



# TRADE-IN<sup>6</sup>

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Dan woke up slowly, still exhausted, buried in a warm blanket of the three gorgeous sex slaves he'd spent the night with. He knew that probably pretty soon they would be getting up to leave to go to their jobs, with no memory of the night.



The truth is, after cumming for the third time inside Caitlyn, he'd been too exhausted to do much more. Jennifer had actually passed out in her demeaning position on the floor, so the three others had left her there to rest while they went and took a shower.



Dan had enjoyed the two girls washing him off together...



...and then enjoyed the sight of the two of them washing each other, Maya's piercings jingling as Caitlyn's small hands moved between them again, this time with soap and washcloth.



Maya, all on her own, had decided to drop to her knees and lick a very surprised Caitlyn to one more orgasm before washing her off. Apparently Maya's newly discovered love of licking pussy was quite real. Dan wondered whether that would - or had - translated into Maya's real life in any way.



Eventually, Maya and Caitlyn had woken Jennifer and led the dazed woman into the shower, where they both washed her gently, and then the four of them had collapsed into Dan's bed.

Poor Jennifer had remained so out of it, still shuddering and trembling with a confused stare, that Dan was a little worried that something was really wrong with her - but he told himself it was probably just some side effect of the slave instructions she was still under.



Dan had vague thoughts of trying for another go round - but exhaustion claimed him and they were all asleep before he could act on it.

And now he lay here, Jennifer cuddled up against him with her leg thrown over his, her huge new breasts pillowed against his arm, and Maya's lovely ass cuddled up against his other side, wrapped up with little Caitlyn in a surprisingly tender little embrace.



His mind finally started to think through the implications of the Mods.

What would it mean for them? How would they explain them? Maya was probably the least concern - sure, she would jingle a bit, but it was only naked that one could see how shockingly changed her body was. Caitlyn - he knew she didn't have a boyfriend right now, as she'd lamented that fact to him recently. So - maybe she'd just live with the tattoos, covering them up until she did? The blonde bimbo look and the makeup...he supposed that could be explained as just a look, though not one anyone who knew her would ever expect of Caitlyn.

And Jennifer...

He realized he hadn't really even thought of how what had happened to her was possible. But regardless of \*how\* it happened - if the site was right, she'd permanently gone from an A cup to...whatever \*those\* were overnight. How could she possibly explain that - even to herself? Let alone anyone who knew her, who would never believe Jennifer would even consider getting a boob job...

Whoever set up the site and allowed for these things must have handled that, right?

Dan's train of thought was interrupted as it wandered in another direction entirely.

He hadn't heard from Betsy yesterday. And hadn't actually talked to her for a few days. And something that had been teasing at his brain for a while suddenly forced it's way to the top, sending a tingle of worry through him.

Why had he suddenly gotten mods in his account? Or the overrides?



He had been so wrapped up in his little fantasy world and the delights of the week that he hadn't really thought about it, telling himself that it was just part of being on the site. But...something must have triggered them, right?

He sat up, extracting himself from his harem in spite of a disappointed, sleepy moan from Jennifer, and wandered out into the living room. It still smelled of sex, and the girls' clothes were strewn about. If Betsy came home right now, he'd have a real problem.

Apprehensive, he sat down in front of his computer. No email from Betsy.

He tapped his fingers on the table, and then picked up his phone. With a nervous glance at the door, he quickly dialed Betsy's number.



“Hi, you’ve reached Betsy!” her perky voice message came up instantly, the sound of her voice sending a stab of guilt through Dan. Straight to voicemail. Was she out of range, or...?

“Mmmmm...good mor-nin’ Ma-ster.”

Dan jumped and stabbed the button to hang up on his phone just as Betsy’s voicemail beeped. He looked over to where Jennifer was muzzily walking out of his bedroom, yawning and rubbing her hair. Her speech was strangely slurred and jerky as she woke up, almost like she was having trouble finding the words.

But any questions about that were quickly chased from Dan’s mind as a tingle of arousal went through him at seeing her glorious body. Somehow, she was even more attractive in this sleepy, natural state, her huge new breasts jiggling as she walked.



"Good morning Master."

"Good morning Mathter."

She was quickly followed by Maya and Caitlyn.

Dan watched as the three girls sleepily, and with increasing roboticness, pulled on whatever clothes they'd shown up in.



Then the three blank-eyed girls robotically filed out the front door, everything that had happened forgotten.

Though what would happen now that each of them had been so notably changed...?



He pulled his thoughts from what might happen to the three girls he had inadvertently altered back to his increasing worry about his wife. First he texted her ("U OK?") and when after a few minutes he got no response, he dropped her an email and then sat back again, pensive.

Then he picked up his phone and called her office.

"Hi, can someone there connect me with Betsy in the UK?"

"...I'm sorry, who? "

"Betsy Hendricks? She's in the UK office this week and I don't have the number there."

"Betsy Hendricks? I'm sorry sir, but she no longer works here."

Dan's blood ran cold.

"What? What do you mean she no longer works here? This is her husband, Dan - she's been in the London office all week..."

"I'm sorry sir, but she was let go last week. I believe it was something about inappropriate behavior, but...oh I probably shouldn't share that..."

Dan sat, paralyzed with shock for a long moment.

"Sir?"

Dan mumbled an apology and thank you into the phone and hung up.

Fired? Betsy had been fired? But - but...she'd been emailing him from London all week and...



Suddenly an idea occurred to Dan and he pulled his computer over. A few clicks brought him to the page he was looking for - which thankfully since he had access to since he set up all of their electronics.

The "Find my Phone" page for Betsy's phone.

He clicked through - and stared at the blinking point on the map showing the last location of Betsy's phone.

Yesterday.

Still in town.

He zoomed in on the location, an address across the city, in a very upscale area. Something about the address tickled at his brain - and then his eyes widened.

"That's - that can't be right," he said aloud, and jumped at the sound of his own voice. Feeling panicked and confused, he jumped up from the table and went to rifle through Betsy's desk, until finally he found her thick address book. His wife always kept everyone's address in there, even people Dan found it amazing she would keep track of. Even...

There it was.

Anna's address.

He looked over at the screen. There was no doubt about it.

Betsy's phone was at the house of one of her former best friends.

And Dan's ex-girlfriend.



Dan stood outside the large house staring up at it. He couldn't believe that Anna lived here. When they'd been dating almost five years ago now, she'd been an up and coming star at the lab where she'd worked and was well paid, but - this was beyond belief. The house was enormous, complete with a huge wall around it and a gate with a passcode. It had to have cost...well, well beyond anything he was going to earn any time soon, that was for sure.

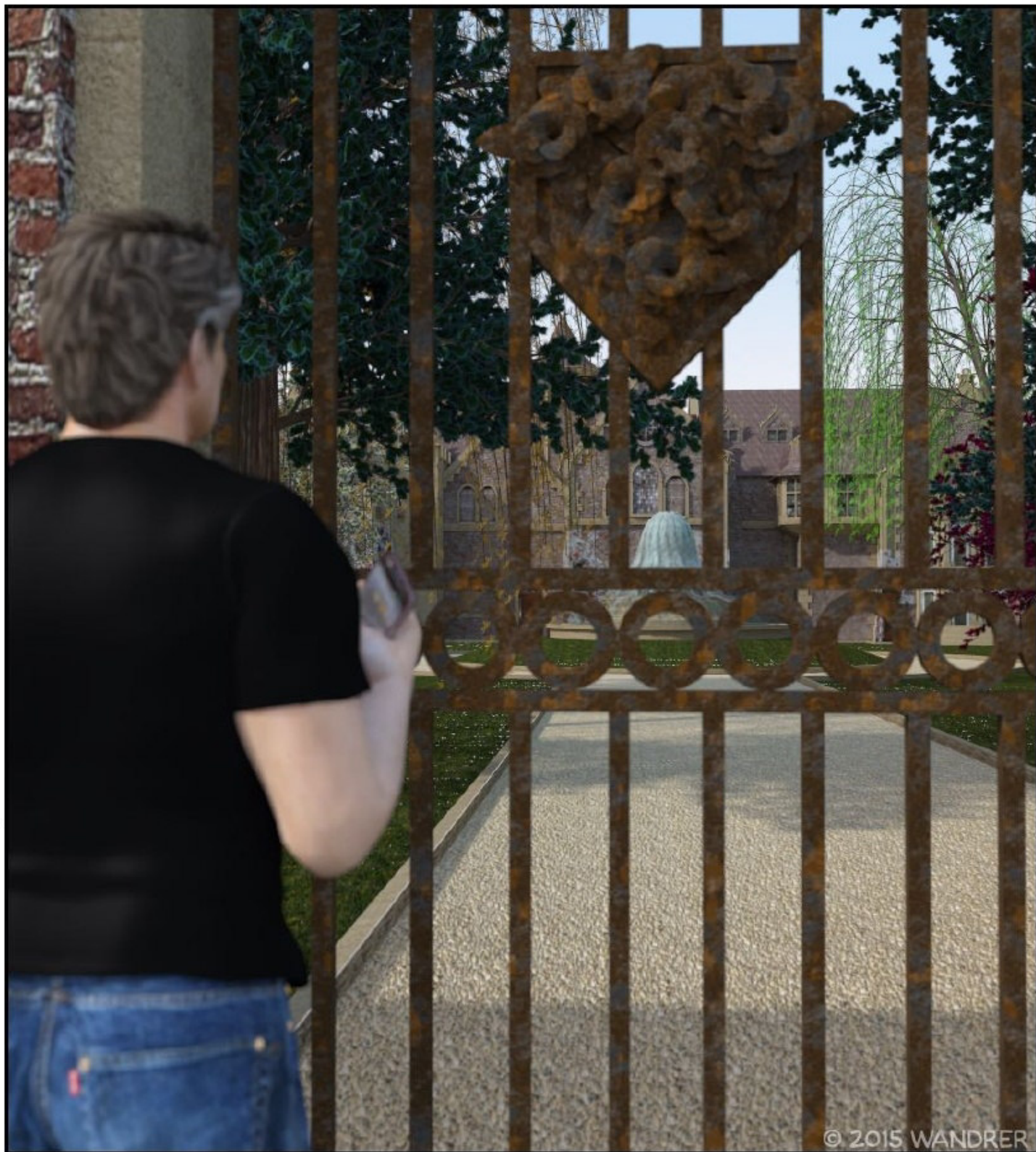
He was in luck though - someone had left the gate open. Dan stepped inside quickly, looking around. No one nearby, and no dogs, so that was another bit of luck.

Dan wasn't completely sure what his plan was. He'd paced in his apartment for hours, trying to decide what precisely he should do. He'd tried Betsy's phone a couple more times, but never got anything other than voicemail, and texting and emailing had been just as ineffective. Calling Anna was obviously out - even if Betsy was somehow here, Anna hated him almost as much as she hated Betsy, so she'd never help him out.

So after running through all the options he could think of, he'd finally decided to come over himself and take a look as best he could.

Dan was trying very hard not to believe that Betsy's being here had something to do with the mark. But - how was that even possible? It's not like Betsy would usually have had an opportunity to see Anna anywhere. He supposed they could have run into each other unexpectedly or something, but that seemed awfully coincidental...

Moving as quietly as he could, Dan crept up to the windows. He tried to still his beating heart as he moved from window to window with no sign of anyone inside. It was pounding so loud in his chest that he was amazed it wasn't shaking the glass when he looked in. There had to be someone somewh-



“Shit!”

He quickly ducked to the side as he glanced in the window catching sight of a guy briefly, looking out the window towards him. Had he seen Dan? Dan waited for a few long moments, heart pounding even harder in his ears. He frowned slightly - he'd only seen him for a second, but for some reason the guy looked familiar to Dan.

Swallowing, Dan leaned very slowly around the edge of the window.

“Shit,” he swore again softly. The room was empty now. Whether the man had seen him or not, he had gone somewhere.



Dan moved quickly now around the side of the house, still trying to be quiet but moving with a bit more urgency. What would he do if he didn't find anything? What if she was upstairs? What if she'd lost her cellphone and somehow Anna had ended up with it, and Dan was just being-  
"Ow!"



Dan heard the strange sound an instant before the sudden sting in his neck. He jumped up and spun around - standing behind him, smirking, was the guy he'd seen in the window!

And now that Dan saw him up close he looked even more familiar - but why?

Shaking his head, Dan angrily took a step towards the other man, before noticing the gun in the guys hand. Fear and anger shot through Dan - but the anger won out and he charged at the man with a growl...

Or tried to.



“Whuhhhh?”

Dan's feet seemed to collapse underneath him, as the earth shifted - and suddenly he found himself pitching forward onto the grass. He had just enough time to faintly realize what the gun and the sting were, and to see the tips of the man's expensive shoes step into the grass before his eyes...before the world went dark.



Anna rode Dan, making her soft, idiosyncratic “oooooos” of pleasure above him. Her pert nipples atop her tiny breasts were always so hard when she got aroused.

Anna had always liked to be on top - to be in control, in general.



Even when Dan went down on her...which he did often as Anna really liked that - Anna preferred to be sitting on his face, astride him, looking down at him.



Anna had always refused being fucked doggy style - not because it was humiliating, but because she hated not being in charge. They rarely even fucked missionary style like they were now, as Anna's need to be in control always made her force Dan onto his back. Not like Betsy... Betsy...



No, Betsy liked doing things conservatively - only "making love" (never fucking). And almost always with Dan on top, like he was doing now, his redheaded wife moaning softly beneath him, trying to muffle herself as best she could, embarrassed by the noises she made.

He loved how hard she tried to keep them in, only to lose control at the last moment and yell out-

Which was of course how Anna caught them, poor Betsy mortified and trying to find something to cover herself as Dan's cum leaked out of her, cut off mid-orgasm by Anna, home early from her business trip, walking in on the two of them having sex in Dan's apartment. Anna was furious, screaming at the two of them - her boyfriend and her close friend...



But - why was she naked?  
And holding a gun?  
Where had he seen that gun before?  
Anna raised it to point at him-



Dan woke with a start, drawing a shuddering breath. Slowly forced his eyes open, head muddled and confused.

He'd been dreaming.

Where was he?



Suddenly it all came rushing back. Betsy's phone.  
Anna's house. Guy with gun...  
Dan jumped up from his seat.



Or tried to, anyway.

He realized with sudden and increasing panic that he was tied up - arms and ankles bound to a chair.

And he'd been stripped naked!

With a frustrated growl, he pulled at his bonds, looking around to try to figure out where he was - he was in the middle of a posh-looking room, vaguely familiar. It was one of the one's he'd seen through the window of Anna's-



"Oh, I wouldn't bother. Those are very tight. I've learned a lot about tying knots since we were together - you never would let me tie you up, would you Danny?"

He stiffened at the familiar voice from behind him.

"Anna," he started, and then coughed, his voice thick and hoarse from whatever he'd been drugged with.

"Oh dear - I know that tranquilizer can be a little rough. Well, I've heard that anyway - don't worry, it'll be all out of your system in a minute or two more. Remarkable stuff."

Anna's voice had always been one of her sexier features, a surprisingly low, husky drawl that sent a faint tingle of arousal through Dan, even now.

He swallowed hard and tried again.

"Anna - what...what the hell are you doing to me? Let me go! This is - this is...kidnapping!"

Anna chuckled from behind him.

"Kidnapping? Oh, I don't think so - not when I've got such nice video of you sneaking onto my property, skulking around and looking in my windows. Breaking and entering I think is a more accurate description, or at least trespassing. Thank goodness I had my lovely Nicky here to protect me."

"Nicky?"

Dan tried to turn his head to see Anna, but she was seemingly directly behind him and out of his view.

"Oh yes, Nicky. My boyfriend, among other things. You've met him before, don't you remember?"

That must be the guy who he'd seen, who had shot Dan. He \*was\* familiar, but why? Where had Dan seen him-

Dan's eyes widened and he drew a sharp breath.

The guy in the airport.

The guy who had told him about the marks in the first place.

Anna giggled.

"Remember him now?"

Dan moved his mouth silently for a moment.



"It - it was you...you started all of this?"

"Oh Dan, you really are just too predictable.

Admittedly, it took quite a long time to get everything into place - dropping hints to the right men at the right time to get their spouses or girlfriends marked...and even convincing that pretty barista of yours to get one like mine. I knew that once I put the seed in that dirty little mind of yours, that you'd stumble on \*one\* of them and be just too tempted. You'd never do it on your own, of course, but for the opportunity to fuck one of Betsy's other friends - well, you do have a history of that sort of thing, don't you?"

Dan slumped in his chair, ears ringing. Anna had set all this up? How - how was that even possible?

"I'll admit, I thought for sure after all those years of pining for Jennifer that you'd nab her first - honestly, though, I was kind of happy it was Maya. She's much more broken in, you know? Her ex-husband really made her quite the accessible little minx. She's been so very popular this past year. You would be absolutely \*amazed\* at how many of her patients she's made very special house calls to..."

Anna's heels clicked on the floor behind him as she started walking towards him - he shivered as he suddenly felt her fingernails suddenly trace over his shoulders.

"You certainly have been so very busy these past couple of weeks, haven't you? Maya, and that sweet little boss of yours - what is her name?"

"Caitlyn," Dan breathed, still stunned by what he was hearing.

"Oh yes - good thing her old boyfriend had a gambling problem and was willing to trade her in to make his debt go away. You know he's never even used the service? Must feel guilty about that, even after they broke up. I wonder what he'll think of her new look?"

"And then Jennifer of course - she was tricky. But with a certain promise to her brother Carl, who apparently quite liked the thought of turning her into a little whore for real anyway..."



Dan shuddered at that word - he had somehow managed to keep from thinking about the fact that he'd basically turned his wife into...that. But now...

And Carl - they'd been close friends for a long time, but after Carl had drunkenly hit on Betsy while Dan and she were dating, well - they hadn't talked much after that.

Betsy.

"Anna," Dan said, hating the tremor and plaintive note in his voice, "Please - where's Betsy? Is she here? You - you didn't hurt her, did you?"

"Hurt her? Betsy? My very good friend Betsy? Why...I would \*never\* hurt Betsy, would I?"

Dan scowled, a rush of anger surging through him. He let out a low growl.

"Anna, I swear if you've done anything to her, I'll-"

Anna laughed, and he heard her heels clicking to the side, walking around to look at him.

"Me, do anything to Betsy? When her husband traded her in for a shot at fucking even more of her friends? Which you've been doing so thoroughly this week? Perhaps you should look at yourself a little more closely."

Dan summoned up an angry retort...

...which died on his lips as Anna stepped into view, smiling nastily. His eyes widened as he stared at her.

She looked much like she had when she'd stormed out five years ago, the last time Dan had seen her. Still thin and pretty, if a little severe-looking. She was dressed in a robe that hung loosely about her body.

Which displayed the one, quite visible difference.

The enormous breasts which hung from her skinny frame.



She glanced down to where Dan's eyes had stuck quite completely and giggled again.

"You like these? They're quite new - a little gift for Nicky, in a way. You boys and your big boobs."

Anna shrugged out of her robe, letting it fall to the floor, leaving her naked but for her heels. Dan drew an involuntary shuddering breath.

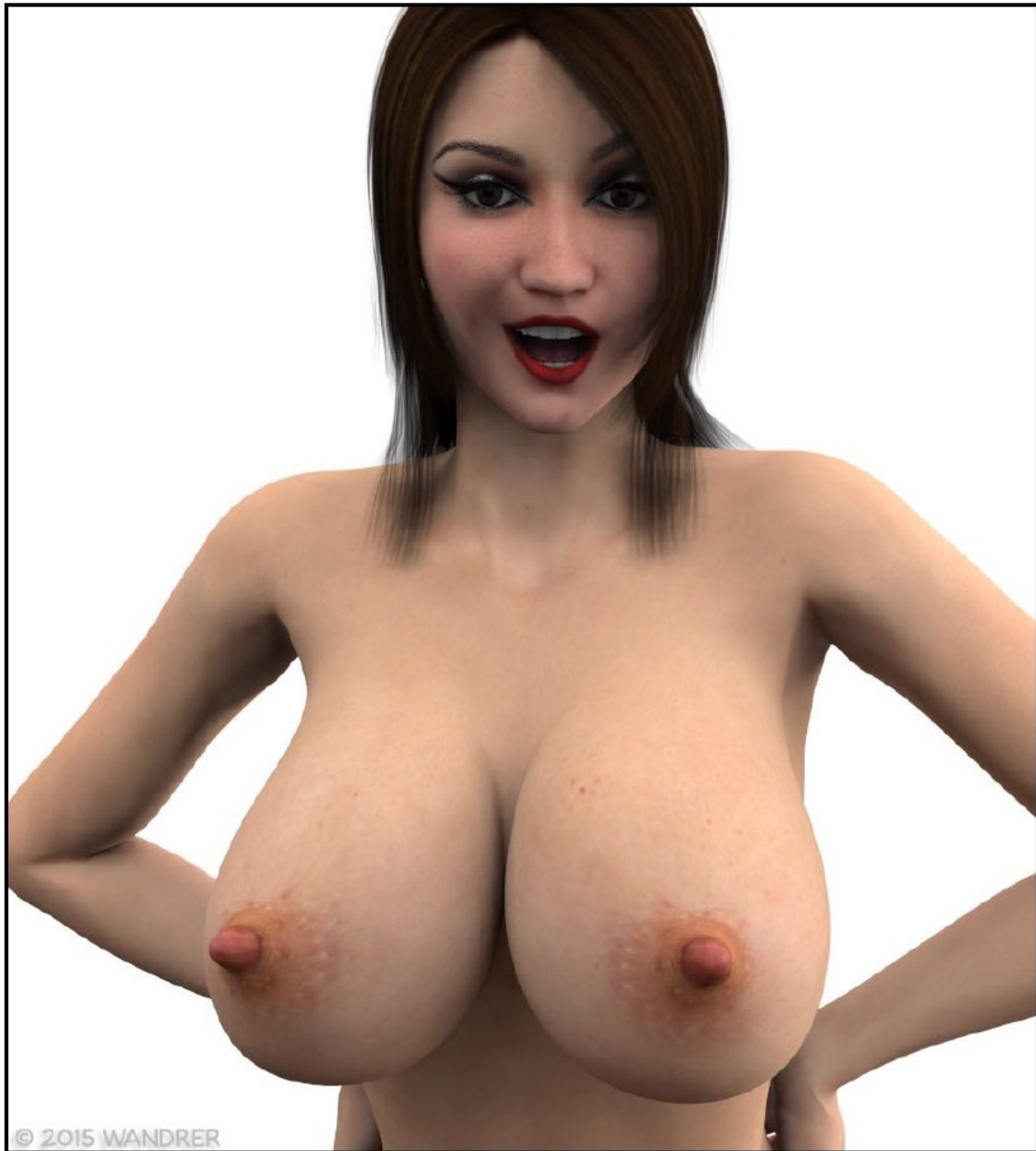


Anna grinned and sauntered sexily over in front of Dan, slowly bending over till her huge boobs hung down over his lap.



"So - do you like them?" she said, in her sultry voice.

Dan opened his mouth to protest angrily, to say something cutting - and then at a sudden sensation from lower down, he stopped and blushed.



Anna smiled slowly and looked down, to where Dan's cock had rapidly stiffened to hardness, and was now sitting nestled between her huge breasts.

"I guess little Danny answers that question, doesn't he?"



Anna straightened up - and then Dan stiffened as she slid forward, settling onto his lap and wrapping her hands around his neck. He only too late managed to stifle a soft moan as her very wet pussy slid up against his hard cock, and her hard nipples brushed his chest. Anna smirked.

"It's been a long time," she breathed, "Don't you want to feel what it's like to be inside me again?"



She squirmed a little in his lap, and he felt her wet pussy lips spread around his cock as she let out a soft sigh of pleasure.

“Oh, yum,” she moaned, and then ran her hands over his chest, “Why Dan, you’ve lost weight...I wonder if our little experiment had some side effects...”

Dan wanted to ask what she meant by that, but had to suppress a groan as Anna shifted on top of him, sending pleasurable warm and wet sensations through him from his cock. He managed to pull himself together for one more query.

“Where is Betsy?” Dan grunted, “Anna, is she here?”



Anna sighed in frustration.

“Still thinking about Betsy, huh? You’re making me feel all Veronica. Yes, Dan, she’s here.”

Anna kept sliding herself distractingly against his cock, making it more and more difficult to think.

“I - I want to see her.”

“Mmmmm,” Anna said, thoughtfully, pressing herself up against him, “In a few minutes...first, I want something from you...”

“Wh-what? Anna I unnnghh....”



Dan couldn't suppress his moan of pleasure as, in one smooth motion, Anna slid up and a little further forward - and then settled down onto him with his cock inside her warm pussy with a sigh of pleasure of her own. She began to rock her hips back and forth, clearly enjoying having him inside her.

"Ohhhhh yeah, that's so good. \*God\* I'm wet - even if that is a side effect of the Primer, you always did make me especially horny, Dan..."

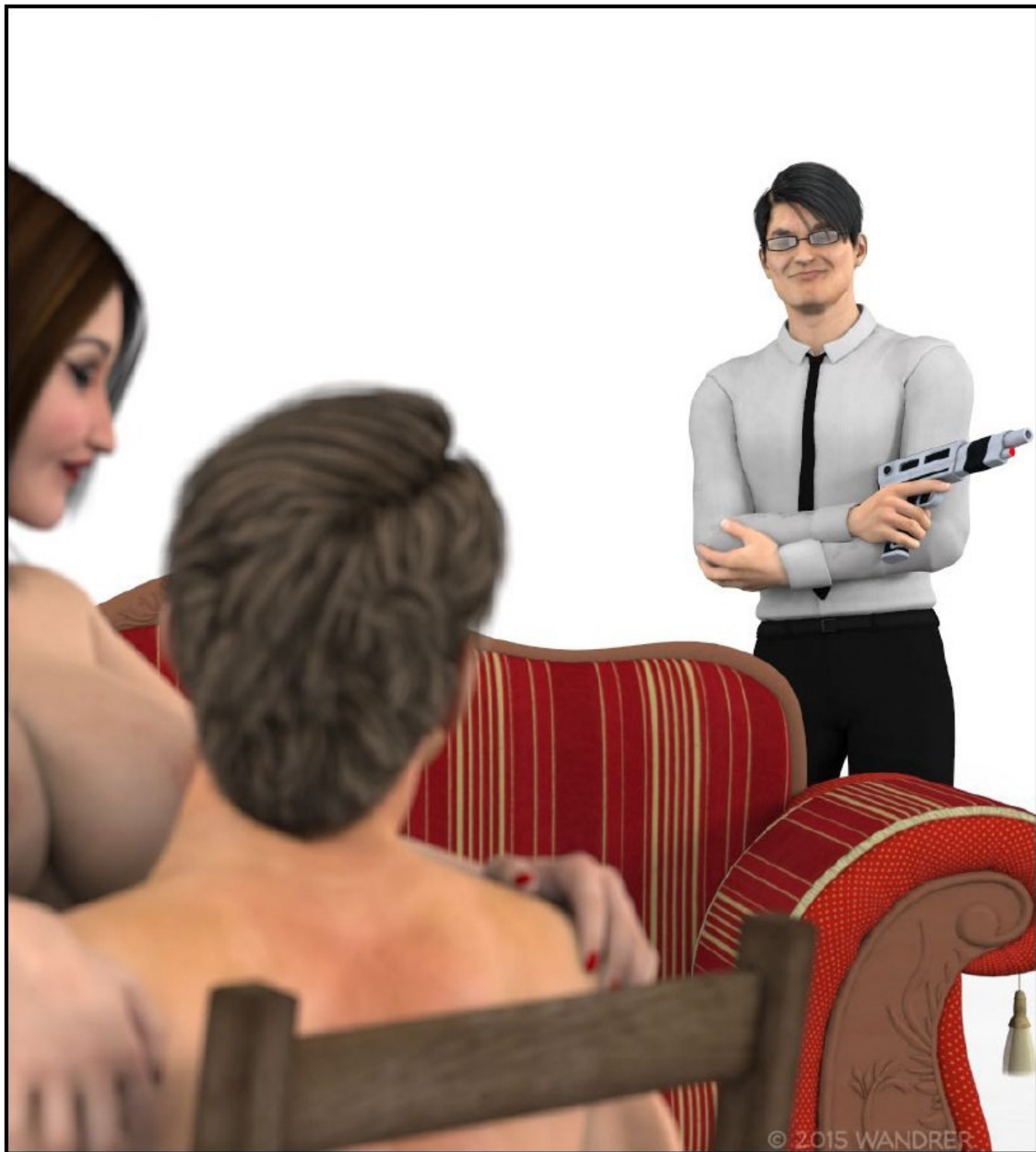
Dan groaned again, and looked up to ask what she was talking about - and then stiffened (beyond what was already inside Anna).



Anna felt his sudden tension, and looked over her shoulder - to see the man who had shot Dan earlier, the man from the bar, who Anna had identified as Nicky, standing in the doorway watching them.

"Oh, don't worry about Nicky," Anna said with a smile, "He likes to watch. Don't you, baby?"

"I most certainly do," Nicky said in the faint drawl Dan remembered from the airport bar, albeit without the drunken slurring - which almost certainly had been faked, Dan realized now, far too late. As if to punctuate his liking of watching, Nicky sat down on the couch across from them and watched the two of them with a grin. Dan flushed with embarrassment at his helpless position, on display for Nicky's amusement.



And for Anna's, as she reminded him with another disturbingly pleasant slide up and down his cock.

"I want to see Betsy," Dan growled again, though its impact was lessened by a soft grunt as Anna slid down mid-growl, "Whatever you've done to her, it's over..."

"Oh really," chuckled Anna, with a nasty edge that sent a chill down Dan's spine, "It is, huh? Mmmmm...tell you what...if you can keep from cumming inside me, then I'll give Betsy back to you, no strings attached."

Dan opened his mouth to ask what she meant by that - and then groaned as Anna started to slide up and down his cock in earnest, making increasingly loud gasps of pleasure as she did. Dan tried desperately to think of other things that might distract him from the delicious sensation of her very wet pussy gripping his cock as she rode him - thinking of sports, of rocks, of anything else but the woman riding his cock with such increasing enthusiasm.



Anna leaned in, her new large breasts crushed against his chest, and began to whimper and moan in his ear.

“Aren’t you just so curious about what might have happened to her this week, Dan,” she breathed heavily, “I know you, remember? I know you love fantasizing about your lovers doing such nasty, nasty things...aren’t you curious to see which ones have become real? How much we’ve turned your sweet little wife into a dirty, nasty slut?”



Dan couldn't suppress another soft groan, and he could almost hear Anna's grin.

"After all, we had sooooo many overrides to play with..."

Dan stiffened again.

"Wh-what?"

Anna giggled, and he groaned again as her pussy twitched tightly around his cock.

"Oh Dan," she breathed, sounding almost pitying, "You really just don't do any thinking once that big, hard, cock of yours starts getting in the way, do you? Where did you think all of your overrides came from? They aren't free, you know...but I let Nicky build up a lot with me, just for this."

Dan's head was spinning as he tried to work through what she was saying. She let out a whimper of pleasure.

"Can you imagine all of the lovely things I've been doing with your wife, with all of those overrides? All those nasty things you imagined her doing, but would never have put in her profile...just think of what she might have been do-OHHHH!"

Anna was cut off as Dan, horrified but unable to help himself, grunted and started to cum inside her. Anna's breath quickened suddenly in response and then she was moaning loudly in his ear in her sing-songy coo of pleasure. He felt her pussy sucking at his cock as she came, hips grinding against him, as his warm cum sprayed inside her, his own groaning orgasm seemingly going on for ever.



After a long, loud orgasm of her own, she finally collapsed against him, gasping for breath. After trembling for a few moments, she giggled again.

"Wow, even though you pretend you don't - you \*really\* like the thought of nasty things being done to your wife, don't you?"

He choked out a small sob, which was followed by a surge of anger.

"F-Fuck you," he growled, hoarsely.

"Mmmmm," she said, hugging her big tits and naked body up against his, "We already did that. To bad you couldn't keep yourself from cumming inside my nice wet pussy, though...I guess you didn't want Betsy back that badly after all."



Dan hung his head miserably, holding back another whimper. And then had to fight back a groan as Anna slid herself off his cock and stood, stretching and moaning in feline pleasure, Dan's cum dripping out of her.



Sighing happily, Anna walked over to the couch where Nicky sat, and picked up a bell from the table. Dan's cock dripped with their combined juices, as did Anna's pussy, cum dribbling out of her as turned to look back at him. She looked down at Dan's messy cock, and tsked.



“Well, before we keep talking, I think we’d better get that cleaned up.”

Before Dan could ask what she meant, Anna rang the bell loudly and set it back on the table, then sat down languidly on the couch next to Nicky. At the sound of heels clicking from the side, he looked up to see another woman entering the room, mincing on high heels - for a moment, his brain wouldn’t quite believe what he was seeing, and then his eyes widened.



“Oh my god,” he whispered hoarsely.

The woman was an attractive redhead - but it was not his wife. No, this was someone he'd known for much longer.

Jennifer's mother, Cassandra.

Cassandra and Jennifer shared features, but very different coloring. Where Jennifer was dark and sultry, Cassandra was pale and freckled, with light red hair. In some ways, she could have as easily been Betsy's mother as Jennifer's.

If Jennifer had been Dan's first real crush, then Cassandra represented an even earlier - and more guilt-ridden - set of hidden lusts. He'd had a thing for the older woman as he first came into awareness of arousal, and some of his earliest wet dreams had been of the pretty, pale redhead. For some time Dan had blushed whenever he saw her, his thoughts flickering to the images that lingered after he'd awoken, sweaty and sticky.

If Dan was honest with himself, some of his earliest attraction to Betsy was probably lingering memories of those dreams.

Of course, that was a long time ago. And in none of those dreams had he ever imagined her like this.

The older woman was now very clearly dressed as a maid, somewhat like his adventure with Maya - but there was much less “dressed” involved. She wore heels and stockings, and a maid's bonnet - and that was all. Red curls were visible between her pale thighs - though she was largely shaved - and her slightly sagging breasts - in between Jennifer's and Betsy's in size - dangled down in front of her, with large, pink nipples that were quite hard.



As she walked into the room, mincing on her high heels, her eyes betrayed that unlike one of the marked girls "in character" she was seemingly quite aware of who she was and what she was doing. As she saw Dan, her eyes widened with horror, even as her eyes flicked down to his messy half-hard cock and then back up. But all she did was to move to stand in front of him and then to turn to face the grinning Anna, who was clearly enjoying both Dan's and Sandy's reactions.

"Oui, madame?" she said in a very fake french accent, with a small catch in her voice.

"Why hello, Sandy. Dan, I believe you may have met my maid, Sandy, before?"



Dan's mouth hung open, but he couldn't bring himself to do anything other than stare at the naked older woman. Even the name she was shocking to him - proper, stern Cassandra would have choked in fury at the idea that someone might address her as 'Sandy'.

But now she just stood trembling, with her eyes staring at the floor submissively.

"Sandy, my guest is all a mess now. Why don't you clean him off?"

Sandy made a small, mortified sob, but all she said was:

"Oui, madame."

Sandy turned back to face Dan, eyes cast downward in obvious shame so she didn't have to look at him. She dropped to her knees in front of Dan...



...and with one more small whimper, leaned forward and took his cock between her lips, slurping him inside of her warm mouth.

Dan groaned loudly, in disbelief as much as pleasure.

His cock began to harden immediately in Sandy's mouth, as he watched the older woman bob her head up and down, tongue expertly licking the cum and pussy juice from every crevice she could reach.



“Poor Sandy had gotten herself into a bit of a debt problem a few months back,” Anna said, watching the show with delight, “And so she signed up for a very lucrative and secret testing program she had heard about. It erased her debt problems but unfortunately it didn’t work out as well as she might have hoped.

“Sadly for her, she was one of the earlier subjects, and there turned out to be a bug in some of the initial programming. Poor Sandy was left stuck in Maid Mode - and one of the simplest versions at that. Not only is she completely unable to resist anything she is told to do now, the poor thing’s spoken vocabulary has been reduced to only four words, hasn’t it Sandy?”

Sandy lifted her lips from Dan’s cock briefly, to sob out “Oui, Madame”, before immediately lowering her mouth to Dan’s cock again, eliciting another moan from Dan as her head resumed it’s bobbing and licking. Anna smirked.

Dan, with what little of his brain was still able to think clearly around the sensations that his friend’s mom’s cocksucking was sending through him, faintly remembered a conversation between Jennifer and Betsy from a few months ago, with Jennifer angrily talking about her mother flaking out and going off on some trip to join a cult in some other country.

“Sandy was lucky that I happened to be around, though, and decided that rather than letting her back out into the world where who knows who what would have happened to her, I’d take her into my household and let her be my maid. She has become quite...serviceable.”

Sandy made a small sob at this, while Anna grinned.

“In fact, Sandy - you’ve been so good to our guest, you can go ahead and play with yourself for a while while you are servicing him.”

Sandy sobbed loudly - a sound shockingly filled with relief, reached up and began to pull on one nipple quite hard with one hand while the other flew between her legs and wet sounds began to immediately come from down below.



“The poor thing - I had to give her instructions that she was only allowed to play with herself with my permission, or else she’d do nothing else. Even though she can’t cum that way, she can’t seem to stop herself.”

That was too much for Dan - who let out a yell, and started cumming in the older woman’s mouth. Sandy moaned and gulped loudly as she swallowed all of his cum - which once again was a shocking amount. When he finally collapsed back against he chair once more, gasping for breath, Sandy made a miserable, humiliated sound...but just continued slowly trying to work him back to hardness once more.

“Oh my,” Anna said to Nicky with another smile, “It does seem that the new stuff you dosed Dan with works quite well.”

“It sure does, doesn’t it?” Nicky replied, returning her smile.

Dan, barely able to think straight any longer from all the stimulation and overwhelming revelations, managed to choke out:

“Wh-what?”

Anna favored him with another pitying stare, shaking her head.

“Dan, you really can be quite oblivious, can’t you? Or did you think it normal that you could just get hard and cum over and over again like you have in the last few weeks?”

Dan stared back in confusion, suppressing another moan as Sandy continued playing with herself and sucking him - he was already half-hard again.

“Nicky slipped you one of our other experimental drugs when you were in the bar - it does wonders for your stamina.”

She licked her lips before Dan could think of a response, looking down at Sandy’s bobbing mouth.



“You know honey,” she said to Nicky once more, “This is getting me all excited again. I think I need some relief. What do you think?”

“Oh, most definitely,” Nicky said, smirking back. Anna raised her head.

“Pussy-puss!” she yelled, “Heeere, Pussy-puss! Come to mommy!”

Dan blinked in dazed confusion trying to focus on something other than Jennifer’s mom’s mouth sliding up and down his cock, and then looked up at a faint jingling noise. His eyes widened again at the sight of the... woman, he supposed was the best description, entering the room. She crawled in on all fours and sat back on her haunches, looking around at the other four people in the room.

The slender, pretty woman was covered in tattoos - which were mostly either cat-related or...much more risqué. Just the few he could see were incredibly demeaning - the little paw-prints tracking across her body were cute, but the large “KITTEN FACTORY” around her bellybutton was just the tip of a kinky iceberg permanently decorating the poor woman’s body.



And then there were the piercings...

From her pink nipples, atop her small breasts, dangled rings that ended in small round bells, the source of the jingling when she'd crawled into the room - along with the similar bell dangling from her clit. Whenever the girl moved from now on, she'd jingle faintly, clothed or not. She sported a pink bellybutton stud, as well as a pink nose stud and, glimpsed briefly, a large pink tongue stud. Pink certainly seemed to be a common theme in the girl's look.

Particularly her pink hair.

It fell just above her shoulders and was a bright, playful pink through and through. What was perhaps most shocking however was the fact that the patch of fur above her pussy was equally pink - implying that the color was, impossibly, somehow her natural hair color. The look was completed with pink ears and a pink tail that curled behind her on the floor - both seemingly fake.

The girl looked around with a dull, animal-like expression.

"Mrow," she meowed querulously - an extremely high-pitched, almost cartoonish sound.



Dan stared at the poor woman, his thoughts drifting back to Betsy, and how much she hated pink, and...

Something in his head started ringing as he looked at the woman's pretty, whiskered face more closely.

And then he started to tremble, his heart pounding.

"Oh my god, no," he moaned.

"What's the matter, Dan? Don't you like my sweet little Pussy-puss?" Anna sneered at him.

Pussy-puss...who Dan now realized with horror was also his wife, Betsy.

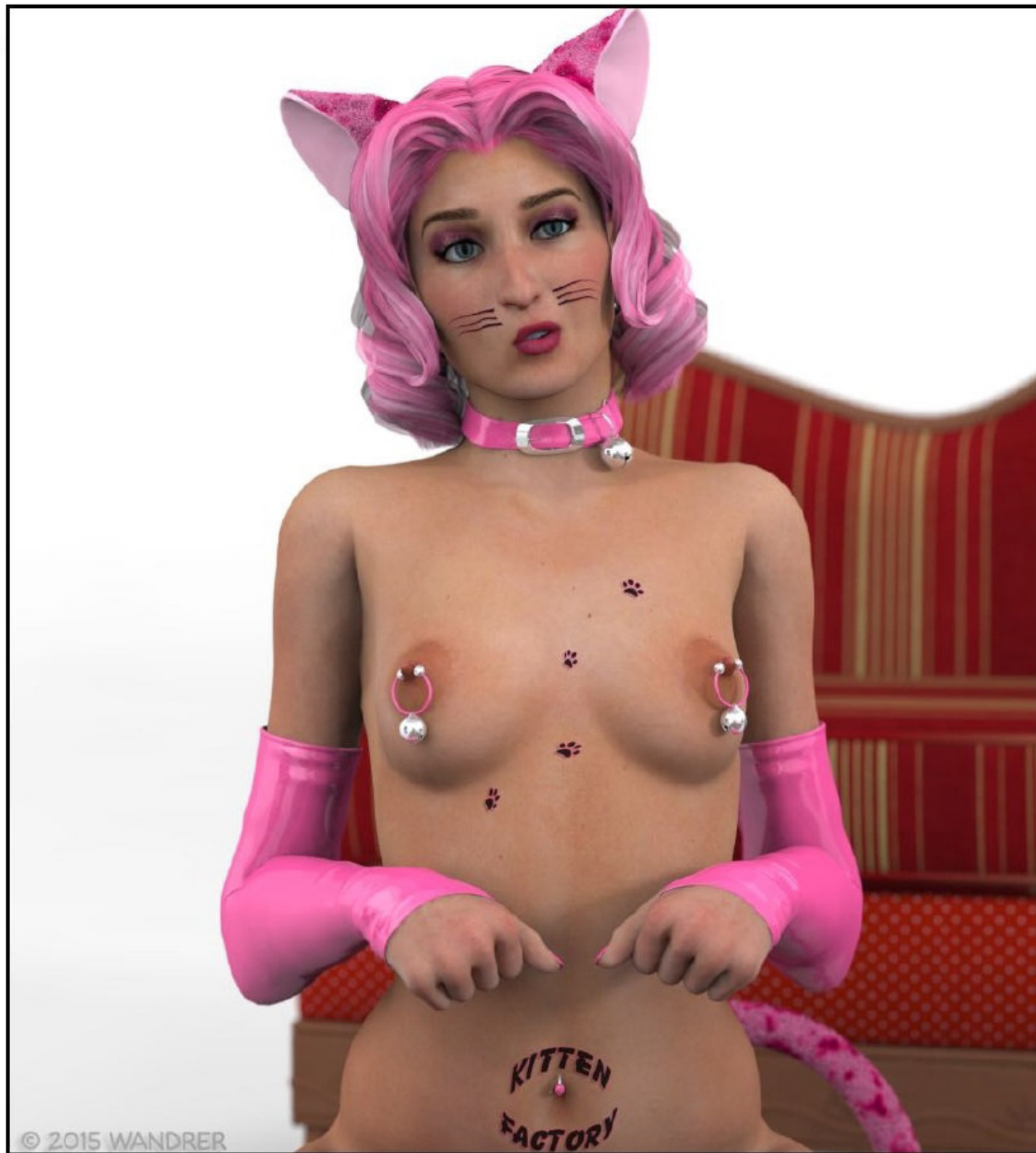
"Oh god, Betsy..."



The pink haired woman turned to look at him  
uncomprehendingly, tilting her head slightly, with not even  
the faintest recognition in her eyes.

“Mrow?” she meowed again.

“Here Pussy-puss,” Anna said in a playful voice,  
“Come here...”



Betsy turned to look at the naked woman, and her face brightened. She fell back to all fours and padded over to Anna.

Dan's eyes widened in shock as he got a clearer view of his poor wife's rear - including the anal tail plug that dangled between her legs, and the large "PUSSY" tattooed on her back, and he choked out another sob.



“Here you go, Pussy-puss,” Anna said sweetly,  
“Just like you like it.”

Anna, looking up to grin nastily up at Dan,  
languidly spread her feet wide on the couch. Her crotch  
was slick and sticky with her own wetness as well as  
Dan’s cum, which had leaked out of her to smear over  
her pussy and thighs.



Dan watched with shocked horror - even with everything he knew - as his wife meowed softly and moved closer, sniffing between Anna's legs interestedly. And then his wife, a woman so utterly disgusted by even the thought of licking a girl that she wouldn't even talk about it, leaned in and began to lick the glistening fluids off of Anna's thighs.

Anna made a soft sound of pleasure.

"She just loves that flavor," Anna sighed, "Though she knows she's supposed to get me all nice and clean down there before she gets to the source...such a good little Pussy..."



"Please, Anna," sobbed Dan, trying to ignore Sandy's moaning around his cock and the wet sounds coming from between her legs, while he watched his softly mewling wife lap at his former girlfriend's sticky thighs "Please let her go...you can't do this to her..."

"Mmmmm, it's already done, Danny," Anna breathed, "And if you bothered to read the instructions, you'd know that not only can't she be changed back, but it wasn't just me who did this to her, it was you..."

"Wh-what?"

"The mods of course. What, didn't you even read the notes on them? Sure, I had to let Nicky give me these big tits to allow Mods to be used on her - and then you gave me \*four\* to play with!"

Dan tried to fight back a moan at Sandy's sucking mouth, and looked at Anna with confusion.

"Wh-what? I don't understand..."

Anna rolled her eyes, and then shuddered with a soft moan as Betsy moved her mouth from one thigh to the other, tongue brushing Anna's pussy lips in the process. Anna swallowed and then continued.



“Good lord Dan - didn't it ever occur to you to thoroughly read the instructions on \*any\* of the site? You can only add Mods to a girl if someone else gives you one - and then you get more by allowing Mods to be made to yours. I don't think I've seen anyone give up more than one or two - it's just too risky. But you did get all excited there, didn't you...”

Dan, still having great difficulty focusing, tried to parse through what Anna was saying. And then his eyes widened with horror. Each of those times the Mod count had gone from one to zero after he'd tried to apply them - that had been Anna claiming another Mod to use on Betsy.

Anna watched the dismay play over his face with utter delight. Then let out a loud moan, eyes widening.

Betsy had leaned in and begun to lick and slurp at her very wet and cum-slicked pussy.

“...oh god,” moaned Anna, grabbing the back of the couch, “That is sooooo good...”



She glanced over at Nicky.

"Baby, why don't you use her other end?" Anna breathed heavily.

"Don't mind if I do," Nicky said with a grin, and stood to remove his clothes.

Dan made a moaning growl, and Anna looked over at him, and then slid her eyes downward.



“Sandy,” she said, pausing to moan softly, “You’ve been such a good girl - you can ride Dan if you want.”

Sandy lifted her mouth from Dan’s cock - and her eyes were wild with painful lust. Any horror she might have felt at who she was about to fuck was drowned out by what was quite obviously overwhelming arousal. Pulling her fingers from between her legs, she quickly but shakily pulled herself to her feet.



“Oui, Madame! Oui Madame!” she sobbed desperately. The older woman turned and pulled her ass cheeks apart, giving Dan a view of her extremely wet and well-used pussy...before leaning back and settling her cunt onto Dan’s cock.



Dan couldn't help but let out a loud groan of pleasure as he felt the inside of Sandy's sopping cunt slide down his cock, a humiliating moment for them both, but one which was rooted in his youthful fantasies nonetheless.



“Oui...oui....oui! Oui!” moaned Sandy, as she started to slide up and down on Dan’s cock.

Dan groaned, and looked over to where Anna was gasping with pleasure, grinning back at him evilly - and saw Nicky kneeling down behind his wife. He groaned as he watched the other man lift her tail out of the way, grab her ass - and plunge his cock into Dan’s wife’s very wet, very willing pussy.



Betsy yowled into Anna's pussy, in a sound that was quite clearly all pleasure.



Dan sobbed - but it was all too much for him as suddenly he jerked and began cumming into Sandy's pussy. Sandy, pawing at her own dangling breasts, suddenly screamed in pleasure as she finally erupted into an orgasm of her own, bucking on top of him and pinching and pulling her own nipples.



Within moments, Anna followed suit, cumming around Betsy's lapping tongue and fondling her new breasts, as Betsy mewled in what was obviously an orgasm of her own into Anna's pussy. Finally, with just a soft sound, Nicky added his load to the mix, grunting softly as he came inside Dan's wife's pussy.

After a minute of groans and whimpers and soft meows of pleasure, Anna finally drew a shuddering breath, looking over the post-orgasmic group with a smile. Dan was slumped in his chair, staring miserably at his mewling wife, still humping her hips back against Nicky. On top of him, still softly sobbing "oui...oui...oui", Sandy was working herself back and forth on Dan's half-hard cock, clearly trying to coax him to hardness once more so she could cum again. Betsy continued to gently lick Anna's pussy with soft, wet meows, sending periodic shivers through the other woman.

"Well," Anna breathed, "Wasn't that lovely? Dan, you sure seemed to enjoy it..."



"F-Fuck you," choked out Dan, angrily.

"My my, such hostility. Well, why don't we take a little break and perhaps watch some television, and see how you feel after that? Nicky - do you want to get our little video ready?"



“Sure thing, honey,” Nicky said with a grin. He pulled out of Betsy, eliciting a whining meow of disappointment, which was followed by a loud splatter of cum dripping out of her onto the floor.



Betsy lifted her face from Anna's pussy, glistening with the other woman's juices, and turned, meowing softly. She blinked at the surprisingly large puddle of cum that had dripped out of her onto the floor for a moment...



...and then with a soft meow of delight, she lowered her mouth to it and began to lap at it like a cat might.



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Dan choked out another angry sob at the sight of his wife being degraded even further (trying to forget his enjoyment of seeing Jennifer and Maya in the same position), but before he could say anything, Anna spoke again.

“Sandy, that’s enough for now. Why don’t you go back to cleaning Dan now that you’ve made a mess? Slowly though - I don’t want him getting too excited again just yet.”

Sandy let out a miserable sob, but then simply said “Oui, Madame,” and pulled herself off of Dan with a slurp.



She turned and settled to her knees once more in front of him, and began to lick herself and his cum up, starting with where their combined juices had dripped down onto his balls and the chair beneath. Dan groaned in spite of himself, and looked over at Anna.

"How...how did you do all of this?" Dan asked, miserably.

"Why Dan," Anna said with a giggle, "Haven't you figured it all out yet? You can be amazingly obtuse sometimes."

Dan scowled angrily at Anna's comment - she'd always loved to lord how much smarter she was over everyone else, including Dan when they'd been dating. It was one of the reasons he'd eventually gotten tired of her. But before he could comment, she went on.

"You \*know\* about my work in bio and nanotechnology...though you never really understood any of it. Well, a few years ago - just a few weeks after I caught you fucking our little Pussy-puss here, in fact - I was approached by...well, let's just call them a Company, with an offer to take my work private for them. It was quite lucrative - and I fairly quickly helped them advance certain aspects of their designs, and develop the seeds for a whole new program."



Dan's eyes widened.

"The tattoos," he breathed.

"Very good, Dan!" Anna giggled, "Though I like to call them Marks. The program took several years to get right - with a few mistakes like poor Sandy - but in the last year or so it has finally really become successful. Though I am working on some new experimental versions now."

"But...if you could do all this," Dan said, trying to ignore Sandy's continued licking, "Why - why go to all this trouble? I mean...why have Nicky set me up?"

"Even I have to play by the rules, Dan," Anna said with a shrug, "Well...mostly, anyway. The Company has strict policies about enforcing the same rules on everyone with their little...diversions. So I took my time, got all of my former 'friends' and a few other key girls signed up by using a little of my own money in the right places to help out - that cost me a pretty penny, I must say. Then I had Nicky plant the seed...and waited. The truth is I was sort of surprised how long it took you to get started. You never even got around to Betsy's little cousin Tina, or your cute feminist friend Kara - it turns out her husband has a really nasty streak, did you know that? You should see what he's let his poor little chaste wife do by default...she's been very popular. And there are of course few others I got set up in the program, in the hopes of you taking the bait."

Dan shuddered - and flushed with shame at the fact that his thoughts were as much of disappointment at not having gotten to try those girls as they were in horror at what Anna had done to so many of them. His cock twitched against Sandy's tongue as he tried to fight back images in his head of playing with them.

Anna smirked knowingly, and continued.

"But once you got going, you didn't disappoint, did you? As soon as I gave you those overrides, you started using them up, giving me more and more to play with with Betsy. It made earning them worth it."

Dan stared at her blankly. Anna sighed theatrically.



“Dan, think it through - we can't have just anyone involved in the program, and if we let everyone Override and Mod girls as much as they wanted, things would go off the rails almost immediately. So it's all about give and take. Which means, if I wanted to be able to play with Betsy to the fullest...”

Anna reached up and lifted her hair back to expose the side of her neck.

Dan gasped.

Hidden close to the base of her hairline was a red mark, like Erica's. Anna grinned at his reaction.

“So you see, I was willing to make some sacrifices myself, just to have my fun with you and Betsy. I even let Nicky give me these,” she said, gesturing in annoyance at her huge breasts, “To give me the opportunity to do something equally fun to your wife.”

Nicky, who had walked back into the room - still naked - and was fiddling with the television system, looked over at her with an affectionate leer. Anna stuck her tongue out at him, albeit with a similar affection in her eyes.

“What...what does the red mark mean?”

Anna looked back over at Dan.

“Oh, the red marks are ‘voluntary’ - to some degree. We can turn them on or off, and we get control over what we allow...mostly, anyway. We can still be overridden, unfortunately, though it takes a bit more override oomph.”

Anna shuddered at some memory, causing Dan to blink in surprise.

“Wait - you remember what you did?”

“We can, though we generally can't talk about it. And we usually can't remember with \*who\*. I'd probably choose to forget, but,” she shivered again, and looked over at her boyfriend, and breathe, “Nicky likes me to remember it all...and tell him about it...”

Nicky grinned up at her with a slightly nasty leer, and Anna shuddered again with a small gasp of arousal. Dan faintly wondered if Anna was as in charge of their relationship as she'd seemed earlier, but another thought pushed its way forward.



“So, Erica...”

“Oh yes - she volunteered, after I dropped the hint to her. She needed the money, badly. Oh, I didn't mention? The red mark is...very lucrative. The more you let people do, the more you make. Erica limits herself, though - since she's a lesbian, or thinks she is anyway, she's pretty restrained in what she'll allow men to do with her. Though she is perfectly happy to do things with other girls, like with Jennifer.”

“Wait,” Dan said, catching on something Anna had said, “She's a-“

“Oh yes. Completely. Though - occasionally she'll get hot for a guy in one of her sessions and fuck him anyway. I guess Erica likes you.”

Dan blinked in surprise.

“And I do have to thank her - Erica has some... interesting fetishes, as it turns out. The idea of turning another girl into a pet? Never really occurred to me until she got so enthusiastic with Jennifer. I thought a little kitty like our Pussy-puss here might be fun, though - especially since I know how much Betsy hates cats.”

Dan's eyes dropped back to his wife, who had completely cleaned the floor of cum and was now sitting up licking her chops, and the reality of what was happening crashed back into him. Followed by a rush of anger that he turned to level at Anna.

“You're insane,” he growled, “You're - you're completely fucking out of your mind, you crazy bitch! You - you-“

“Well, Dan,” Anna said, eyes flickering with a brief flare of anger, “Before you get all high and mighty on me, I would remind you that I only set things up. It was you who knocked over the pins.”

Dan deflated slightly, knowing with horror that she was right. Still, the fury raged inside him and he readied another volley, but Anna cut him off.

“And you should be a little nicer to me. If you keep saying mean things, I might have to call The Company on you for breaking your agreement the way you have.”

He scowled.

“What are you talking about?”



"Dan, you \*really\* need to read the terms of things you sign. One of the explicitly prohibited items in your agreement is to follow your 'trade-in' to her client. It's in there to protect all of our customers in case someone has...second thoughts. Doing so not only transfers her permanently to the possession of the Company, but makes you forfeit to it as well."

Dan's eyes widened, and he shivered. Was that true? It made sense - and he \*hadn't\* read all of that through thoroughly - at all, really. It could just be a threat - but something in Anna's smirk told him it was very real. Dan sank back in his chair, defeated.

"Aww, Dan - don't take it so hard. Tell you what - if you are good for the rest of the time, I promise I'll let you take Betsy home with you when you leave."

Dan's gaze flickered over to Betsy, curled up obviously on the floor, trying to suppress the flicker of hope against the backdrop of despair. What would he do if he \*did\* get her home? How would he explain...that?

Still...

"Ready," Nicky said, getting up to walk back to the couch. He settled down next to Anna, who cuddled up against him.

"Ready for what?" Dan asked, apprehensively.

"Oh, I thought you'd be interested to see what your wife has been doing for the past week. Aren't you curious? I used a whole bunch of overrides to get all of this, so I hope you appreciate it.

"But first - Sandy, why don't you take a break for a little while? You can get back to the cleaning - after you've cleaned yourself up, of course."

Sandy made a small sob - whether of relief or disappointment was hard to say - and stood up with a "Oui, madam", then minced off back into the house. Dan couldn't help himself from staring at her mature butt and thighs - glistening with wetness and smeared with his cum - as she walked away.

"And now, Dan," Anna said with an excited grin, "Shall we see what your wife has been up to all this time...?"





**TO BE CONTINUED...**