

TRADITION⁴



*written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWork*

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Dan paced back and forth in the kitchen, trying to calm himself down, but his heart was again racing in anticipation. When he'd first started this whole thing, he could never imagine it might come to this - even in his wildest fantasies about where this whole thing was headed.

He was counting his lucky stars that Betsy was still stuck in London on this project. If she'd come home last night he had no idea when he'd have had a chance to do this - or even if he'd have been brave enough to try it. But once he'd gotten her email and found that picture of Jennifer...

He still couldn't quite believe it.

He'd known Jennifer longer than Betsy - in fact, he'd known Jennifer longer than *she'd* known Betsy - he and Jennifer had been friends since high school, though Jennifer was a little older than Dan. He'd had quite an intense (and completely unrequited) crush on her back then, though they'd drifted apart over the years - only to end up reconnecting when he'd run into her at a party he'd gone to with Nancy...which was actually also the party where he'd met Betsy for the first time.

And now...

He'd called in sick today - partly to avoid having to see Caitlyn, but mostly so he could take some time to think about what he wanted to do next. He'd spent some time browsing Erica's profile while thinking about what he wanted to do. Hers was... interesting. It covered a fairly broad range of options, he found, while others were surprisingly off limits - and he grimaced when he realized his "overrides" didn't seem to be working any longer. Still - her profile left plenty of room for him to think about.



After a while, with hands shaking from pent up excitement, he went to look at Jennifer's profile.

By contrast, hers was incredibly basic in what it allowed. Which was somewhat fitting for Jennifer - she had always been both very vanilla from what little he knew of her sex life, and was also aggressively feminist in her outlook. She'd always had something of a preference for meek men, since she always had to be in charge. He looked at her options with a sigh.

And then grinned in surprise as he looked at the menu again, and realized that with Jennifer, the overrides seemed to work just fine. Whatever the problem with them was seemed to be particular to Erica. But between Erica's options and a few overrides for Jennifer...

Finally, after over an hour of tweaking and a quite significant number of overrides on Jennifer (how many of those did he have available? he wondered), Dan sat back staring at what he'd put together. It actually was pretty simple when he looked at it - and left a lot of room for interpretation on Erica's part. Would it work the way he wanted?

Only one way to find out.

He clicked submit.

And now, once again, here he was, nervously waiting for the impossible. He glanced over at the wine, toying with getting a glass to calm his nerves, not for the first time. But he wanted to have his full faculties to enjoy what he hoped was coming. He glanced over into the living room, imagining what Jennifer's reaction would be when she got in there...

He jumped, again, as the doorbell rang. And turned to answer it with a gulp. There, in the doorway, was Jennifer.



“Hey Dan - you said you wanted to talk about something?”

“Uh - yeah, come on in.”

He stood aside as she walked in, as usual, as if she owned the place. His eyes traced her slender body under her tank top, down over the slightly wide curve of her ass beneath her skirt and down her tan legs to her platform sandals. He shivered with barely-suppressed arousal, and closed the door, also fighting down a chuckle at the similarities between Jennifer's entrance and Maya's.

“Is Betsy home?”

“Actually, no, she's not,” he said, as he followed Jennifer into the apartment, “She's out of town for work still.”

“Huh - I was wondering why I hadn't heard from her. When is she...”

Jennifer's voice trailed off as she stopped and stared at what awaited them in the living room.

“What...who,” she said in a strangled voice, a horrified look on her face.



Sitting on the ottoman next to the couch, hidden from view until Jennifer had gotten all the way into the room, was Erica. She sat upright in the chair, a faint smile on her face which otherwise stared off into space robotically.

Though what Jennifer was reacting to most strongly was, probably, her outfit.

Erica was dressed in an *extremely* slutty outfit. Her skirt was so short that when standing her panties would still be visible - if she had been wearing any. As it was, while sitting down her pussy was quite nicely on display for anyone to see. Her thin, tight shirt barely restrained her large breasts, leaving very little to the imagination up top - especially given that her nipples were quite visibly hard. She wore quite a bit of makeup, as well as slutty, spiky heels to complete the ensemble.



Jennifer's eyes bugged out as she stared at her slutty doppelgänger, and even more so when Erica spoke.

"I am Jenbot," she said in a pleasant, faintly robotic voice.

"What...what is this," Jennifer managed to choke out, still staring at Erica.

"I am Jenbot," Erica repeated, "I am built for pleasure and service."

"Is...is this some kind of sick joke? She - she looks just like me?! What the fuck?"

"Would you like to fuck? I am extremely proficient with both men and women."

Jennifer made a disgusted noise, and whirled to glare at Dan - not realizing that she'd moved slightly closer to "Jenbot".

"Did - did you do this? This - this is sick, Dan!"



Dan shrugged.

“That is it - I am leaving, and telling your wife about this sick joke - or whatever this is.”

Jennifer turned towards the door - and Erica's hand jumped out and grabbed hers. Jennifer let out a squeal, yanking her hand back.

“OWWW!! What the - she shocked me! That hurt! OK, that's it...”

With a final angry glare at Dan, Jennifer started to stalk towards the door, still shaking her hand.



“Stop,” Erica said, in her flat voice.

Jennifer suddenly pulled up short. She blinked in confusion for a moment, then looked down at her feet in dismay.

“What...what the - why can't I move?”

Erica stood stiffly and turned to walk towards Jennifer, her stride somehow robotic and sexily feminine at the same time. Jennifer was continuing to stare down at herself in increasingly panicked frustration, not noticing the other “woman” walking towards her until Erica was just a couple of feet away. Jennifer looked up to see the faintly smiling woman striding towards her. Jennifer leaned back but found herself unable to move away, in spite of the fact that she clearly wanted to. Her eyes flickered between fury and fear.

“Stay away from me, you crazy bitch! I don't know what the fuck is going on, but come closer and I swear I'll...”

“Master, would you like me to switch to one of my personas now? I would recommend either Cindy the bimbo or Erica the dominatrix.”

“This is - this is disgusting! Dan, what is wrong with you?! Let me go right now, or I'll...”

“I think let's go with Erica,” Dan said, voice thick with arousal. He sat on the couch, fascinated to watch the scenario he'd outlined in such detail unfolding - and he knew that they were now getting to the parts where things were more open-ended. He'd put in the two options for Erica's “persona” as he couldn't decide, but now, seeing both of them and listening to Jennifer's strident tones, the “Erica” choice seemed far more appealing.



The effect on Erica was immediate and quite enjoyable to watch. Her expression shifted from pleasant and robotic to a sultry, smirking expression as she stared at Jennifer. Her stance changed as well, shifting to one hand on her hip as she leaned to the side sexily.

“Mmmmm...that’s much better,” she said in a low, throaty growl filled with sex and menace, “Now that Erica is here, why don’t we see what we should do with our surly little friend Jennifer.”

“Dan, stop this right now!” Jennifer yelled, though her voice cracked with a hint of fear.

“Oh stop yelling,” Erica said, moving sexily towards Jennifer, “And don’t worry about Dan for now - we’ll get back to him later. Right now it’s my turn to play with you.”

At Erica’s instruction, Jennifer suddenly seemed to forget about Dan entirely - which was fine by him for the moment, as fascinated as he was by what was happening. He watched as she turned her fury entirely towards her smiling doppelgänger.



"If you take one step closer to me, I swear I will pop you one, you crazy bitch," Jennifer said, snarling angrily.

Erica's eyes flashed with something nasty.

"You know, that's the second time you've called me bitch...I think we'll keep that in mind for later. But for the moment - you could never do anything to hurt me, Jennifer."

"Oh yeah, just try me!"

"In fact...why don't we give the boss a little show while I think of what I want to do with you? When I kiss you, you're just going to melt, aren't you Jennifer?"

"WHAT!? You're insane! I'd never kiss a girl - and certainly not you! That's disgusting, I - stay back or I swear I'll...I'll..."

As the grinning Erica stepped closer, Jennifer's hand balled up into a fist, making her intentions quite clear - but she looked down at her hand with that same look of betrayal she'd given her feet before, as it stayed where it was, trembling.



“Why can't I...”

“Mmmm...yes...when my lips touch yours, you'll be overwhelmed with passion for me - it will be all you can think about. As long as we are kissing, the hornier and more aroused you will become...”

Jennifer looked up again to find that Erica was just inches away now. Jennifer recoiled as best she could, but nearly all of her anger had been replaced by confused fear at her inability to make her body do what she wanted.





“Wait...don’t...please,” Jennifer whimpered, trying to turn away. But Erica continued to lean in until Jennifer couldn’t lean further away, and touched her lips to Jennifer’s...



The effect was stunning and immediate as Jennifer made one final sob of disgust - and then her eyes went wide, and suddenly she was kissing Erica back, frantically.



She began to moan and whimper into Erica's mouth as she kissed the larger-breasted version of herself with increasing abandon. For her part, Erica kissed back, seemingly enjoying herself as Jennifer's mewls of excitement grew louder. It was pretty clear that their tongues were entwined as Jennifer began to grow increasingly aggressive in her advances towards Erica, despite her earlier protests against ever kissing a girl.



Dan watched with amazement as Jennifer wrapped her arms around Erica, starting to rub up against her as her hands roamed over the other girl's back - and started moving downward.



As Jennifer began to grab at Erica's ass - eliciting a moan of delight from Erica - Erica moved her leg forward to press against Jennifer's crotch. Jennifer made another sobbing sound - this time of excitement - and began to move her hips slightly, starting to grind against Erica's leg.



Suddenly, with a cruel grin, Erica pulled her lips from Jennifer, pushing the frantic other woman away slightly. For a moment, Jennifer fought her, gasping with obvious arousal and trying to lean back in to kiss her again...



...and then suddenly her eyes widened as her face screwed up in horror at what she'd been doing.

"OH GOD!" she sobbed, rubbing her mouth on her arm, "What did you do to me?! I - I can't believe I...you made me..."

Jennifer was gasping for breath, clearly incredibly aroused - made embarrassingly obvious by her extremely hard nipples poking through her bra-less tank top.

"Did I really make you do anything?" Erica asked innocently, "You seemed awfully enthusiastic there..."

"What have you done to me?!"



Erica snickered.

“You felt that little shock earlier? Well, Jennifer, that put you completely under my control - forever. Anything I tell you to do from now on, you will do.”

Jennifer stared in horror and disbelief.

“That’s - that’s impossible,” she breathed, hoarsely.

“Impossible? Well, I supposed it is possible that you were just overwhelmed with lust by my kiss - I do have that effect...”

Erica ignored Jennifer’s choked sob of disgust.

“...but perhaps a more thorough example is needed, what do you think, Jenny?”

Jennifer jerked at that - she had always hated the diminutive form of her name.

“Don’t call me that!”

“What - Jenny?” Erica said, looking genuinely surprised at the girl’s vehemence. A slow smile spread over her lips, “You don’t like the name Jenny?”

This was greeted with a snarl.

“Hmmm...in that case...I think that’s your name from now on. In fact, from now on you can only refer to yourself in the third person, as ‘Jenny’. That should be fun.”

Jennifer stared for a moment, and then laughed again in disbelief.

“That is the most ridiculous thing Jenny has ever heard. If you think Jenny is going to...to...”

Jennifer’s voice trailed off as she realized what she had said. She swallowed, and tried again.

“Jenny isn’t going to...oh god, why can’t Jenny...stop it! Jenny doesn’t want to call herself Jenny! Jenny hates the name Jenny! Jenny sounds like...like...”



Jennifer - now Jenny - stared at Erica who had started giggling, and was now laughing quite hard at poor Jenny's new speech patterns. Jenny's face darkened with fury.

"Stop it! Shut up! Stop laughing at Jenny, you sick bitch!"

Suddenly Erica's laughter stopped, and she stared at Jenny with a nasty smirk.

"You know, that's the third time you've called me that - and I don't like it. In fact, I think we all know who the real bitch is here...and from now on I think that's exactly what you'll be. Let's start slow though - you can move again, but only like the puppy-bitch that you are."

Jenny stepped back suddenly, her leaning away from Erica finally putting her off balance enough that she had to shuffle her feet - and her eyes widened as she realized that she could, indeed, move!



She turned to run from the smirking woman in front of her - but made a squawk of surprise as she stumbled, and then fell to the floor.



She made a surprised whimper and pulled herself up onto all fours - and stopped. Jenny knelt on all fours looking confused for a moment, and then started to spin around, her confusion giving way to panic as she moved this way and that, trying to stand - but unable to do so.



“What - what is going on? Jenny can't...why can't Jenny remember how to stand up?! <sob> What is wrong with Jenny?!”

Erica giggled, watching the horrified woman crawl around on the floor. Jenny looked up at Erica, face flickering between anger and fear, and then finally she gave into the fear, admitting what was happening to her was real.



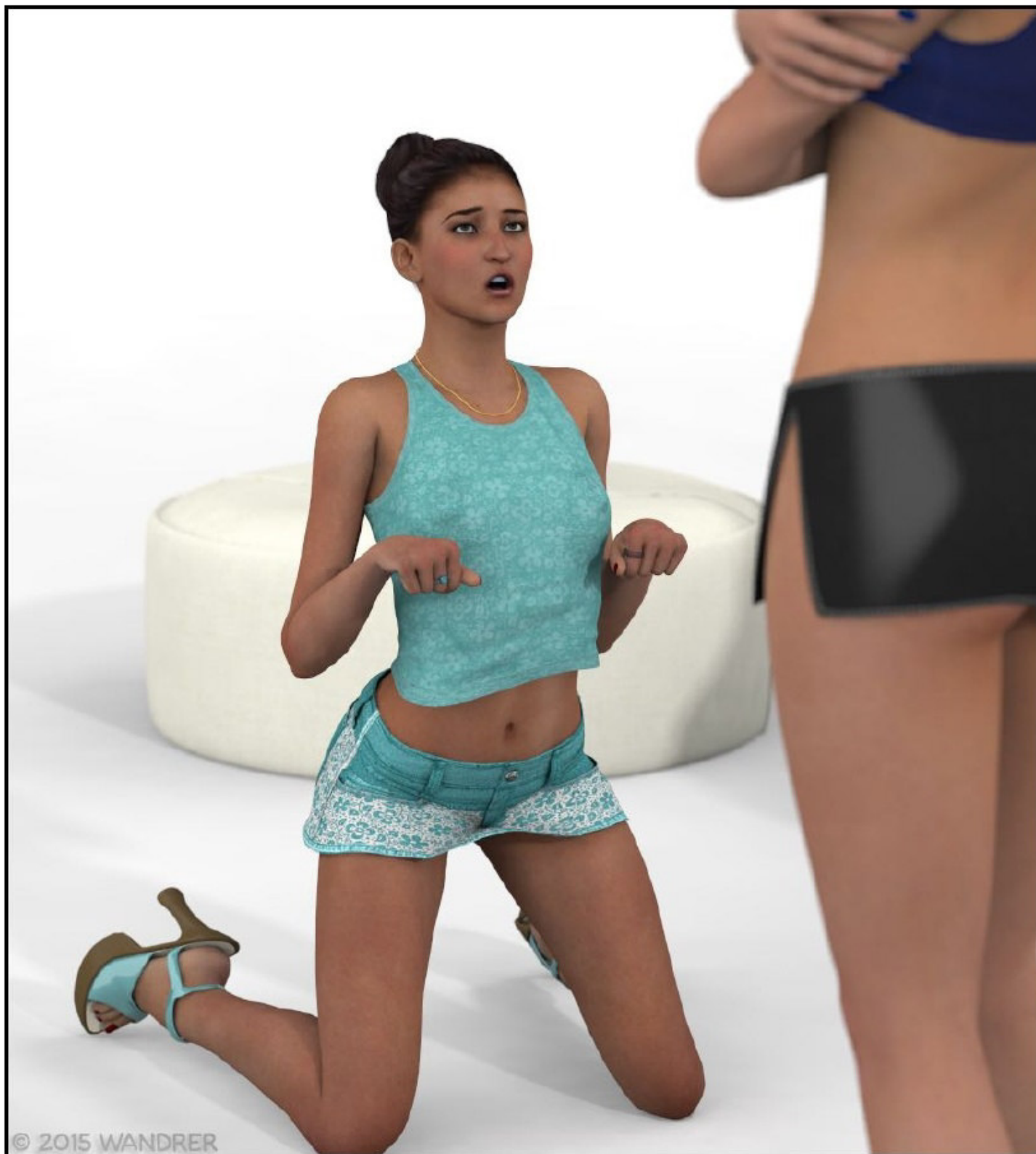
Finally, pure terror overrode Jennifer's anger and she looked up at Erica with pleading eyes, falling back onto her knees.

"Please," she begged, "Please let Jenny stand up! Jenny is sorry she called you a bitch! Jenny didn't mean it!"

Erica burst out laughing.

"Oh that's delightful! And you don't even realize that you are doing it!"

Jenny looked confused for a moment - and then slowly realized the position that she was in. As she had started to plead with Erica, she had automatically fallen back onto her haunches - and lifted her hands up in front of her like paws, in a classic "dog begging" pose.



Jenny blushed furiously with humiliation at what she was doing, and dropped her hands to the floor between her legs - not realizing that she was still in quite a dog-like position. But Erica's laughter was enough to bring Jenny's ferocity back to the front, even as her eyes welled with embarrassed tears.

"Shut up! Stop laughing at Jenny! This isn't funny! This is sick! Let Jenny go!"

"You know," Erica giggled, ignoring Jenny's outburst, "You'd look much cuter if you were panting like a dog, I think..."



Jenny's angry yelling was cut off as suddenly her tongue unrolled to stick out of her mouth and she began panting loudly just like a dog would. Her expression once again became horrified as she realized what she was doing. Before she could say anything else, however, Erica continued.

"I think we should try some doggie commands now, what do you think?"

"F-Fuck you! <pant pant pant> Jenny won't do anything you <pant pant pant> tell me, you -"

Jenny was clearly struggling to speak around the order to pant, and growing more frustrated. But Erica cut her off before she could finish her sentence.

"Oh no - you don't get to use that word again to describe anyone else. In fact, not only do you have to obey commands just like the bitch you are, but you will react - and feel! - just like a submissive dog from now on, to anything anyone tells you. Like the fact that you are being a BAD GIRL!"



Erica yelled that last bit at Jenny - and the change to the woman was shocking. Her eyes went wide as she cringed away and let out a strangled whine of misery - and then fell to the floor, prostrating herself pathetically in front of Erica as the woman leaned over her with her hands on her hips, just like a submissive dog would to its owner. And then she began to speak.

Or rather - to whine.

"Jenny is sorry," Jenny whimpered and sobbed pathetically, her bottom up in the air, "Jenny is so sorry Jenny will be good Jenny doesn't want to be a bad girl Jenny is so sorry Jenny -"



Jenny paused as the sound of something wet dripping onto the ground behind her filled the room - and her eyes went wide with horror as she flushed in utter mortification.



“Oh god,” she said in a strangled moan of humiliated horror as she realized what had happened.

Erica blinked in surprise and walked around to look at Jenny’s upthrust ass - and her hands flew to her mouth in a combination of shock and delight.

“Oh my god!” Erica giggled, “You - you peed yourself!”

In fact that was exactly what had happened. Told to act like a submissive dog, Jenny - a longtime dog owner - had done exactly what a truly submissive dog would do when castigated by her master like this. She had peed in submission, through her panties and dripping onto the floor. Though she managed to stifle it once she realized - horrified - what she was doing, she had still dripped a little puddle between her legs.

Jenny let out a sob of humiliation, still laying on the floor.

“I wonder what Dan thinks of you right now? A submissive little bitch who pees herself like that?”



At the mention of Dan, Jenny's eyes went wide - and she suddenly realized he was sitting on the edge of the couch, watching her utter humiliation with a fascinated expression. Jenny let out another sob and looked up at him angrily.

"D-Dan! <pant pant pant> How can you let her <pant pant pant> do this to Jenny?!"

Dan just stared at her, swallowing hard. Erica's depraved scenario had opened a previously unknown well of fetishes in Dan's head, and he was almost overwhelmed with arousal.

"You know," Erica said, ignoring Jenny's pleas again, and standing over Jenny's prostrate form thoughtfully, "We'll need to clean this up. And I think I know just the thing to use for it. After all, a dog doesn't wear clothes...they must feel so uncomfortable..."

Jenny's face screwed up in horror again as she looked up at Dan.

"No <pant pant pant> wait, please <pant pant pant> not in front of...oh god..."



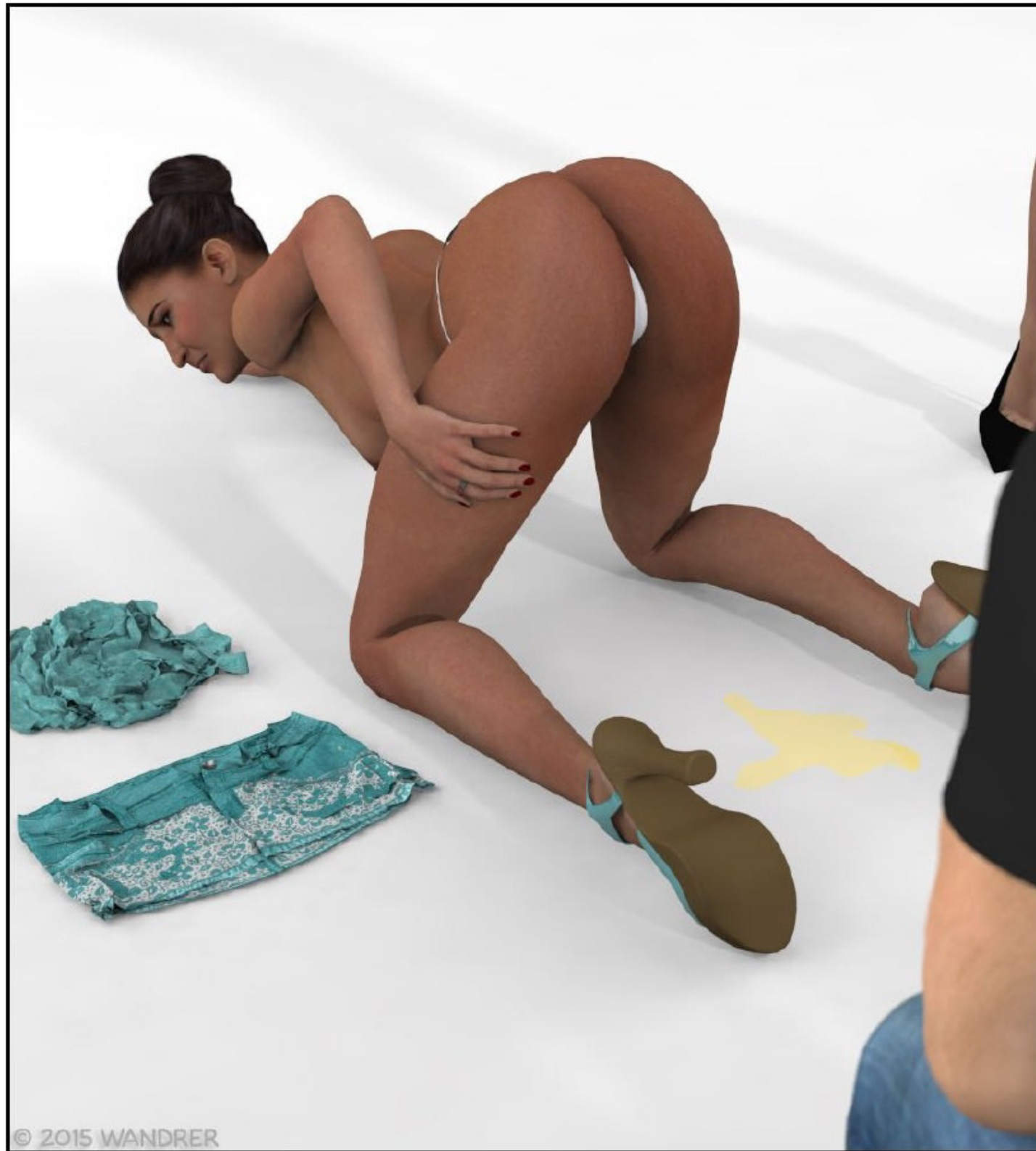
Jenny let out a strangled moan - and then suddenly rolled over and began to tear at her clothes, horrified eyes watching Dan watching her. Since she was lightly clothed, it didn't take long for her to get them off.



Since she was lightly clothed, it didn't take long for her to get them off.



She frantically tugged off her tank top and then began to wrestle her skirt off...



...followed last by her disgustingly wet panties.



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Finally, she sat there for a moment gasping with relief at getting those nasty, nasty clothes off of her. Before she remembered that Dan was watching her, and hung her head, blushing with humiliation.

Dan just stared at Jenny, in all her naked glory. Years of longing made his head spin with lust as he saw her nude for the first time. Her small breasts with their very hard nipples, the tuft of black curls between her tan legs.

Dan wanted her so badly it hurt.

Erica was far from finished, however.



“Good job - now use those nasty human clothes to clean yourself and your mess up and you can be done with them for good.”

Jenny whimpered - and grabbed her tank top. She seemed to struggle for a moment, and then with another whimper, she put it between her legs and began to wipe herself with it. Dan saw her shudder as it touched her there, and realized with surprise that Jenny was actually aroused.

She quickly pulled it away and then, with another whimper, piled her clothes over the puddle she had left - using them to soak up her own pee.



She sat back on her haunches with her back to Dan, panting and looking miserable as Erica stood in front of her.

She was gorgeous even from behind, as she sat there panting and naked, small breasts heaving with each breath, head hanging in humiliation.

"Please," she whimpered, "Please let Jenny go..."

"Now why on earth would I do that?" Erica said, looking delighted with herself, "You're finally turning into such a good dog!"

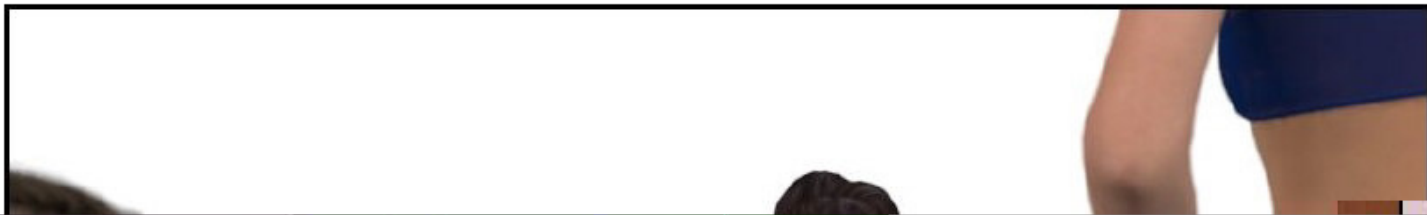
A brief flicker of a smile tugged at Jenny's mouth at that - and then reverted to misery and a slightly confused look.

"Let's show Dan how obedient you are, shall we? Jenny, Beg!"



Jenny sat up and pulled her hands up into the pose from earlier, a horrified look on her face. Somehow the position was even more humiliating now that she was naked.

“Turn and Down!”



Jenny pivoted and then fell forward. Dan drew a shuddering breath as he found himself treated to the glorious sight of her ass and pussy tilted up towards him. He glanced up to find Erica grinning at him, clearly pleased with his reaction. "Roll over!"



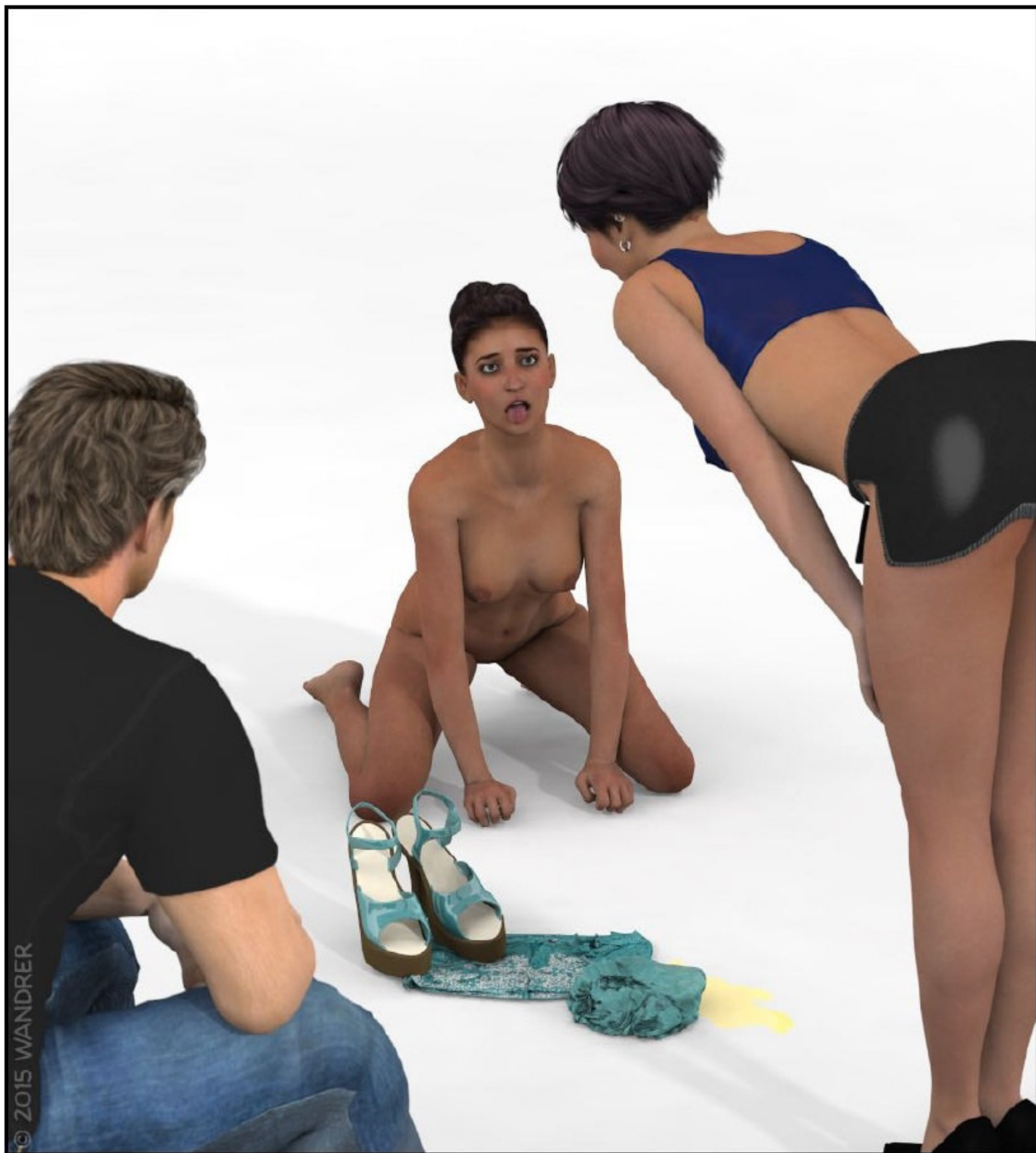
With a whimper, Jenny rolled over onto her back, her arms and legs up in the air in a submissive dog pose, as Dan was treated to an equally glorious view of her front, her flat belly and small breasts...

Erica let her lay there for a moment, trembling and then:

“Sit!”



Jenny let out another small sob, and wrestled herself up into a sitting position - this time facing Dan. He stared at her in fascinated lust, while she looked back at him with humiliated eyes, tongue out as she panted.



“Speak!”

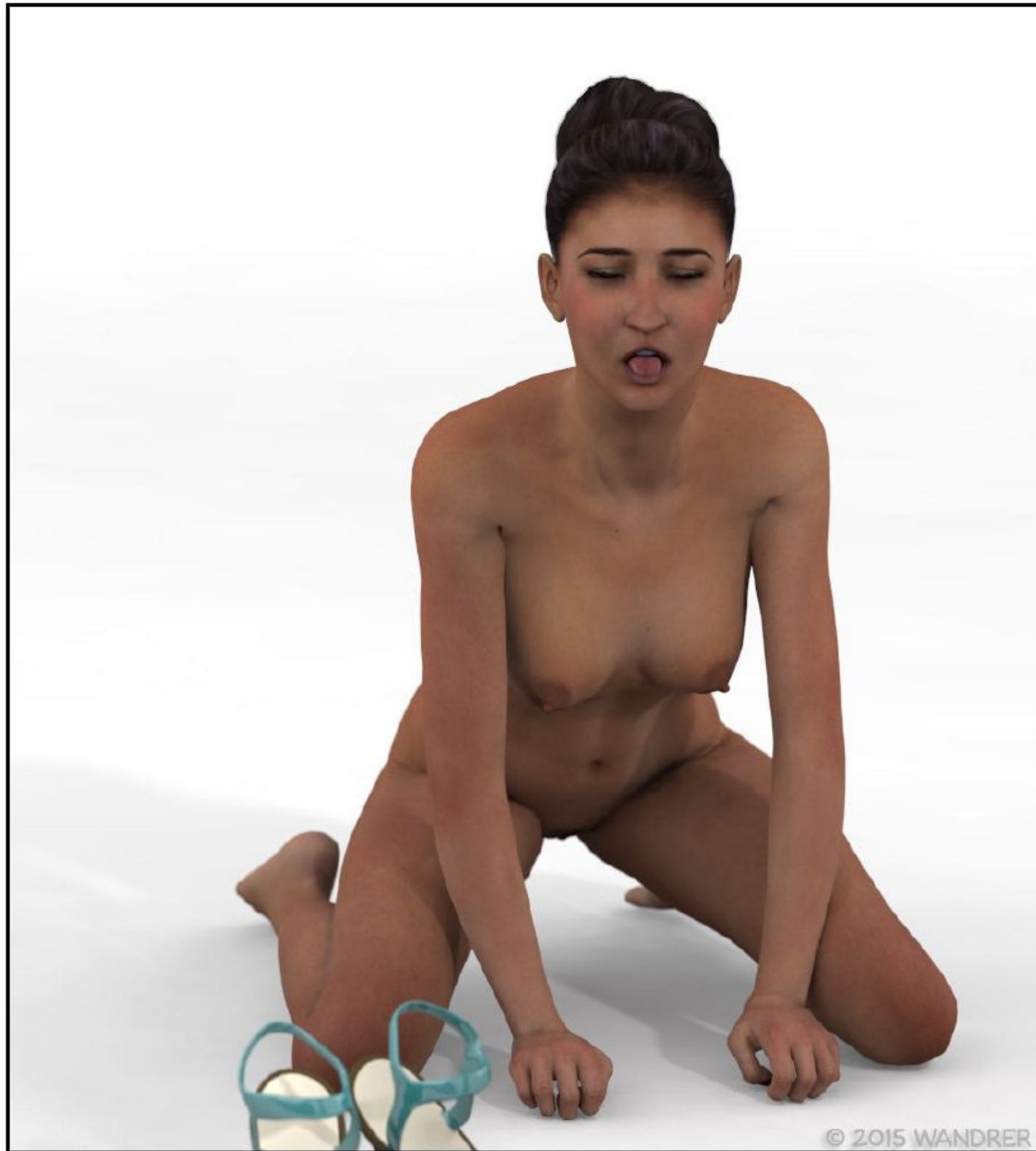
“ARF!”

Without thinking, Jennifer let out a loud, surprisingly realistic sounding bark - and then looked, if possible, even more mortified, blushing furiously. She seemed to be getting ready to say something else but Erica beat her to it with the next command.



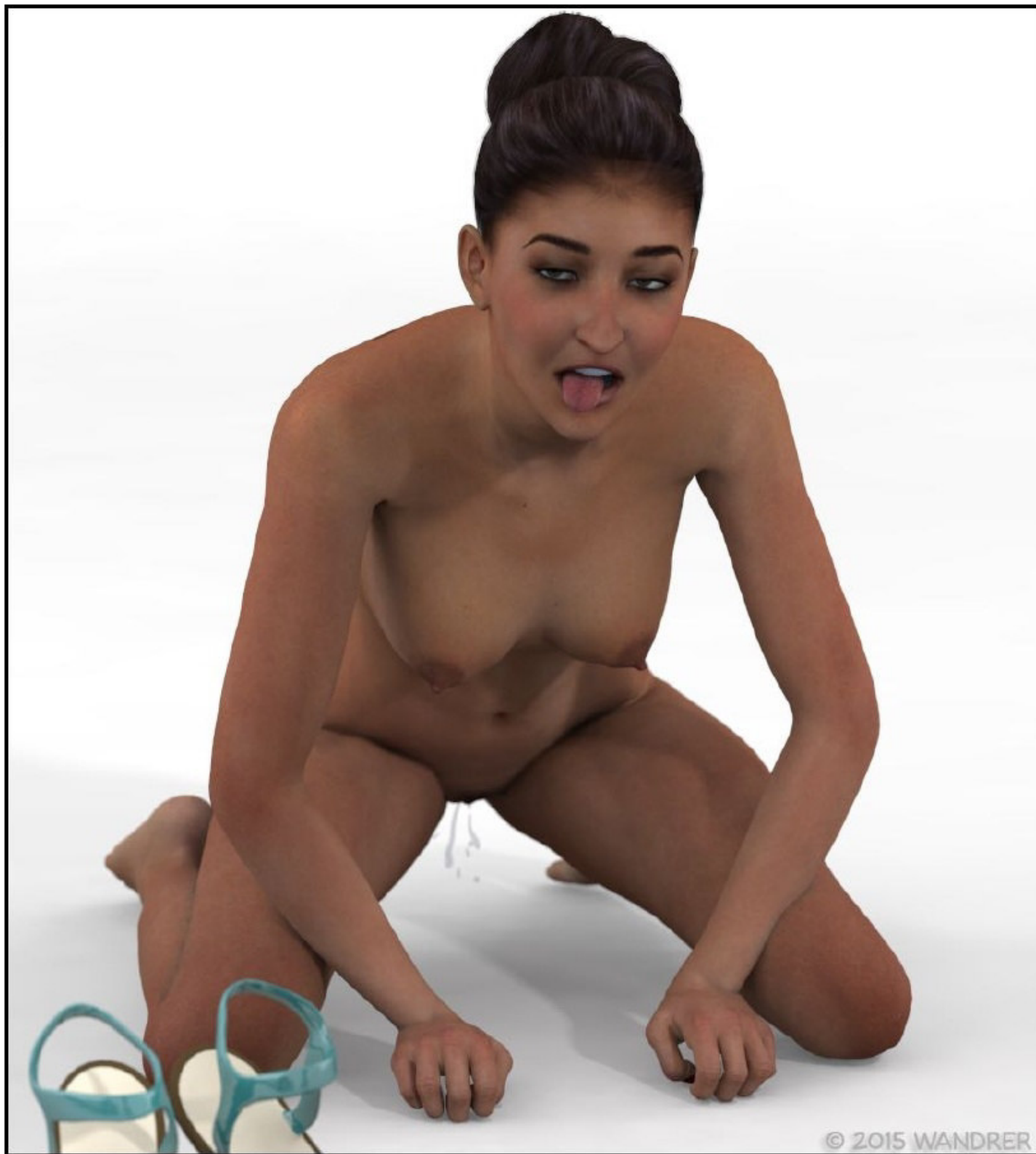
“Jenny, Come!”

Jenny’s reaction was clearly unexpected by everyone. Rather than turning to go to Erica as the other woman had clearly intended, Jenny’s eyes flickered closed, and she began to gasp. Her stomach began to tense up, rhythmically, and her hips began to twitch.



“Wh-what,” she managed to gasp out, “J-
Jenny - wh-oh oh ohhh! OHHH! UHH! UNNHHH!
UNNHHH!! UNNHHH!!!!”

Her gasps rapidly rose and turned into
increasingly high pitched whimpers and then squeals
as her hips jerked, her eyes opening again - as
Jenny had what was clearly a stunningly powerful
orgasm, struggling to keep her eyes open while Dan
watched her with a shocked expression.



As she finally wound down into stunned gasps and whimpers as her body trembled with aftershocks, Dan glanced down.

Between her legs was a clear puddle of a quite different liquid than before.

Erica, looking just as surprised, walked over around Jennifer to stare down at the shaking, naked woman, and let out another giggle.

“Oh my god - did you just cum when called? You really *are* a horny little bitch, aren't you?”

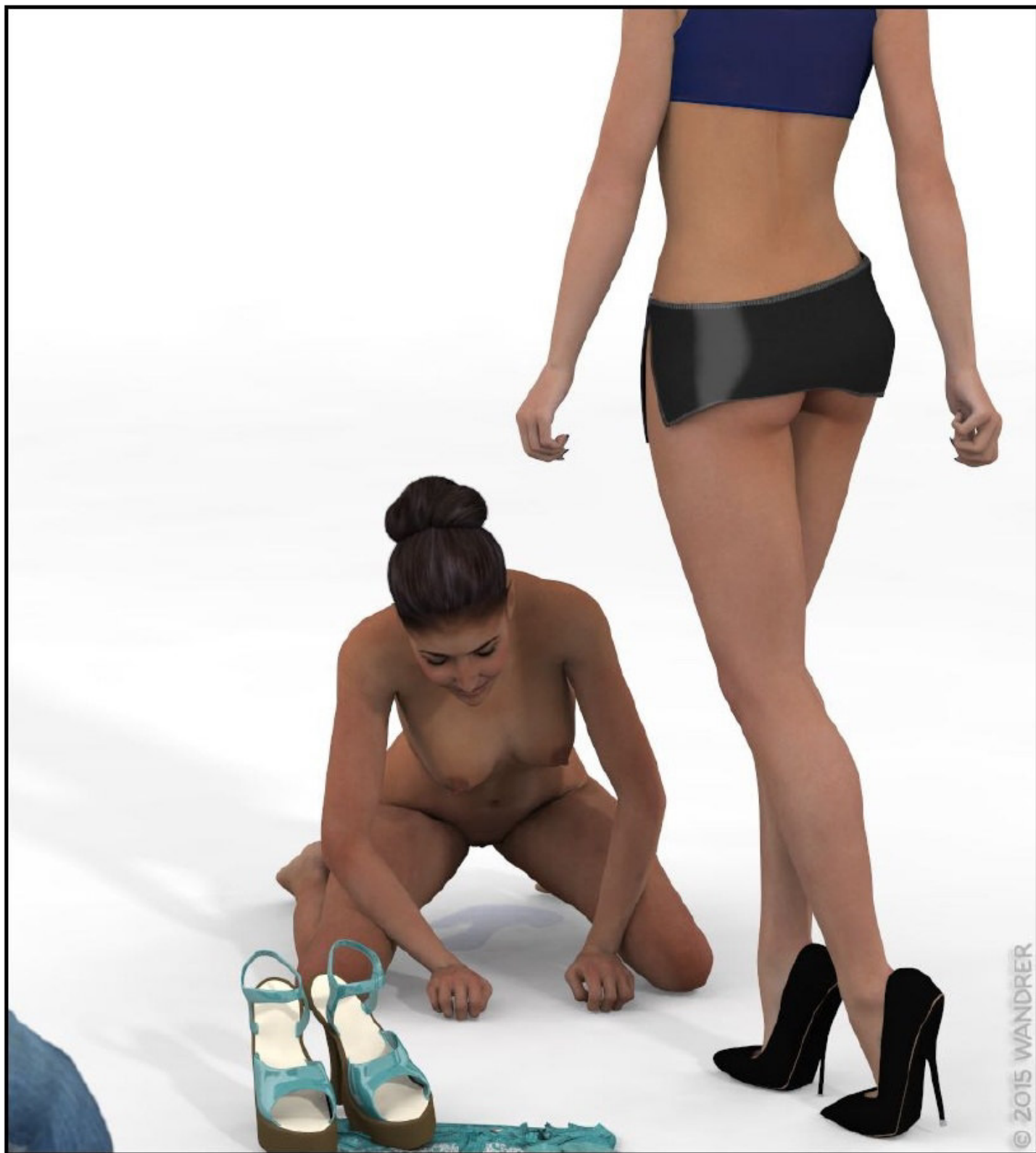


Jenny blushed furiously and tried to glare up at Erica, though it was ruined by another post-orgasmic shudder and whimper. She dropped her head in shame.

Erica scowled playfully down at Jenny.

“Well, that is fun, but still - it is not at all fair that you got to have your fun before your mistress or our owner, is it?”

Dan’s cock twitched at the labels applied by Erica to the two of them.



“And now,” Erica said huskily, stepping closer to Jennifer so that her hips were just inches from the kneeling girl’s head, “You’ve gone and gotten me even more hot and bothered than I already was! I’ll bet with that doggy sense of smell you can smell it, can’t you?”



Jenny looked genuinely confused for a moment, even as at Erica's suggestion she sniffed the air without realizing what she was doing. And then her face screwed up in disgust as the smell of Erica's arousal hit her and she pulled away.

"Oh my god," Jenny said in a strangled voice, "That's - that's disgusting!"

"Oh, come now, Jenny," Erica breathed, "As a human you may have found the idea disgusting - but a good little bitch knows that smell means her mistress is excited, and she needs to do something about it, doesn't she?"

Jenny began to shake, utterly horrified, and clearly fighting Erica's suggestion of what she wanted her to do. She whimpered in horror.

"Please...no...Jenny won't...you can't make her..."



Erica looked slightly surprised.

“Wow - you **really** hate the idea of that, don't you? After everything we've done, this is the one thing that so humiliates you that you're able to fight it? Amazing. Well I wouldn't want to take that away from you, you being so disgusted by it and all...”

Jenny looked faintly hopeful at Erica's comment - which was quickly dashed as she continued.

“It's just too bad that a good bitch like you **loves** that smell so much...”

Jenny's eyes went wide with horror - but her nostrils flared as she took a deep breath and then another, shuddering.

“...and that the smell makes you crave the taste so desperately, even if you don't know what it tastes like yet...”



Jenny let out a sobbing whimper, still sniffing the air in deep breaths - and suddenly her stomach growled. She shuddered and whimpered - and started to lean closer, her nose a scant inch from the front of Erica's barely-there skirt.



“Please...don't make Jenny...” she whined.



“I’m not making you do anything, Jenny,” Erica breathed, “I’m just standing here...getting wetter...and wetter...andOHHHHHHH!!!”

Erica suddenly let out a moan of delight as Jenny, with a strangled sob, leaned forward and shoved her nose and mouth under Erica’s skirt. With pathetic whimpers of disgust and grunts of desperate craving, she began to lap at Erica’s extremely wet pussy. Erica moaned and whined her own delight as Jenny licked her desperately, and reached up to start pawing at her large breasts through her shirt. It was clear that she wasn’t far from orgasm herself.



“Erica,” Dan said, his own voice thick with arousal.

“Y-Yes, Master?”

Dan shuddered at the moaned title, again of Erica’s own invention.

“I - I want to see you before you cum.”

“Ohhh yesss Master....”



While Jenny licked her, Erica began to pull off her own clothes - again, as scantily clad as she was, it didn't take long. First the flimsy shirt and then the tiny skirt - and Erica was standing as naked as Jenny, but for her spiked heels, as the other girl licked and whimpered frantically.



“P-Please Master,” Erica sobbed, “C-Can I cum now?”
Dan shivered again, and managed to whisper:
“Oh, yes.”



Erica moaned and began to play with her larger breasts, her face screwing up in pleasure while she pulled on her nipples and began to moan loudly at Jenny.

“Good girl! Good girl! Good girl!”



As she said it, Jenny's demeanor changed dramatically, her whimpers turning to whines of excitement, as she began to lap harder and more enthusiastically - and her cute butt starting to wag. The wet sounds of Jenny's slurping tongue filled the room, a counterpoint to Erica's increasingly loud moans.

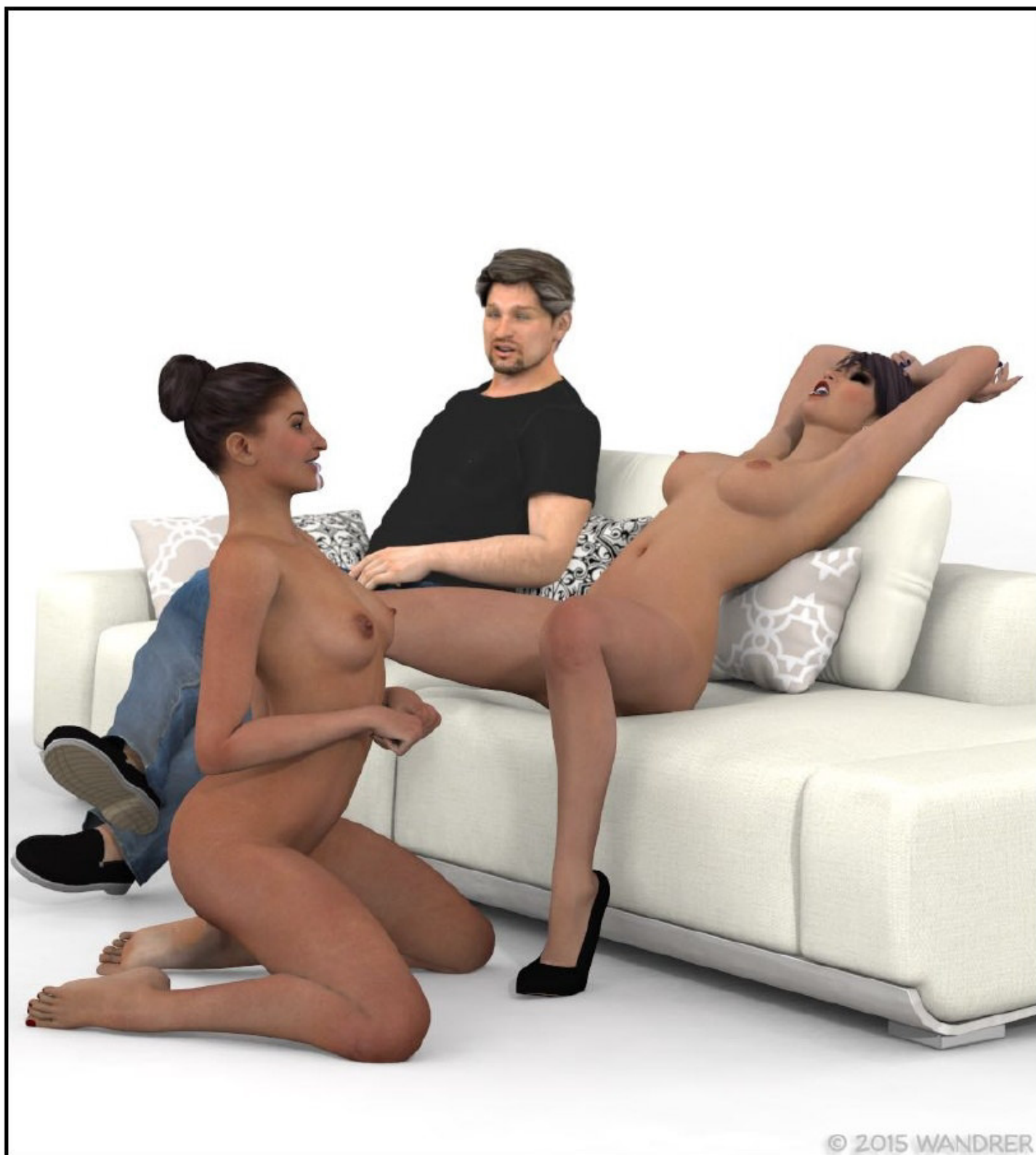
"Good girl!
GoodgirlgoodgirlgoodgirlGOODGIRLGOOOOHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"



Where Jenny's orgasm was a series of whining squeals, Erica's was one long, loud, yelling moan, rising in pitch to a scream. Jenny licked frantically, butt still wagging, as Erica's orgasm went on for an incredibly long time - until finally with a gasp, Erica stumbled back and fell onto the couch, wet legs spread in exhaustion.

Jenny sat on her haunches, copious amounts Erica's pussy juice dripping from her face, a wide eyed, shockingly happy expression on her face as she panted.

Jenny was, indeed, a good girl.

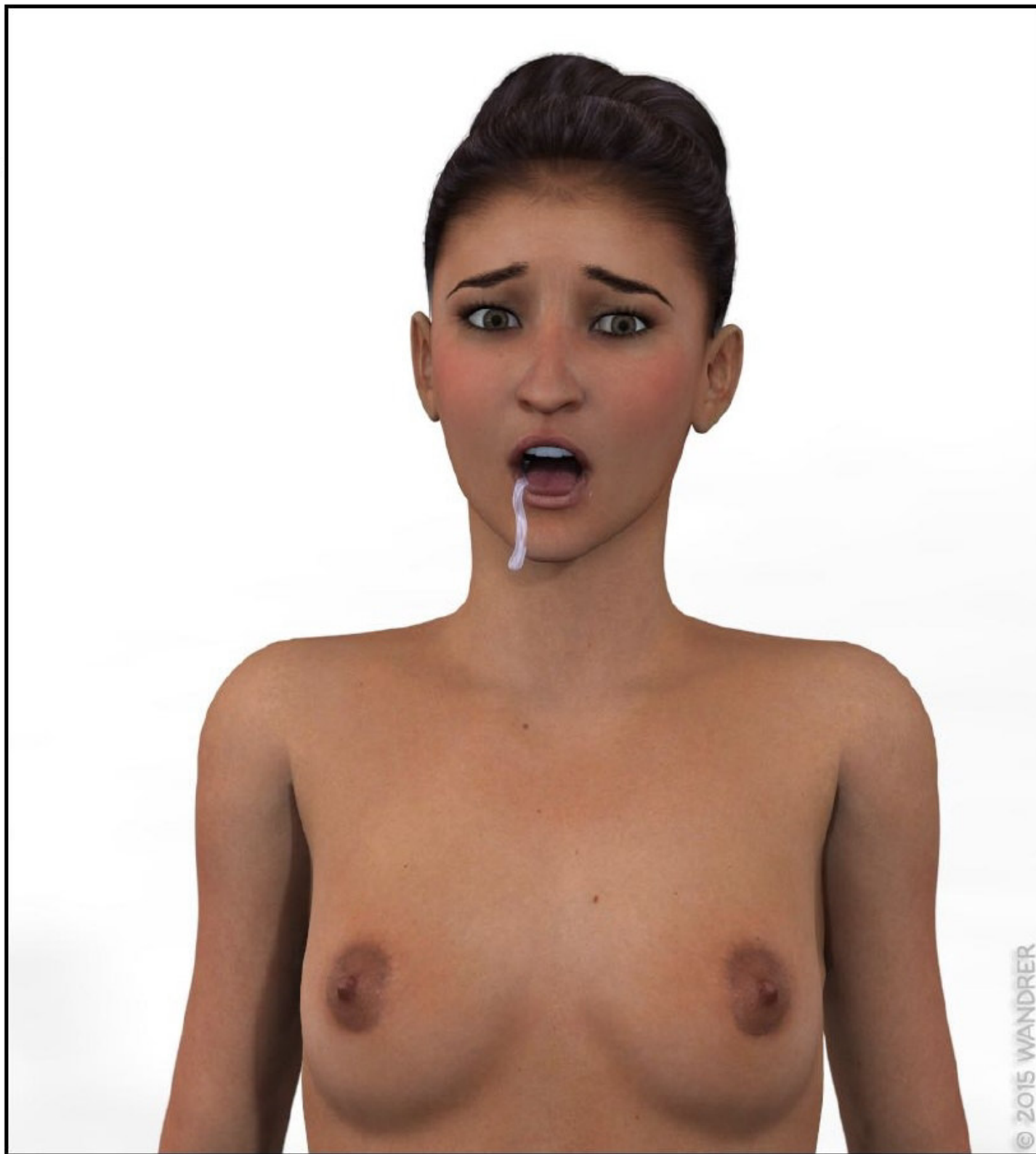


Slowly, while Erica moaned and shuddered in post-orgasmic bliss of her own, Jenny's expression faded from her mindless, dog-like expression of happiness as her human emotions came once more to the fore. Her face screwed up in horror and disgust as she realized what she'd done. Finally she choked out a horrified sob.

"Oh god! You - Jenny - you made Jenny...oh god!"

Erica sighed, both in happy tingling and in annoyance at Jenny's complaining, and looked over at the still-sitting woman.

"You seemed to enjoy yourself, didn't you, good girl?"



Jenny shivered and that flicker of a smile came back briefly at the phrase, before she fought it down angrily.

“Shut up! You - you made Jenny lick you like...like a lezzie slut! You - you...”

“Well,” Erica sighed, “If you’re going to keep whining like a little bitch, I guess we should finish things off for you. First off, I don’t think you need to be able to talk any more - only dog noises for you.”



“And Dan, you sick fuck, you let her turn Jenny into ARF! ARF ARF ARF! ARF - <whimper?> ARF! ARF!!! <whimper> <whine>...”

Jenny’s eyes bugged out in horror, as - mid-sentence - her yelling turned into first barks and then confused whimpers and whines as she realized with horror that she could no longer speak. Again, her experience with dogs showed, as the sounds she made were surprisingly realistic, or as much as they could be coming from the apparatus of a human woman.

Dan stared as she barked and growled and whined - all to no avail.



Erica giggled.

“And a bitch like you is probably pretty much always in heat, aren’t you?”

Jenny barked angrily for a moment longer - and then suddenly trailed off with a surprised expression. She blinked for a moment - and then let out a low whine. She looked down at herself with an expression of shock, and then back up at Erica with a pleading look, starting to whine.

She wriggled back and for a moment - and then started to spin in place in a very dog-like motion, ending with her ass back towards them, panting loudly.

As her hips started to hump the air just a little, her whines started to get more desperate.

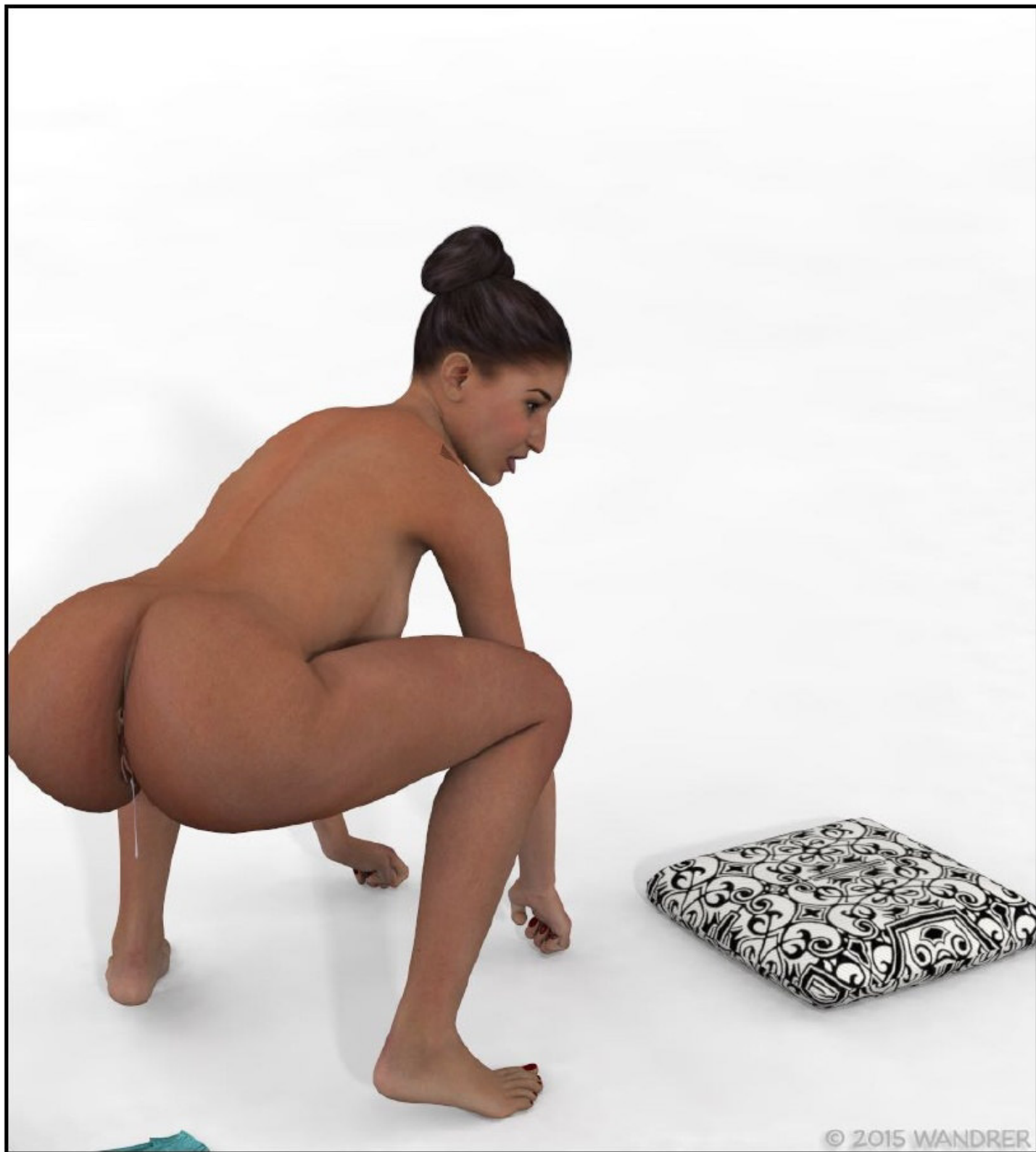
Erica giggled again.



“What’s the matter, Jenny? A little horny?”

Jenny’s whines became louder, and she let out a desperate bark. Erica giggled again, and reached over to toss a throw pillow on the floor.

“Here you go - maybe this will help a little.”



Jennifer stared at the pillow, still whining, and then looked up in horror at Erica - then over at Dan. Then, desperate, she moved over to the pillow, maneuvering it upright between her legs...

...and began to hump it desperately, dragging her wet pussy up and down the pillow. She whined with pleasure - and frustration as her arousal seemed to increase."



"I'll bet that feels good - but I don't think it will get you what you need. No, I think there's only one person in the room who can help you with what you really need."

Jenny looked over at her - and then again to Dan with a whine as realization dawned. Dan just stared at her as she whined desperately, struggling with her obviously painful arousal and her resistance to what Erica was implying. She looked at him pleadingly - but he was slightly offended that she hadn't immediately come over to him, and he just leaned back to watch her with a smile.

"Hmm...I think you might need to convince Dan to fuck you, Jenny. You are a dog, after all - he might not want you."



Jenny humped the pillow for a few more moments, whining pathetically - and then turned to crawl over to Dan, leaving the wet and slimy pillow to fall from between her legs.

Humiliation warned with a desperate, hungry expression on her pretty face.



Trembling, she moved over till she was between his legs, looked up at him with eyes desperately begging for him to stop her, or for him to help her, or both...

...and then when he just smirked at her, she lowered her mouth to lick his extremely hard cock through his jeans with a desperate whine.



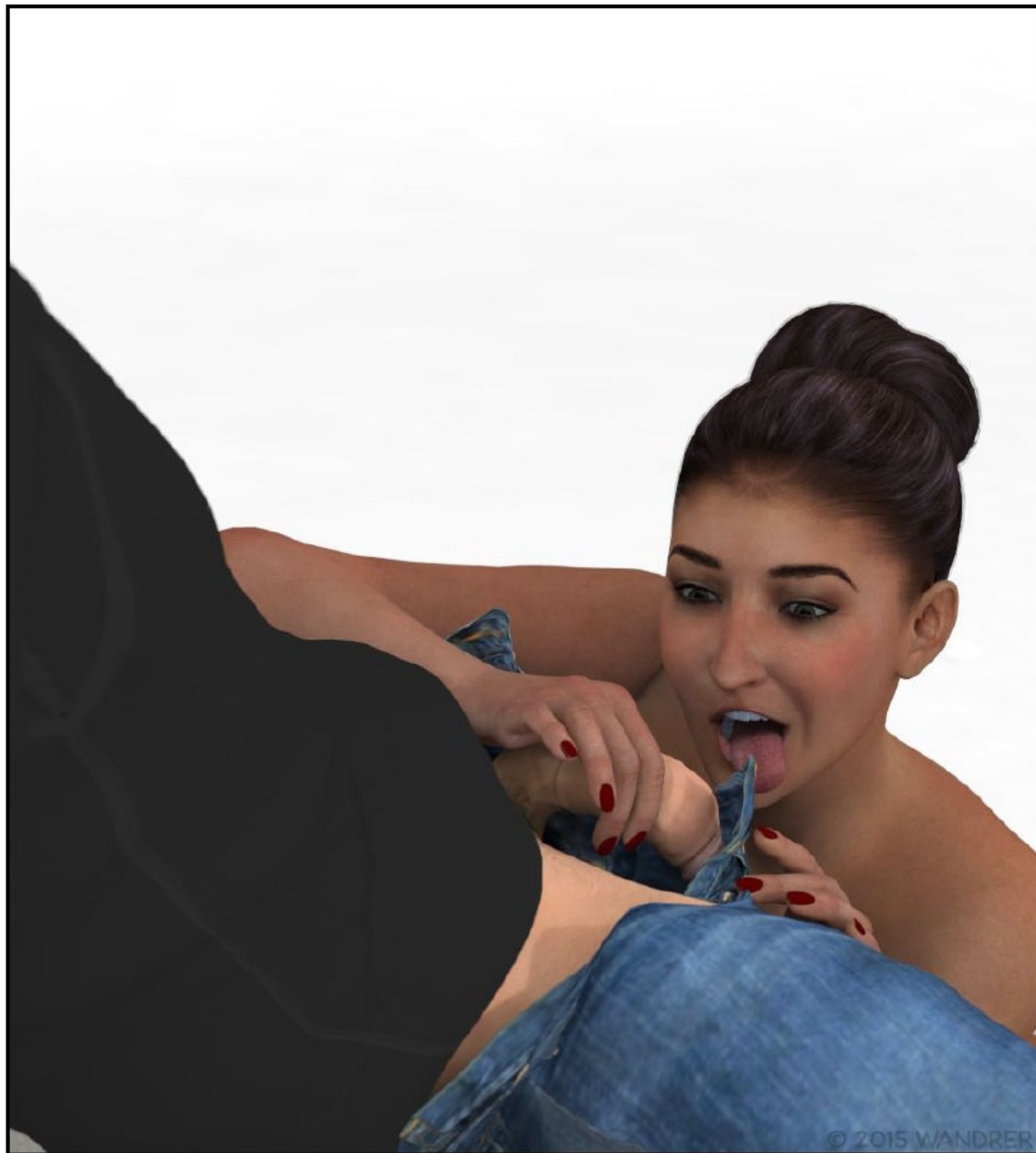
Dan let out a moan. But managed to resist any further temptation to move.

"Uh-oh, it looks like you might need to be a little more - encouraging," Erica said with a giggle, clearly enjoying herself.

Jenny whined - and then lowered her mouth to his zipper. Working for a moment with her tongue, she finally got it between her teeth and began to tug it down. Dan watched in painfully aroused fascination as she worked his fly open with her mouth - and then began to quest desperately inside it with her mouth and tongue.



Dan moaned in delight as she licked and sucked, trying to free his cock. Her desperate whining and tongue darting in and out of his pants was unbelievably arousing. Finally she managed to wrap her mostly-useless fingers around it and help tug it free...



...but Dan was so overwhelmingly turned on, that when she finally managed to get it free, his extremely hard cock popping out of his jeans with her tongue curled around it to slide up against the side of her face and against her warm neck...

Everything leading up to this point along with the feel of her tongue and body against him was just too much.

With a surprise grunt of his own, Dan started to cum, spraying all over her face as Jenny jerked back with a loud, horrified whine, eyes welling with tears of frustration.



“Oh dear!” Erica laughed, as Dan’s cock began to soften, while Dan slid his pants all the way off with a moan, “Now what are you going to do?”

Jenny let out one very human sob - and then dropped her mouth onto Dan’s softening, dribbling cock, and began to suck it desperately.



Dan moaned in delight - it turned out Jenny was quite good at sucking cock. He looked down at the delicious view of the woman he'd lusted after for most of the time he'd known what lust was, and felt himself hardening again already. He noticed her hips were still humping desperately, and with curiosity, he moved his leg between hers and lifted it up to touch her crotch.

With a pathetic muffled whimper around his cock, Jenny began to hump his leg as desperately as she'd humped the pillow, her wet pussy smearing his ankle with her slick, warm pussy juice.



From there, it didn't take long for Dan to get back to full hardness.

Finally Jenny slid her mouth off of his cock and peeled herself off of the enormous warm wet spot she'd left covering his leg. She turned and prostrated herself on the ground tilting her ass and sopping wet pussy up to him, and letting out low, desperate, pleading whines, leaving absolutely no question about what she wanted.

Dan thought briefly about prolonging her desperation...



“Oh god...fuck her, Master...fuck your little bitch...”

He looked over to see Erica playing with herself desperately, as she stared up at him.



That was all the encouragement he needed.

With an animal growl he stood, pulling off his shirt, and then fell to his knees behind Jenny and shoved his cock into her pussy.

Jenny began to howl.



The feel of her pussy around his cock was glorious - as was the twitching and sucking it made as she came almost immediately with him inside her. Thanks to having already cum, he lasted an incredibly long time, fucking her while she whined and howled through her first orgasm, then a second - and finally, when she reached her third, he came inside her with a grunt, and heard Erica's own screaming orgasm behind him.



As always with his second orgasm, it lasted longer and was more intense than the first, but finally he fell away from Jenny, his cock sliding out of her with a slurp, followed by a rushing drip of their combined cum that plopped down between her spread legs. Jenny lay there whimpering softly and shaking with exhaustion.



After a long minute or two, Dan pulled himself shakily to his feet, and then plopped back on the couch. Erica stood, equally shaky, and moved to him, placing her hand on his chest. She looked down at him with a smile.

“Did I do good, Master?”

Dan shivered.

“Oh god yes.”

“Good. Would you like me to clean you off, Master?”

A shared shower with the curvy Jennifer look-alike sounded awfully nice, he had to admit.

“Sure.”



Erica grinned and dropped to her knees in front of a very surprised Dan - and took his messy cock, covered with Jenny's pussy juice and his own cum, into her mouth. She moaned with happiness as she slowly began to clean him with her tongue, eliciting an answering moan from him.



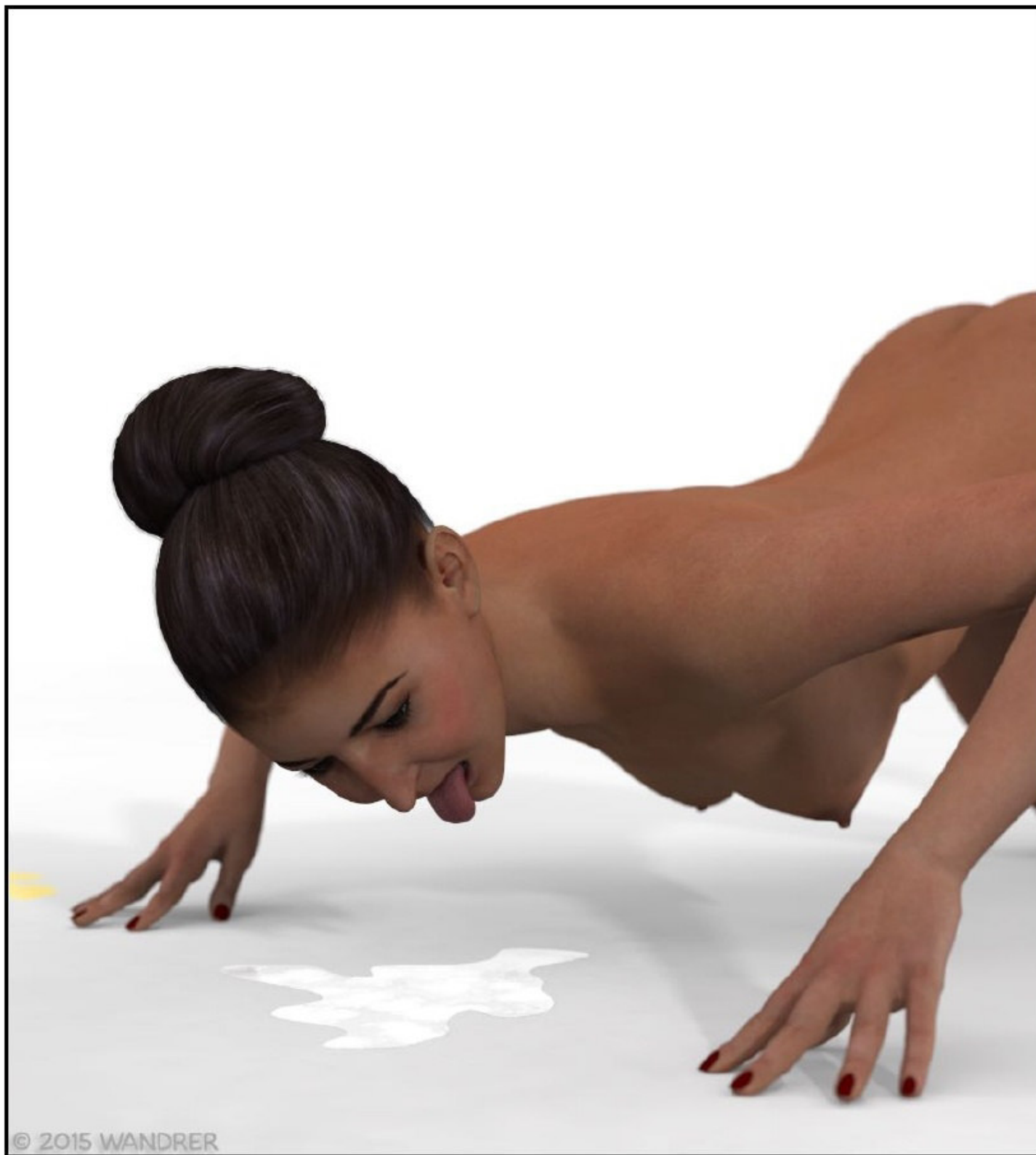
After a few moments she stopped and looked over at where Jenny still lay, dazed and trembling.

“Good puppies clean up their messes, Jennifer,” Erica said with a nasty smile, “Make that tongue of yours useful...”

Jenny choked out a whimper - and then pulled herself shakily up to all fours. She turned around, head hanging with a broken expression.



Then she lowered her mouth to the puddle of cum and her pussy juice and began to tentatively lap at it with her tongue, shuddering in disgust.



“Doesn't your owner's cum taste delicious, Jenny? And even better once it's been inside that bitch pussy of yours, I'm sure...”

Jenny whined - and suddenly started to lick more enthusiastically at the puddle, finally making desperate noises as she took long gulping licks.

She lifted her head and looked up at Dan - with a dazed, confused expression, cum dripping from her lips as she panted. Horror flickered briefly in her eyes - and then with a low whine and a shudder, Jenny lowered her mouth back to the floor and continued licking, with increasingly excited whimpers.



Dan groaned in delight as a smiling Erica continued to clean his cock, while he watched his gorgeous new puppy continue lick up her mess on the floor.

Erica smiled up at him and lifted her mouth from his cock briefly.

“Maybe after she finishes, Master, we can move to the bedroom for a while...”

Before Dan could reply, her mouth slid over his cock once more. And the only reply Dan could make was another moan.





TO BE CONTINUED...