

TRADE-INV



*written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWurk*

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“Now then,” Anna said with a grin, “one of the perks of working for The Company is that I can use my overrides for some...special access. For example, did you know all of Betsy’s little escapades are recorded inside that pretty little head of hers? For safety’s sake, of course.

“And as long as I am very careful with them - the Company takes mistakes...very seriously,” Anna shuddered briefly, in obvious memory of some punishment for someone’s error, then continued, “- as long as I’m careful, I can get access to them. Aren’t you curious to see who were some of Betsy’s first clients? Of course they are all from her point of view - but a surprising number of our clients seem to have mirrors in their bedrooms. Go figure.

“Anyway - let’s get started...”

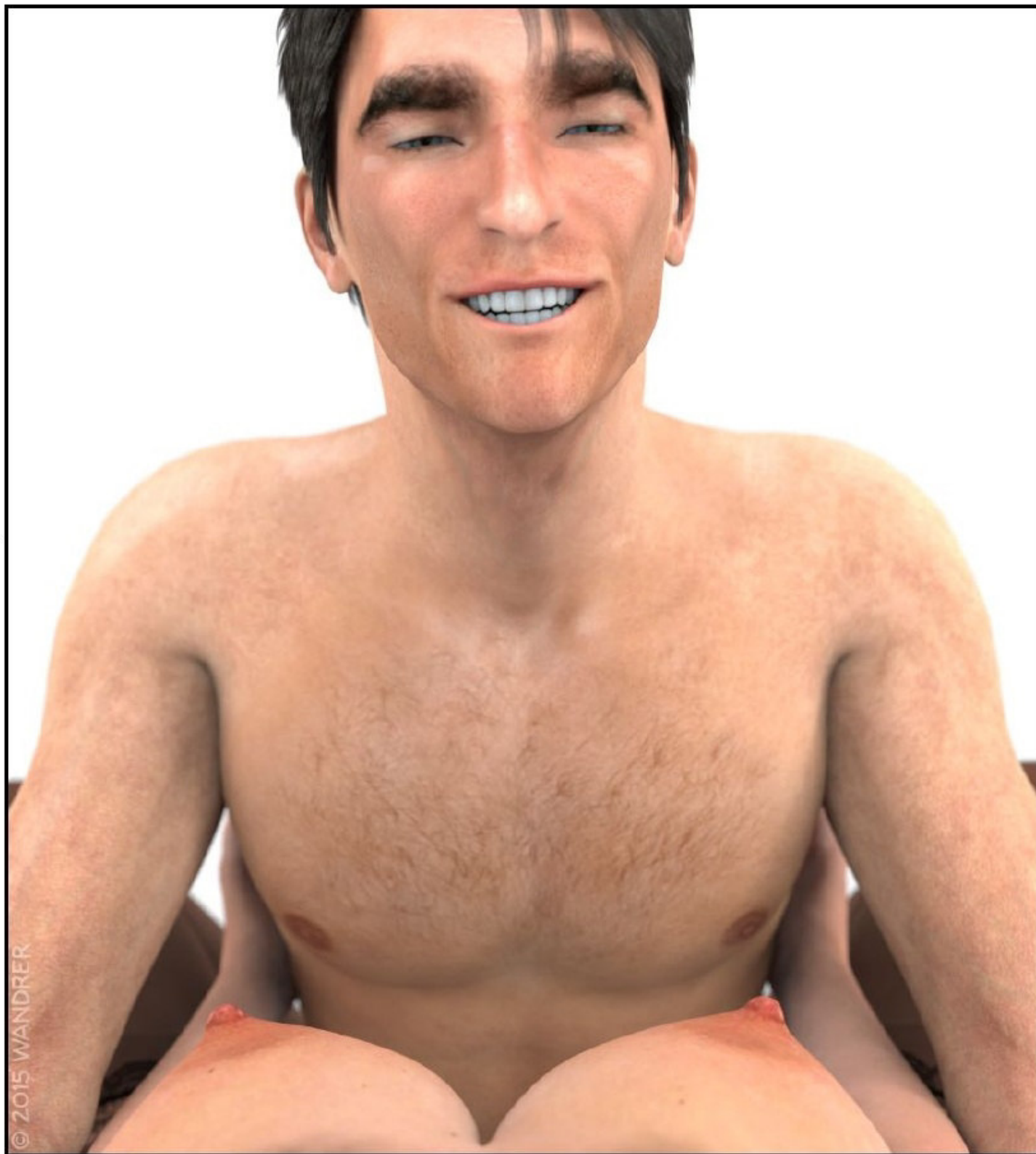
Dan tensed up and stared at the screen as it flickered to life as Anna pressed “Play”.



Dan groaned as Betsy's moans of pleasure erupted from the screen, with a shot down her own body as an older man plowed into her pussy, her legs in the air. Dan cringed as he listened to what she was saying - the guy had obviously selected the "foul-mouthed slut in bed" that Dan had left available as one of her options. And he cringed even more as he realized who exactly it was she was being fucked by.

"Oh god yes," she sobbed, "Fuck my slutty wet cunt with your hard cock! All I've ever wanted was for you to fuck my like the little whore I am and fill my pussy with your cum - oh yes John like that ohgod ohGOD JOHN OH JOHN OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Betsy wailed in orgasm as John - her former boss who she'd always detested - grunted and came inside her while she came, loudly. His expression was one of cruel delight at fucking the pretty younger redhead.



"It's *possible* I might have arranged for few key individuals to find out about Betsy's availability," Anna said, with a nasty giggle, "Like John here. I was pleasantly surprised at how many of them took a shot at Betsy - several of them even joining the program just to get at her. Like John, for example. Actually, I've been kind of surprised at how popular his plump little wife Linda has been - some guys just like curvy, I guess.

"Of course, Betsy's college friend Mike had already joined the program - I thought you might stumble across his pretty little blonde wife Ally's mark when you guys got together, I always knew you had a thing for her. Too bad you missed out on that one, she really is quite a sweet little thing, even if she's not too bright. Mike certainly has a thing for the much smarter Betsy - though maybe with a little bit of a twist..."

The screen changed shots - and this time Betsy was on top, looking down at Mike. Dan's stomach knotted with dismay - he'd always felt a little threatened by the good-looking man when he and Betsy were together, and now, here was his wife sliding up and down his cock. And even worse was the persona he'd selected for her...

"Like, ohhhh yeah," moaned Betsy and then giggled, "I, like, loooooove having your big cock in my horny pussy..."

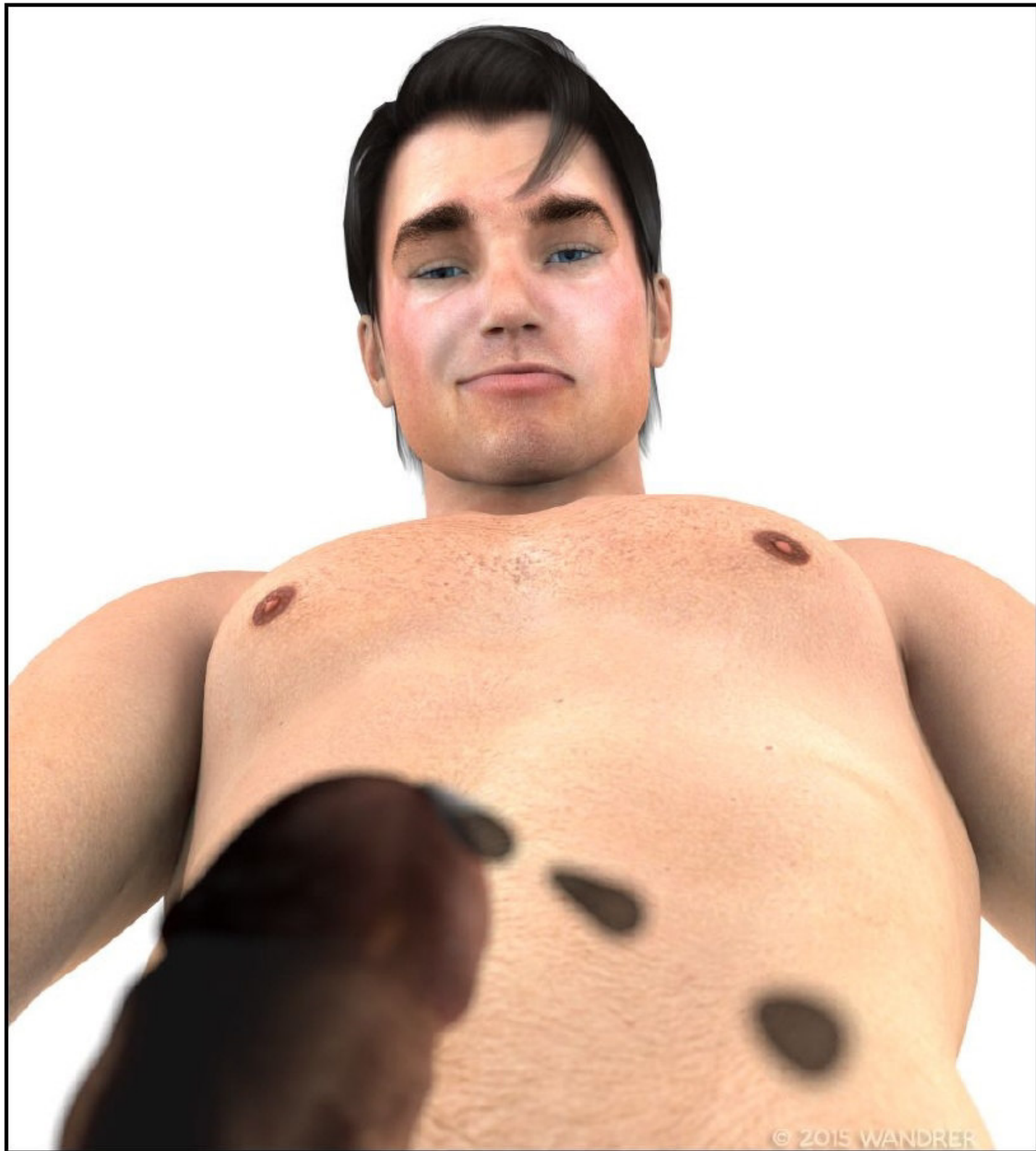
"Oh yeah," groaned Mike beneath her with a grin, "This is what you were made for, wasn't it?"

"Like, I know!" giggled Betsy, "I'm like, too dumb for anythin' other than fuckin'! An' it feels sooooo good to have a big hot cock like yours inside'a me while you play with my titties...I wanna fuck all the time!"

Dan groaned, listening to his wife in "Bimbo" mode while riding Mike's cock. Worse, there was a mirror, so he could see Mike playing with her breasts, while she grinned vapidly down at him.



And it didn't get any better from there. A shot of Betsy giving an enthusiastic blowjob to and gulping down the cum of one of her much disliked co-workers, Randy...



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y,"
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...Betsy staring at herself in a mirror by be
fucked from behind by a well-muscled black guy,
shocked look on her face while she came.

"That one was a surprise - just some guy i
the program who saw her on the train, apparently
Anna said with a smug smile, "Oo - this next one'
fun..."

Betsy flickered in - and she was once again sitting in front of a mirror, though with an expression on her face that was a mixture of misery and lust. She grunted with effort as, while extremely roughly mauling one of her own tits, she was working a large cucumber in and out of her very wet pussy. Blinking away tears, she glanced over at the couch where, naked and grinning back at her, sat Dan's friend Kara's husband, Paul. He grinned nastily at the humiliated redhead, his cock glistening with what was clearly their combined juices.

"Please Paul," sobbed Betsy, grunting involuntarily as she continued working the cucumber in and out of herself, "Please let me cum...please..."

Paul chuckled nastily.

"Not until you convince me you really believe what you are."

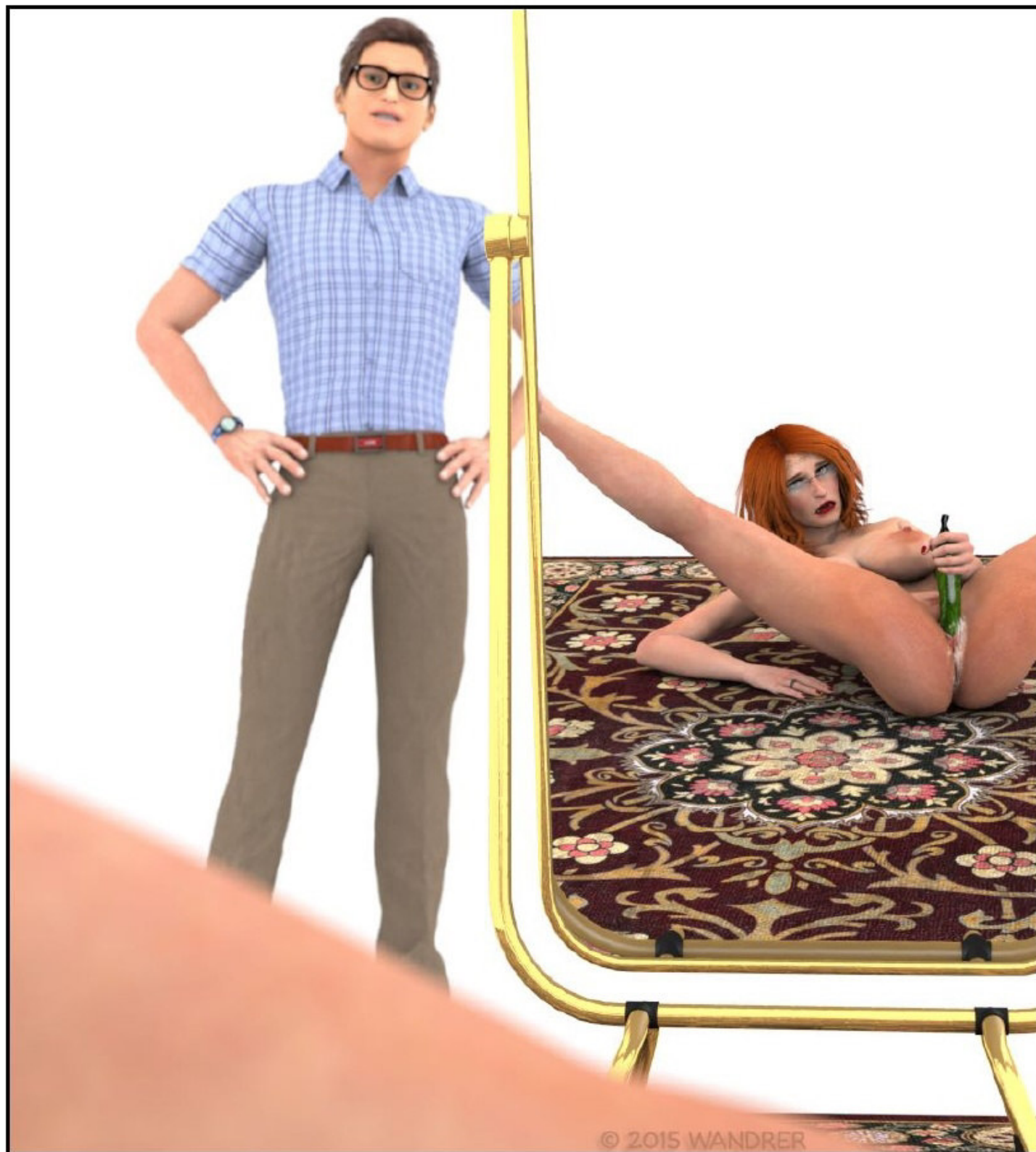
Betsy sobbed and looked back at the mirror staring herself in the eyes while she worked the cucumber in and out, wetly, grunting periodically.

"I am j-just a thing," Betsy sobbed, in a trembling voice, as she watched herself, "I - I am a set of h-holes to be used by anyone and anything in any way...a - a repository for cum...a fuck toy to be used..."

She blinked away tears as she stared at herself.

Dan choked out a sob.

"Oh yes, I told you he was nasty. Paul used a couple of his own overrides for that one - poor Betsy was 'herself', but just uncontrollably horny and forced to obey Paul's commands. He just let her go with his general instructions, to see how much she'd debase herself in her need to cum. She went at it for almost an hour before being reduced to...well, this..."



The screen changed and now Betsy was on her back, the wet cucumber discarded with her legs back and head lifted so she could continue staring at herself in the mirror, eyes wild. Her stretched pussy twitched and dripped down over her pink little asshole, while she sobbed and spoke hoarsely.

"Please!" she wailed, "Fuck Thing's cunt! Cum in thing's fuck hole!"

"Mmmm, so you'd really do anything to get fucked right now?" Paul said, standing over her.

"Yes!! Please, use Thing!"

"Can I invite the neighbors over? Have them all use you too?"

"Anyone!" sobbed Betsy, "Anyone! Let them all cum in thing's pussy!"

"And your mouth?"

"YES!! USE THING'S HOLES PLEASE FUCK THING!!"

"And your cute little ass?"

Dan drew a sharp breath.

"..." Betsy's eyes bugged out, and she made a strangled sound.

"Mmm...I guess you don't really need it, then...I'll just go back to-"

"...yes..."

Betsy had rasped so softly that Dan had almost missed it, but Paul turned back.

"What was that?"

"Yes," Betsy sobbed.

"Yes what?"

"YES PLEASE FUCK THING'S ASS PLEASE FUCK THING ANYWHERE JUST FUCK THING PLEEEEEEASE!!!"



Dan choked out a horrified moan as Betsy screamed in abject, broken need - and screamed desperately for one of the things she found most revolting in the world. He watched as Paul, grinning, knelt between Betsy's spread legs - and began to push the tip of his cock into Betsy's pussy-juice-slicked asshole. Betsy made a strange, high-pitched whimper as he started to slide in - and then suddenly her back arched and she began to scream, her voice rapidly rising out of the range of hearing to a breathy shriek.

Betsy was cumming as hard as she ever had - from being fucked in the ass for the first time.

"Do you believe he didn't even override her pleasure? It turns out your sweet little wife *really* likes it in the ass. Who knew? And remember - this is all entirely on her own. The only override Paul put in was to *allow* for anal - everything else is just Betsy's natural - well, somewhat natural - frustrated arousal taking control of her."

Betsy's screams continued for several moments - and then the screen suddenly tumbled and went dark. Anna giggled.



“She passed out there. Her pleasure levels were off the charts, actually. You really did a number on her with that primer, you know...”

Dan choked out a small sob at the confirmation that Betsy’s self-humiliation was at least partly driven by the accidental lust he’d unintentionally unleashed in her body.

“Awww, don’t be so sad, Dan,” Anna said with a grin, “Betsy is just learning new and wonderful things about her body!”

Dan glanced over at Anna, intending to say something, but choked on it as he saw Betsy, who had crawled up onto the couch and lay her head on Anna’s hip, while Anna petted her just like the pet she had become. Anna grinned at him as though daring him to say something. When he didn’t, her grin widened.

“Besides - I can only imagine this next one *has* to be a fantasy of yours...I was actually quite surprised that it happened, to be honest. It’s so fun I think we’ll watch a little more of this one...”

Despite himself, Dan felt his eyes drawn back to the TV. And despite himself, Dan felt a tingle of arousal go through him.



Betsy was clearly on her knees, looking up at another woman - a woman who, Dan knew, was actually significantly shorter than Betsy, though from this angle she looked quite tall. The woman - a young, very pretty blonde - grinned down at Betsy with a smirk not unlike one of Anna's grins.

The woman was Betsy's just-out-of-college assistant, Jillian.

And on the side of her neck, Dan could just make out a red Mark below her ear.

"This was pretty astonishing, actually," Anna said as she paused the video, obviously pleased with herself, "Jillian was one of the people who I'd seeded about this whole thing in my hopes that she'd end up on your radar. Like most of them, she ignored it - but when she saw the Mark on Betsy, she went out and managed to figure out how to get herself a red Mark by that very night! She even managed to get in a couple of overrides over the next few days, all presumably just so she could do this. And even better - this means we get to do this..."



Anna pressed play - and suddenly the shot shifted to what was quite obviously Jillian's point of view, looking down at Betsy. Betsy was clothed in the tight red blouse and skirt, identifying the day as a couple of days before Maya...and before Betsy had "gone to London". She looked up at Jillian with wide, obviously nervous eyes, even as she knelt in a quite submissive pose in front of her assistant. Clearly in her own office.

"Please, Jillian" Betsy whimpered softly, eyes glancing over to her office door, "Wh-what if someone comes in?"

Clearly Jillian was using something like the Sex Slave personality - which Dan had turned off for Betsy...before he knew about overrides, of course.

"Oh don't worry," Jillian said in her bright, cheerful voice. Betsy had mocked Jillian to Dan for what Betsy described as Jillian's 'blonde cheerleader' voice, "I scheduled you for a nice long 'meeting' and locked the door. So we won't be bothered here."

Betsy looked back up at Jillian.

"Wh-what do you want?" she whispered, clearly terrified of her position in front of the younger woman. Dan realized that Jillian must have also enabled the "involuntary" part of the Sex Slave personality.

"Why, Mrs. Hendricks - or I guess I can call you Betsy now," Jillian continued in her bubbly voice, "It's like I told you earlier - I thought it was time someone put you in your place. Acting all high and mighty, ordering me and the other younger staff around, making fun of us behind our backs - did you think we didn't know?"

"But now - we're going to have lots of fun with you. I get to be first..."

Dan's blood ran cold at the implications of that.



“To start with, I think you have way too many clothes on. Why don't you take them off for me?”

Betsy made a strangled noise - but as instructed began to disrobe quickly and efficiently.

“Please,” she begged as she disrobed on the floor, “Don't make me do this...I'm sorry!”



Jillian crossed her arms, just watching the mortified older woman until she'd stripped down to her stockings before telling her she could stop. Betsy tried to cover herself, blushing furiously.



The view seamlessly switched back to Betsy's perspective, looking up at Jillian grinning down at her, leaning against her desk.

"Now, I want you to play with yourself."

"WHAT?!" Betsy squealed, though again quietly, as though she'd been told not to alert anyone, which she probably had, "I will absolutely notohhhh!!!!!"



Betsy looked down her body to see that against her will, one hand had - as instructed - slide between her legs to start fingering herself, while the other one was starting to caress one of her breasts. Dan could hear her soft gasps and whimpers from quite up close, as well as the increasingly wet sounds from between her legs. The shot of self-pleasure from Betsy's point of view was shockingly erotic. Though fleeting as she looked back up at Jillian when the girl spoke again.

"My, you do get wet fast, don't you? Keep going - but don't you dare cum until I say or I'll send you out into the office just like you are. I'm sure plenty of the guys would love to see you like this. In fact, while you play with yourself, I want you to describe - in detail - any fantasies you've had about anyone at the office."

"What?!" Betsy moaned again, and then sobbed, "I won't...!"

She made another strangled sound. And then:

"I...I...I imagine Richard, fucking me on his desk..."

Dan let out a soft moan of dismay. Richard was Betsy's current boss. He didn't want to hear about her fantasies...

"Richard? A little old for my tastes, but I guess just right for you. And people do have a thing for their bosses. On your back or from behind? Details..."

"From behind," Betsy half-whimpered, half-groaned "Bent over with legs spread and my big tits sliding all over his papers..."



The screen darkened, and when the view flicked back to Jillian it was clear why - Betsy had closed her eyes, a pained but lust-filled expression on her face while she spoke.

And speak she did.

Dan listened in horror as Betsy described fantasies of fucking half the guys in the office, while Jillian peppered her with periodic comments, all while a faint rustling sound came from around Jillian, though largely drowned out by the wet sounds from between Betsy's legs as she dripped all over the floor and described each of the men she'd imagined fucking her.

Larry, her partner on many projects, who she'd imagined fucking in several different ways, riding on top of him, on her knees sucking his cock, legs wrapped around him while he came inside her. ("OK, enough about Larry," Jillian prompted her.) Glen, the smarmy but good-looking partner who she'd always disliked, but had imagined tying her up and fucking her semi-involuntarily while she came and came. ("Oooo...kinky!") Ricky and Craig, two of her other co-workers who were close buddies, and she'd imagined double-teaming her with Ricky's cock in her mouth and Craig fucking her from behind. ("Why Betsy - you have a nasty little mind!") George. The other Larry. The other George. Jose, the somewhat good looking janitor, fucking her on her own desk late at night. ("Oh my!")

Dan moaned in humiliation as Anna let out a small giggle.

"I think the only co-worker she *didn't* fantasize about fucking was Randy - at least she got to suck his cock anyway..."



Onscreen, Betsy continued, naming several others. And then - clearly trying to fight herself from saying it, squeezing her eyes shut - and then blurting it out:

"...nnngggg...Andy and James and Drew and Chad and Dave and Brian and Charlie," she groaned.

After a pause, Jillian spoke with audible surprise in her voice.

"Wait...the interns?"

Betsy made an affirmative moan.

"All the interns?"

"Yes," Betsy sobbed, clearly mortified.

"At the same time?!"

"Yes," moaned Betsy.

"Details!"

"Oh god," sobbed Betsy, before it all came out in a rush, "Their cocks in my mouth and cumming in my pussy and sharing me around while they all fuck me and cum in me and on me like in this gang bang video I found on my husband's computer the other night while he was asleep and I was horny and I played with myself and I imagined it was me and them for hours and oh god please Jillian can I cum!?!"

Betsy's eyes sprang open, once more wide with desperate and unsated lust - but then her expression shifted to one of horror as she recoiled slightly (though she didn't stop fingering herself).

"What - what are you doing?" she said in a strangled voice.



The view switched back to Betsy's - who was staring up at Jillian grinning down at her, completely naked. While Betsy had had her eyes closed, the young woman had clearly stripped all of her clothes off. She was leaning against Betsy's desk in all her youthful beauty, pale skin and pert, medium sized breasts, and a trimmed blond bush between her legs.

"So, Betsy, no girls in those fantasies of yours?" Jillian asked, smirking.

"Oh god...no...that's disgusting," choked Betsy, still staring at Jillian's nakedness.

"You've never been with a girl, huh?"

"No! Please - I don't like girls..."

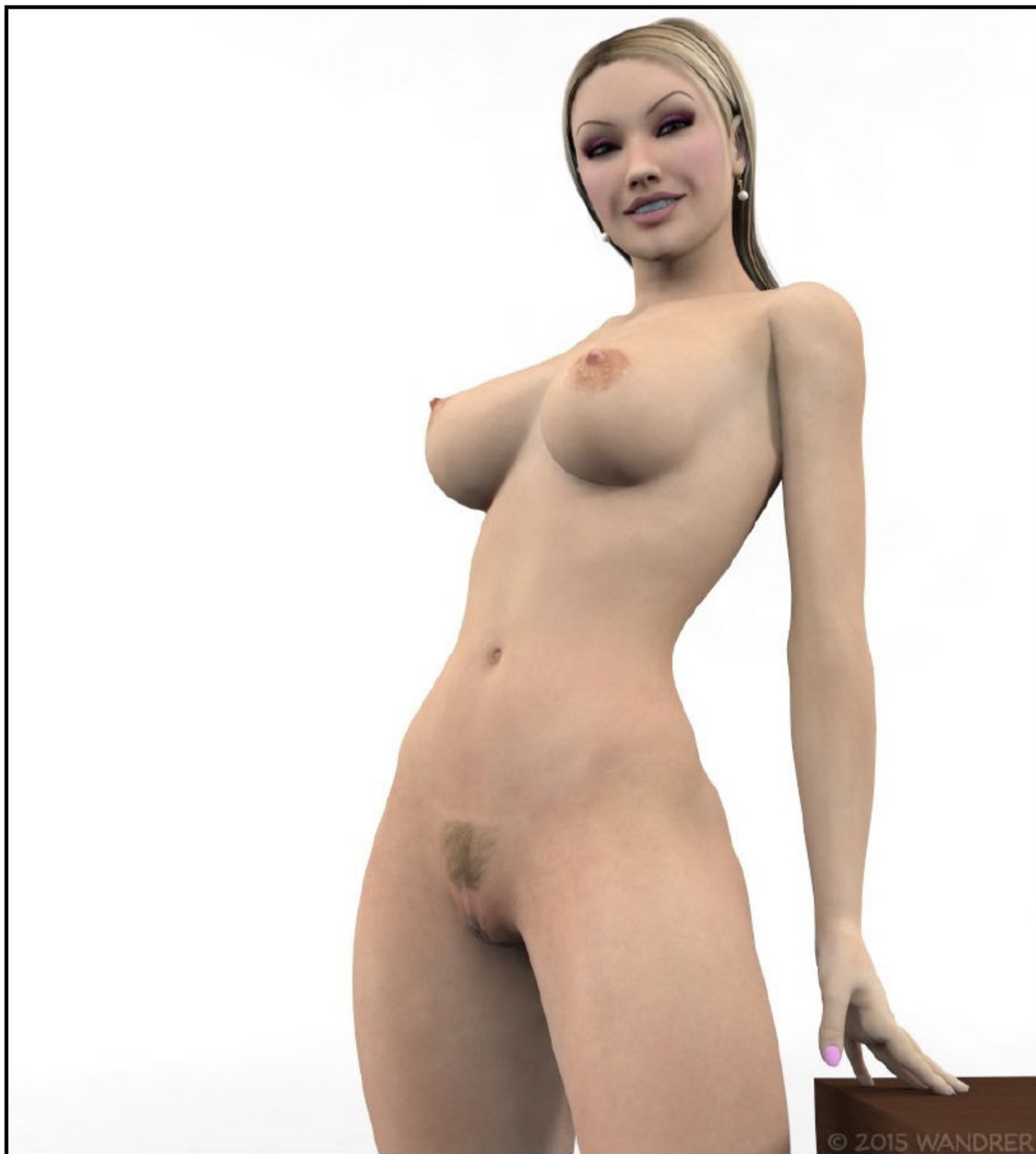
"Oh, me either," said Jillian, "I think the thought of licking another girl's pussy is just nasty."

From behind her eyes, even with the wet sounds coming between her legs, Betsy's choked sob and slump of relief was both audible and visible.

But short lived.

"Still...I've only had a couple of guys go down on me, and they weren't very good at it. Wouldn't a girl be better?"

The view switched back to Jillian's to take in Betsy's growing horror.



"Please - Jillian...no," she sobbed pitifully.

Jillian let out an evil little giggle at the disgust written across her pretty, humiliated boss's face.

"Wow - you really hate the idea of this, don't you? Hmm - well, you've tasted your own pussy, right?"

"No!" Betsy choked out, in a little disgusted sob.

Dan started - but of course as far as Betsy was concerned, that was true - she'd never *knowingly* tasted herself...

"Really?! Well, I guess really - I told you you couldn't lie to me. Well I think you should try that now. Stop playing with yourself, and suck your fingers nice and clean for me."

Betsy let out a disgusted sob and pulled her very wet fingers out of her dripping pussy with a slurp - involuntarily letting out a groan of disappointment as she did so. Breathing heavily from her frustrated arousal, she watched as her hand of it's own volition lifted upwards, covered in her copious pussy juices.



“Please, Jillian, no - don’t make meawmmmm.”

Betsy was cut off as she slid her dripping, slick fingers into her mouth and her face screwed up in an expression of disgust. She made small sobs around them as she sucked off her own copious pussy juice and swallowed.



“Awwww, don’t you like that? I could make you like it, you know.”

Betsy’s eyes widened with a squeak of horror.

“No? Well...why don’t you show me how badly you don’t want to lick my pussy then? One of my boyfriends showed me this video where a girl was licking another girl’s feet - the one girl was acting like the other girl’s slave, or something. It was super kinky, and I told him it was gross. But...I kind of liked it,” Jillian said in a conspiratorial tone, “I - I’ve always wondered what that would be like...”

Betsy made another choked sob around her fingers, shaking her head slightly, eyes wide at what Jillian was implying. Jillian frowned.

“Well, it’s either that or lick my pussy. I’m not going to tell you what to do this time - I want you to show me how badly you don’t want to lick me...”



Betsy whimpered, but then pulled her - now clean - fingers from her mouth and got onto all fours. She trembled for a moment like that, and then slowly began to crawl forward.

Dan could hear Jillian's breathing quicken with excitement as she watched her pretty, redheaded boss crawl naked over to her. At about halfway, the view flipped again, showing Betsy's view of Jillian's foot on the floor as she approached.



Dan could hear his wife making soft whimpers under her breath. But she crawled right up to Jillian, and lowered her face to the ground, till all that filled the screen was the top of Jillian's foot.



Betsy made a soft whimper as she kissed Jillian's foot.

The view switched back to Jillian just in time to hear the younger woman's shuddered breath, looking down at Betsy kissing her foot.



“P-Please,” whimpered Betsy softly.
“Please what?” Jillian breathed.
“Please don’t make me do it.”
“Please don’t make you do what, Betsy?”
“Please don’t make me...lick you.”



“Don’t make you lick my foot? You only kissed it, after all.”
Betsy let out a soft sob.
“No - I mean...”
“You’ll have to be more specific, I think.”
“Please don’t make me l-lick your v-vagina,”
Betsy softly sobbed.
“Ewwww! Is that what you call it? I don’t think so...”



“Please,” moaned Betsy, “Please don’t make me lick your...your p-pussy...”

Again, Dan could hear Jillian’s shuddered breath of excitement.

“Well, you’re going to have to do a *lot* more convincing than just one little kiss I think...”

Betsy made another small moan - and then began to lick the top of Jillian’s foot, with soft, humiliated whimpers. Jillian’s breath quickened again, and Dan heard her swallow, reminding him that this was all from her eyes and ears. He watched her stare down as his wife licked her foot, up her ankle.



Then Jillian leaned back and tilted her foot upwards. Betsy let out another sob - but quickly figured out what was expected of her. She licked down the sides of Jillian's foot, eliciting small gasps from the younger woman, and then pulled back a little.

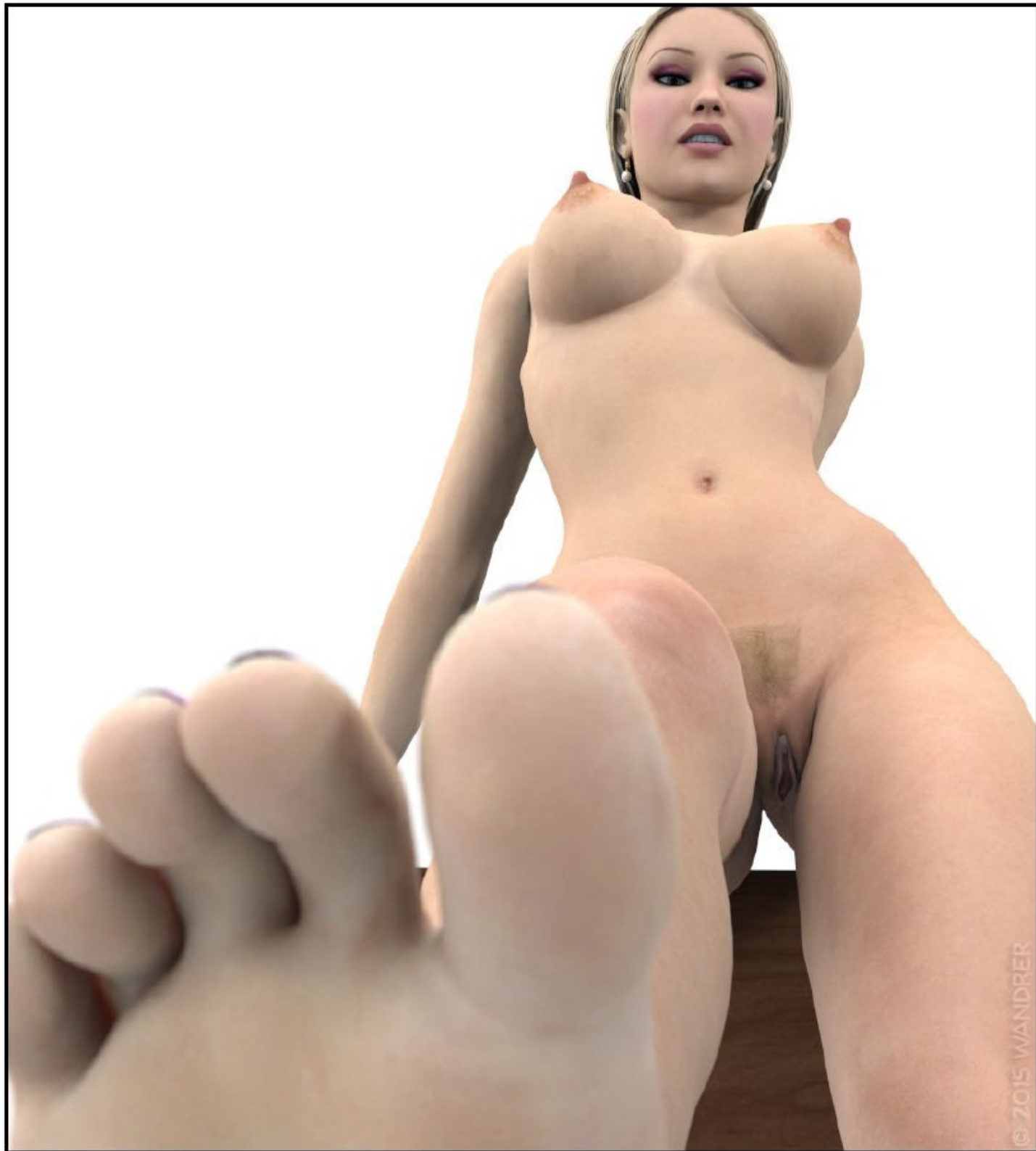


And then, with another soft whimper, Beth leaned and began to suck on Jillian's toes.

"Ohhh, god," moaned Jillian softly, clearly surprised by - and quite enjoying - that.



Betsy whimpered, but continued to suck Jillian's toes for quite some time before sliding back and looking up at Jillian with wide, wet eyes.



“Please...” she whimpered again.

“Please what?” Jillian gasped back, starting the exchange again.

But this time, Betsy shivered slightly and said: “Please Ji...please *Mistress* Jillian...”

Dan started, as that clearly came somewhere from inside Betsy on her own, given Jillian’s moan of surprise.

“Ohhhh ohhh yeah I *like* that. That is what you call me from now on.”

“Yes, Mistress Jillian,” Betsy said with another small sob, “Just...please don’t make me lick your pussy, Mistress Jillian...”



Jillian stared down at Betsy for a long moment, and then in a voice thick with arousal said: "Roll over onto your back."

Betsy looked up at her with apprehension and surprise, but did as she was bidden, turning and sliding onto her back, her feet towards Jillian as she began to lower herself down.



“Spread your legs. And sit up on your elbows, I want you to watch.”

Betsy lay back, a frightened and confused look on her face as she once again did as she was told, laying down and spreading her thighs wide, to display her very wet, very red with arousal pussy to Jillian.



Dan heard Jillian swallow hard again, and could hear her labored breathing. Then he watched from Jillian's eyes as the younger woman lifted her foot - and ground her heel into Betsy's wet pussy.

A shocked look on her face, Betsy couldn't help but let out a loud moan of what was quite clearly pleasure and arousal. Jillian ground her heel harder into her, sliding it around and eliciting more whimpers and sobs from Betsy, still horribly aroused - and still unable to cum from Jillian's earlier command.



Betsy lay there, squirming and moaning, watching as Jillian slid her foot up and down Betsy's sopping pussy, grunting whenever it slid over her clit. The view switched back to Betsy who could - at Jillian's instruction - only stare down at her own pussy while Jillian ground her foot into her for quite some time.



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Betsy let out a loud grunting sob when Jillian slid her foot down...



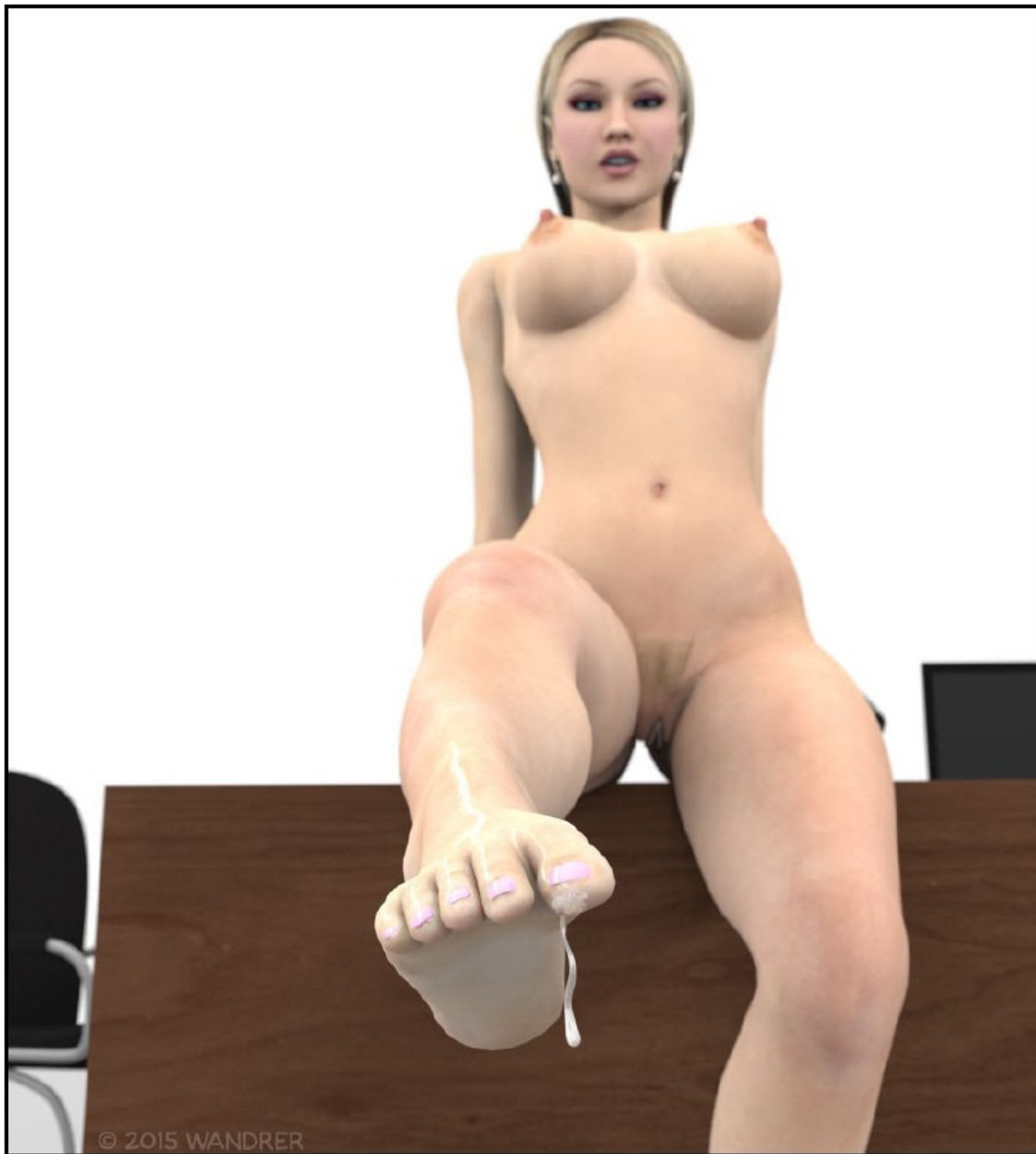
...and slid her big toe a little way inside of the redhead's wet pussy, making a soft moan of her own.



The view switched back to Jillian, looking down as she pulled her wet toe out of Betsy's pussy, eliciting another moan from the older woman. Jillian's breath came in small, loud, obviously aroused gasps. Then Jillian slid up onto the edge of Betsy's desk, keeping her dripping foot in the air.



The view switched back to Betsy, looking up to see Jillian with a wild look in her eyes, holding her foot in the air, Betsy's pussy juice glistening from the bottom and dripping from her toes.



“Clean me off...slave,” Jillian said in a husky voice.

Betsy choked with disgust - but there was no mistaking that as a command. She rolled back up to her knees, shakily, and crawled forward. She lowered her head beneath Jillian’s dangling foot, drawing a shuddering breath and then whimpering in disgust - she could see, and clearly smell, Jillian’s visibly wet pussy a few inches away.



Then she lifted her mouth and began to suck and lick her own pussy juice off of Jillian's toes and the bottom of her foot, as the view switched back to Jillian's.



Jillian moaned.

“Ohhhh god...that feels good,” she half laughed with arousal, “But - I think a slave should always say ‘Yes, Mistress’ when given a command, don’t you, slave?”

Betsy choked out a small sob.

“Yes, Mistress Jillian,” she said, and then went back to licking her pussy juice from between Jillian’s toes.



Finally, after quite some time, Jillian, lowered her foot, drawing it across one of Betsy's large breasts and giggling when Betsy let out an involuntary gasp as it brushed one of her rock-hard nipples. Jillian sat there gasping for breath, looking down at her for a long moment. Finally, she licked her lips, and let out a shuddering giggle.



"Please, Mistress Jillian - please no..."

"A slave never says no to her mistress," growled Jillian excitedly, "In fact - you can no longer tell me no. I want to hear you beg to lick my pussy. The more you don't want it, the more I want to hear you beg - and the nastier and sluttier you'll get about it...and the more turned on you'll get...and the more turned on you'll get the more you'll beg..."

The view switched back to Jillian's, in time to catch Betsy's eyes go wide with horror as she made a strangled, horrified whimper.



“Please,” sobbed Betsy, “Please let me lick your pussy Mistress Jillian...”

Betsy stopped, horrified at the words that had come out of her mouth, and made a small gasp of what was obviously even more arousal. But she was compelled to continue.

“P-Please let me - let me lick your wet pussy, Mistress Jillian...please let me...let me slide my tongue...between your wet pussy lips and suck on your clit,” Betsy drew a shuddering breath and let out a sob, eyes wide - and then more came tumbling from her mouth, in an increasingly desperate whine, “Please let me lick your delicious wet cunt and be your pussy slave and taste your pussy in my dirty slut mouth and suck on your pussy lips and slide my slutty slave tongue inside you and...and...”

Betsy trailed off with a whine, eyes wide as she gasped desperately, her whole body shaking with overwhelming arousal. She was dripping into the floor again, her breasts heaving as she tried to catch her breath. She sobbed, trying to speak.



Jillian, trembling with arousal of her own, swallowed again and took pity on the pathetic woman kneeling in front of her.

“Well, since you want it so badly, slave, you may lick my pussy. I’ll even let you cum if you do a good job...”

Betsy sat shaking in front of Jillian for a long moment, a low whine coming from her as she fought desperately against her body’s aching need...

“y-yes Mistress Jillian,” she sobbed.

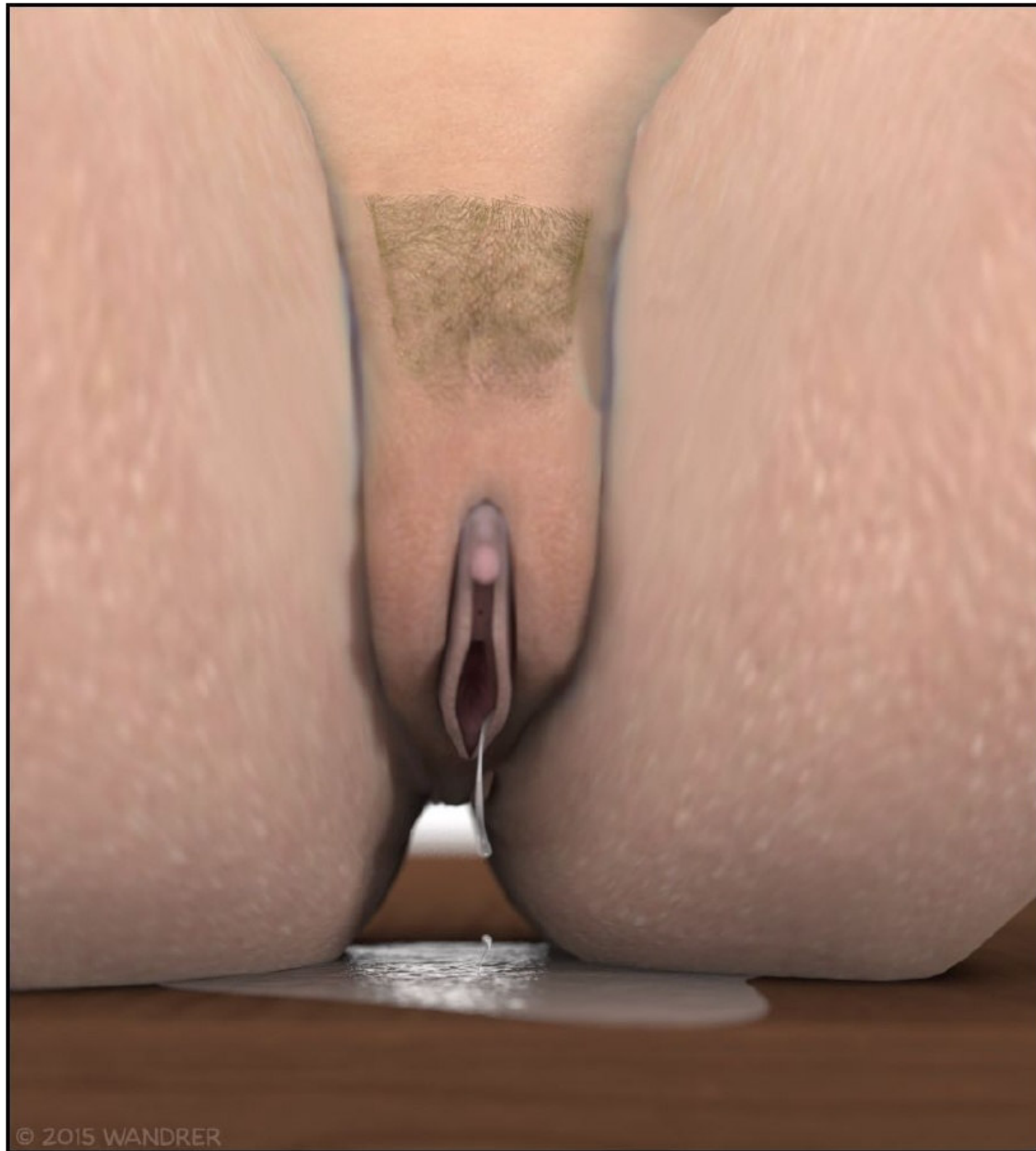
...and then pitched forward onto all fours and crawled towards Jillian.



The view shifted to Betsy's to show Jillian's spread legs filling her vision. Jillian so wet that her juices were spreading in a pool under her ass...



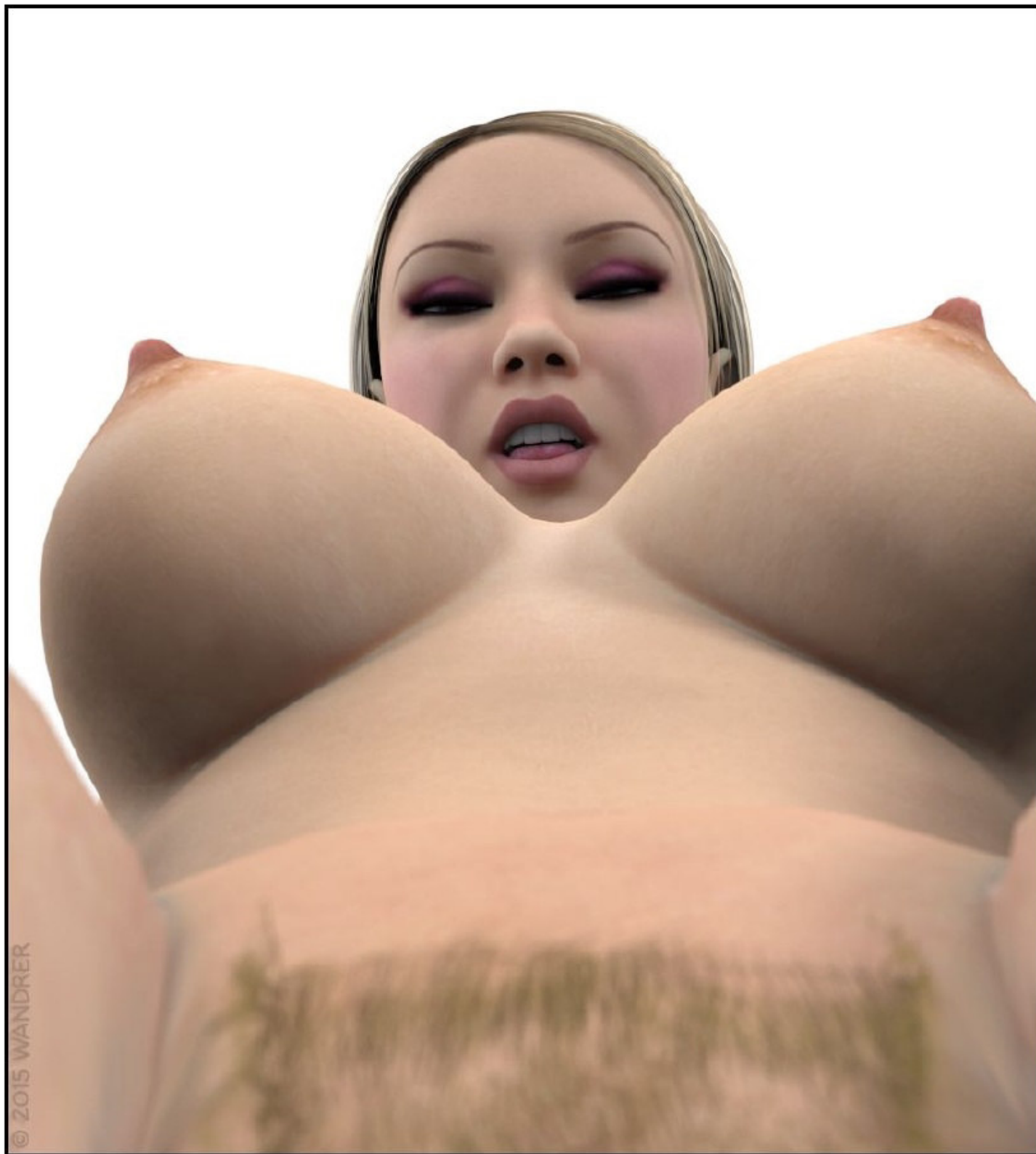
...and slowly spreading towards the edge of the desk where they would drip onto the floor.



And then his wife's viewpoint plunged forward to be filled by Jillian's blond curls and pale belly. He heard Jillian moan from above as faint licking and gagging sounds came from below.

"OHHHH FFFUCK!" she groaned, "Ohhhh... slave, I want you looking up at me...I want to see those pretty eyes of yours..."

Betsy's view shifted upwards to look up Jillian's body to see the blond girl grinning down at her, above the bottoms of her pretty breasts. Jillian looked like she was already about to cum.

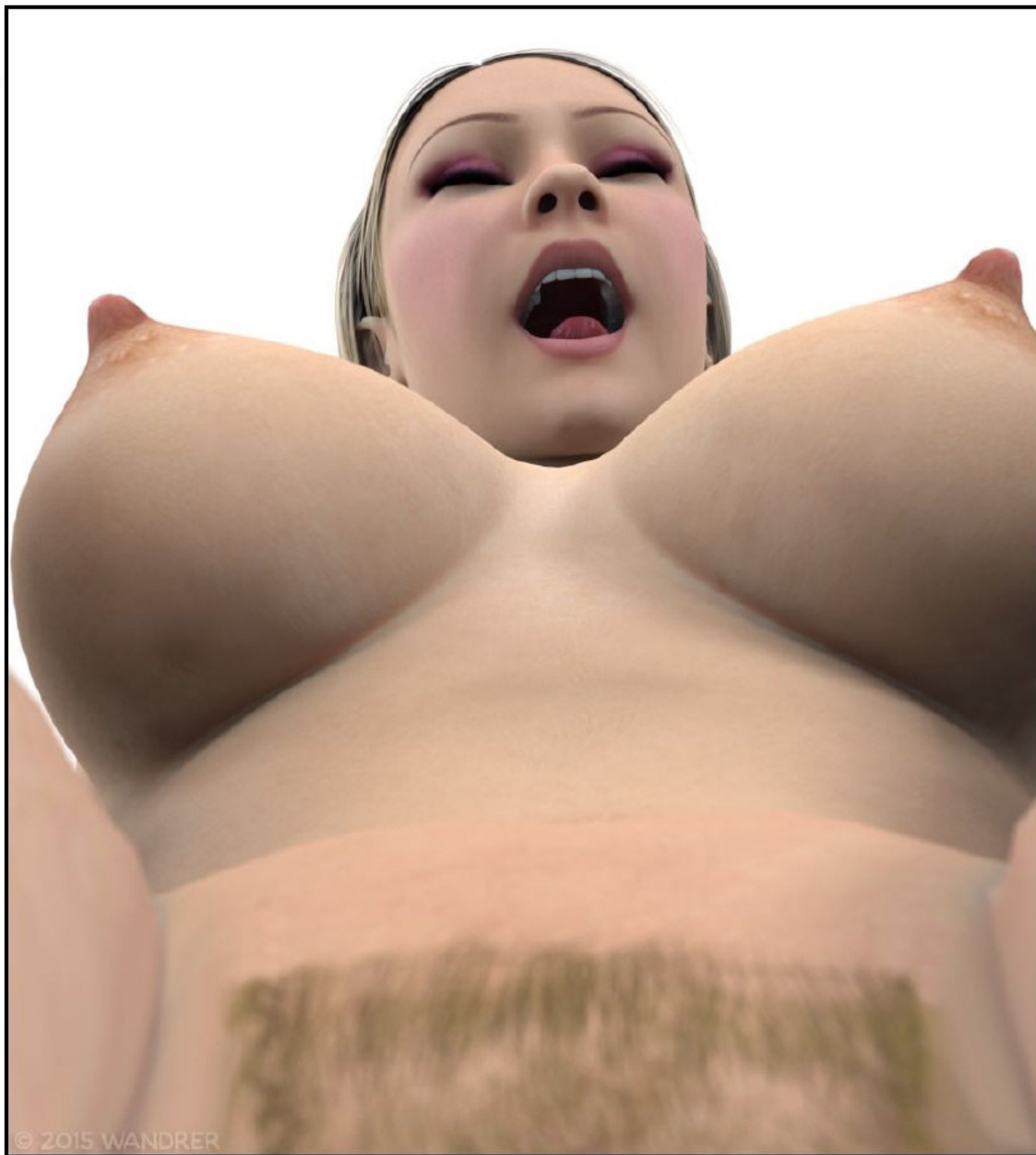


And then the view switched to Jillian's, looking down at a horrified Betsy blinking away tears, nose buried in Jillian's blond curls. Betsy was still visibly shaking with arousal.



“Ohhhh...tell you what, slave - whenever you make me cum, you get to cum.

Betsy let out a whine of self-loathing need into Jillian's pussy, and Jillian let out a shuddering moan as the sound of Betsy's licking became louder and more enthusiastic. The view changed one last time to show Betsy looking up her mistresses body while the blond girl moaned loudly in delight with her mouth open, a look of pleasure on her face as she rapidly approached her first orgasm.



The video faded out. Dan only realized he'd made a disappointed whimper at the sound of another of Anna's giggles, and flushed with shame.

"Why Dan," Anna said in mock-surprise, "Were you *enjoying* watching your wife turned into a lesbian love slave, and forced to lick another girl's pussy for the first time? For shame!"

Dan, still thinking back to Anna's earlier threat and promise, stifled a snarling response. But Anna caught his expression and decided she wasn't finished.

"Of course, we could have kept going - Jillian came four or five times before she finally let Betsy stop. Oh, Dan, look how hard you are - that looks painful."



Dan grimaced, as she was right. He'd started to soften a little after Sandy had stopped her licking, and had remained in that half-hard state while watching his wife fuck the other guys - the faint arousal from watching his wife fuck offset by it being from her point of view and the fact that she was fucking *other guys*. But watching Jillian use his wife had caused him to return to aching rock-hardness - his cock was purple and twitching with pent up arousal.

"You know, I feel like we should help with that. Pussy-puss! Wake up."



Betsy lifted her head to blink at Anna. Anna nodded over to Dan.

“Go lick that man’s cock, like a good pussy... since he liked watching you lick a pussy so good,” Anna giggled at her own wit.

Betsy let out a soft meow, and crawled down off of the couch, arching her back in a very cat-like stretch as she did so.



Then, while Dan stared at her she crawled over between his legs. She looked up at him with big eyes.

“Betsy,” he whimpered softly, apologetically.
“Mrow?”



She blinked, giving no indication whatsoever that she recognized him. Instead, with another soft, high-pitched “meow”, she stuck her face in to his lap and drew her tongue up his hard cock in a long, cat-like lick.



In spite of himself, Dan let out a groan of pleasure.

Dan trembled in his bonds, trying with limited success to stifle his moans as Betsy continued licking him with long, slurping strokes of her tongue. He tried to focus on anything else to keep himself from cumming once more.

Anna grinned, lifting the remote once more, and languidly reaching down to touch herself.

"You know...all of this watching Betsy's humiliation has gotten me kind of hot again, too. Nicky, what about you, baby?"

Nicky, ever loquacious, just grinned and nodded. Anna licked her lips and then rolled over onto all fours on the couch. Nicky got onto his knees behind her, and teasingly slid his cock between her wet lips without sliding inside her, eliciting a shuddering moan from Anna, while her new large breasts dangled and swayed beneath her.

"Mmmm...I guess we should watch a little more..."

Dan's eyes drifted back to the TV, however much he tried to pretend he didn't want to watch, while his broken wife meowed softly as she licked his cock.

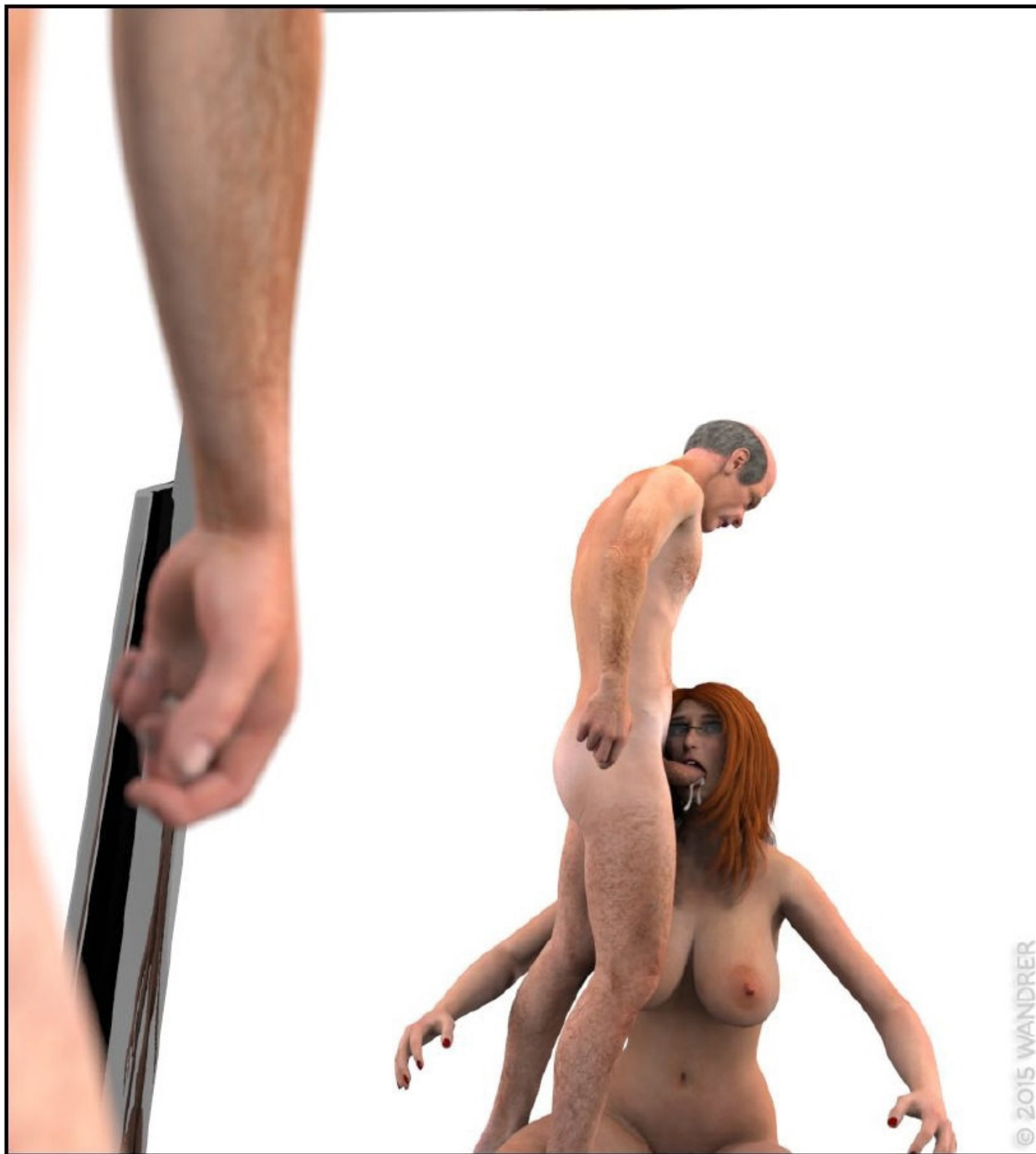
Anna pressed play on the remote, and then groaned as Nicky slipped his cock inside her, and began to slowly slide in and out.



The first video was obviously at the end of a visit, as it showed Betsy sitting naked on the floor, staring blankly at herself in a mirror. Cum dribbled out of her mouth and onto her breast, as well as dribbling out of her pussy. It was quite clear she was in "Sex Doll" mode, which Dan had left enabled thinking it was relatively innocuous. After a moment, the body of a skinny older man stepped into view and slid his already messy cock into her mouth, which she started sucking immediately, with a repetitive, robotic "mmmmm" of pleasure.



“Ohhhhhh,” Anna moaned, and then breathed, “You can’t really see him, but that’s Betsy’s college professor, who she unnnhhappened to run into at the gym. He didn’t even let her sh-shower - just booked her and took her home with him and then put her in s-sex doll mode for several hours. Apparently he likes his girls docile and sweaty ohhhhhh....”



The video shifted, and Dan let out another gasp - and a groan at Betsy's licking.

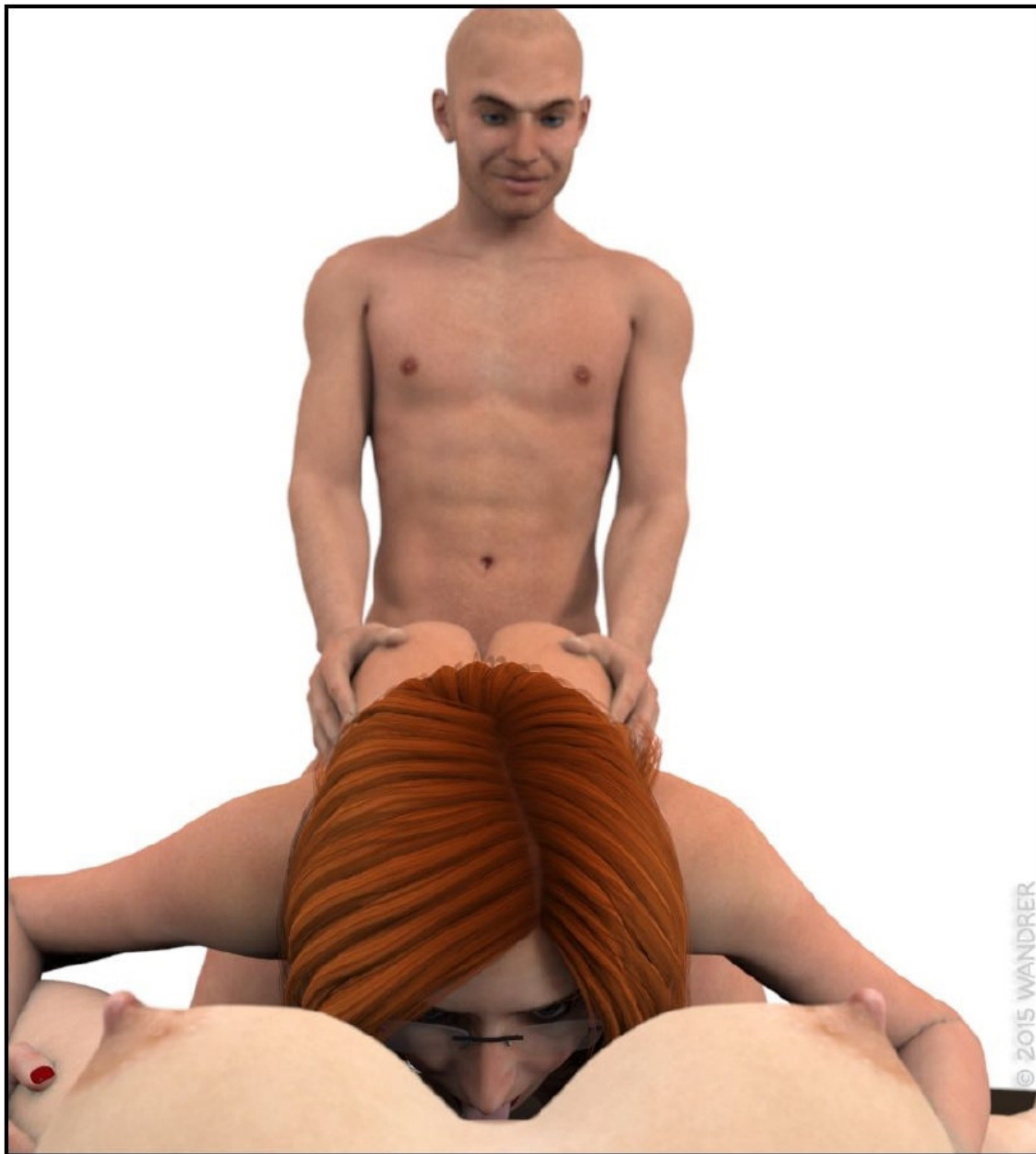


Clearly this was from Jillian's view again, as she looked down her own body at Betsy's face buried in her blond curls once more. But this time, Betsy was grunting as a much younger guy fucked her from behind, a look of ecstasy on his face he groaned.

"Oh ffffuck," he moaned, "This is amazing..."

Jillian giggled, and then gasped in obvious pleasure, then giggled again.

"See...I told you it would be worth signing up. Maybe later, we should have Mrs. Hendricks here," Jillian sneered as she called Betsy 'Mrs. Hendricks', "teach your sweet fiancé how to lick pussy..."



Jillian glanced over to a chair on the side where a very pretty little indian woman was whimpering and fingering herself with a horrified expression on her face, while she watched the threesome in front of her. On her ankle was a black Mark.



The guy groaned.

“You can make them do that?”

“Oh, Mrs. Hendricks will do anything for me, won't you Betsy?”

Betsy lifted her wet face from Jillian's pussy, grunting as the guy continued to fuck her. She let out a small sob, but all she said was:

“Unnggghh-Y-Yes, Mistress Jillian.”

“And since you made Sarita available to girls....”

“Ohhhh god damn,” the guy moaned, “Can I fuck you again while I watch?”

Jillian half giggled, half moaned.

“Only if I can make Sarita suck your messy cock back to hardness first - and only once Betsy finishes cleaning out my pussy...”

That was too much for the guy, and he grunted and started clearly cumming inside Betsy, which in turn caused Betsy to start to squeal in orgasm into Jillian's pussy - rapidly followed by Jillian. Sarita let out a sob on the side, clearly unable to cum herself yet.



“Mmm....I think I - ungh - like Jillian. She cleverly managed to get this - ohhhh - set up with one of the interns,” groaned Anna, who was going to say something else, but was cut off by a grunt of pleasure as Nicky thrust into her a little harder.

The scene changed to what was obviously later, with Jillian looking down her own body as she was being fucked by the un-named guy now. Then she turned her head to the side with a moan of pleasure, to look at the two girls - Betsy and Sarita - sobbing softly as they made out on their knees. Sarita’s eyes flickered over to where her fiancé was fucking Jillian and let out a



“OK girls, that’s enough foreplay - time to get down and dirty.”

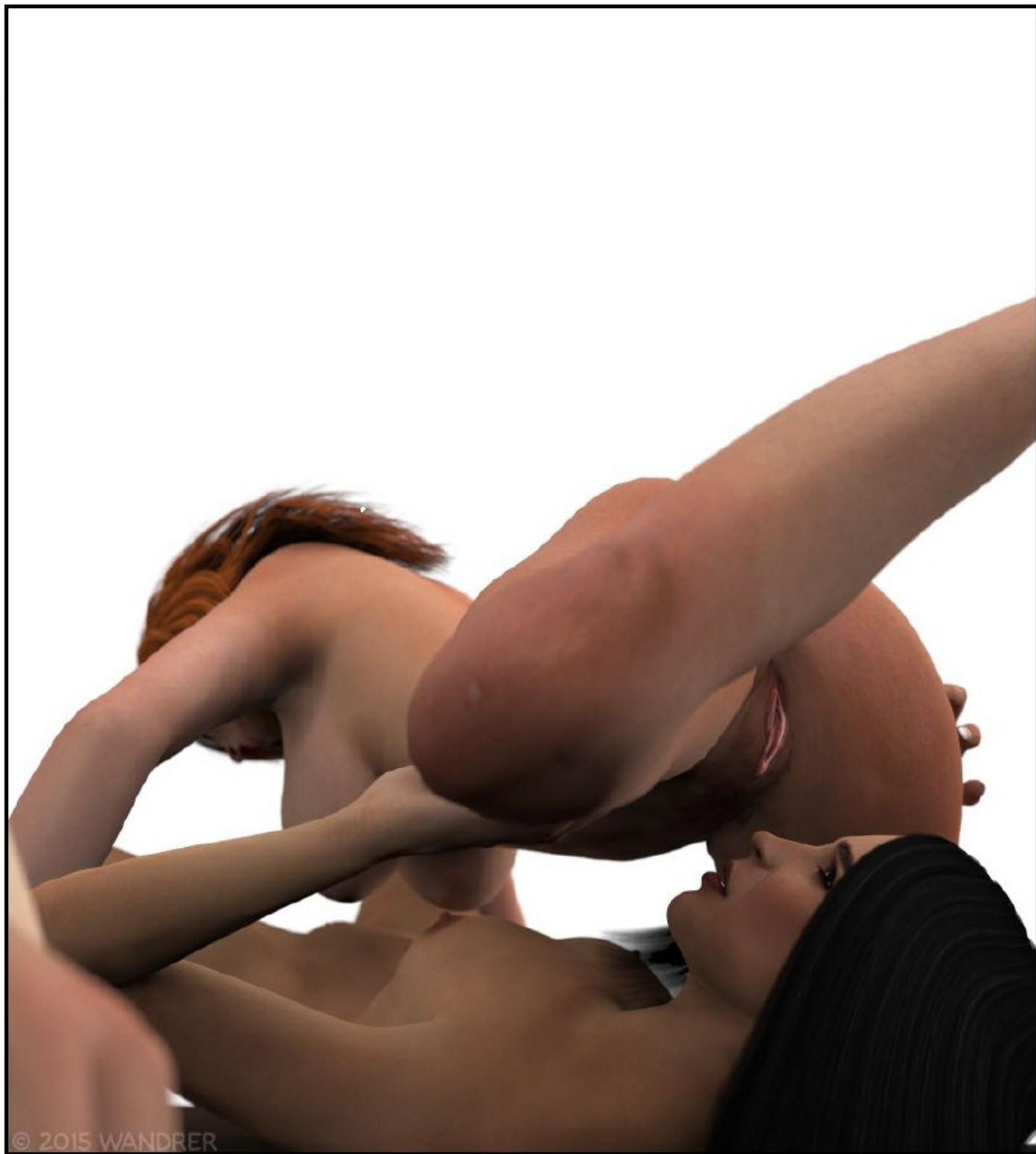
“Please don’t make me do this, Drew,” whimpered Sarita at the guy fucking Jillian.

Betsy let out a sob, but all she said was, again:

“Yes, Mistress Jillian.”

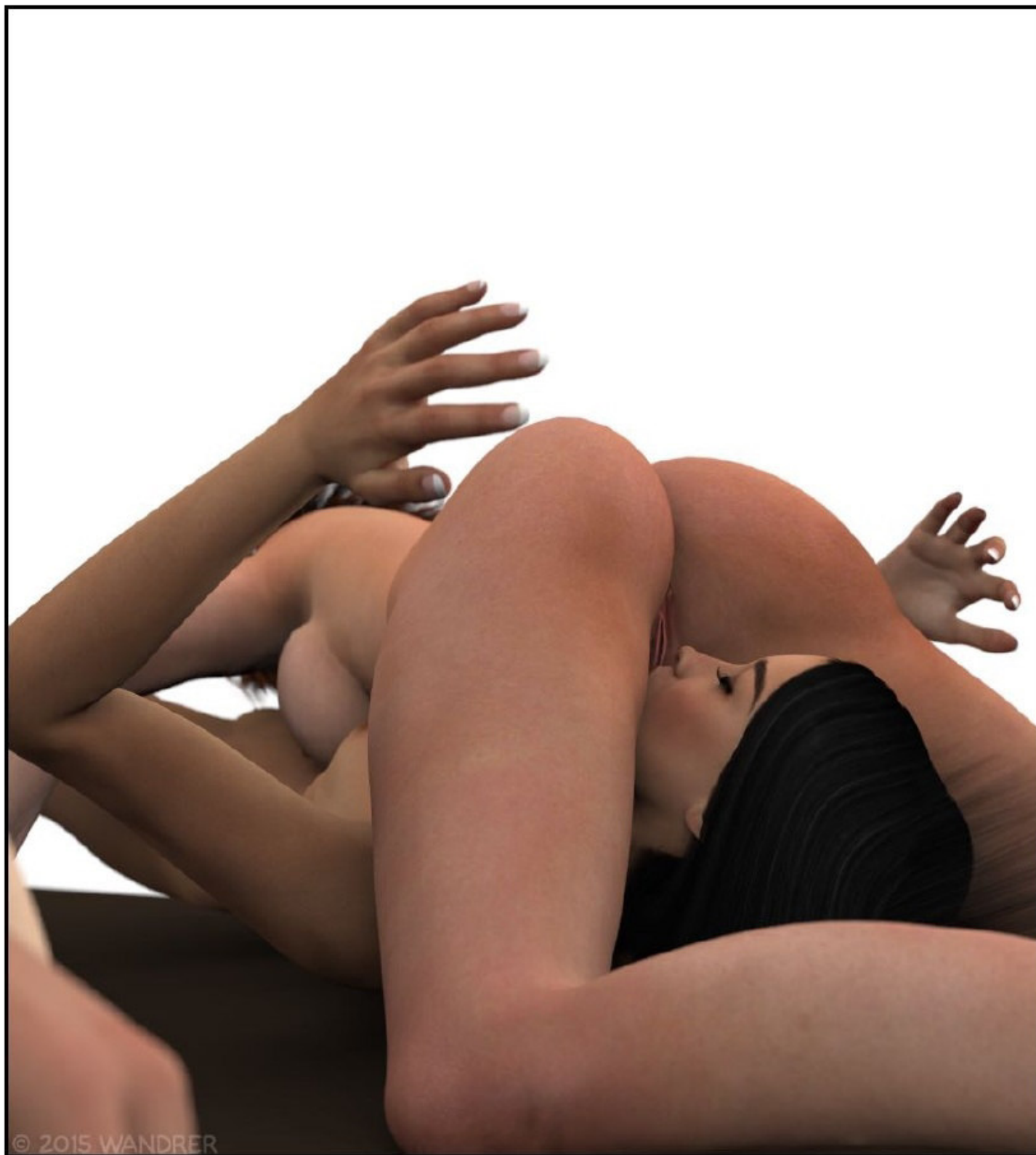


Sarita let out a sob of her own as Betsy pushed her down onto the bed - Sarita clearly was unable to resist. Then she made a louder sob of horror as Betsy turned to lift her leg over the younger girl's face and lower herself down onto her, till the two were in a 69 position.



Sarita squirmed under the older woman, holding her hands up as though afraid to touch her, making muffled sobs as Betsy's wet pussy pressed against her unwilling mouth.

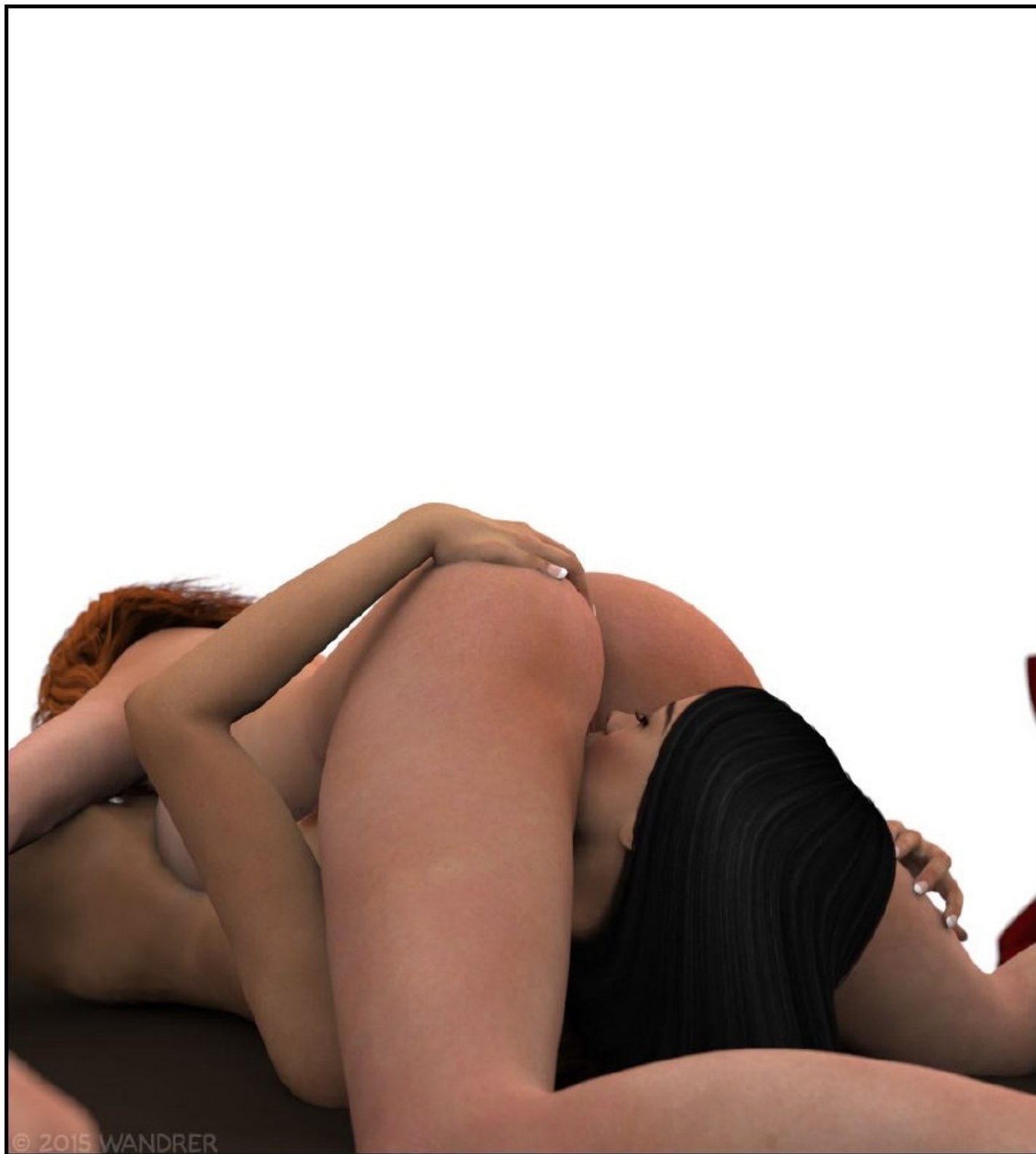
Then she let out a much louder moaning sob of surprise as Betsy started to lick her.



Drew groaned above Jillian, and Jillian could be heard breathing more heavily.

“Whoever makes the other one cum first doesn’t have to clean Drew’s cum out of my pussy,” moaned Jillian.

Sarita sobbed - and then wet sounds started to come from between Betsy’s legs as well.



It was too much for Dan. With a grunt, his body jerked again in a shockingly powerful orgasm while Pussy-puss - Betsy! - lapped at his cock. She meowed in pleased surprise as his cum splattered over his belly and some in her hair, and kept licking while he came.



Onscreen, the scene finished with a shot of a whimpering Sarita licking the cum from Jillian's pussy while Jillian moaned. Off to the side, Betsy sucked Drew's half-hard cock while he watches.



Dan's orgasm finally subsided and he groaned, collapsing against the chair once more. Betsy looked up at him with a soft "meow", and then put her paws - hands! - on his thighs and shifted up, to start lapping the cum off his belly with soft mewls of delight.

Dan choked out a sob at her mindless humiliation - even as he felt his half-hard cock twitch against his wife's small breasts as they brushed against him.

"Awww - ungh - Dan....you came before my favorite one," Anna managed to grunt out.



Onscreen, the scene shifted once more - and again, another Jillian shot. This time of Betsy on all fours on the floor of her office. She was dressed in the pink outfit - or what little of it was left on her at this point - while she bounced back and forth on the cocks of two young guys. Drew had his cock in her mouth, while a handsome young black guy - obviously one of the other interns - fucked her from behind. She grunted and moaned in abject delight as the cocks slid in and out of either end.



"Betsy, are you - OH MY GOD!"

Jillian looked up at the door to see another older woman - who Dan recognized as Alicia, one of Betsy's co-workers...and a serious rival of hers at the firm. The woman stared at the scene in front of her in shock.



“Oops,” giggled Jillian softly under her breath, and looked back down at Betsy.

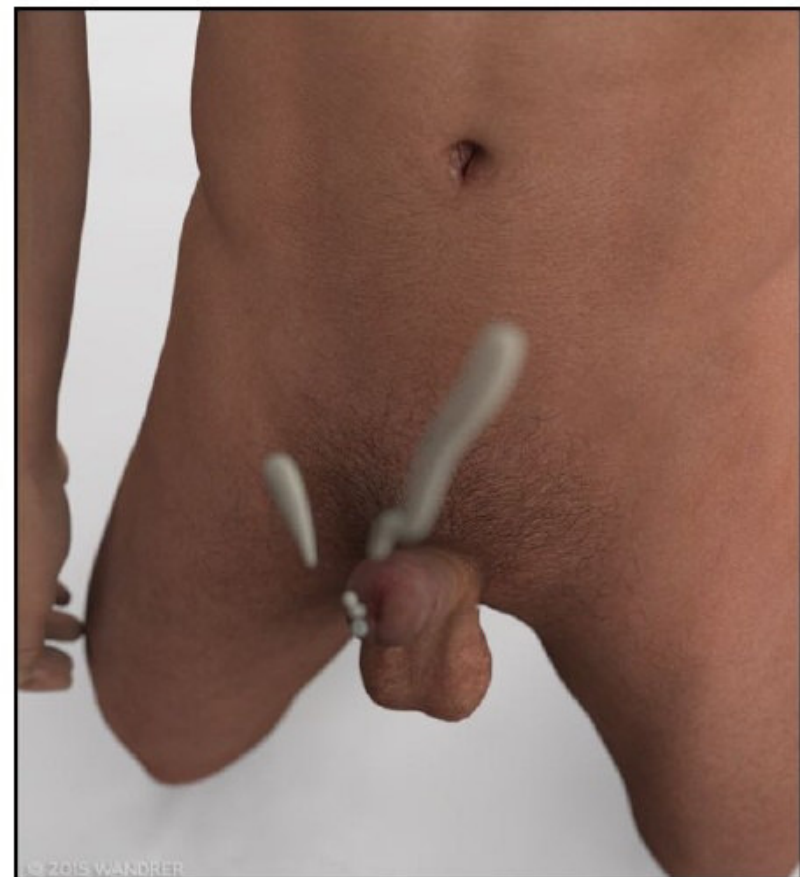
Betsy was looking up at Alicia with horror, Drew’s cock in her mouth, and both boys looking as stunned as she was to be caught like this. Betsy managed an “mmm!” of shock, and slid backwards, clearly starting to pull away...



And that's when the guy behind her, with a groan, started cumming inside her.

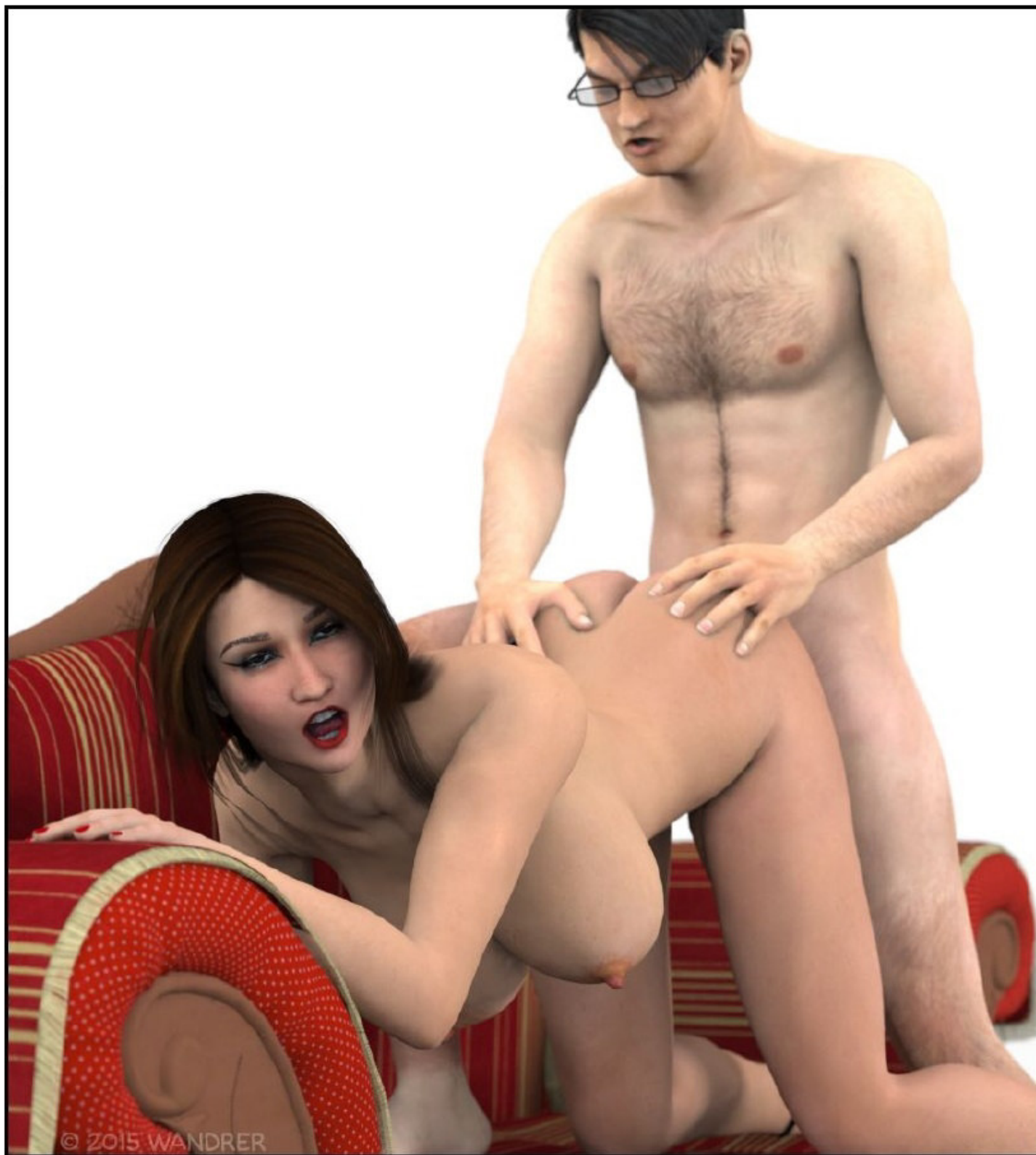
Betsy's eyes widened as she started to squeal around the cock in her mouth, body jerking against the cock cumming in her pussy as she started to cum herself. Drew groaned - and from the sudden gulp from Betsy, he had clearly been set off by her moans and was cumming in her mouth...

And then his cock slipped out from between her lips, and he started to cum all over the wailing, shocked Betsy's face.



Anna screamed in pleasure as she came as well, her big new tits bouncing beneath her, while staring at Betsy cumming uncontrollably while being covered with cum in front of Alicia on the screen. Nicky growled as he plowed into Anna from behind, cumming inside her as well.

Finally, Anna stopped her screaming "ooooos" of delight and knelt there in front of Nicky. She looked up at the screen and smiled a tired but satisfied smile.



Betsy was sitting on the floor of her office, looking up at Alicia with horror. The two guys had pulled out and backed away to either side, leaving her naked and exposed. Her face and hair were covered with cum, and it dribbled out of her pussy, while she gasped in post-orgasmic aftershocks. Anna giggled.



“I think that might have been what got her fired.”

Dan choked out a sobbing moan as Anna paused the screen on the shot of former-Betsy in that humiliating position. Meanwhile, current-Betsy continued lapping up the rest of his cum, blissfully unaware of the horrific unfolding of her story onscreen.

Anna moaned as Nicky pulled out of her, and then settled back onto her heels, dripping onto the couch.



“Mmmmm,” she moaned, gasping for breath, “That was good. I think I need a little break though before we get to the next part.”

Dan looked over at her, brow furrowing. Anna giggled.

“Well, she hasn’t even gotten to my house yet!”

Dan’s eyes widened in dismay, and he looked down at his modified, mindless wife.

Betsy looked up at him with wide eyes as she licked her lips.

“Meow?”



The image features a complex geometric pattern of overlapping, slightly offset triangles that create a strong 3D perspective, resembling a tunnel or a series of nested triangular frames. The lines are thick and black, set against a white background. The perspective is from the center of the tunnel, looking outwards towards the corners of the frame.

TO BE CONTINUED...