was no longer her thin self; instead, it seemed like Lilith had gained quite a few pounds, especially her cock. The behemoth that it was was now larger than it had been before. It was honestly amazing, made more by the fact that they weren't done yet.

Some time had passed, and Lilith was now hundreds of times her former height. By now, the three women were able to easily walk over and roll her more and more. In the midst of this, they hadn't even realized how huge she had become, with them merely focusing on getting the job done.

Pausing for a moment, Sareena looked down before saying, "Oh my...she's become so huge!" The other two stopped as well, looking down at the Lilith-covered ground. Laughing to herself, her sister said, "She must be loving this."

To that, Judith said, "Indeed, your sister is a wonderfully stretchy specimen." Laughing to themselves, they continued on. And on. And on. And on. By the time they had finally finished, she was beyond squished. She was practically able to reach both sides of the room.

The three of them took a break before returning. This time, they came with a bunch of the factory workers in tow. In short order, they set up some equipment as well as a weird oval-looking structure.

Lilith felt giant metal beams as they were pinched to four sides of her mouth. Suddenly, she felt this sensation over various parts of her body, her arms, her back, her sides. With her head propped up, she could see what was happening.

In front of her was the giant metal oval structure. The closer she got to it, the more she felt as the beams in her mouth began to be pulled, making it wider and wider. "What... What are they doing to me?" She thought to herself, unable to speak at the current moment.

"Open wide, dearest daughter," she heard her mom call out. "This might feel a bit weird." With how close the structure was and how wide her mouth was, this meant...This only met one thing: she was going to have the huge hunk of metal stuck within her.

Slowly, but surely, the factory workers shoved her over the structure. Little by little, the hunk of metal was dragged inside her and over her tongue, leading her to taste it. It took hours for them to put her on, as they didn't want to give her any tears.

Still, everything went quite slowly for Lilith. She wanted more than anything to spit out this heavy piece of junk, yet she couldn't. She was trapped. Trapped! The way her body stretched over it was quite uncomfortable and a tad painful.

Her already thin flesh was pulled even tighter as the metal mercifully held her outwards, keeping her form. Her body wanted to contract, yet this hunk of junk wasn't letting her do so. Her eyes were constantly darting around, looking for where her family had gone.

In front of her, she found them, watching the whole show unfold. The three of them got to see as the rest of her was pulled onto the frame. Once she was, some of the workers went over to a control pad where they controlled a set of metal hands.

Metal hands that tied her mouth shut. However, despite that, Lilith found she could still talk. Yes, her mouth was forced shut, but that didn't mean that her tongue wasn't able to move about. If one got close to her, they could hear a sort of echoed whisper.

Now that she was firmly covering the structure, it was time to finish the build. So, the workers got into place at a control pad where, after some button presses, they raised her up. Lilith felt as some metal pillars began to press into her skin.

They hit her at specific points where the structure inside of her was. As a result, parts of her skin were crushed between slaps of giant metal, all of it uncaring. Lilith winced at this feeling, as a sort of dull pain was felt on her underside.

This continued for a couple of minutes as the pillars continued to lift her up before slowly stopping. Suspended above the ground, she tried to look around to see what was going to happen to her next.

To her right and left, she saw multiple long metal arms, all of which ended with scissors. On a platform to her left, she heard her mother, Dominique. "Alright, Lilith, it's time for just a few more adjustments. A little trim here, a little upgrade there. Soon, you'll be perfect."

Like she did while they were rolling her out, Sareena couldn't help but comment on her sister's newfound size, "Look, how big you've become, sis," she yelled out from a platform near Lilith's rear. "Can you already guess what we'll turn you into?"

At that last bit, she felt a series of rapid pinches to the sides of her body, where her limbs used to be. Now, most of them were gone. Not only that, but part of her giant cock and balls were cut off as well. Feeling quite numb, her attention was grabbed when Judith appeared in front of her.

On a platform now by her face, she watched as her aunt guided a big tube towards her mouth. The same hands that closed her mouth once again touched her lips, this time untying them. Although a brief moment later, the tube was attached to them.

Looking to her left, she saw where it connected to her. It was attached to the top of one of her factory's smoke chutes. Quickly, she began to taste a disgusting, smoky taste proliferating in her mouth. A taste which spread from her mouth to the rest of her body.

Laughing to herself, Judith slightly explained what was happening. "See Lilith? We can even use the smoke your factory produces to fill your lovely body up again." That last little bit finally clued Lilith into what she was becoming/now was. Her lovely family had made her into a blimp.

Given how much smoke was needed to fill her, it took quite a while before the tube was lifted from her lips. Once it was, her mouth was promptly shut, with her tongue still wiggling about within her.

Now that she was sufficiently filled up, the workers moved onto the next step. With the help of some Decuir magic, they attached a little cockpit to the underside of the Lilith-blimp. Though attaching it wasn't what the magic was used for.

The magic was used so that Lilith would be able to talk over the cockpit's intercom, with her tongue being made a part of some of the wiring there. The rest of this process took a couple of days, as they had to make sure everything worked, as well as ensure that her propellers and fins were perfected.

During the midst of all this, the Decuirs had some local artists come over and paint the outside of Lilith. She could do nothing as gallons upon gallons of black paint and sealant were painted upon her, the liquid bonding with her skin.

That process took days as well; after all, they wanted Lilith's new advertising blimp to look perfect. To add further insult to her, on both sides of her body, the visage of her bald face was painted, smoking a cigar, which gave out heart-shaped smoke. To the side of it were the words "Decuir Factories."

Surprisingly enough, Lilith could still see at this point. Thankfully, the artists hadn't painted over her eyes, although, in her new form, that didn't mean much. She could no longer move on her own. The most she could do was plead with her eyes and talk over the intercom.

More days would pass as the three women waited for the perfect day to unveil their new blimp. Finally, though, with their new blimp now ready to go, they scheduled a date to reveal their new advertisement blimp.

"Wow, she came out great!" Dominique told the other women around her. "I bet she'll sell a lot more stuff now," she continued.

"Indeed, there's just one more problem, Mom," Sareena replied.

"What's that?"

"Isn't Lilith stuck like that now? I mean, after all we've done with her. We've made her into a blimp and used her limbs to make some cigars for us, after all. Who'll run her company now?"

“Well, Sareena,” Dominique responded. “I guess you’re the new owner of Decuir Factories now. Congratulations.”

“Aww, thank you so much, Mom. It’s an honor.”

“I know, dear. Now you don’t have to think about how you’re going to be making money, your sister will be doing that for you, hehe.” Dominique said before bringing one of the Lilth cigars to her mouth and taking a puff.

Up in the air, Lilith wasn’t quite as happy as the rest of her family. This whole thing was uncomfortable. From the harsh metal frame giving her form, to the thick smoke which she was forced to taste as it lifted off the ground.

That and how her tongue was attached to all the cockpit’s wiring. It just made her entire body ache, a body which she no longer had control over. The most she could do now was talk over the intercom, which was often ignored. After all, what would a blimp have to say?

After standing there a couple of minutes, the novelty of seeing Lilith up in the air started to wear off. By the time the pilot finished floating her around the factory, Judith, Sareena, and Dominique had all already gone back inside the factory. They had a business to run, after all.

Hours would pass, with Lilith forced to be up in the air. The cold wind would send shivers through her paint-covered flesh, despite how thick her covering was. The time passed by rather slowly. How couldn’t it? All she was forced to do was go around in circles over her factory.

Over and over and over again. Throughout the day, she caught a glimpse of passerbys looking up at her, all of them unaware that it was the factory’s owner promoting her own business, or rather, the former owner.

The next ten years would pass by extraordinarily slowly for the blimped half-demoness. Having become little more than a glorified advertisement, there was little she could do besides advertise herself. At least, in the beginning.

For the first twoish years, she would spend her days getting flown around by a cavalcade of various pilots. Some would speak to her whenever she’d try to communicate with them, others would simply switch off the intercom. It just depended on who was using her.

That was the worst part about this: how they would use her. More often than not, they would simply pilot her, not paying any mind to what she said or how she felt about this. Soon enough, she learned to simply stay quiet. They weren’t going to help her anyway.

This whole cycle would continue for a couple of years until, for about a month, they stopped flying her. During her time in the air, she had begun to notice how some of the paint had started to chip off. Soon enough, parts of her previously pale skin started to show.

So, she was due for a repaint. By this point, her family had stopped really acknowledging she existed. Sure, they knew she was the blimp. But they didn't care. I mean, she was now just advertising material.

Not only that, but given how long she had been out of the picture, the people around town began to see her visage on the side of her as just that, a drawing. Someone who wasn't real. They just viewed her as a sort of cartoon.

Anyway, every couple of years, they would add little touch-ups to her blimped form. Making her solid black and redrawing her former face on both sides of her. Meanwhile, the factory couldn't be doing better.

Domenique was right, the blimp did improve business. SO much so, it became a staple feature within the factory's promotion. Although, like most old pieces of machinery, it started to grow old. Her inner metal frame started to become brittle, and her cockpit got older and older.

Finally, nine years after being transformed, she was put away in storage. Here she stayed for about a year, with everybody forgetting about her. Nobody ever came to see her. If they did enter the warehouse she was being stored in, they'd be there to get something else.

Inside the warehouse with no one to use her, or at the very least keep her intact, the blimp started to fall apart. Most of her inner frame broke down, crushing the underside of her skin. Like her time up in the air, her time here was uncomfortable.

One day, to her shock, her sister found her one day. Lilith almost didn't recognize her after not seeing her for so long. Although this reunion wasn't a happy one. Sareena made it clear that she wasn't going to become her old self anytime soon.

"Well, well, well, my dear sister, long time no see. Y'know, the last time we were together was when our mom and I smoked the last of our Lilith-made cigars. Mmmmmh, you tasted good in that form."

"Now, I'm not here to bring you back. In fact, you'll actually barely be leaving my factory. I mean, you've been gone so long, you'd be mostly unable to start your life again. Although you're in the right position to help me out."

"You see, one of the factory's chimneys had been needing new bricks and, well..." Hearing this, Lilith tried begging her sister. To make her reform her, at the very least, take all this metal out of her. Sareena did agree on that last bit.

After all, it was easier to melt her down without that frame inside of her. It was quite the sensation to feel as her giant, painted, rolled, and flattened form was melted down into this story of pale white liquid. A liquid that was funneled down a series of chutes.

Chutes that lead into a production line. Every few seconds, her melted form was poured into multiple molds. Second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour. Finally, after almost a day of melting, pouring, and molding, her new form was completed.

The reconstruction of the Decuir Factories landmark chimney was quite the sight to see. Instead of using normal red colored bricks, the factory instead elected to use white-colored ones. Occasionally, during the construction, one would be able to see weird markings on the side of some of them.

Offentimes, whenever a worker would notice this, they'd show it to someone nearby before putting mortar on the side, bottom, or top of the brick before placing it down. Weirdly enough, one of the bricks they had found had a weird mouth-looking thing on it.

The mouth, which was Lilith's, tried to plead to the workers. Although after some crass jokes about using it as a fleshlight, they moved on, with the brick being put near the very top of the remade chimney.

One with a keen eye would be able to spot a little inconsistency about the supposedly all white chimney. There were little markings on the outside and interior of it which looked like nipples, fingers, eyes, nostrils, and so on.

Although after some aging, the chimney started to take on a dull gray sheen.

In the hundred years since using Lilith to fix one of the factory's chimneys, everything had gone well for the Decuirs. Sareena's factory, world-renowned for being a prime example of industry, had become even more popular than it once was.

Especially since it had developed its own mascot, a weird-looking bald woman, based on the design of an old blimp. Dominique and Judith had also done well for themselves, having gotten even richer over the years.

Pretty much everyone but Lilith had been doing well for themselves. By this point, all of the Decuirs had forgotten about Judith's niece, Dominique's daughter, and Sareena's sister, named Lilith. They all only knew of her now as the Decuir Factory's mascot.

How was Lilith after all these years? Miserable. She had kept all her mental faculties, her ability to see, smell, and pretty much do everything besides move. All this time, she was forced to

inhale the scent of the factory's smoke, to feel as her brick got withered and aged, to see as everyone else moved on around her.

The worst thing by far was that she was still able to speak. Although given the noise produced by the factory, you could barely hear her. Every generation would tell rumours to their kids about the history of the factory.

One of the rarest rumors was that if you were to go to the top of the factory's main chimney and listen closely, you'd hear the voice of a woman, whimpering. After all, after a century of being like this, that was all she could really do now.