

TRADE-IN

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Dan sat staring at the recently-arrived box for a long time, before finally reaching out with trembling hands to peel back the tape and separate the flaps to peer inside. After another long pause, he reached down to free a small grey box-like device, a small white tablet, and a brief note with instructions.

The instructions read simply:

To prepare subject, dissolve tablet in a beverage. After ingestion, subject will be ready.

Place device on subject's bare skin, in a visible but not obvious location (for example - back, ankle, etc).

Placing in non-visible location may result in unexpected side effects, and may result in expulsion from program.

Device will beep when complete. To finish process, visit site and click "Activate."

Please read additional warnings and details on site.

Dan glowered at them for a moment, drew a shuddering breath, then reached over and grabbed the bottle of wine nearby, pouring it quickly into two glasses. In one, he dropped the tablet in, watching it dissolve. As he did so, his mind went back to the moment that had put him on this path...



The conversation in the airport had become increasingly drunk after the third delay, and although he couldn't say he was particularly enamored of the salesman who grew louder with each gin and tonic. Still - as he became more drunk himself, his tolerance for his loud fellow non-traveler grew into something close to amusement.

So when the man threw an arm around his shoulder and began to tell him of a secret group of mind-controlling wife and girlfriend swappers, Dan chuckled at the man's earnestness.

"No, I'm ser-seer-i-ush...serious!" the man hissed, looking around as though someone might grab him at any moment, "They don' even know they're doin' it! And they're doin' it a lot!"

He looked back at Dan and gestured that he wanted his pen. When Dan handed it over, the man began to scribble on a napkin, then stabbed the symbol he'd drawn with a thick finger, nodding meaningfully.

"This's it. If you see this, she's part of it. You jus gotta go to this site," his finger traced down to an URL that looked like gibberish, "an give 'em someone as a trade in. And then...and then..."

The man trailed off, and Dan looked up to find the man slumped in his chair, beginning to snore softly. Dan picked up the napkin and stared at it quizzically for a moment through blurred vision. The symbol - a sort of triangles within triangles shape - was oddly familiar, though for the life of him he couldn't figure out where he'd seen it before. Where was it...?

Dan glanced up as he heard his flight being called and arose with a relieved sigh, patting the snoring man on the shoulder and tucking the napkin in his pocket, to be forgotten by the time he got home.



He'd frankly not thought about the drunken conversation after that for a number of months. Until the night that Maya had come over.

His wife Betsy's college friend, Maya had always been more than a little distracting for Dan. Her breathy, quick delivery and wide-eyed excitement belied the fact that she was a quite successful doctor, and he couldn't help but surreptitiously ogle her amazing body and pretty face.

This night was not unusual - Maya over for a drink and to chat with Betsy for a while, catching up after a decrease in frequency of visits in recent years.

And it would have remained uneventful, had Dan not glanced back as he walked off to do some work in his office...only to catch a vaguely familiar symbol tattooed on Maya's shoulder, beneath the thin strap of her tank top. He stared for a moment...then swallowed hard and quickly hurried to his office before one of them noticed his expression.

He rifled through his junk drawer to finally find the napkin from that flight a few months ago. And there - in an unsteady scrawl, but clear nonetheless - was the symbol on Maya's back.

It couldn't be real.

Could it?

And...Maya?

The frenetic woman was also just about as chaste (at least outwardly) as he could have imagined, making even his own somewhat prudish wife seem adventurous by comparison. She certainly wasn't part of any kinky "swapping circle".



Except...what had the guy said? They didn't know...? How could that be?

And when *had* Maya gotten that tattoo anyway? Dan reached his mind back - he remembered noticing it...when...when...his eyes went wide.

About a week or two after she'd divorced Gary! He remembered noticing it when she'd come over, and Betsy commenting on it drunkenly later that night - getting a tattoo being something Maya would never do, but was obviously reacting to the divorce. He vaguely remembered Maya laughing and quickly changing the subject.

She - had Gary...? That was impossible. This whole *thing* was impossible.

Unable to focus on his work, Dan futzed around till he heard Maya preparing to leave, and moved upstairs to intercept her on the way out. In a statement that sounded utterly suspicious to his own ears, he offered to walk her to her car.

He was quiet for the first few steps, and then - stomach twisting - blurted out: "By the way - I like that tattoo you have, where did you get it?"

Maya looked up at him and blinked rapidly.

"I...uh...what tattoo?" she asked, brow furrowing in confusion.

Dan opened his mouth to say something - and then

she said it again with a click, shaking his head to brush it off.

By the time they reached her car, she appeared to have forgotten entirely.



After Betsy had gone to bed that night, Dan found himself in front of the computer, heart pounding, bringing up the site from the napkin. Details were sparse other than extremely simple sign up form - it seemed to be one of those “if you are here, you know why” sorts of things - and an extremely outrageous sign up fee. Dan paled at the price - this had to be a hoax. He couldn't send that much money with so little information.

And still...

Two weeks later, he'd been to a nondescript lab for a series of blood tests (with a regular appointment set up for three months later), signed a very long set of contracts that made his eyes cross...and then found himself sitting in front of the box.

Honestly, he had almost talked himself out of the whole thing (though his mind blanched at the thought of how much money he'd shelled out for it), until his wife came home tonight. He'd greeted Betsy as she walked in, though he could clearly tell she was tired after yet another long day. They'd talked for a bit, and sat down - and then pulled her in for a kiss. At first she'd been receptive, kissing him gently back. And then his hands slid down to her ass for a squeeze...

Betsy had made a small noise, brow furrowing, and pulled away.



“Not tonight, honey,” she’d said in a slightly put-upon tone, “I’m just...it was a long day, and I just want to relax, you know? Maybe this weekend.”

Dan had smiled faintly, his bland expression hiding both the annoying arousal and the frustration behind his eyes. ██████████ if he had been in the room with her, it



“Uh - wine, honey?” he intoned, and swallowed against the visible shake in his voice. Betsy didn't seem to notice.

“Sure - that would be great...”

He handed her a glass of wine and then pulled his shaking hand back, plopping into the smaller couch across from her, hiding his nervousness behind a sip of his own wine while she took a large gulp. He looked at his wife, dressed in her usual conservative blouse, jacket, and skirt, and then decided to proceed normally for now.

“So, how was your day...?”



For the next several minutes, it was a typical evening. Betsy talked about her day for a while, her glass slowly growing more empty till she set it down. She asked him about his day. They talked about weekend plans...



Suddenly Betsy paused, and swallowed. She shifted in her seat with a slight expression of confusion.

“Um...what was I saying?” she said, sounding a little out of breath. She started to blush slightly.

“You were talking about what we might do after dinner Saturday.”

Betsy swallowed, and Dan suddenly realized she looked...uncomfortable? He really had no idea what that white tablet was that he'd put into her drink. What was he thinking?! He should have at least checked the website.

“Uh-hmm,” Betsy breathed. It came out as a slight squeak and she shifted again, blush creeping up to her cheeks.

Not blush, Dan suddenly realized. Flush.

He had to fight to keep his eyes from widening too much.

Her nipples were visibly hard - through her bra and her blouse. He tried to remember if he'd ever actually seen that happen to her before, and came up blank.

Betsy was clearly incredibly turned on.

She was breathing heavily now, and visibly squirming on the couch, her nostrils flaring. She was trying to resume the conversation - but with a total lack of focus. Occasionally she would make a small breathy whimper in between words that tumbled from her mouth without much organized thought.



Dan, flushing himself from guilt and excitement, suddenly wanted very much to see what his cute but relatively chaste wife - who almost never initiated sex herself - was going to do about what was obviously becoming a quite uncomfortable degree of arousal. So he leaned back, feigning listening tiredly as he sometimes did, letting his eyes close to slits - just enough that he could still watch her, but he knew she'd think his eyes were closed - but responding to what she was saying so she knew he was listening.

Betsy continued to stammer out about her day - but the squirming was starting to look uncomfortable.

With a glance at him - presumably to verify he wasn't looking - she reached up a hand to a large soft breast and touched one of her too hard nipples. Her voice caught in a squeak... and she began to rub and then grope her breast through her blouse.

Her conversation halted as she stifled a moan.



And then the other hand slid slowly forward.

Down to her knee.

Then upwards...sliding beneath her skirt.



When a few moments later, soft wet sounds came from between her legs along with a another stifled squeak, it was all Dan could do to not jump up and rip her clothes off. But...patience.

“Dan,” she whimpered, “Let’s - let’s go to bed...”

Betsy hated having sex in the living room - or anywhere other than the bedroom with the lights off, usually.

How turned on was she?

Patience...

“Mmmm?” he said, feigning almost being asleep, “No...I’m tired but I was going to do a few things first...”



The wet sounds continued for a moment - and then suddenly she stood up, pulling off her skirt with a whimper and tossing it on the couch.



Then, trembling and obviously struggling with what she was doing, she shoved her panties down to fall around her ankles, revealing her red-furred bush...and pink lips visibly slick with wetness.

Now he allowed his eyes to open fully, feigning shock.



Before he could say anything - particularly since not all of the shock was feigned - she stumbled forward and clambered up on top of Dan, with something like a small sob. It was a sound he'd never heard her make - a cross between distress and desperation.

"Betsy - what are you...?"

"Oh my god," she groaned, any pretense at hiding her arousal gone, "I'm so horny..." "

What? I mean - I'm not complaining, but..."

Betsy barely even seemed to notice Dan's feeble attempt to disguise his guilt, and instead was fumbling desperately at his pants. She let out a loud sob of frustration as she struggled to get at what she wanted, and Dan finally took pity on her - particularly when he noticed her dripping onto his leg, eliciting a shudder of arousal from him. He reached down and unbuttoned his jeans, shoving them down and letting his extremely hard cock pop free.

With no further preamble, Betsy plunged herself down on it with another sob that turned into a hoarse grunt.

He'd never imagined she could get this wet. He slid into her to the hilt with no resistance whatsoever, beyond a gentle slurping sound.



She started to squeal in pleasure almost instantly, interspersed with sobs as she started to slide her sopping pussy up and down on his cock. She reached up and began to paw at her breasts through her blouse...



...and then with another sobbing growl of frustration, she ripped the blouse open, buttons popping off and clattering to the floor. She unhooked her bra and yanked it free, letting out a loud moan when Dan grabbed her large, gorgeous tits - which shocked him since she was rarely particularly interested in being touched there...



...and then shocked him further when she tossed her blouse away, and grabbed her large, rock-hard nipples and began to pull on them.

Then she screamed.

The orgasm was like nothing he'd ever seen from his wife before. Her whole body bucked and curled as she screamed in pleasure, pulling on her nipples and squeezing her tits. She sobbed and squealed as she came above him, her hips grinding into his - and when he came himself just a few moments later, it seemed to fire off a second orgasm as powerful as the first.

After what seemed an eternity, he stopped cumming inside her and she began to wind down as well, her gasps giving way to small sobs.

Suddenly Dan was wracked with guilt - what was he thinking? He should stop this now and...



“M-More...”

Betsy managed to gasp out the word, clearly struggling to speak. Dan blinked.

“What?”

Betsy’s eyes were glazed over and twitching as she gasped with obviously overwhelming lust. What was in that stuff he’d given her?

“Oh god...more...soooo good...”

Dan swallowed, trying to decide how to respond, even as she squirmed on his softening cock, their mingled juices squelching in her pussy. His guilty conscience made his heart pound in his ears. He should stop her, he could pass the whole thing off as...what? But - oh god, seeing her like this...his cock twitched, as indecisive as he was.

His wife suddenly decided for him by sliding off his cock and looking down at his cum and pussy covered half-hard member. Her brow furrowed cutely in something like confusion, and then she licked her lips with a sob.

He blinked.

She couldn’t be thinking...



And then his pretty redheaded wife, who only rarely acquiesced to a blowjob and not without urging - and certainly never after he'd been inside her - slid off the couch with that same flickering desperation and confusion, wrapping her hand around his slick cock...



...and then lowered her mouth to his softening, cum- and pussy- covered cock, and sucked him inside, moaning and gulping as she first cleaned him and then started desperately sliding her tongue over his shaft.

And started to play with herself while she sucked his cock.

Dan groaned in pleasure, and listened to his wife's increasing squeals of delight, and the wet sounds coming from between her legs. He'd never actually seen her play with herself - she'd always refused - and was rapidly growing hard again...surely she wouldn't let him...

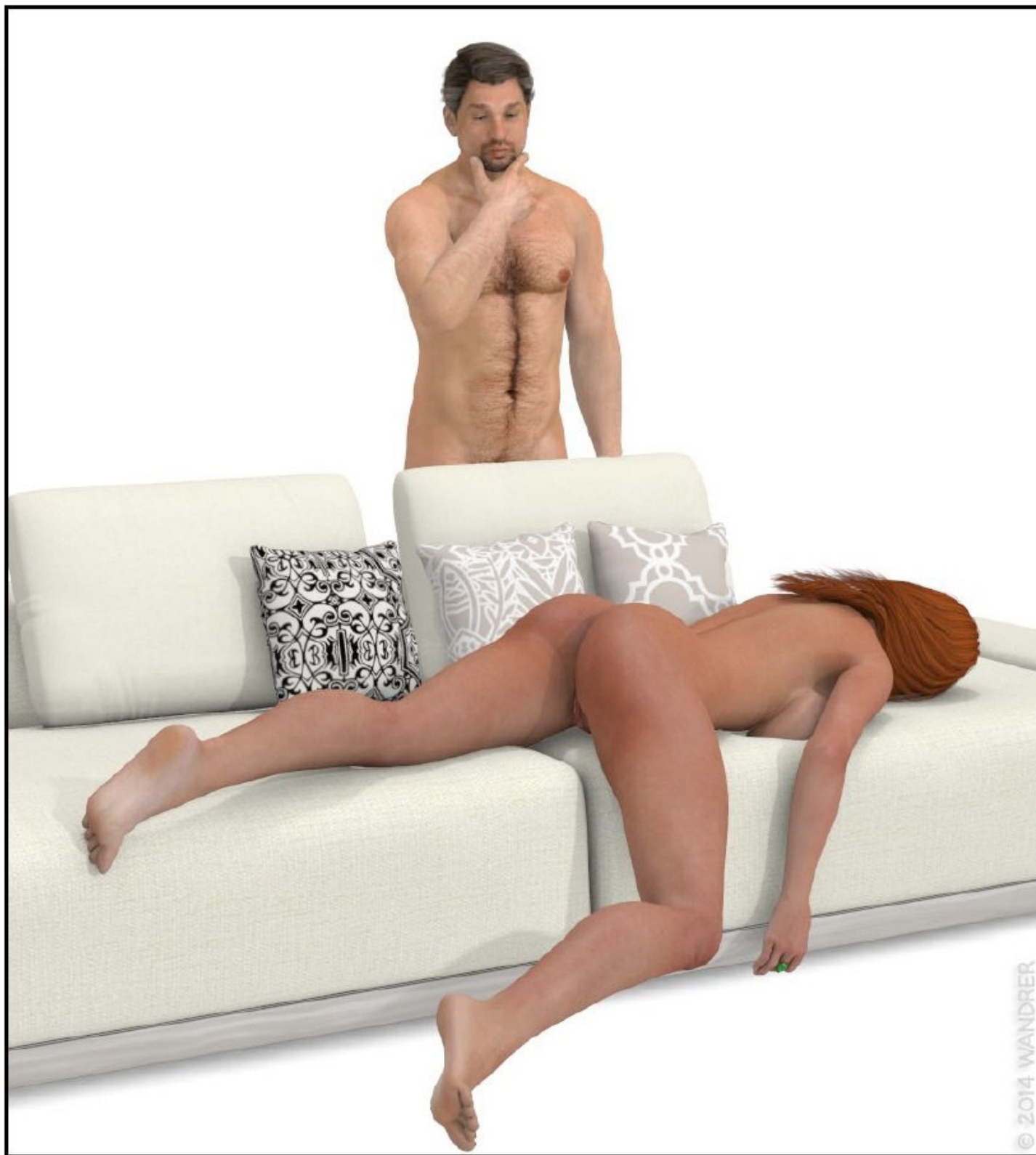
She did.

He got hard again surprisingly quickly the third time as well, after he'd cum in her mouth - causing a squealing orgasm of her own, cum drooling from her mouth as she desperately tried not to swallow - when she'd clearly forgotten her purpose in getting him hard again.

It was only later that he'd realize that his wife had also squirted on the floor as she'd cum - another first for her...



Betsy lay facedown on the couch naked, with her arm and one breast dangling off the side. Her pussy dripped with her own wetness and his cum from their first and third go-rounds.



After he'd cum inside her and in her mouth she'd clambered up and begged him to fuck her again. Dan had grinned with amazement at his lovely, desperate wife - who clearly didn't realize that cum was still drooling down her chin.

Shockingly, he was actually hard a third time which he would have thought was impossible so quickly - apparently her lust was contagious.



He'd told her to get on all fours - and to his amazement she'd done so without even pausing in her moaning and begging for him to fuck her, let alone her usual protest of that position being demeaning.

Demeaning or not, she'd screamed out several orgasms before he finally was able to cum again...and then promptly pitched forward, passed out as she was now.



Dan looked down at her sleeping form, and stood over her, holding the strange triangular device indecisively.

Dan felt a little freaked out by what the tablet had done to her, and a little guilty about what *he'd* just done to her - all things she'd always resisted in the past.

But that was nothing compared to what he was about to do. Once he turned this on, he would be crossing a line that he couldn't come back from. Could he really...?

A shiver went through him as Maya popped into his head.

With a shuddering breath, he flipped the device on and started to lower it to his wife's shoulder.

Then, blushing, he paused...and slowly moved it down to the pale curve of her back just above her ass. His hand hovered there, trembling...

His wife had always been repulsed by girls with tramp stamps. He'd always found them such a turn on - just the name alone...

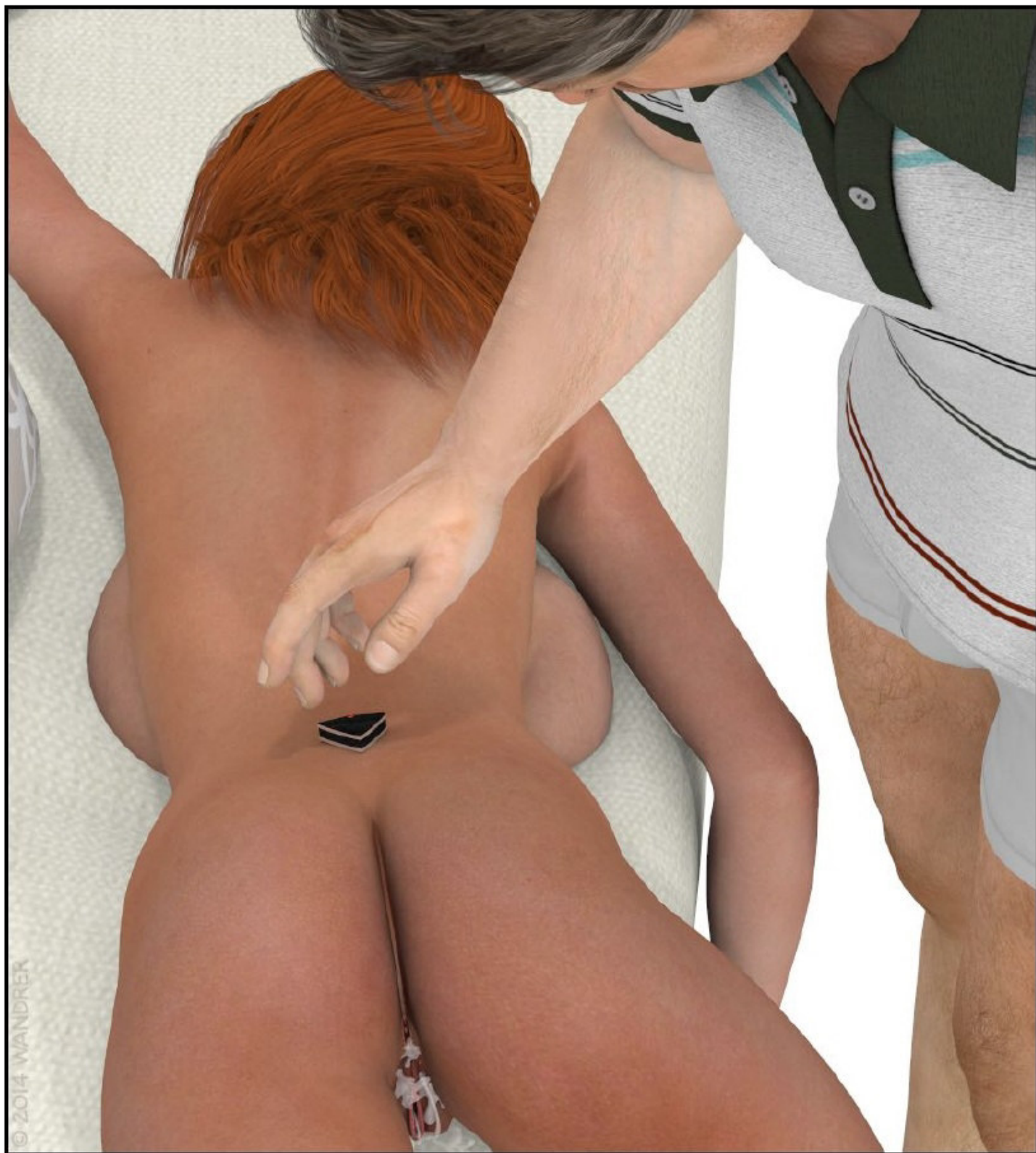


Betsy let out a soft whimpering moan as he set the device down and it began to hum. At first he thought it was pain - but then her hips began to hump ever so gently against the couch as she whimpered softly, and it was clear that it was anything but.

Resisting the temptation to play with his clearly horny but unconscious wife, he instead slid a throw pillow between her legs, eliciting a soft squeal in her sleep. He watched for a moment as her hip thrusts increased in energy.

Dan grabbed his laptop, trying to ignore her soft whimpers. As they increased in frequency and volume, along with the motion of her hips (now smearing the remnants of their earlier activities into the fabric as she ground her clit into the edge of the throw pillow - that was going to be a mess to clean up...).

Dan tore his eyes away from the sight of his unconscious wife's horny movements and began to scan the site, browsing quickly to the mentioned warnings and details for the device.



"Oh...shit," Dan murmured as he read through them. He realized with sudden concern that he should have read these first. While a couple of them actually brought him a little relief...

"The subject will retain no memory of the time immediately leading up to the ingestion of the nanite tablet, nor any time until at least an hour from when she wakes up after activation. Generally, they simply remember falling asleep and nothing else."

...there were several that he realized he had messed up..

"Generally it is recommended not to dissolve the nanite tablet in an alcoholic beverage, as in some women this can lead to a period of extreme arousal before unconsciousness occurs. See below."

...and more concerningly...

"The subject may become notably aroused before falling asleep (considerably so if combined with alcohol, see above). We recommend not engaging the subject in this state. Without encouragement, the subject may self-pleasure briefly, but will fall asleep quickly thereafter. However - if engaged, the subject will fight the sleep effects to pursue further pleasure. This may lead to permanent alterations in subject's baseline arousal levels in the future."

Alterations to arousal levels...?

Dan stared at that paragraph, a knot in his stomach. What did that mean? Whoever wrote needed to be more explicit, and call it out much more clearly beforehand. This seemed like the kind of thing that would have been good to know. What guy was going to resist when his wife started behaving like that?



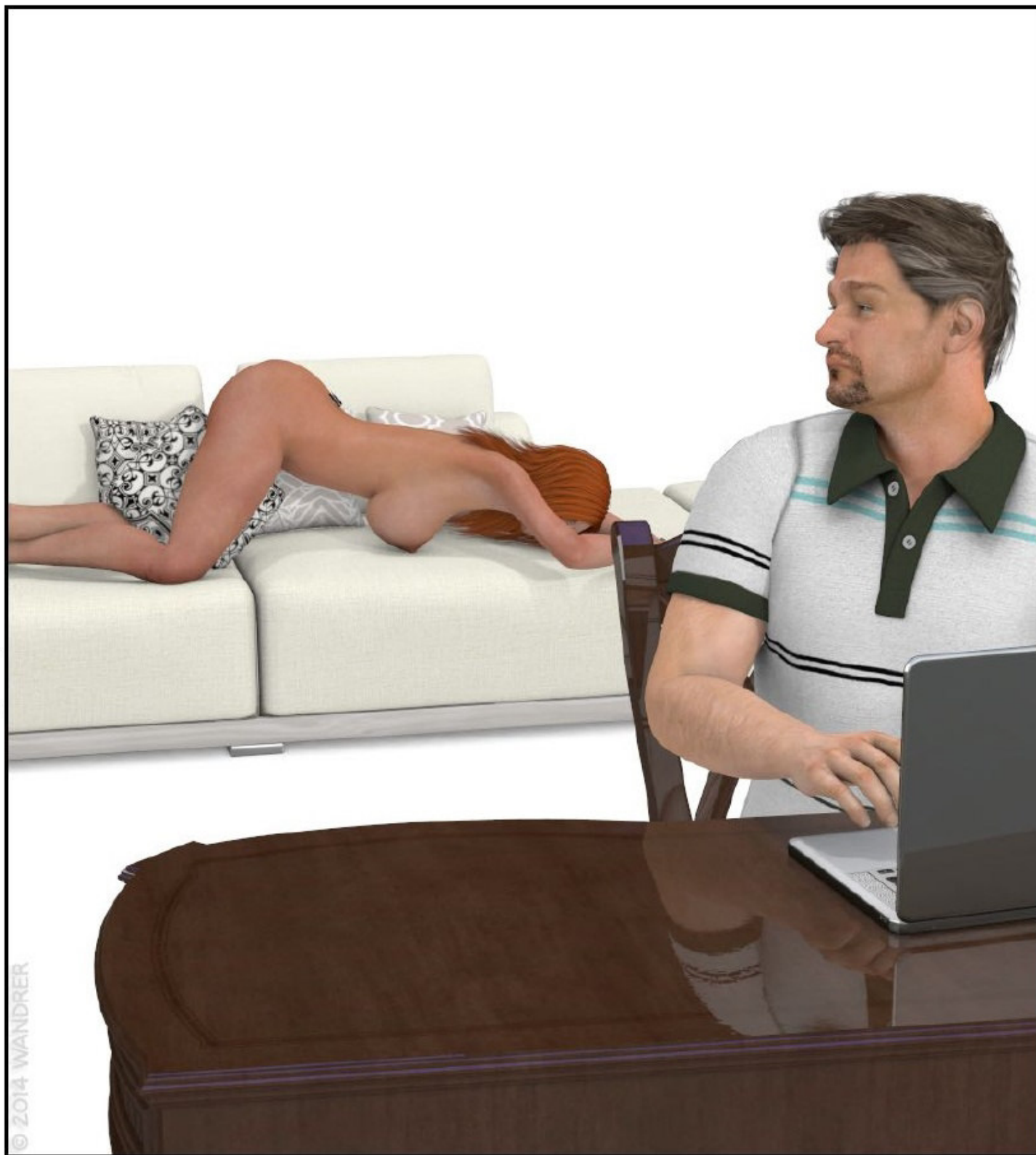
Dan jumped as suddenly Betsy squealed in pleasure, cumming in her sleep, her pale hips grinding hard into the pillow between her legs. The small green pillow was thoroughly smeared with what had oozed out of her now - he might just have to replace it, he thought distantly as he watched his wife cumming loudly with her eyes closed.

Was this normal? Or was this part of what it meant by “altered arousal levels”?

After quite a long time, or so it seemed, her orgasm died down to small whimpers and her pale body twitching in aftershocks. Dan swallowed and continued scanning. It looked like he'd done most everything right. Although, this worried him a bit...

“Placement of tag: tag placement is up to the owner as long as it is in a reasonably visible location. Be aware that the subject will grow increasingly compelled to ensure the tag is visible. After a few days, the subject will likely be unable to wear clothing covering the tag for more than at most a few hours at a time. Though they will be unable to perceive the tag (or remember they have it), they will begin to make clothing choices that ensure visibility. Owners are strongly encouraged to consider possible consequences of locations such as the subject's cleavage, or upper thigh, or.”

Dan was starting to think through the possible ramifications of where he'd placed the device when he was startled again by a loud beep. He glanced over at his wife to find her whimpering softly, ass tilted up in the air a bit in a most erotic way, particularly with her quite clearly used pussy lips still spread open beneath her matted red fur. He glanced back at the site and saw that a large green button had appeared in the upper right saying “Activate”.



With a trembling hand, he moved the mouse pointer up to it and clicked it. He glanced over at Betsy. What would happen now? He should probably help her to...

Betsy's eyes shot open, and suddenly her chest started heaving as she began to scream, her body quaking and shuddering.

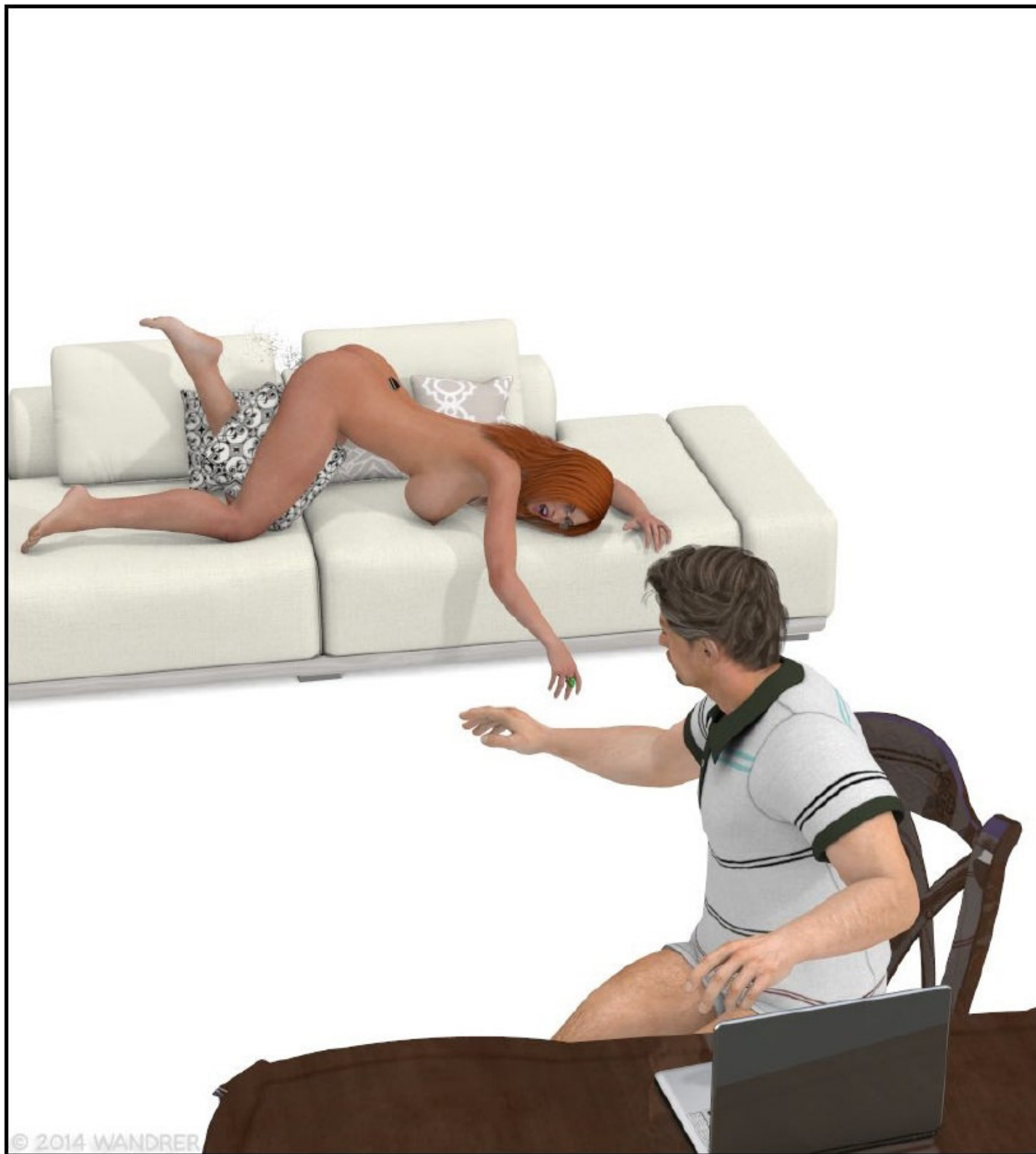
Dan jumped to his feet, horrified. What had he done to his poor wife?! He had to stop this, he-

Her legs began to quake as she panted out breathy screams, eyes wide - and then suddenly Dan stopped in shock as the entire couch was splattered with the liquid suddenly spraying out of his wife's upturned pussy.

She wasn't in pain...she was cumming again! And squirting!

Betsy's screams turned to sobs of what was clearly overwhelming pleasure as she continued to soak the pillow and couch beyond in her very first squirting orgasm, her voice growing hoarse as she seemed to cum forever.

By the time she was done, she had drenched her legs and everything behind her, and lay twitching and whimpering, eyes still open - and staring vacantly into space.



“Jesus...Jesus,” whispered Dan, in shock, “B-Betsy? Honey? Are...are you OK?”

Betsy just whimpered softly, unresponsive.

Frantically, Dan grabbed his laptop - thankfully outside Betsy’s squirting radius - and clicked through on the link that had popped up. He read as quickly as his eyes could flick down the page... and drew a shuddering breath.

“Congratulations! The subject is now activated. It is likely that she experienced a mild orgasm at the end of the process - this is normal.”

Mild? That was most definitely neither mild nor normal for Betsy.

“At this point, she is in ‘robot’ mode, until she is told to go to sleep. This mode is one of the higher value advanced modes you can enable in her profile if you wish. This free session is provided as a courtesy. Her profile will now be published, and she will be made available in the system.”

Dan swallowed, thinking about the implications of that last statement for a moment. Then, deciding to not think about them now, he closed his laptop with a snap, and walked over in front of his wife. He shivered slightly as she continued to stare off into space blankly, eyes not tracking him at all. He swallowed. Robot mode, huh?

“Betsy - stand up.”

Betsy blinked, and then rolled onto her side, her large breasts softly flopping together.



She quickly sat up and then stood up in front of him, staring forward, completely blankly. And completely, unselfconsciously naked.



A glitter of metal made him glance down at the couch. The device had slid off her back. A tingle went up his spine.

“Betsy - turn around.”

Without any response other than a blink, Betsy turned around to face the couch. Her legs and ass glistened wetly from where she had squirted, and he was suddenly enveloped by the smell of sex, even stronger than the general scent filling the room. But for the moment, it was really only one thing that held his attention.

In the small of her back, just like on Maya’s shoulder, was the tattoo. Her tag. In a thick voice, Dan spoke:

“Bend over...and spread your legs.”



Dan drew a shuddering breath as, without a sound, Betsy bent forward, placing her hands on her legs, and spread her feet wide. The position was so shockingly lewd for his chaste wife he let out a small moan of his own. Her pussy glistened just like her thighs, from her earlier usage and squirting. Her breasts dangled down beneath her, swaying softly. He stared at her in that position for a few long moments, then swallowed.

"I think...I think maybe we should get you a shower."

Betsy simply stood there, displaying herself but unmoving. Dan shivered, realizing the problem.

"Betsy - let's go to the shower."



Without a word, she stood and started to walk into their bedroom. Head spinning - and still half believing he (or worse, she) was going to wake up any moment now - he followed her, watching her walk, with the faint sound of wetness coming from between her thighs. She walked into the bathroom and turned on the water in their shower.

And then stood there staring at it.

Once again, it took Dan a little while to realize why she wasn't doing anything, and once he did he laughed softly. He opened his mouth to tell her to take a shower...and then paused.

"Betsy," he said, "Come undress me."



His heart pounded as Betsy turned and began to remove his clothing as instructed, pulling off his shirt first, and then unbuttoning his pants and sliding them and his boxers down around his ankles.

After a moment, he had her turn on the shower and watched her slowly get herself wet - a sight he'd always loved but had usually been chased out of the bathroom when he tried to watch.

He looked down to where his cock thrust out, still coated with cum and pussy juice from their several go-rounds earlier, and he was almost surprised to hear the next words come out.

"Betsy," he breathed, "Clean me with your tongue."



He watched as his wife, expressionless, knelt before him in the shower. Dan gasped for breath as he watched her lean in. Her nose suddenly twitched at the smell...but then she leaned forward. And drew her tongue over the side of his glistening cock.

Dan moaned loudly in pleasure and intense arousal. The sight of his wife on her knees, licking his cum-covered, pussy-covered cock robotically, was beyond anything he'd ever imagined. For the moment, Maya was completely forgotten, as he simply tried to hold on and keep from cumming - again - enjoying this act that Betsy would have found completely disgusting in normal circumstances. But now she simply licked around his cock, cleaning it thoroughly of their combined juices.



It was when she lowered her mouth and began to lick the wetness from around the base of his balls - a place her mouth had certainly never gone before...



...that Dan finally let out something between a grunt and a sob and came all over his wife's red hair and back, and watched the cum drip down her pale, freckled skin onto her new tattoo.

Without a word she lifted her head and began to clean the dribbling cum from the sensitive head of his cock.

Dan let her lick for a few more moments - amazingly he was actually half-hard again before he stopped her - Dan led his robotic wife into the shower. Feeling lazy and tired after the last couple of hours of sex and tension, he instructed her to wash him. It wasn't a fetish he'd ever had before, but the sight of Betsy mindlessly scrubbing his body while the water ran over her - gently washing his chest and arms...then down to his still half-hard cock - he found himself developing it.



After enjoying her tender touch for a little while, Dan leaned against the wall and told her to wash herself...and then after watching her mechanically start to lather up her body, changed his instruction to "wash yourself sexily." Then drew a shuddering breath as he watched her do just that. This he'd always had a fetish for - and seeing Betsy slowly soaping up her heavy tits, gasping softly as her thumbs caressed her hard nipples, and then turn and bend and slowly wash her ass and pussy so he could watch, all with that blank expression - he was breathing hard by the time she finished drying herself off.

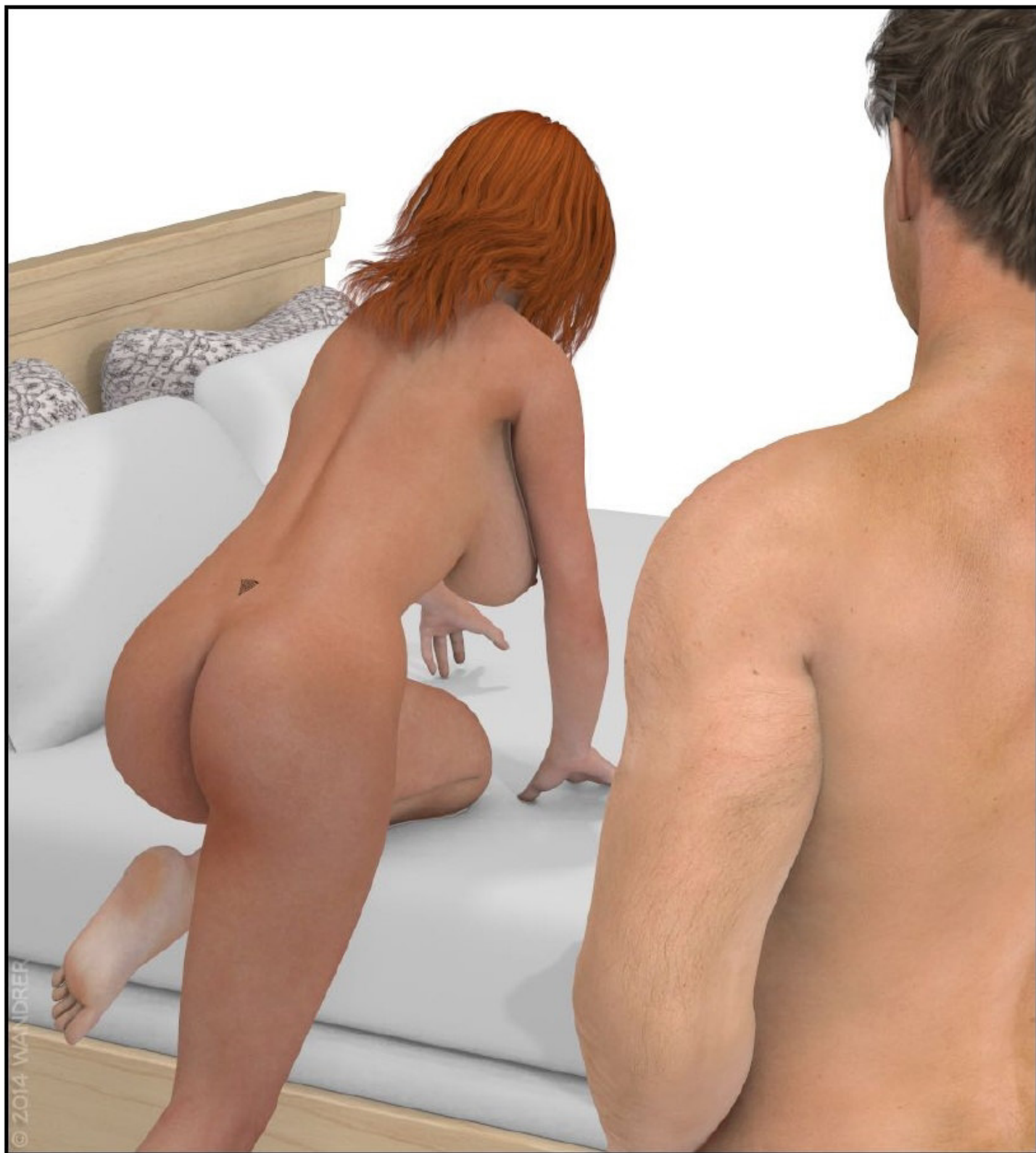
And his cock was no longer half-hard.

He'd intended to be finished - lord knew he was exhausted - but knowing that he had her like this until he decided to stop...

"Betsy, get on the bed with your ass in the air and display yourself for me."



Again, without a word, Betsy climbed up onto the bed and lowered her chest to the comforter, then reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart.



Dan let out a small moan and his heart started to pound again seeing his wife in such a demeaning position, pale ass up in the air, pink pussy exposed.

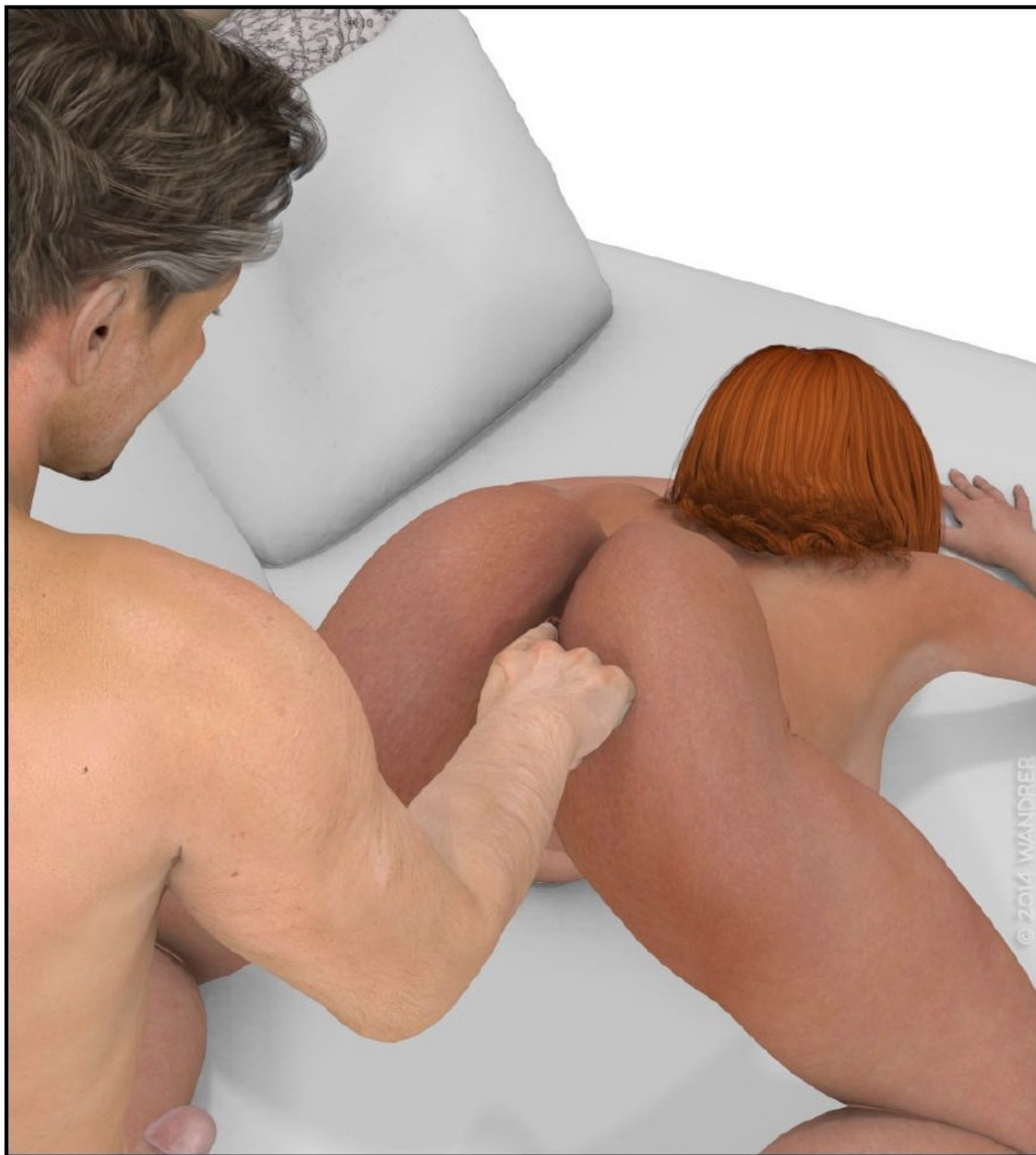


And the tight little pink star of her anus winking up at him.

Dan slowly reached out a trembling hand. He'd always had a deep desire to try anal - but Betsy had nearly broken up with him the first time he'd absently touched her back there, and made it clear he was never to do it again. Another thing that clearly disgusted his chaste little wife to no end - but lord knew he wanted it.

He gently stroked a shaking finger over the little pink star, and gasped when it automatically twitched at his touch.

Then nearly jumped out of his skin when Betsy spoke for the first time since she'd passed out.



"My ass is not available for use," Betsy said in a soft monotone, "Any attempt to use my ass will result in expulsion from the program, and may incur more severe penalties at the Company's discretion."

Letting himself calm down after his near heart-attack, Dan stared at his wife again, who had gone quiet, still staring to the side with her hands parting her upturned ass and pussy. He swallowed and blinked...then took a moment to consider what had just happened.

In some ways he felt a little relief - he was rapidly realizing he was much deeper down the rabbit hole than he'd thought. And he was about to...well, he tried not to think about what he was doing to Betsy (and worse, how it sort of turned him on). But at least it seemed to respect her inherent limits to some degree.

But another thought distracted him.

"Betsy - can you speak and answer questions like this?"

"Yes."

Dan paused again - his wife's pussy was so tempting like that, but...he was curious. "Betsy...do you like sex?"

"Yes."



Dan waited, and then realized he shouldn't be surprised at that answer - he knew she liked sex. Just - very straight laced sex. And not all that often. Intrigued now, however, Dan sat on the edge of the bed, eyes flitting between her displayed pussy and her pretty, blank face. He swallowed.

"Betsy - tell me what you like about sex."

There was a short pause, and Dan thought she wasn't going to answer, but then: "I like feeling my husband's cock inside me. It makes me feel close to him."

Dan blushed at that, feeling a little shame.

"I like when my husband licks me - he is very good at that."

Dan grinned. He did love going down on her, admittedly.

"I like giving blowjobs."

Dan blinked.

"Wait, what?"

Betsy stared blankly, silent. Dan thought about how to phrase his question.

"Betsy - if you like giving blowjobs, why do you almost always refuse to do them?"

There was another of those short pauses.

"Giving blowjobs makes me feel dirty. Feeling dirty turns me on. I don't like to feel dirty."



Dan licked his lips. He was finding this insight into his wife's personality fascinating - and actually even more of a turn-on. It explained a lot, really - particularly why almost all of the blowjobs he'd received from her had been when she was drunk. And



“Being fucked doggy style makes me feel dirty and submissive. Being fucked doggy style makes me feel like an animal. I feel disgusted with myself. It feels so good to be fucked doggy style. It feels better than any other position. I cum harder than any other position. I feel like a dirty, disgusting, horny animal when I am fucked doggy style. It turns me on to feel like a horny animal. I sometimes imagine myself as a stupid horny, animal. I hate feeling like that. I love feeling like that. It feels so good. It makes me feel humiliated and disgusted with myself. It turns me on when I feel humiliated and disgusted with myself. I don't like feeling humiliated and disgusted with myself...”

Betsy trailed off, and Dan - staring at her with wide eyes from her robotic little diatribe - suddenly realized she was breathing heavily. He glanced up at her pussy, and then stared.

She was starting to drip.

And not just a little bit either - a visible dribble of pussy juice was starting to run down from inside her now squeaky clean pussy towards her clit.

“Betsy,” Dan breathed, “Does thinking about this turn you on?”

“Yes.”

“Does being in this position turn you on?”

“Yes.”



Dan swallowed. He was rock hard and so tempted to just climb up behind her, but - he had other questions he wanted to ask, and he was pretty sure he'd feel too guilty to ask them once he came. Maybe...

"Betsy," he said thickly, and then cleared his throat, "Start playing with yourself, but don't cum until I'm inside you. Just...when you get to the point where you need it, let me know."

As instructed, Betsy immediately moved her fingers over to start rubbing herself slowly - and Dan was shocked to see the sudden rush of liquid that came out of her when she started to press on her pussy and clit. He'd never seen her this wet before. Was this from the questioning, or from...earlier? Dan swallowed, watching as her juices began to run over her fingertips, and then down the sides of her fingers circling her clit.

He cleared his throat, then paused - did he really want to know...?

"Um, OK - Betsy...have you ever cheated on me?"

"That information is confidential."

Dan blinked at the sudden response. Really? Well - he guessed that actually made sense, now that he thought about it. Someone could use that against her, certainly. Actually, that begged the question...

"Betsy, can I take a picture of you like this?"

"Taking pictures or videos of me is currently forbidden. Any attempt to record me will result in expulsion from the program, and may incur more severe penalties at the Company's discretion."



OK, that was actually good though admittedly a little disappointing. Still...OK, how about...

“Betsy, how many guys have you fucked?”

“That information is confidential.”

Damn. What about...

“Betsy, how many cocks have you sucked?”

“That information is confidential.”

Yeah, obviously. OK, just for fun...

“Betsy, have you ever slept with a girl?”

“No.”

Huh. He had expected that to be confidential. Though he guessed ‘no’ was answer enough. Wait, what about cheating on him? Dan tried to put that thought out of his head...but then another one popped in.

“Betsy...what do you think about the idea of being with a girl?”

Another of those long pauses. Punctuated by a soft, aroused whimper. Dan looked up at her fingers and gasped - she'd clearly slid them in and out of herself a moment ago, and they were coated with wetness new. She was dripping like a faucet.

“Being with a girl is wrong and dirty. Feeling dirty turns me on. Thinking of being with a girl disgusts me.”



Unable to tear his eyes away from her dripping pussy, Dan managed to choke out the question her statement forced into his head.

“Betsy - describe to me to me in detail about how you feel about...how you feel about the idea of being forced to lick a girl’s pussy...or taste your own...”

Betsy actually let out a small whimper while in her long pause before answering. When she spoke, her voice was trembling.

“Licking a girl’s pussy is disgusting and wrong. I would be incredibly humiliated to be forced to lick a girl’s pussy. I - I...being humiliated turns me on. Tasting pussy is disgusting. I like the flavor of my own pussy. It is disgusting to taste my own pussy. It turns me on when I taste my own pussy. I am disgusting and dirty if I taste my own pussy. Only a dirty slut would taste her own pussy. Being a dirty slut turns me on. Dan I am very horny and it hurts please fuck me.”

Dan gasped as she blurted out the final words - truth was he’d been about to do just that, unable to control himself. With a growl he lurched up behind her - and then managed to pause, one final thought still rattling in his head.

“Betsy,” he moaned, “Lick your fingers and imagine you are licking Maya’s pussy while I fuck you doggy style...”

Betsy made another small whimper and pulled her soaked hand around to her mouth. Dan plunged into her sopping wet cunt.



He'd never heard Betsy make a sound like that before as she instantly exploded into orgasm. A sobbing wail ripped from her body as she bucked back against him, her tongue sliding over her fingers and slurping up the slippery liquid from inside her. She rapidly grew hoarse from her screams, eyes flickering back and forth with who knew what images, even as they stared off into space. Dan felt his legs grow warm and wet as she squirted again, this time around his cock trying to plug her.

Dan managed to last until her third orgasm before finally having a tearing, sobbing orgasm of his own, watching his keening wife licking her wet, parted fingers as though they were shaped into pussy lips...

In the aftermath, Dan couldn't help himself from making Betsy clean him once more with her mouth while fingering herself to two more orgasms, and then go shower again to clean herself off. But finally, when they were both clean, he had her lay down.

"Sleep, Betsy..."

His wife's eyes closed and her breathing slowed. Of course he couldn't help himself from one final thing. Betsy always insisted on wearing pajamas or a nightgown to bed. Not tonight, though. Tonight Betsy was nicely positioned on her side so that he could slide up behind her, with his cock gently nestled against her still-wet pussy from behind. He'd come up with some way to explain why she'd fallen asleep naked in the morning if he needed to.

He fell back on the pillow, watching her naked chest rise and fall on her side, glancing periodically down at her new tattoo and feeling his exhausted cock twitch against her pussy, until he too faded in exhaustion.





Dan sat on the couch, tense, waiting for the doorbell to ring, and thought back on the last week, after that fateful night with Betsy. The flood of emotions - guilt, anger, surprise, excitement - rushed back again as his mind played out the events, and he tried to sort out how he felt about the whole thing

The day after had been mostly surprisingly normal. He'd woken up exhausted, of course, but Betsy was - as usual - already out of the house and off to work before he'd woken up. He'd spent the whole day apprehensive - what did she remember? Did she wonder why she'd slept naked? Would she have any weird effects? What had she worn to work?



But when she'd gotten home - again, as usual, after he did - it had been almost a carbon copy of the previous day. Come home, looking tired. Shrugged out of her conservative sport coat and thrown it over the chair, and then sat down and kicked off her heels, and began to talk about her day, too Dan's mumbled acknowledgements at the appropriate moments.

Truth was, he was relieved at the boring normalcy for once. Sure he was increasingly irritated at what he was starting to believe was a very expensive scam (though - the previous), but still...



The first sign something was a little off was when Dan noticed that she kept leaning forward and rubbing her back gently - right where the tattoo was. He tensed up. Was it itching? Would she somehow know it was there?



Finally, she quickly and without seeming to realize what she was doing pulled her plain blouse out of her suit pants and took it off entirely, leaving her standing there in just her bra. She breathed an audible sigh of relief, shivering briefly.

Dan tried his best to stifle his reaction. Betsy didn't seem to notice what she'd done - or at least didn't recognize how odd it was - sitting back down again and continuing talking, although leaning forward so he could see the mark. Dan sat still, enjoying his wife's half-dressed look, which she seemed utterly unaware of.



Finally, when she stood up to start pouring a glass of wine, and Dan found himself staring at her new tattoo, he decided he couldn't resist. And like the previous night, he stepped up behind her and pulled her into a kiss - at first just pleasant...and then again like the previous night he reached down to grab her ass - though pausing briefly to stroke her bare lower back as he went. She shivered when his fingers touched her mark.

And again, like the previous night, she tensed up and started to pull away when he tried to unbutton her pants.

"Honey - really...I'm sort of...tired..."



This time though, her voice was hesitant, and she let out a delightful little squeak when he grabbed her ass as she tried to turn away. The protest was coming out of habit, it seemed.

With a small thrill of excitement, Dan decided to ignore it.



He pulled her back into the kiss - and to his surprise, she made a small whimper, and then leaned into him. Emboldened, he began to caress and squeeze her ass again - and the whimpers that came out were definitely not protesting now. He continued to squeeze her, kissing her deeply and feeling her tongue slide against his...

Until he tensed in sudden surprise. Were - were his fingers wet?

He hadn't realized he'd pulled away till he heard his wife gasping for breath. He'd glanced down, and his eyes had widened in shock.

Betsy's crotch was visibly wet through her slacks!
She was-



"Oh my god! What am I...that's disgusting!"

He looked up at his wife's horrified wail, realizing his mistake too late. She had followed his eyes downward - and was now staring in horror at what had happened between her legs. A furious blush of embarrassment was creeping up her cheeks.

Before he could say anything, she pulled away, mortified.

"I - I'm going to go in the bedroom...I - I need to change..."



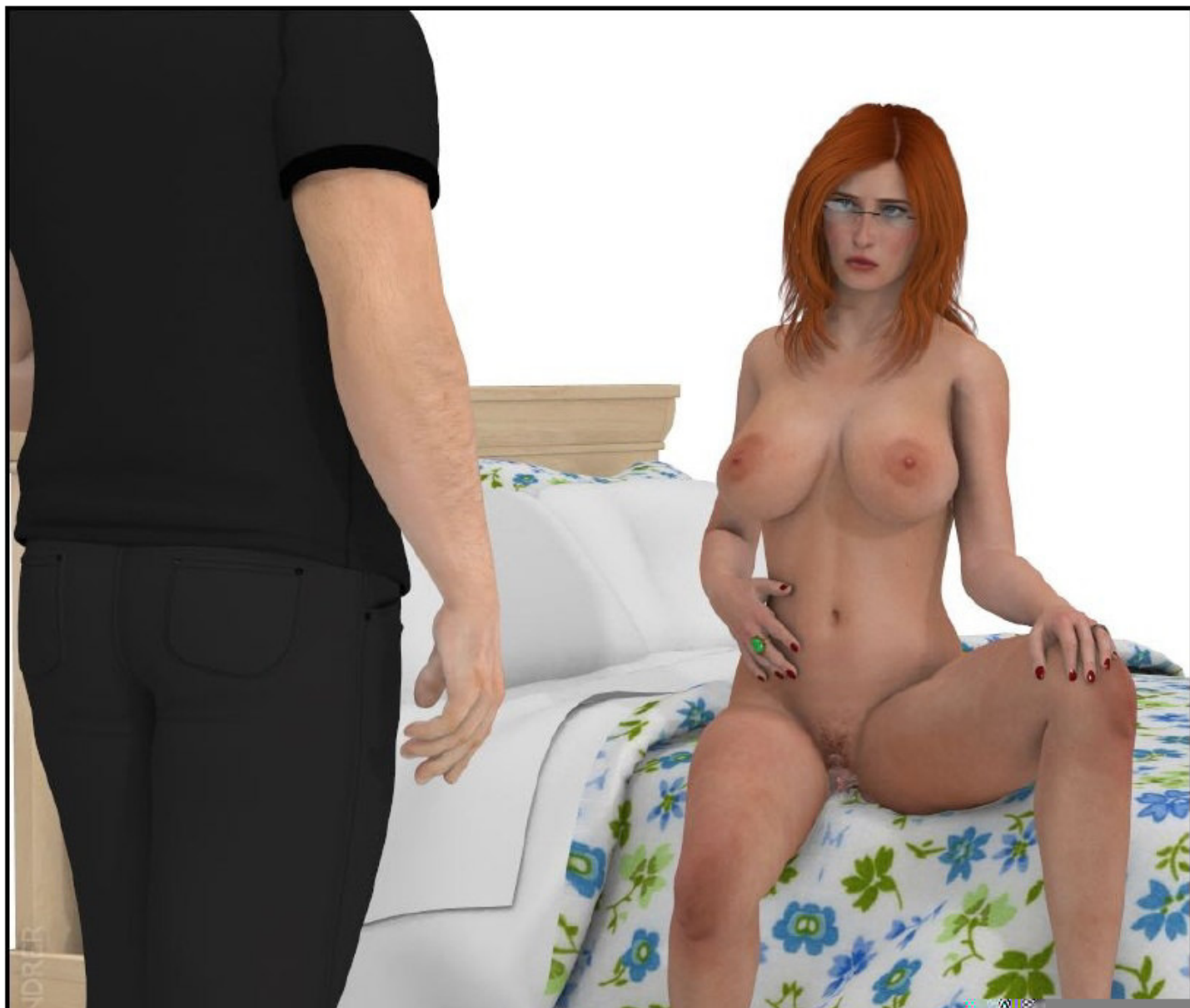
She stumbled away in embarrassment, and after one more shocked moment Dan moved to follow with a small curse under his breath. By the time he got to the bedroom, Betsy was rubbing humiliated tears from her cheeks. Which was quickly followed by peeling off her pants and panties - revealing a sopping wet red bush and glistening strands of her pussy juice stretching from her lips to the soaked fabric. She choked out a horrified sob as she stared down at her body's blaring declaration of her arousal, letting her bra fall to the floor and starting to look for new clothes.

She looked up as he entered, face bright red with embarrassment and eyes wet with humiliation.



"D-Dan - just give me a minute...I...something weird is going on and - wait, what are you-"

Dan let out an aroused growl as he pulled his own shirt off and grabbed his wife, pushing her down onto the bed. She fell with a yelp, and looked up at him in shock, legs splayed wide showing her bright pink pussy - visibly dripping onto the bed.



“Dan! Wait, I-what are you-“



“UNNNNGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Barely pausing at her not-very-convincing protests, Dan had pulled his sweatpants down to reveal his rock-hard cock, clambered up onto the bed, and shoved his cock inside his wife’s warm, soaked pussy to the hilt. Her back arched and she let out a loud grunting squeal, her expression one of absolute shock at the pleasure she suddenly felt. Before he could even start thrusting, her hips were grinding up against his, with Betsy making desperate high pitched noises of lust.



She came within just a few plunges in and out, clawing and kicking at his back as she screamed and sobbed in what was obviously an overwhelming orgasm.

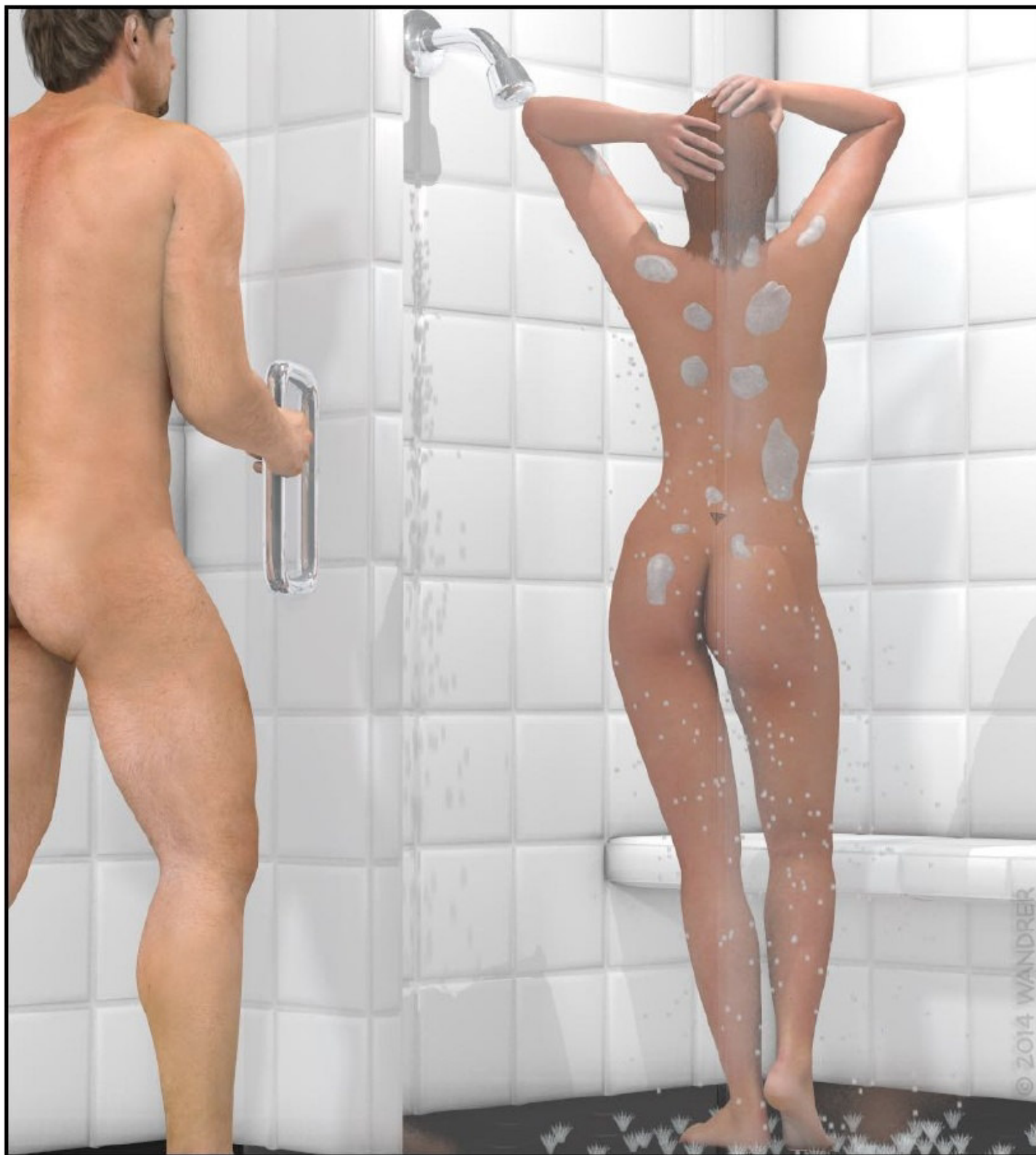
By the time he finished inside her, she was shaking and sobbing against him, her whole body twitching. He was hit with a wave of guilt - at least until he could make out what she was whimpering.

“ohgodsogood oh god so good oh god so good...”



After he'd pulled out of her and cleaned them both up (thankfully, she hadn't squirted again - she had been wet enough to leave both of them and the bedspread soaked, though), she had gone almost immediately to sleep - whether from exhaustion or embarrassment or both, Dan couldn't have said.

But the next day, when he stepped into the shower with her and grabbed her around the waist, she'd barely protested...even when he slid into her from behind, standing up - though he enjoyed her shocked gasp at the position.



And then the sounds she made had been anything but protest - and the water washed away the squirting before she could notice.



And two nights later, when he was in bed when she got home from a late meeting, she'd quietly clambered on top of him, sliding him inside her with a moan.



He actually only woke up once he was inside her, to his sleepy and shocked delight. At first he'd thought he was dreaming, but then grabbed her ass eliciting a happy squeal from his very wet wife.



She'd been a little quieter that time, and hadn't squirted but came quite impressively nonetheless. And it was the first time in a long time that she had initiated sex.

Clearly embarrassed, she sat astride him trembling and whispering: "ssshhh...shhhh...g-go back to sleep, honey...oh god...that felt s-so good..."

Dan had pretended to fall asleep, as instructed, mostly out of curiosity.

Betsy sat up there for some time, clearly struggling to make herself climb off of his half-hard cock...



The next night she seemed to be beyond embarrassment, this time begging him to fuck her while laying on her back with her legs spread wide. He had happily obliged of course, greatly enjoying the oddly risqué leggings she'd chosen to wear that day.

He'd somehow turned his wife into a nymphomaniac.



He'd tested that the next night, when she'd begged him to fuck her again - and he'd suggested that they do it from behind for a change. Betsy had protested, and then whined for him just to climb on top of her...



...and then, finally - with a small, frustrated sob - had rolled over and tilted her ass up towards him with a whimper of humiliated arousal.



When Dan plunged into her sopping pussy, she came instantly, screaming in pleasure.



By the time he came inside her himself, she had pitched forward, groaning incoherently with arousal before passing out in that position, his cum dripping out of her.



No, Dan wasn't complaining about any of that, certainly. Nor could he complain about the clothes she'd started wearing - though he'd grown increasingly shocked by them.

She'd stuck with the same conservative suits she usually wore the first couple of days - - though the second night she'd been even more obviously uncomfortable when she got home. She stripped off her coat and blouse the moment she walked in the door with an audible shuddering sigh of relief, and eventually changed into a bra-less half tank-top, leaving her belly and (more importantly) back exposed - a sight which Dan had quite enjoyed for that evening.



The next day, she'd spent an unusually long time in the closet trying to dress herself - and finally emerged, blushing slightly, wearing a see-through white blouse she almost always wore with a tank-top beneath it...but this time she only wore a lacy bra. The effect was shockingly erotic - certainly more than Betsy realized or intended, given the conservative slacks she was wearing. Particularly with the tattoo visible as a faint black blur underneath the fabric. She'd worn her coat over it when she left the house, but by the time she came home she seemed to have lost the coat somewhere along the way.

That afternoon she'd also apparently gone shopping.



The next day Dan had stared at her as she got ready for work, though she was oblivious. His wife had always hated pink and “girly” colors generally - but today she was drenched in it. Pink stockings, bright pink heels, a lavender skirt - still sensible - and a frilly pink blouse that was more see-through in the back than in the front, allowing the mark to show through...she'd even bought a new pink purse to go with it. Even stranger - when she came home she was incredibly giggly and ditzy, almost like she was reacting to the clothes she was wearing.



Dan had fucked her up against the counter that night while she squealed delightedly, skirt bunched up around her hips and pink lacy panties around her ankles.



The sounds she'd made - which he'd loved - were unusual for her, giggles and squeals in place of her usual grunts and screams, and when he'd finished inside her she'd stayed leaning over the counter giggling and shivering while his cum dripped out of her, sounding for all the world like some sort of well-fucked bimbo rather than his intelligent, serious, professional wife.

Dan had loved that more than he cared to admit.



The following day Dan had been the one when nearly spit out his coffee when Betsy emerged from the bedroom. She wore a short red, sleeveless blouse that barely held back her bra-less breasts. It was cut so that most of her back was bare, including her mark, revealing it completely.

But the rest of the outfit was what had shocked Dan. She wore an extremely short skirt - and hadn't even zipped it down all the way over her black, thigh-high fishnet stockings that ended in bright red pumps. She'd cheerily said goodbye to Dan as she'd moved slinkily out the door, and Dan hadn't even managed to get a word out.



If that day had been shocking, the next one was the first day that Dan almost stopped her from going out the door in what she was wearing. She'd come out again in fishnets and a similar skirt - though possibly even shorter - and had on a black blouse which was not only semi-transparent, but she had tied it above her hips rather than letting it hang down. Betsy had always been weirdly self-conscious about letting her belly show, but now her bellybutton was clearly visible, as - of course, was her lower back and her lovely tattoo.

Dan had been about to say something, clearing his throat - and then he froze. What could he say? What would she do if he pointed out how oddly she was dressing? How could she possibly explain it to him or to herself?

"You OK, honey?" Betsy had said, looking at him quizzically when she turned to look at him.

"Uh...fine," he said, swallowing and letting his wife go in what was quite clearly a work-inappropriate outfit, "Have a...good day at work."

The next evening he desperately wished he'd said something to her.



He'd missed her outfit that morning as he had an early meeting and had been out the door before she'd been awake (she was increasingly tired in the mornings - probably because even after they fucked at least once every night, Dan had been awakened the last couple of nights by his wife's soft grunting as she played with herself again after he'd fallen asleep, trying to muffle her orgasms and the wet sounds coming from between her legs, so as not to wake him).



When she came in that night, after a late meeting of her own, he stared at her in shock.

The woman who walked in the door couldn't possibly be his chaste, conservative wife.

The "blouse" she wore was only barely that - a thin bright red piece of fabric buttoned just beneath her breasts, which it clung to with desperation. It left her midriff completely exposed - as well as her black lacy bra. The shiny leather skirt she wore didn't even come down to her fishnets - in fact, when she walked toward him, he occasionally got glimpses of her black, lacy, quite see-through panties beneath it.



Betsy had crashed all the way through “slutty” into “hooker” in her look. When she’d clambered on top of him on the couch, she only had to slide her panties to the side before sliding wetly down on his cock. But what she was murmuring into his ear as she revved up to a screaming orgasm was the most shocking - and showed that some part of her was aware of how she was dressed, even if she didn’t seem to be consciously acknowledging it.



“Fuck your slut,” she breathed, clearly talking to herself and not to Dan, just at the edge of his hearing “Cum in me like the slutty whore I am...my wet slutty pussy needs your cum...”

Dan had cum harder inside her than he ever had while she screamed in pleasure - and then she'd climbed off of him and gone to take a shower as though everything was normal.



All of which was why he'd finally logged back into the site in the first place yesterday, to be honest. He was enjoying her so much now that she was...well, what she was at the moment, that the thought of letting her continue with what he had done with her made him feel even worse - and he didn't need it. Sure, he still wanted Maya, but, well - not enough to let his wife...do that. At least now that she was more fun than she had been. So he got onto the site to figure out how to get Betsy "off the market" - and to try to figure out if the way she was behaving was normal, and more importantly if he could...adjust it at all.

But as soon as he logged on, a message popped up over the page.

"Congratulations! Your subject is now active! Your account has been loaded with your initial set of credits, and of course your subject will continue to earn you more! Please proceed to the search page to use them."

He stared at it for a moment.

Then his blood ran cold.

He clicked on it with a shaking hand. Subject was now active...that meant...

He felt sick.



The worst part was even after several minutes of digging around, he found that he had no way of determining how *many* times Betsy had been used. By offering her up, he was supplied with a number of initial credits - but the system didn't show him how many he actually had, nor how many anything actually cost. He realized vaguely that it must be a way of both encouraging people to enable more "modes" for their "subjects", and also to keep things even more hidden, but right now it was frustrating.

Still - his wife had slept with at least one other guy...

A rush of completely irrational anger and jealousy towards Betsy come over him unexpectedly, followed by a wash of shame. This was his fault, of course. How could he be mad at her for doing exactly what he'd set her up to do? She wouldn't even remember it. To her she would have...what?

Well, the way he'd set her up, she would have shown up and probably thought she was their girlfriend. And the guy - or guys - would have...

The rush of jealousy came back again, along with the guilt. He knew it was insane to feel that way. And yet - he couldn't completely force that crazy feeling away, no matter how he tried to rationalize it.

Who had she fucked.

Was it someone she knew?

Was it someone *he* knew?

...Had she liked it?



When Betsy came home that night - back in the red outfit, which he'd suggested that morning in the hopes of hovering on the edges of normalcy - he'd actually begged off sex, claiming he wasn't feeling well.



The look of frustration and disappointment on her face made him feel terrible (and, idiotically, angry again). But even when he'd heard her wetly (and less quietly, clearly intentionally) masturbating next to him in bed several times...



...he'd just pretended to be asleep, trying to ignore his aching hard- on.

And the next night...



Well, the next night was tonight.

Betsy was out again - another meeting, though he had a twinge of realization that she might well be out meeting up with another kind of "client" tonight. So he had decided to take advantage of that fact.

Searching for Maya was surprisingly easy - the search page found her by name almost immediately. He'd paused for a moment - and then hit "Request."

To his surprise, for a moment at least, it went to a second page with a number of options. As he remembered now, there were a number of possible options he could enable for Betsy - some implying they yielded more credits (some significantly more, even as non-specific as they were). He'd only enabled a couple other than the most basic "Girlfriend Experience" mode, however.

Maya had more options available. A lot more options.

More than ever, Dan was sure that her ex-husband had to have done this to her. Robot mode was far from the strangest option on Maya's screen, and he guessed it had to be far from the most expensive.

He glanced at a number of them, but before he could consider what some of them meant, he reached up and clicked on "Seductive Affair" mode, which seemed to be on the lower end if not the lowest option. He could try more fancy ones later.

The screen flashed "Order submitted. Subject en route."

And then, heart racing, he'd waited.



He really had no idea what to expect. Would she be robotic like Betsy had been? Or would she seem normal? Could he actually go through with this?

Would she even come at all...?

Dan nearly jumped out of his skin when the doorbell rang. Swallowing, he stood and walked to the door. He stilled his trembling hand for a moment before opening it.



There, with a bright smile and wearing a slinky black dress, stood Maya.





TO BE CONTINUED...



ALTERNATE COVERS



TRADEFESTIV

written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWurk

TRADE-IN²



written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWurk