

Trade-In, Compete Story - Copyright © 2015-2016 by wandrer.

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Dan slammed the door, trying to catch his breath. He'd practically sprinted home from the train, after polishing off the last of his work in record time, just before lunch. He knew it wasn't the best work he'd ever done - but it would do for today, and he could go in and clean things up tomorrow.

But if he belonged to Caitlyn this morning - this afternoon, he intended to reverse that.

He knew his time window before Betsy got home was limited - her flight would get in late this evening. And Caitlyn was heading to their main office first thing in the morning, for at least a week. So he pretty much had to do this now - if it was really true. He slid up to his computer, heart racing, and logged into the site - a quick search later and...

There she was.

Caitlyn Foster.

He stared at her name for a long moment, in something like disbelief, before finally clicking it to open up her page.

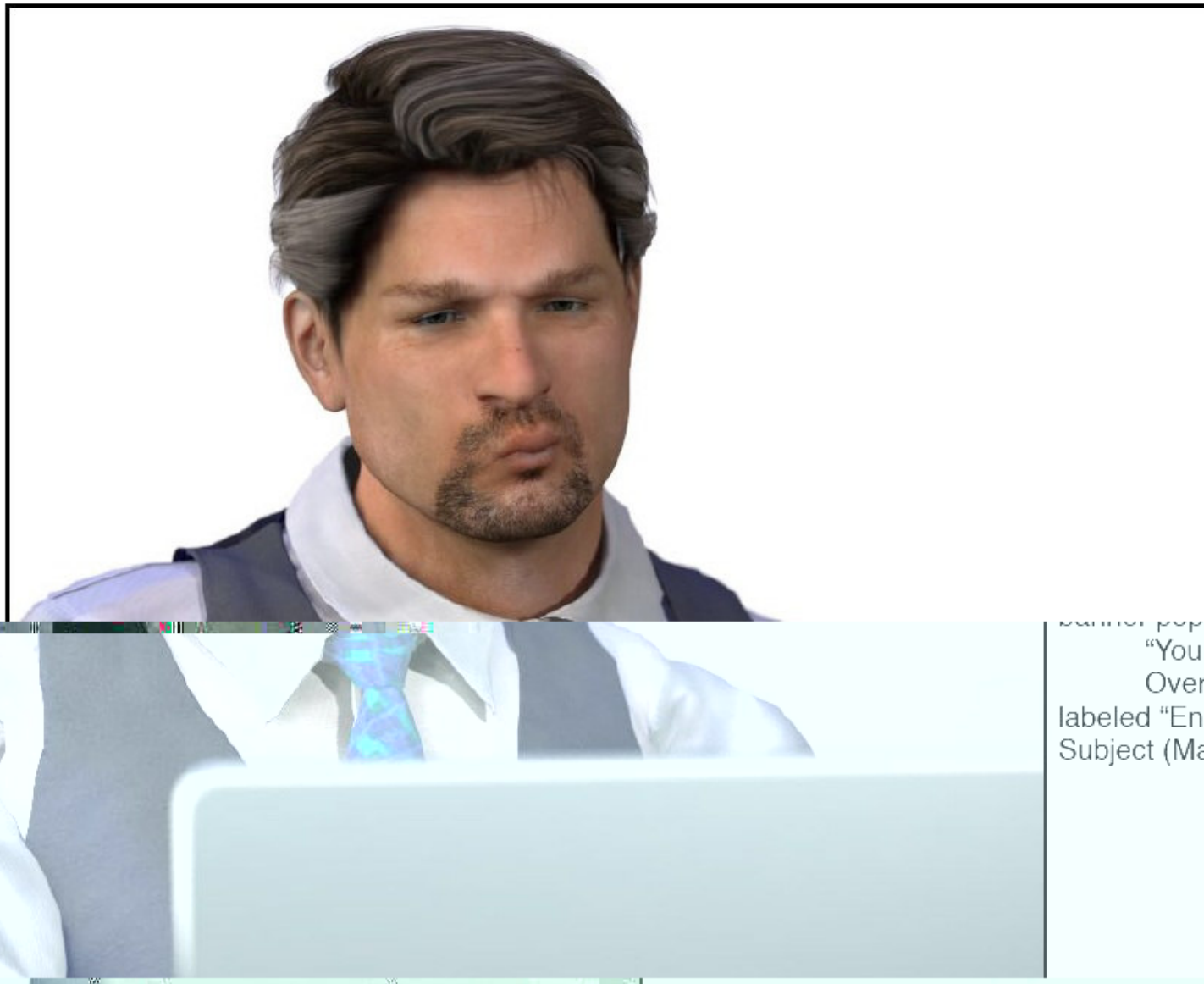
Like Maya and Betsy, it had a fairly



“Hey Caitlyn - I thought of one more thing... yeah...we should talk about it first though. I could swing by your place or you could...wait, are you still at the office? Didn't everyone else leave?” as Dan listened to her response, a slow grin spread over his face, “Hey, why don't I just come back in? No - it's no trouble...we can just get this banged out...OK... see you in a bit.”

He hung up, grinning madly and suppressing a chuckle at his little play on words there. Then started to get up to head back to the office. As he did, he glanced at his laptop, realizing that he'd stupidly left Caitlyn's page up. He went to close it... and then paused. There was a little blinking message window at the top of the screen. Glancing at the clock - he had to leave in a minute or two tops if he was going to catch the next train back down - curiosity overcame prudence, and he clicked it. A

banner popped up. “You have Overrides!” it read, brightly. “You have Overrides? He looked at the two links, “Available In-Progress Overrides for Current Scenario (x 3)” and “Select Override Scenarios...”.



banner popped up. “You have Overrides? He looked at the two links, “Available In-Progress Overrides for Current Scenario (x 3)” and “Select Override Scenarios...”.

Shaking his head, and feeling the pressure of

Dan did a pass around the floor on his way in to verify that it was, indeed, empty. He wasn't sure how this was all going to play out - but he was pretty



Finally, he circled around to Caitlyn's office, tossing his coat on his own desk as he did so. Drawing a deep breath, he tried his best to calm himself down before moving up and knocking on the frame of Caitlyn's open door, where she sat in front of her computer, staring at the screen, her face leaning on her palm.

"Hey Dan," she muttered without looking up beyond glancing at his reflection in the window.

Dan waited a moment and then cleared his throat as he stepped into the office, unsure of exactly what was supposed to happen.



“Uh...so, I wanted to talk about...that thing...?”

“Mmm-hmm,” Caitlyn murmured, distractedly.

“You want me to come back in a few?”

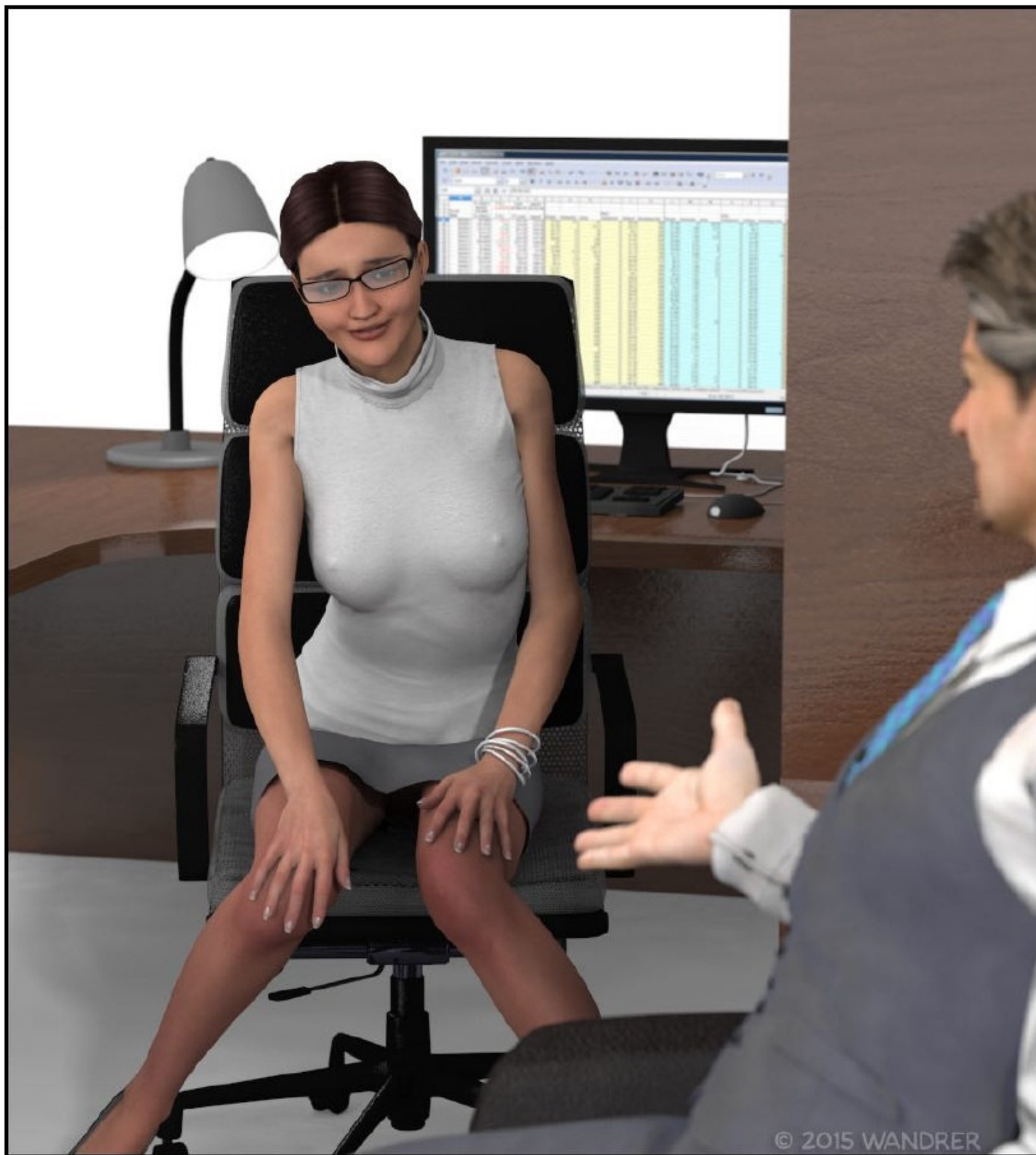
“Huh? Oh...maybe,” she sighed and turned around to look up at him, “I’m just going over these numbers and...I...um...”

She paused, drawing a deep shuddering breath, as her eyes widened and her nostrils flared slightly. Dan suppressed a grin at the sudden and obvious shift in her demeanor, and tried to play it



“OK,” Dan said, innocently, and moved over to the small office couch, “Let’s discuss before I head back out then.”

He sat down and looked up at Caitlyn. She had turned to face him - and was visibly trembling as she tried to keep her knees locked together. A stab of faint guilt and must less faint arousal hit him as the parallels between this and his first day with Betsy crossed his mind. Once again, he pretended not to notice the girl’s distress.



“So, what were you thinking?” he asked.

“I...um,” Caitlyn was breathing heavily, and her eyes flicked down to his crotch briefly before she dragged them upwards with obvious difficulty, licking her lips and blushing furiously. After a long moment she spun her chair away from him to face her desk and managed to stammer out, huskily, “Wh-why don’t you t-tell me what *you’re* th-thinking...”

“Uh, OK - well, I was thinking we should...”

Dan started to describe something he’d thought about doing in the morning, in boring detail, still pretending not to notice Caitlyn’s behavior. He droned on for a minute, while she sat there, breathing hard and seemingly trying to get herself under control while not looking at him.



“Unh - Uh-huh...”

“And maybe we should...”

Dan paused as Caitlyn made a small, suppressed grunt that was clearly not intentional - and realized that he could hear soft wet sounds coming from the general vicinity of her chair.

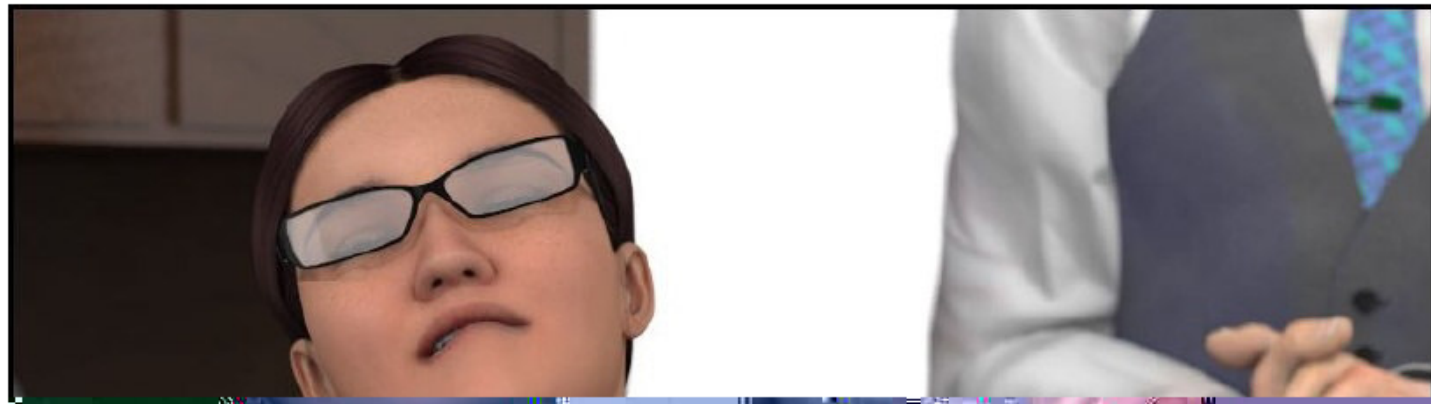
Dan drew a shuddering, aroused breath.

Caitlyn was playing with herself, clearly hoping he wouldn't notice! He stood and started talking again, though found himself stammering a bit as he moved slowly closer behind her.



“I, that is- uh, we should- um...”

“Ngggg,” Caitlyn moaned softly, shaking, and clearly trying to suppress it. Though his view was blocked by her chair, it was clear that one hand was down below while the other was up top, playing with her breasts. The wet sounds increased in both volume and speed.



“We Sh-should remember to change the-“

“Nnnnggg...ngggohh god! Ohhhh...

OHHHHHH...UNGGHH! UNGGGH!! OHHHHHH!!
OHHHH!!!!”

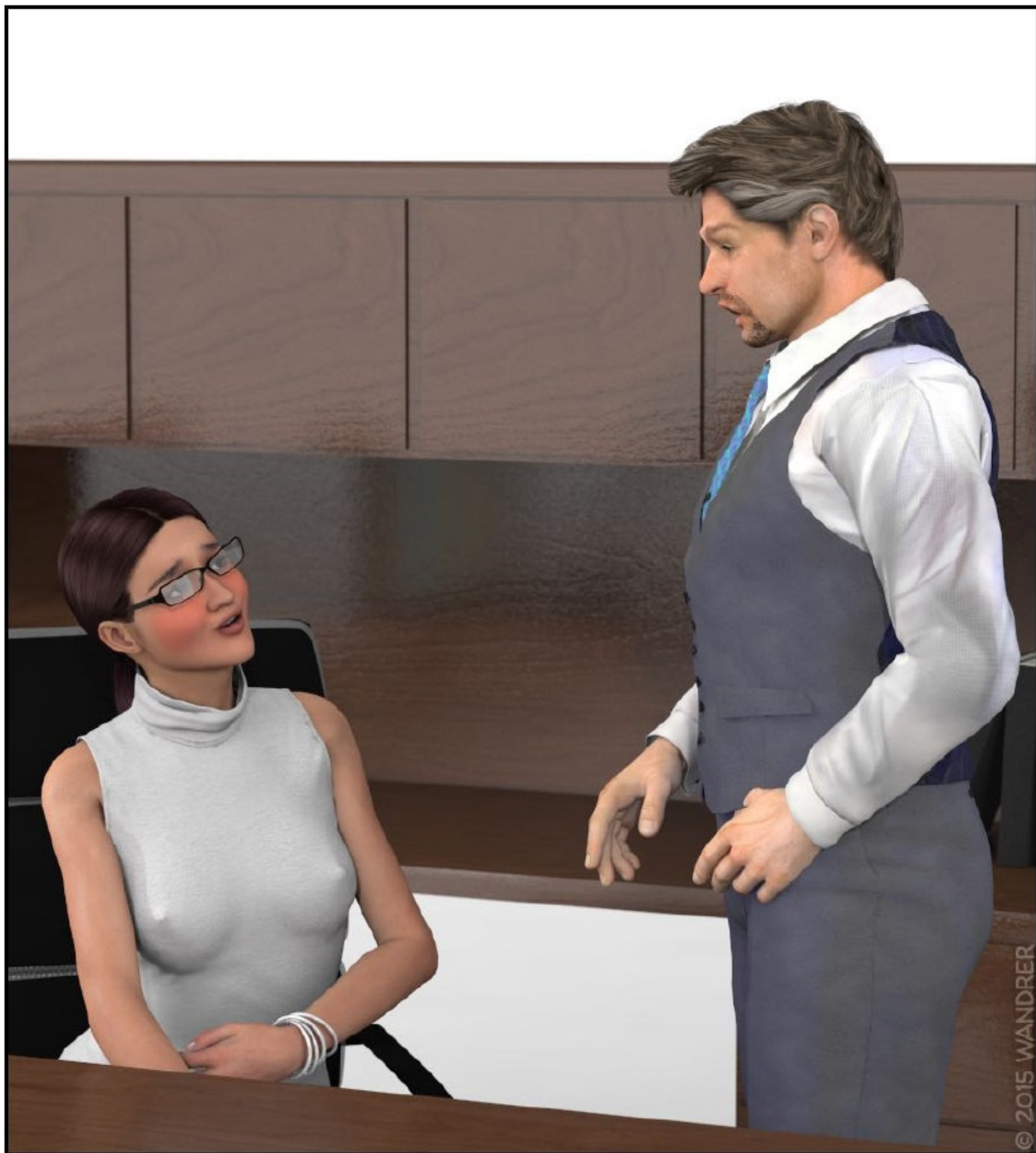
Suddenly Caitlyn’s grunts grew louder and rapidly scaled up into high-pitched - and very girlish - squeals of orgasm. Her body jerked in the chair as her squeals went on and on for a shockingly long time, the chair shaking and turning slightly to offer Dan a better view of the pretty young woman, one hand frantically working against her - clearly very wet - pussy while the other groped at her small breast under her shirt, pulling on her nipple.



Dan let her squeal in orgasm for quite a while, before finally saying behind her in a faux-shocked voice:

“Caitlyn! What are you doing?!”

Caitlyn’s eyes, which had been squeezed shut, popped open, and she turned to stare at Dan as though only just realizing he was there, a horrified expression slowly blooming over her pretty face, which then flickered between arousal and dismay. She only realized that she was still working her hand wetly between her legs when a small whimper of pleasure escaped her lips, and pulled her glistening fingers away, with some obvious difficulty.



“Ohhhh...oh god,” she half-sobbed, “I can’t believe I...what am I...ngggg...I’m...I’m so horny!”

As much as Dan wanted to jump in right there, he couldn’t resist stringing it along. He faked a shocked expression.

“Caitlyn - I can’t...I mean, I’m married!”

The pretty young woman groaned, and stammered out a denial.



“Oh god...I d-didn't mean...I don't want to... with you...”

Dan felt a small stab of offense at her protests, even while knowing it was irrational, which gave him another push to continue playing the poor girl along. He again put on a relieved expression.

“Oh...well, good. I'll just go then...and let you...you know...”

Dan started to head towards the door.



“WAIT! Wait I...please...come back, Dan...
oh god...unggghhh!!!”

Dan turned at her request - only to find



“Oh gggooooddd...I c-can't s-stoaaaahhh -
ahhh - ohhhh - OHHHHHHH!!! OHHHHHHH!!!!”

Caitlyn lifted her legs in the air as she came
with her high pitched squeals once more, giving Dan
a lovely view of her fingers frantically in and out of
her wet pussy.

“OHHH...ohhhh...ohhh god <sob>,” she
moaned, still fingering herself, “I, like, I can't stop...
so horny...I, like...need more...”



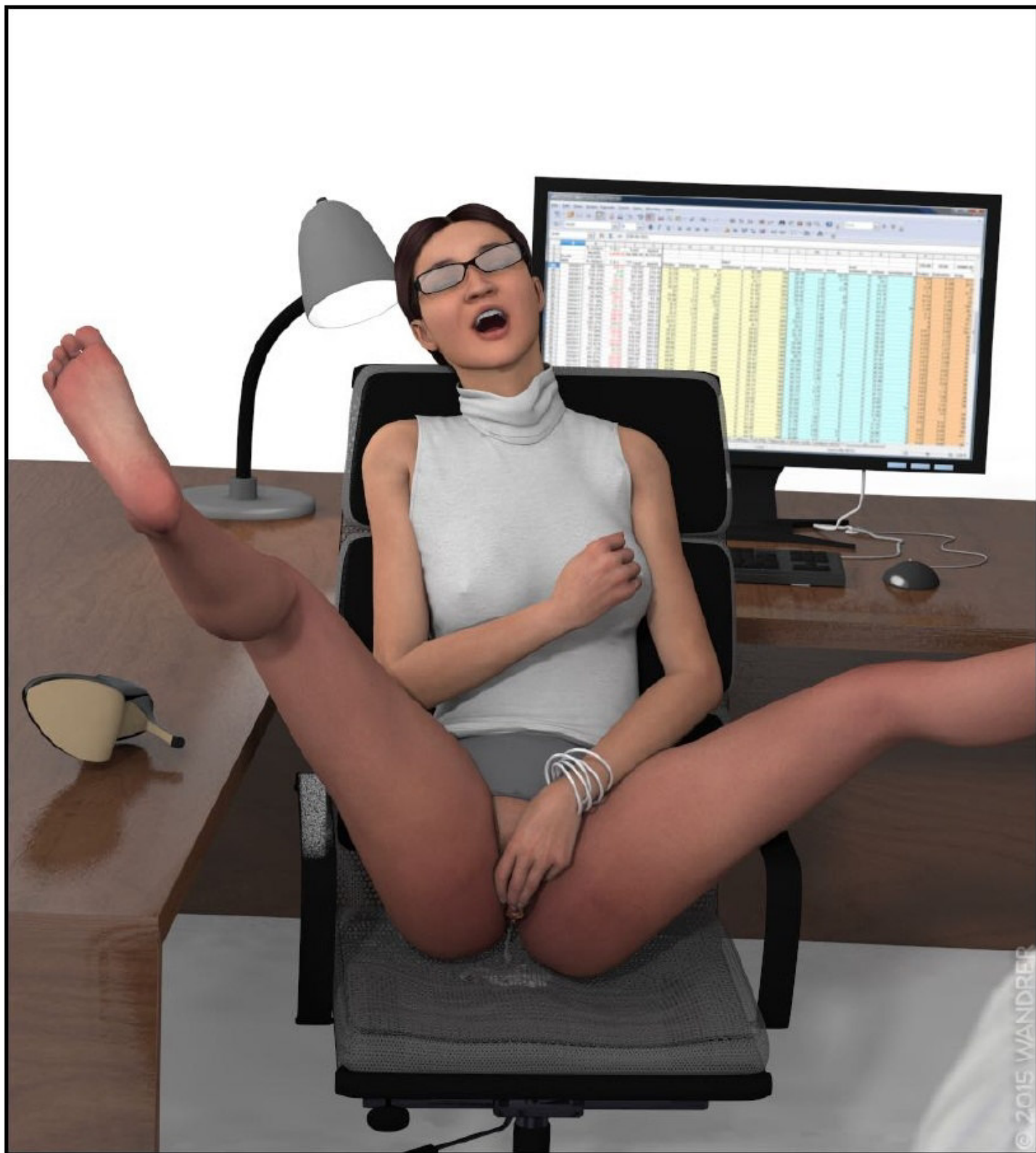
Dan shivered with a rush of excitement at the sudden subtle indication of the secondary part of the scenario in her speech pattern, his cock straining against his pants. Somehow he still found the strength to play dumb, watching as she fingered herself, legs splayed wide lewdly over the arms of her chair.

“Caitlyn, I don’t understand - do you...do you want something?”

The poor girl moaned, her hips thrusting at him involuntarily.

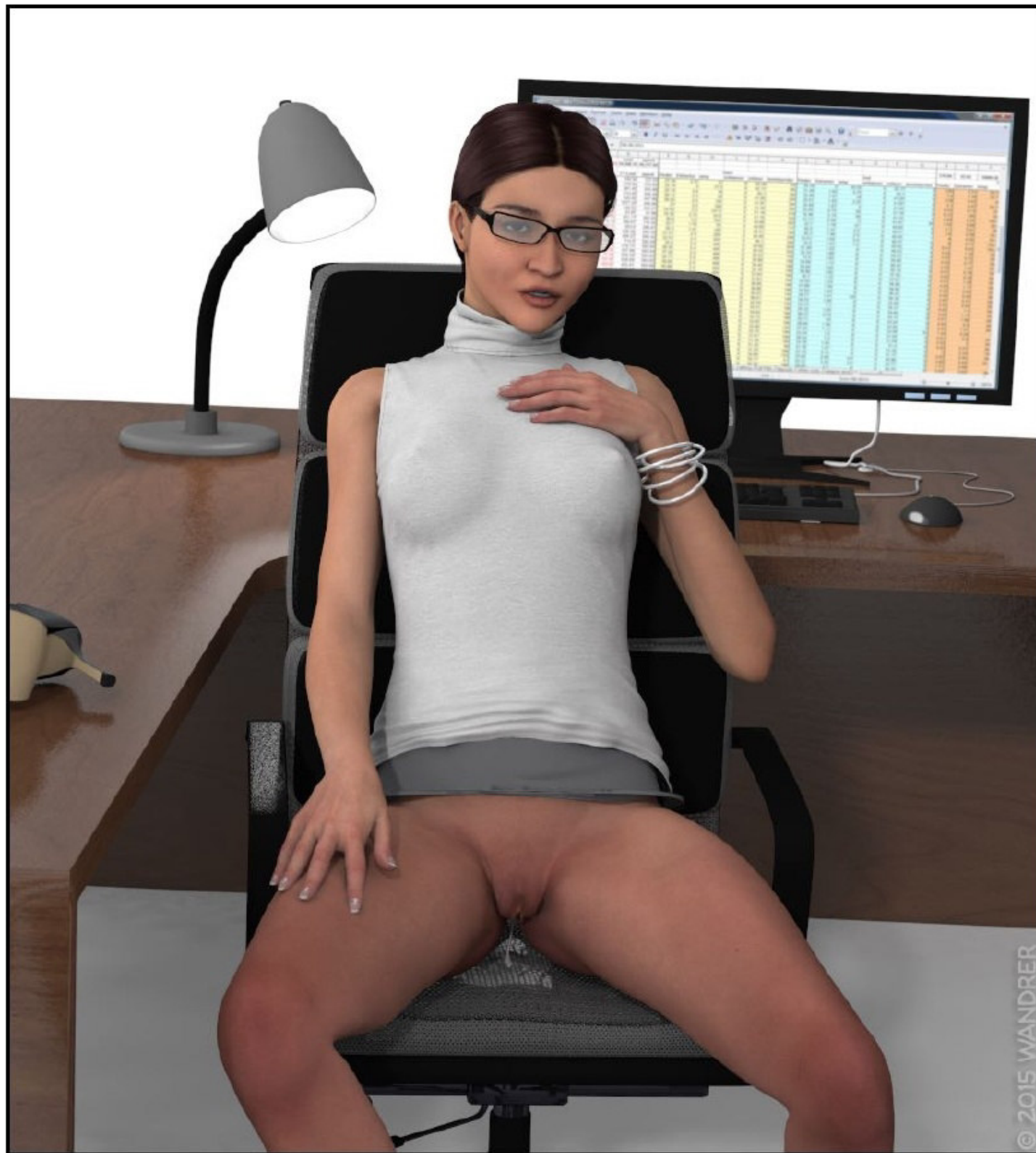
“Please,” she moaned, “Please...I...I, like, I... I need I I AAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! AAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!”

She suddenly exploded in a third orgasm, her squeals becoming hoarse, breathy rasps of overstimulation, as her feet kicked in the air, her heels falling to the floor as her toes curled in her obviously incredibly intense pleasures. He swallowed as he realized that, like his wife and Maya, she was far wetter than she should have been - so much so that it was dripping through the mesh seat of her chair onto the floor beneath her.



Finally, she fell back in her chair, sobbing and gasping. She was blinking, her eyes vaguely unfocused as she tried to stop herself from shuddering.

“Ohh...oh gawd...I, like...I, like can' even... what...I...”



Dan turned a laugh into a choking cough, and then swallowed and looked up at her.

“Caitlyn, are you OK? You sound peculiar...”

She blinked at him with a dazed and confused look.

“Wha- wha’s pec...pec...pekoolar mean?”

she slurred out, and her brow furrowed in dismay, “Like, I - why can’ I think so good? ’s all...fuzzy?”



Dan suppressed a groan at the way she was speaking, and instead started to move closer. He pretended to ignore the way her eyes dropped to his crotch as he did, and his own nostrils flared as the delicious, musky smell of her sex filled them.

By the time he got to her desk and leaned over her computer, he was almost high with the smell of her arousal, and she was leaning in towards him and gasping in excitement, even while she continued moving two fingers around inside herself. Somehow, he found the willpower to ignore her small desperate whimper, and typed something and clicked on the screen instead.



“Oh - oh no, Caitlyn...”

“Hmmm?” she moaned vaguely, her eyes fixated on his crotch while she licked her lips.

“I - I think you’ve been infected with the Bimbo virus!”

“Huh? Like, whassa Bimbo virus?”

“Look - read here,” Dan said, pointing at the screen - he knew it was a bit of a risk, but he had a feeling...



Caitlyn slowly looked up, struggling again to pull her head away from staring at the bulge in Dan's pants, and blinked at the screen. Slowly, a dismayed expression came over her pretty face.

"I - I can'," she whimpered, "I - I don't unnerstan..."

"What, you can't see it?" Dan said in mock surprise, "I can make it bigger..."

"No," Caitlyn sobbed in a panicky voice, "I, like, I can't read it! I, like, I can't 'member how ta read!"



“Oh dear - it looks like the virus is pretty advanced?”

“Whah?” she said, looking up at him stupidly and blinking away tears, clearly not understanding.

“It says that the every time you cum, you’ll get stupider and hornier, until you’re just a brainless, slutty bimbo...”

Of course, what was on the screen was just some random web page he’d pulled up (though he had at least searched for “Bimbo”). He couldn’t believe how effective this scenario was, however - the poor girl would just keep getting hornier, and really would get dumber and dumber every time she came.

“No! Like, I’m - I’m a smartie! I don’ wanna be a...a...a bim-bo-oh-OH-OHHHHHHHHHH OHHHHHHH OHHHHHHH!!!”



Dan suppressed a moan of his own as he stared down into Caitlyn's horrified eyes even as she came yet again. When she finally came down, high pitched whimpers still coming from her mouth, her eyes widened in dismay once more and she let out a whimper.

"Caitlyn, are you OK?"

She blinked up at him in confusion.

"Like, wha's Ca...Ca...", she paused and choked out a sob, "Wha's...whassat mean?"

Dan stared for a moment, confused himself, then his eyes widened realized what she was asking.

"Caitlyn? Uh...that's your name. Would - would you like me to use something shorter?"



She stared at him for a moment, and then nodded.

“How about...Cay-Cay?”

Caitlyn's confused and horrified expression suddenly brightened into a vapid, bright grin.



“Cay-Cay! Cay-cay likes that. Ohhhh gawd - Cay-Cay is so horny,” then her grin turned to a more sultry expression as she looked up at him and breathed, “Dan wanna fuck Cay-Cay?”



Though Dan desperately wanted to scream a thousand times yes, he still wanted to play this out.

“Cay-Cay - I can’t...”

Caitlyn looked crushed, and stared up at him with big eyes behind her glasses.

“You don’ think Cay-Cay is pretty?”



Dan swallowed.

“Well...I don't know, really - I can't really see all of you...”

Caitlyn smiled brightly and slid her chair back, pulling her wet fingers out of herself with a slurp. She stood and quickly began to disrobe while Dan watched with delight.



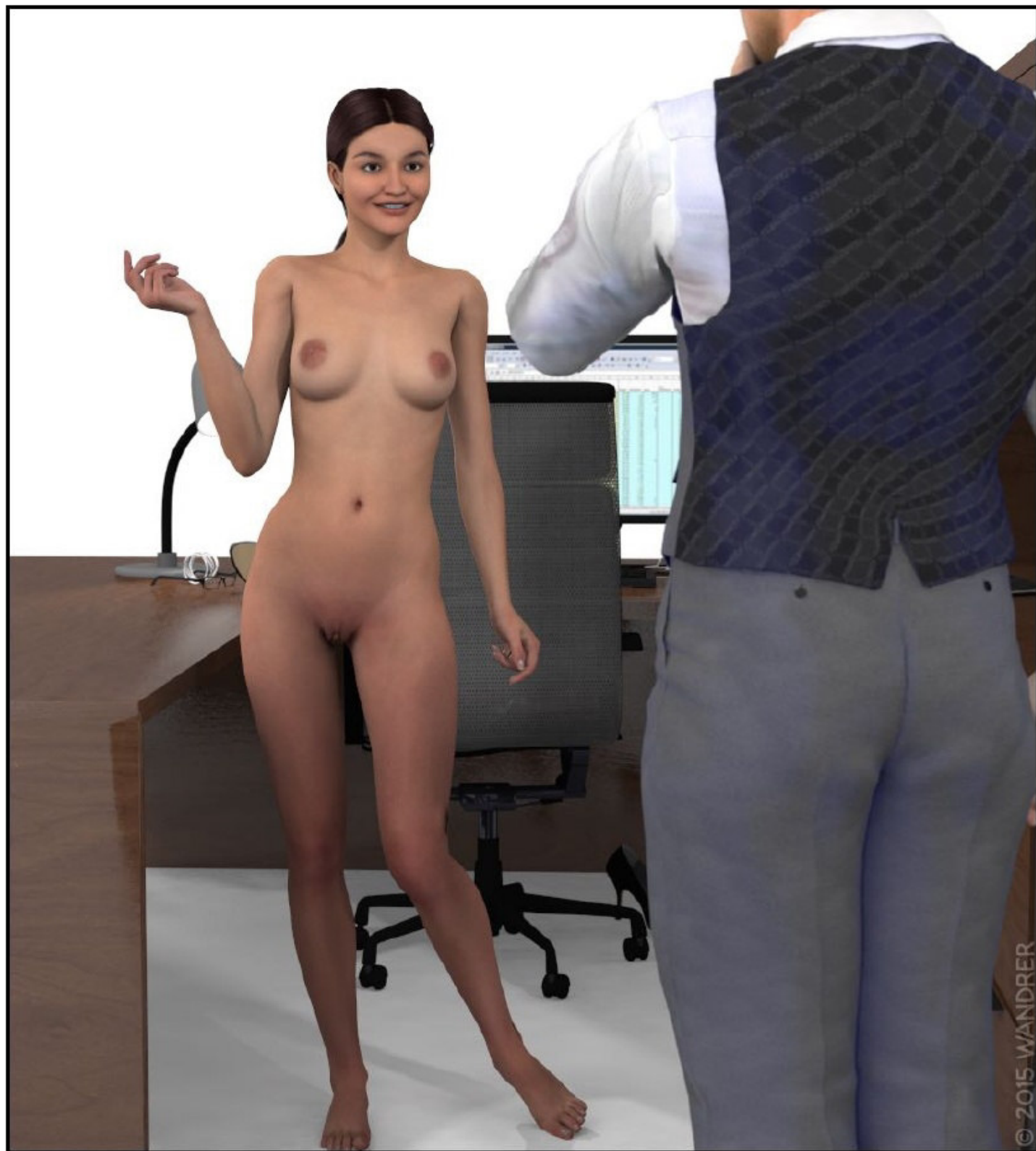
He had to fight to suppress a moan at her perfect, perky little breasts, and again when she turned to pull her skirt off, showing him her perfect little ass above those gorgeous toned legs...



Finally, his pretty young boss stood naked in front of him, displaying her body proudly with her vapid grin.

“Look at Cay-Cay!”

While Dan stared, she let out a small moan and looked down at herself - and started to squirm and play with herself once more, sliding fingers between her legs and pulling on her little nipples.



“Ohhhh...Cay-Cay is sooooo horny...”

As her moans increased, Dan realized that he wasn't sure exactly *how* dumb she would get. Maybe before she got too stupid he should...

“Cay-Cay, wait a minute!”

She paused and looked up at him blinking, and then smiled vapidly. Wet sounds still came from between her legs.

“Don't...don't you want a cock instead?”



Caitlyn's eyes widened in excitement and she let out a squeal as she stumbled over to him.

"OOOOOO!! Yes! Cay-Cay wanna fuck! Cay-Cay want Dan's cock!"

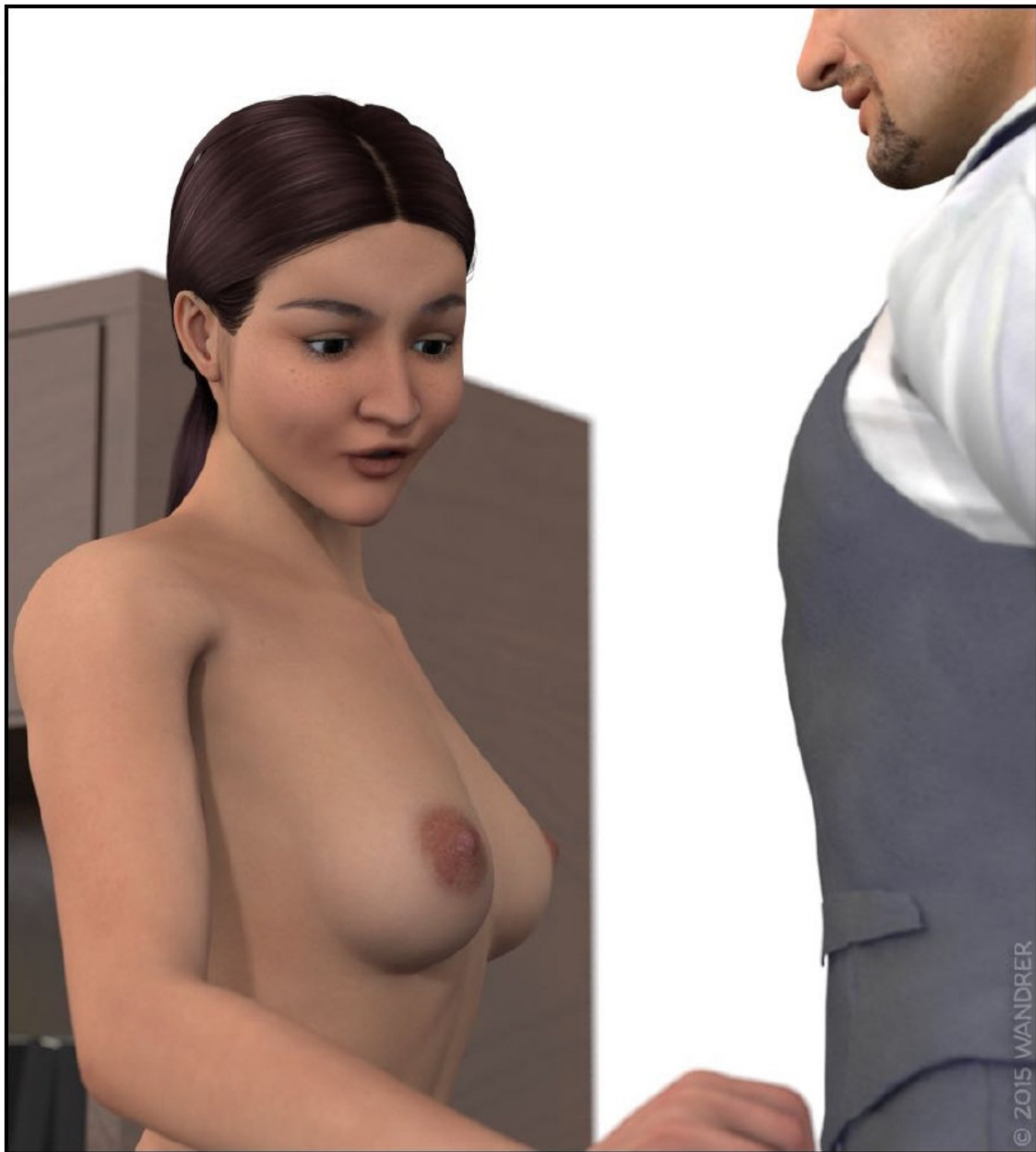
She began fumbling with his pants with her slick fingers, and then looked down, pouting.



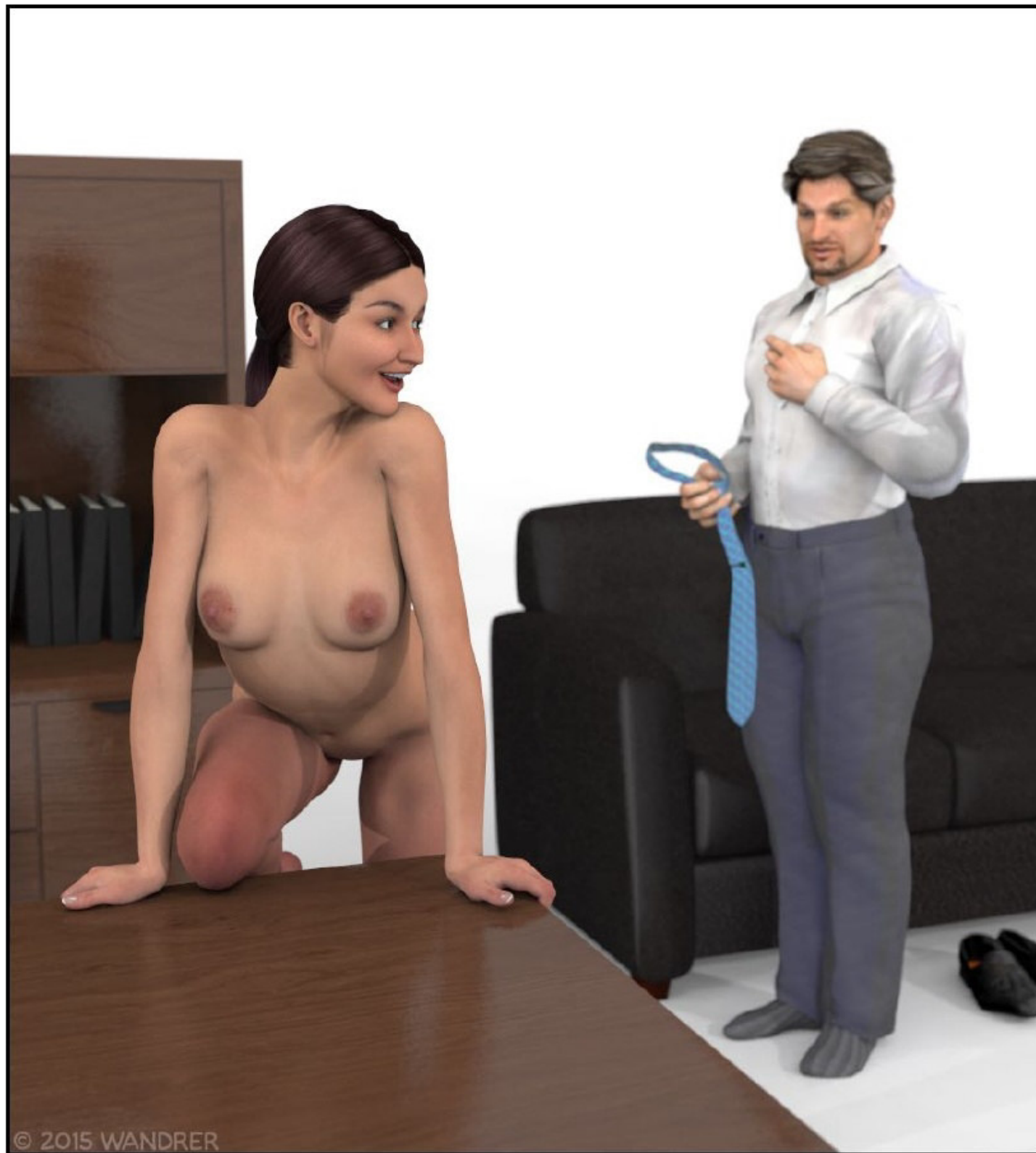
"s too hard..."

Dan tried to suppress a snicker that the poor girl couldn't figure out how to unbutton his pants, and just smiled at her.

"It's OK, I'll do it. Why don't you climb up on the desk there..."



Caitlyn let out another squeal of delight and started to clamber up on the desk, while Dan unbuttoned and slid down his pants, lifting his shirt off as well.



When he turned, he gasped in delight. The pretty young woman had climbed on the desk on all fours, and had herself curled up almost in a little ball, with her cute ass and very wet pussy tilted up towards him, invitingly.

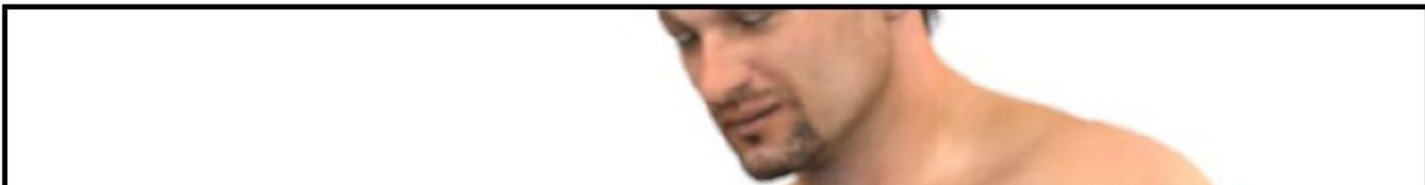


“Fuck Cay-Cay’s pussy! Fuck Cay-Cay,” she moaned.

Dan, his own conscious thoughts erased at the delicious sight, stumbled forward, grabbed the younger woman’s hips, and shoved his cock into her sopping cunt.



Caitlyn screamed in orgasm almost instantly, even as Dan began to fuck her, groaning himself. She was amazingly tight, and yet so slick that he slid in with ease until his balls bounced against her wet clit. The sounds she made while he was fucking her



“Unnnnnhhh,” she moaned wordlessly, legs and pussy trembling in post-orgasmic exhaustion, and then managed to breathe out, “More? Like - Cay-Cay more fucky?”

Dan swallowed, breathing hard.

“Well, Caitl...uh, Cay-Cay, I’m kind of spent,” at a vaguely inquisitive moan from the girl, Dan chuckled softly and revised his statement, “I don’t think Dan can fucky again right now...”

Caitlyn let out a pathetic whimper of disappointment that got a slightly objecting twitch from Dan’s cock.



“Unless...well...”

Caitlyn made an interested sound and with a moan, rolled over on the desk to look at him with bright, hopeful eyes, leaning back on her hands. Dan’s cock twitched in a reflection of her hope as he looked at her pretty young body on display with her legs spread wide, continuing to drip on the desk beneath her.



"I guess that's all right."

Suddenly, she blinked and said, in a soft, but perfectly clear and faintly robotic voice:

“Do you want to override?”

It was Dan’s turn to freeze and stare as she sat there with a robotic expression like his wife had that first day. Dan swallowed.

“Uh y-yes?”



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Almost as if it had never happened, Caitlyn's expression went back to her vapid dismay. But this

time, she let out another moan of disgust - and then began to lay down on the desk again.

Dan watched as she whimpered, and then finally rolled over onto her back - and stuck her face beneath his dripping cock. She whimpered softly, as though struggling with what to do.



With a smirk, Dan took the decision out of her hands, sliding his messy cock into her mouth. Caitlyn made a slight gagging noise of disgust as he began to slide his cock in and out of her mouth, but with soft whimpers, she began to lick and slurp at Dan's cock.

Dan moaned, beginning to harden again almost immediately at the sensation of her hesitant tongue. She continued taking him into her mouth with faintly disgusting moans, eliciting another moan - of nothing but delight - from Dan. She worked her mouth up and down his shaft, her tongue playing over his cock inside the warmth between her lips...



Finally she slid her mouth off of him - and he was rock hard once more. She moved back up into her sitting position on the edge of the desk and looked up at him with big pleading eyes.
"Fucky Cay-Cay?"



With a growl, Dan moved forward and grabbed his now dimwitted, slutty boss's legs and tilted her back onto the desk. Caitlyn let out a squeal of delight as she found herself on her back with Dan holding her ankles, followed by an even louder squeal of pleasure as he thrust himself once more inside her still-sloppy pussy.



It only took a couple of thrusts before she was cumming yet again.

Dan continued to thrust into her as she came down from yet another orgasm, moaning wordlessly, eyes unfocused. In truth, even as aroused as he was and as good as it felt - he realized he was fairly far from cumming himself. Sometimes the second time just took a while.



He might as well make her suck him again, he thought, sliding out of her pussy and eliciting an exhausted moan of disappointment from Caitlyn.



The tip of his cock slid down, followed by a rivulet of their combined slick fluids, settling against her puckered little asshole...

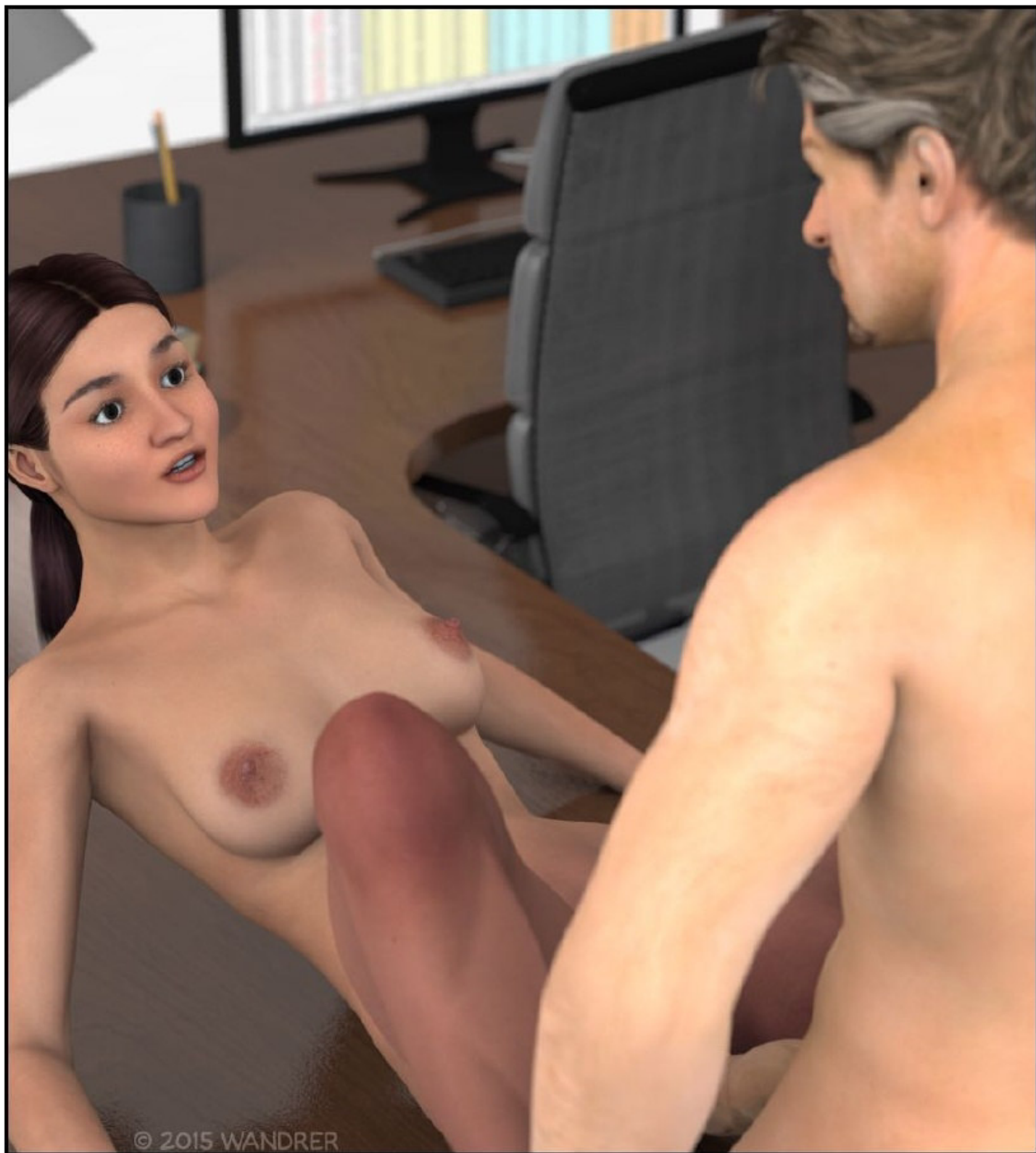


Caitlyn let out a faint moan of dismay, her feet kicking slightly as she tensed up.

Dan stared down at where his cock was pressed, heart pounding even harder. Could he...? He'd never fucked a girl there, as much as he wanted to try it. There was no way she would...

He pressed the tip of his cock at the twitching star of her anus. Caitlyn moaned in protest and then tensed.

"Do you want to override?"



Her voice came out slightly strained and hoarse this time, and she didn't quite manage to come out of her moaning state. Dan took a stunned deep breath, and then:

"Yes," he breathed.

Caitlyn relaxed into him, with another whine of dismay as she felt his cock pressing against her ass. Dan swallowed hard - and began to press his cock at the tight little star, using their dripping juices to lubricate her asshole.



Caitlyn groaned and grunted wordlessly - he wondered vaguely if she was actually still capable of speech - as he began to press the tip of his cock into her asshole. Good lord, it was *tight*. The sounds Caitlyn made were a mix of sobs and grunts of obvious discomfort, which made Dan feel oddly guilty...

"I don't want it to *hurt*," he murmured, "I want you to enjoy it...well, at least for it to feel good..."

"nnnnnggggg...unngggggg....do you nggg want to overrideunngggghhh?"

This time it came out in the midst of her pained grunts, so Dan almost missed it. He blinked.

"Yeah - I want it to feel good for you, even if you don't like it..."



Suddenly Caitlyn's moaning grunts took on a different tone - it was hard to tell if she was whining in pain or need now. She grunted as she pressed her asshole against his cock, her anus pushing against him as she bore down...

Suddenly his cock started to slide inside her ass.

They both groaned loudly in shocked pleasure and pain. Her poor little asshole was so tight around his cock it hurt him - but it felt so *good*. He slowly worked in and out, going deeper each time, drawing whines and moans from the poor girl as he worked his way into her tight ass...



Suddenly, with a totally new sound - a sort of whining, long low grunt - Caitlyn started to cum, hard. Dan growled in echo, feeling the pain and pleasure of her asshole clenching around his cock. Suddenly he felt a rush of warmth as she grunted and squealed - and looked down to see she was squirting all over his belly.

Dan let out a yell as he started cumming in Caitlyn's ass.



If his early orgasm was amazing, this one was mind blowing. The feeling of being inside her, along with the knowledge that he was fucking his younger boss in the ass, reduced to a mindless, moaning, cumming thing - the whole thing sent a searing bolt of pleasure through him as he sprayed cum inside her tight little asshole.



It seemed to go on forever - by the time he finally finished cumming, Caitlyn had also wound down and lay twitching and moaning faintly, eyes rolling up. He stepped back and grunted as he pulled his cock out of her stretched little asshole, eliciting a shuddering moan of pain and pleasure from the destroyed younger woman. When he let them go, her legs dangled limply, cum dribbling out of her ass and still a bit from her pussy to run down the side of her desk while she lay there, moaning and whimpering faintly, with no sign of being at all aware of her surroundings.



Dan fell back against the wall to catch his breath, and try to decide what to do next.

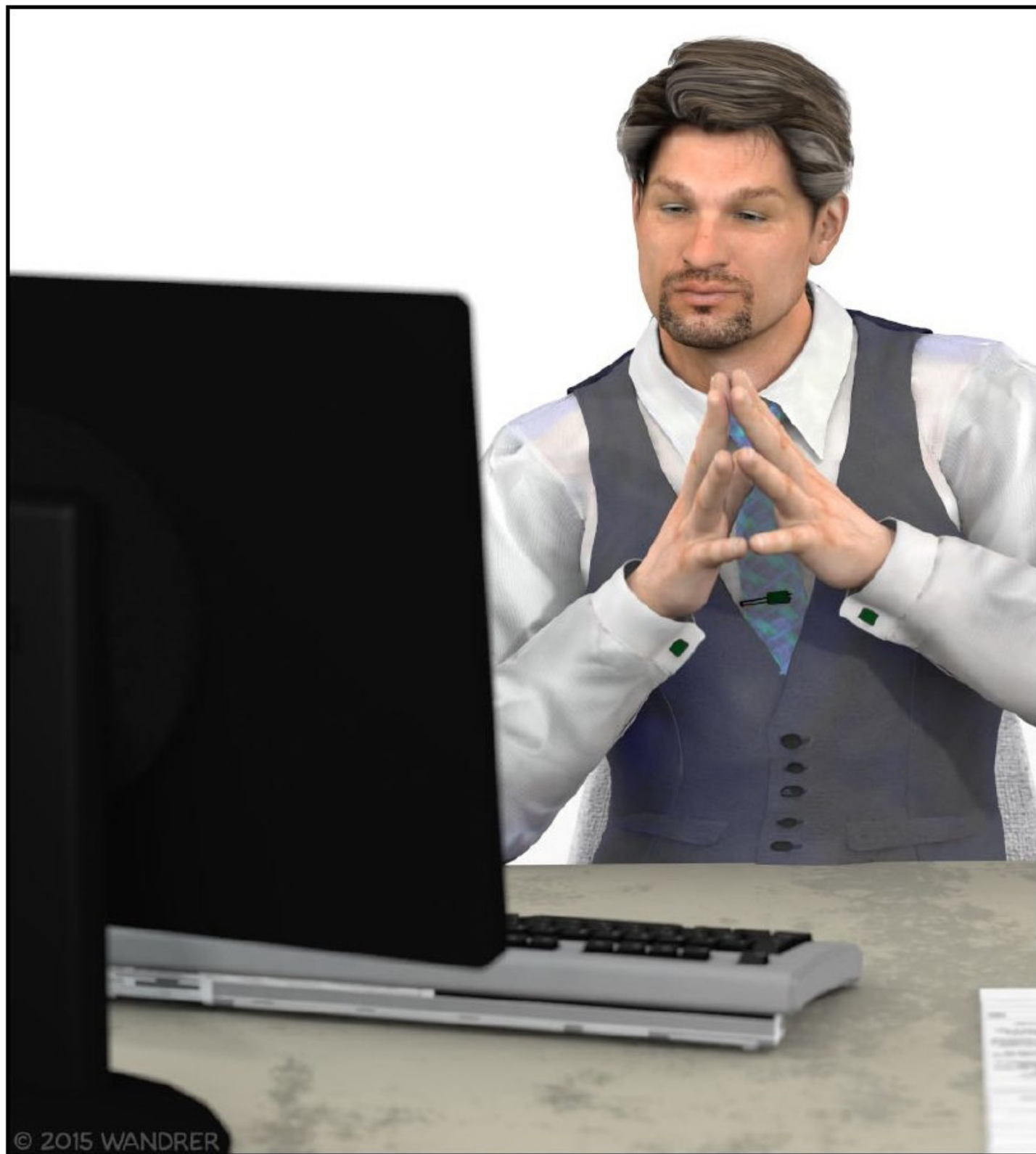
On the desk, his adorable boss - her brains quite literally fucked out - moaned and shuddered... and began to drool.



Exhausted, Dan slumped into his chair at his own desk. He'd left Caitlyn there, awake but seemingly little more than a moaning sex doll at this point, and gone to clean himself up in the bathroom. Thankfully, the office remained as empty as he'd expected - though it was getting late now and he should probably get home soon - Betsy should be home. But he wondered what he should do about Caitlyn-

"Dan...?"

Dan practically jumped out of his skin, and turned around.



Caitlyn was standing there. She was clothed again - although somewhat disheveled and carrying her heels, with a very dazed look on her face. Dan stared at her for a long moment.

“Uh...Caitlyn?”

“I...I’m feeling a little - funny,” she murmured, swaying a little, “I think I’m gonna get a cab home and get some rest before I fly out tomorrow.”

Dan glanced down - he could see small dribbles of cum rolling down her leg beneath her skirt. He swallowed.



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“O-OK...”

The pretty young woman turned and stumbled away looking slightly drunk. She absently reached back and rubbed her ass as she walked away.

Dan sat for several long minutes before getting up to go look in her office.

It was, all things considered, remarkably clean.

It still smelled intensely of sex, and he could see a few smears of cum and pussy juice on the side of her desk as well as several wet spots on the carpet. Even the dripping chair had been mostly cleaned off - though it still smelled intensely of her, and glistened slightly with wetness. Still - all things considered, it would be hard to tell anything had happened here once the smell faded. Clearly she'd gone into cleanup mode as soon as he was “done” - now he sort of wished he'd come back to watch that, he thought to himself.

Shaking his head once again in disbelief at everything that had happened, he sat back down at his desk to quickly do a few things before heading home to meet Betsy.

There he saw an email from his wife, and realized in the rush of the day he'd never even checked his personal email.

“Hey Sweetie,” it read, “I’m really sorry, but at the last minute they decided they needed me to stay a few more days. Maybe even the rest of the week. I’ll write you tomorrow. Love, Betsy.”

Dan slumped back in his chair with a soft laugh.



“A Grande Latte?”

Dan nodded and smiled tiredly at the pretty little barista at the coffee shop near his house, having stopped on the way home for a much-needed evening coffee after the day’s adventures. He always liked it when she was working, since she looked so much like a younger, more punk/hipster - not to mention significantly better endowed - version of Betsy and Dan’s longtime friend Jennifer, who Dan had always been more than a little attracted to.



She turned away and Dan watched her make the coffee in faint appreciation, enjoying the smattering of tattoos across her neck and shoulders - just imagining chaste, feminist Jennifer with those on her body. Though today he barely had the energy to really get all that much excitement up, not after...

Dan blinked as he realized what he was looking at.

He'd almost missed it, as it was red and not black.

But there, right in the middle of the nape of her neck, was the Mark.



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Even in his exhaustion his heart started to thud once more.

Then something tickled at his brain - and his eyes widened...

"You OK? You want this still, right?"

He realized the girl was standing, holding the coffee out to him with a questioning look on her face.

"Uh - yeah, sorry," he stammered, smiling wanly, "Long day. You know, I come here all the time and I never got your name - I'm Dan..."

The girl flashed a pretty smile briefly, with a small laugh.

"I'm Erica."

Dan nodded, and raised his cup in thanks before heading out the door.

He tried not to run in his rush get home and verify his memory.



When he entered his still-empty apartment, he immediately ran to his computer and brought up their digital photo album. The caffeine from the latte he'd sucked down far too quickly was already kicking in and he felt slightly jittery. Or maybe it was his body's general overstimulation combined with the tension of what he was hoping to find...

There. He started to sort through the pictures of Jennifer - quite a number of them over the years, but there was one in particular he was looking for, from just under a year ago, where he thought he remembered...

There it was. A picture of Betsy, Anna, and Jennifer - and Maya, ironically, though she wasn't usually part of that group of friends. The picture was from back when he was dating Anna, before he and Betsy - well.

Betsy was clearly giggling at something that Anna had said. Given how things had ended with Anna, and exactly how much his old girlfriend hated the two of them, it was hard to imagine that now. But back then, of course, Betsy, Anna, and Jennifer had been inseparable.

And - Jennifer. There she was. But - dammit. It wasn't there, at least as far as he could see.

Dan scowled - he could have sworn...

Wait, wasn't there a more recent picture? That party a month ago. Where was it?



He drew a shuddering breath as he brought the photo up on his laptop, and then let out a short, sharp laugh.

He couldn't believe it.

The picture was one of Jennifer at a bar chatting with Betsy (and Maya again, surprisingly). Jennifer was looking back over her shoulder, the two of them clearly engaged in conversation.

And there - on the opposite shoulder from Maya, but still quite clearly visible, was a now-familiar black, triangle shaped tattoo.

Jennifer was Marked.

Dan sat back against the chair, his heart pounding with excitement as ideas slowly began to take form...





TO BE CONTINUED...