



TRADE-IN

written by Wandrer  
Featuring Art by SturkWurk

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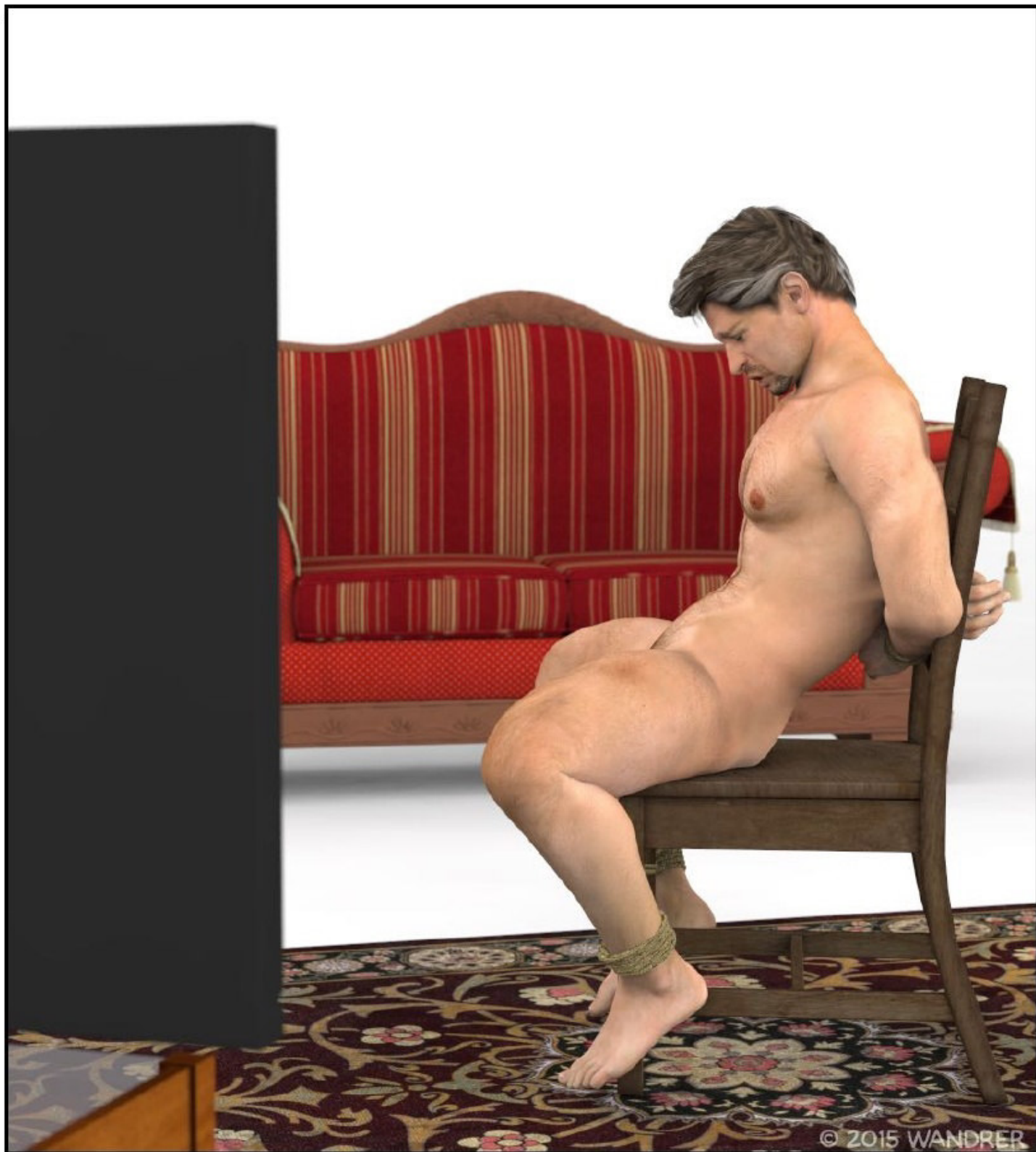
**All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.**

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Dan sat slumped in the chair, breathing slowly and wallowing in a wave of guilt-ridden misery. He was alone in the room for the first time since he'd arrived - after their most recent collective go round, Anna had declared her need to take a shower and take a little break, and Nicky had followed her out.



Of course, she couldn't possibly just leave it at that with Dan, and she'd revealed that her house contained cameras in almost every room in multiple angles - so for his "entertainment" she'd put the camera in her bathroom up onto the TV, allowing him to watch while Nicky fucked her again in the shower - he had to have taken the same always-hard drugs she'd had Nicky give Dan - while poor Betsy crouched beneath them, enthusiastically licking Nicky's cock and balls and Anna's pussy while they fucked. At least she'd left the TV muted so he didn't have to listen - though he could hear Anna's faint squeals of pleasure from a distance, slightly out of sync with the video.



It was a sign of Dan's current self-loathing that he was only half-hard, and he'd shut his eyes halfway through, refusing to watch any more.

He'd struggled halfheartedly with his bonds, but it was pretty clear they were going to hold him quite secure until he was released. Though now he was starting to feel other needs weighing on him.

At a rustle of sound, Dan opened his eyes to see Anna coming back in - once again in her robe which dangled open enticingly, regardless of how he tried to ignore it.



Nicky and Betsy weren't with her. Dan looked over at the screen and felt a knot of dismay in his stomach. Nicky was still - or back - in the shower, and Betsy was on her knees in front of him with his cock in her mouth, looking up at him with big eyes while she sucked him. Somehow in spite of all he had seen Betsy do in the recordings, it was still much worse knowing it was happening right now, and he could do nothing about it.



Dan tore his eyes away from what his poor wife was doing, and looked up at Anna.

"I - I have to pee," he said hoarsely, and then after a cough, "And...can I please have some water?"

Anna giggled.

"So polite! Hmm...I think we can arrange something."

She turned and yelled over her shoulder.



“Water for Dan here, Sandy. The one I poured on the counter should be fine. And please bring an extra glass.”

“O-Oui, Madame,” she said in a trembling voice, and turned to walk out.

“Oh, and some wine for me. And something for Pussy-puss!”

With another “Oui, Madame,” Sandy disappeared around the corner. Anna turned back to Dan with a smile.

“There, you see! I’m such a good host,” she said, and then again giggling at herself, she turned and sat on the couch, offering Dan a nice view of her breasts and crotch beneath the open robe.



Dan cursed at himself inwardly for noticing. Instead he looked at the screen one last time as Anna raised the remote, and saw that Nicky had finished - in Betsy's mouth, Dan thought with a shiver of disgust...and extremely unwanted arousal - and was washing himself unselfconsciously. Anna changed the screen back to whatever they had been watching before, the screen still paused on Betsy in her nakedness, dripping cum, looking up at Anna with horror.

Before he could do or say anything else, Sandy re-entered, carrying a tray. On it were a couple of glasses and a bowl - and she was being followed by a still slightly wet, but clearly just toweled off Betsy, crawling after her and meowing insistently. Sandy stopped and set the bowl down on the floor by the TV.



Dan watched as his formerly proud wife bent her head with another soft meow and began lapping at the milk in the bowl, unaware that she was anything other than a cat.



He looked over at Anna, and couldn't help himself from staring as - at Anna's instruction or unintentionally or perhaps part of her programming - Sandy was bending over at the waist in front of Anna, holding out the tray, and once again displaying her ass and pussy quite visibly to Dan. He pulled his eyes away, flushing, but caught Anna's knowing grin as she plucked the glass of wine off of the tray.

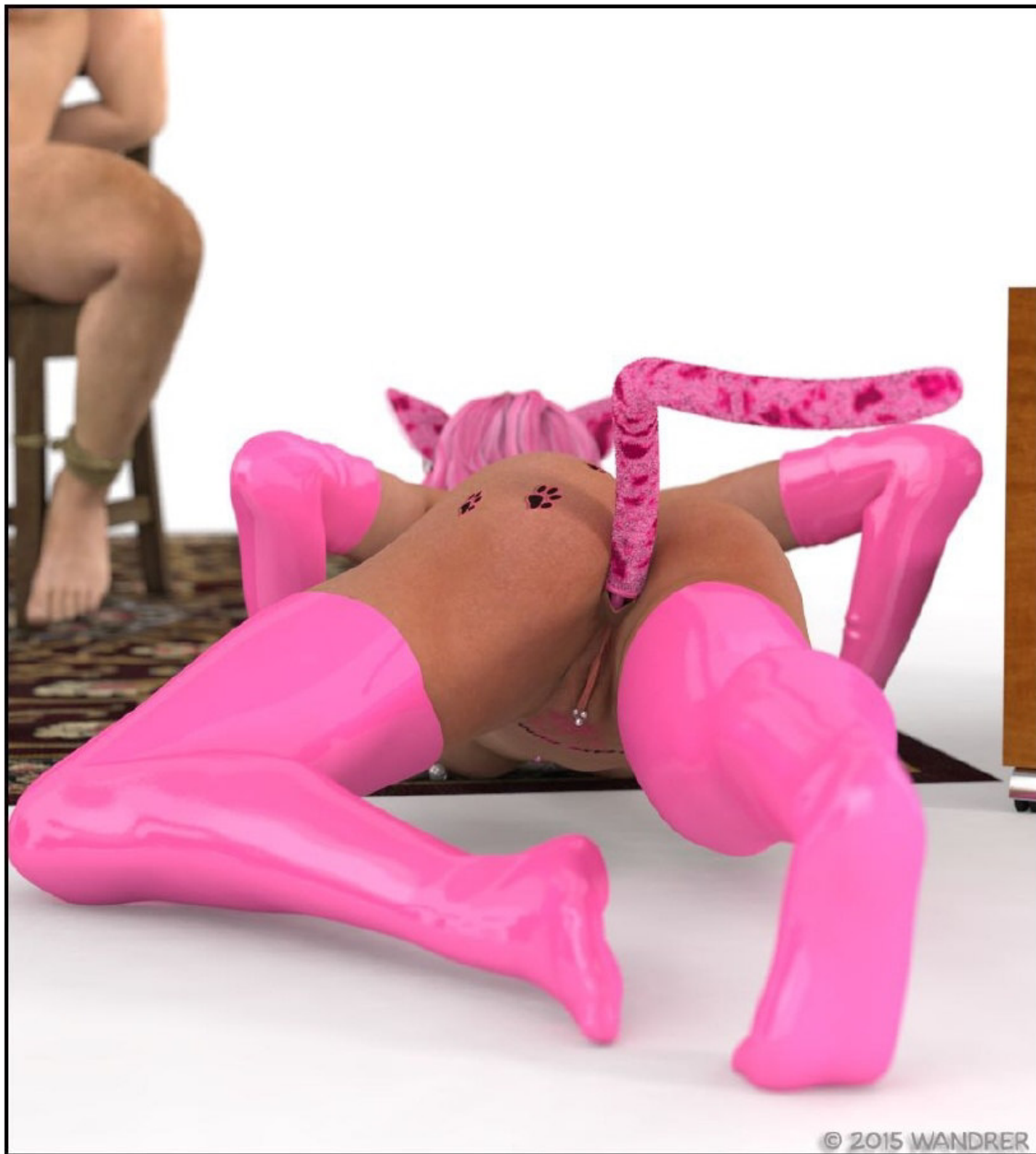


Sandy straightened and came over to him with the last glass, a large glass filled with water. She stood over him, trembling slightly, and lifted the glass in front of him. He looked up into Sandy's eyes to find them wide with - fear? Humiliation? Some unreadable emotion. He certainly felt humiliated enough as his friend's mother held the glass to his lips and tilted it back.

She made some small sound as he started to drink, but again, he couldn't place it.



He glanced down at where Betsy continued to lap at the milk on the floor, mewling softly, while he began to thirstily gulp down his own drink.



The water had a slightly metallic taste to it - but he was really parched, even more than he'd realized, and quickly gulped it all down. Swallowing the last of it, he took a deep breath and looked up into Sandy's eyes.

"Thank you," he breathed softly.

Oddly, she let out a small sob.

Dan turned to look over at Anna - only to find her staring at him with a grin over her wine glass. He was afraid to ask why she looked like the cat who had eaten the canary - and truthfully he still had a more urgent need anyway. He was going to ask about going to the bathroom...

Then Sandy sank to her knees in front of him again. He was about to ask what she was doing, when she reached up, blushing furiously, grabbed his half-hard cock, and lifted it into the empty glass. His eyes widened and his blush started to match hers as he realized what she was doing. He looked over at Anna angrily.



“Surely you can’t be - I’m not going to -“  
Anna just grinned wider.

“Up to you, Danny. But in a minute I’m going to have Sandy leave, so you’ll either have to hold it or, well...”

Dan stared at her for a moment, flushed with anger and shame - but finally his need won out, and he looked away - and with a soft whimper began to pee in the cup Sandy was holding in one hand, while holding his cock with the other. He sat there, face burning with shame as he watched the cup fill while Sandy sat there trembling - and then felt even more shame as she gently rubbed the bottom of his peeing cock, perhaps unconsciously, and he began to stiffen in her hand.



Thankfully, he finished before he reached full



He looked over at Anna - and couldn't fight back his anger this time as he found that she had started to languidly finger herself while she watched Sandy drain him.

"You're sick," he breathed.

Anna just grinned at him, eyes flashing.

"I'll give you that one," she smirked, "But you should watch it with that nasty mouth of yours. Actually...maybe I'll help you with that."

Dan watched as Anna grabbed something from behind the couch, and then stood up and walked over to him with an evil grin, holding something behind her back. He tried not to stare at her legs or her body, but she was clearly moving sexily for his benefit. And as she got closer he tried not to cringe away from her obviously gleefully nasty expression, though she did catch his flinch and smiled wider.



She leaned over him, her large breasts dangling down again, and pulled one hand from behind her back.

In it dangled a ball gag.  
"Open wide," she breathed.  
Dan stared at it in horror.



"What - you aren't serious! I'm not going to let you gag me!"

"Let'?" Anna said with a small giggle, "Of course you're going to let me - the only question is whether you would prefer this one...or this one."

Dan's eyes widened further as she pulled out another gag - this one shaped like a moderately sized cock. His stomach turned.

"I'm sure we can train you to deep throat with just a little practice. What do you think, Dan?"

"You wouldn't. You - you-"

Dan's eyes were pulled away from Anna, as his wife sat back with a loud meow, licking the milk off her lips. He swallowed as he stared at poor Betsy's changes, and realized how ridiculous it was for him to pretend Anna wouldn't be happy to do far worse to him than shove a dildo gag down his throat.



He opened his mouth.

"Good boy," Anna breathed, happily. With frighteningly practiced ease, she quickly had the ball gag strapped on - and he made a soft moan of horror, as he found himself unable to speak, and breathing heavily through his nose.



Twirling the other gag happily, Anna sauntered back over to her couch and settled back down.

"Now that we've got that sorted, I bet you are just waiting to see what happens next to your lovely wife."

Anna lifted the remote once more, as Dan made a soft, muffled whimper.

"I thought we could skip the part where I sent her home to get some clothes and leave you that note and her first message - couldn't have you figuring it all out *too* soon, could I? Of course it turns out I needn't have worried, since you were far too busy with your other girls to worry about your wife..."

Dan's stomach turned over as he flicked his eyes to his wife, who had laid down on her back next to her bowl with her legs up in the air, and was playfully batting at the bells in her nipples, meowing softly. If only he'd become suspicious sooner...



"I had really been waiting for you to get started," Anna continued, "but Betsy managing to get herself fired was just too much of an opportunity to pass up. And it turned out so conveniently that you finally gave in to temptation and got Maya the next night so you were nicely distracted.

"So...we'll get to that first day in a minute," Anna sighed and rolled her eyes, "But first - Nicky thought it would be fun to put this next bit on the video...I haven't actually seen it..."



The screen faded in - and it wasn't Betsy at all, but was instead Nicky and Anna sitting on what was presumably their bed, naked. Nicky had his laptop in front of him, while Anna - still with her tiny breasts - leaned back on her hands.



“You’re sure? I can pick whichever one I want?” Nicky said in his drawl, an eyebrow raised.

“Yeah - well, just don’t pick any of the really weird ones. Please?” Anna said, sounding nervous.

Nicky grinned.

“Well - you know me, I’m a simple guy...”

Anna scoffed at that, and then jumped when Nicky clicked something on the laptop.

“What did you pick?” she said apprehensively.

“I’m not telling!” Nicky said, shaking his head.

“What? You have to tell me!” Anna giggled nervously reaching for the laptop. Nicky quickly closed the laptop and held it away from her. Giggling in a tone that said she was playing-but-not-entirely, she scrambled up onto her knees and reached for it while Nicky lifted it out of her reach with a playful grin.

“Give it to me! Let me see! Nicky! What did you - OH!”

Anna suddenly stopped with a shudder and a very surprised look on her face as she sat up with a jerk. Nicky paused and looked at her while Anna breathed for a second and then looked back at him.



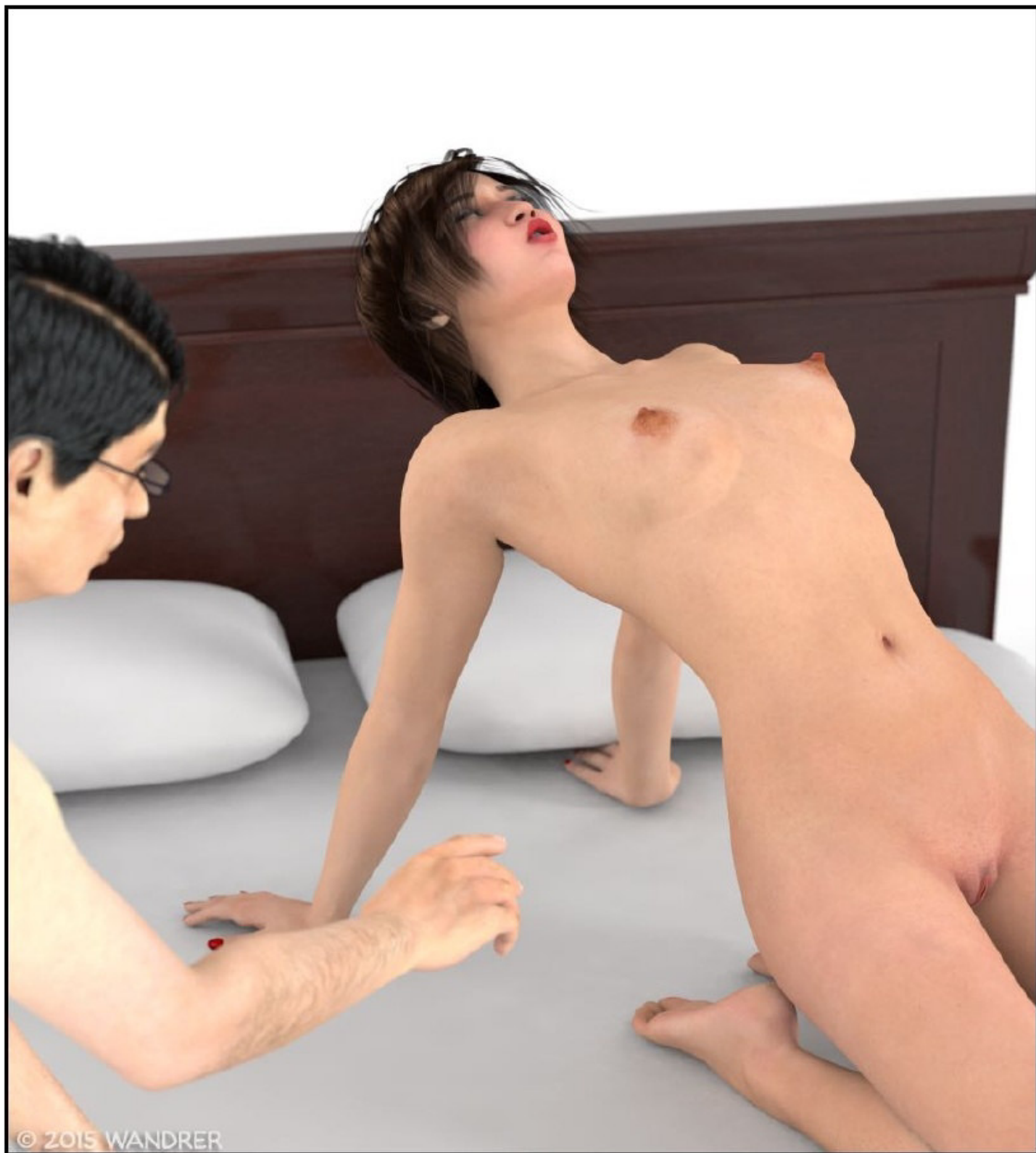
“What - what did you do?” she breathed in a very different tone, eyes wide.

“Are - are you OK?” Nicky asked, sounding slightly concerned, “Does it hurt?”

“What? No, it - wait, does *what* hurt? I OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Anna’s whole body arched backwards in what was quite clearly not pain as she let out a shocked moan. Nicky’s eyes widened and a smile crept over his face at the same time Dan had suddenly noticed.

Anna’s tiny breasts had swelled, and were noticeably larger. Still quite small, but...



“Ohhh god,” moaned Anna, clearly dazed and gasping as her eyes rolled up in her head, “Ohhhhhh god soooo goooooood...”

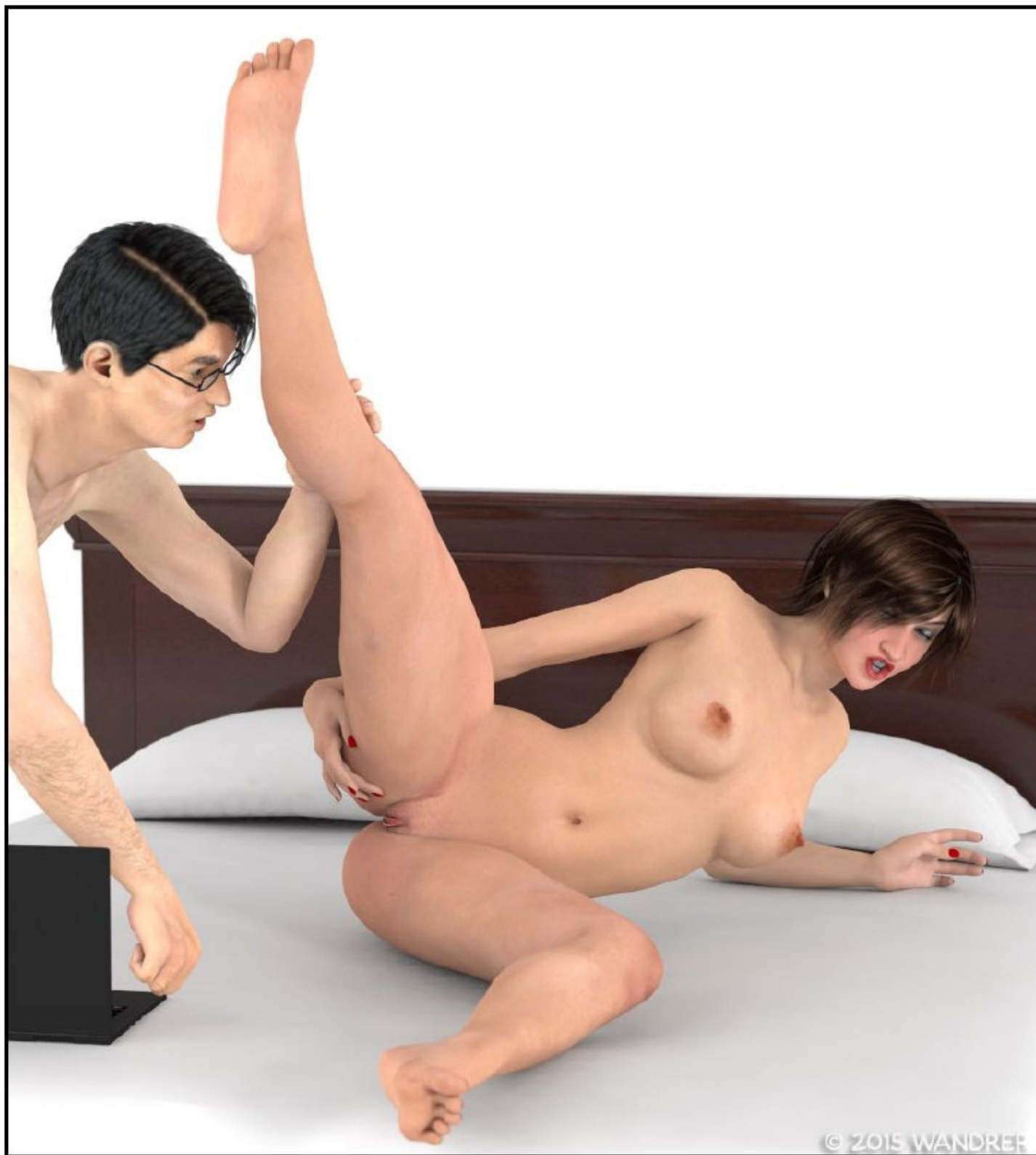
Nicky watched as his girlfriend suddenly reached down almost as though she’d forgotten he was there - and began to finger herself. Her eyes were still rolled back and she was starting to drool.



Suddenly she let out another squeal, her back arching once more - and her breasts visibly swelled on her chest. Dan could hear wet sounds coming from between her legs, and she let out soft whimpers as she shuddered after whatever had just shot through her. With a low gurgling moan, she slowly toppled onto her side, her new little breasts jiggling, and continued fingering herself, completely oblivious.



Nicky watched her, his grin widening. He reached over and lifted her leg - Anna seemed completely unaware or at least uncaring as he spread her legs to watch her playing with herself, pausing as she arched her back in another squeal of pleasure, her breasts surging outward again. They were finally starting to approach "perky", having started out at "boyish" - cute orange-sized globes jiggling on her chest. Nicky seemed to enjoy watching for a few moments as Anna just kept fingering herself and moaning, without any indication that she knew or cared he was there.



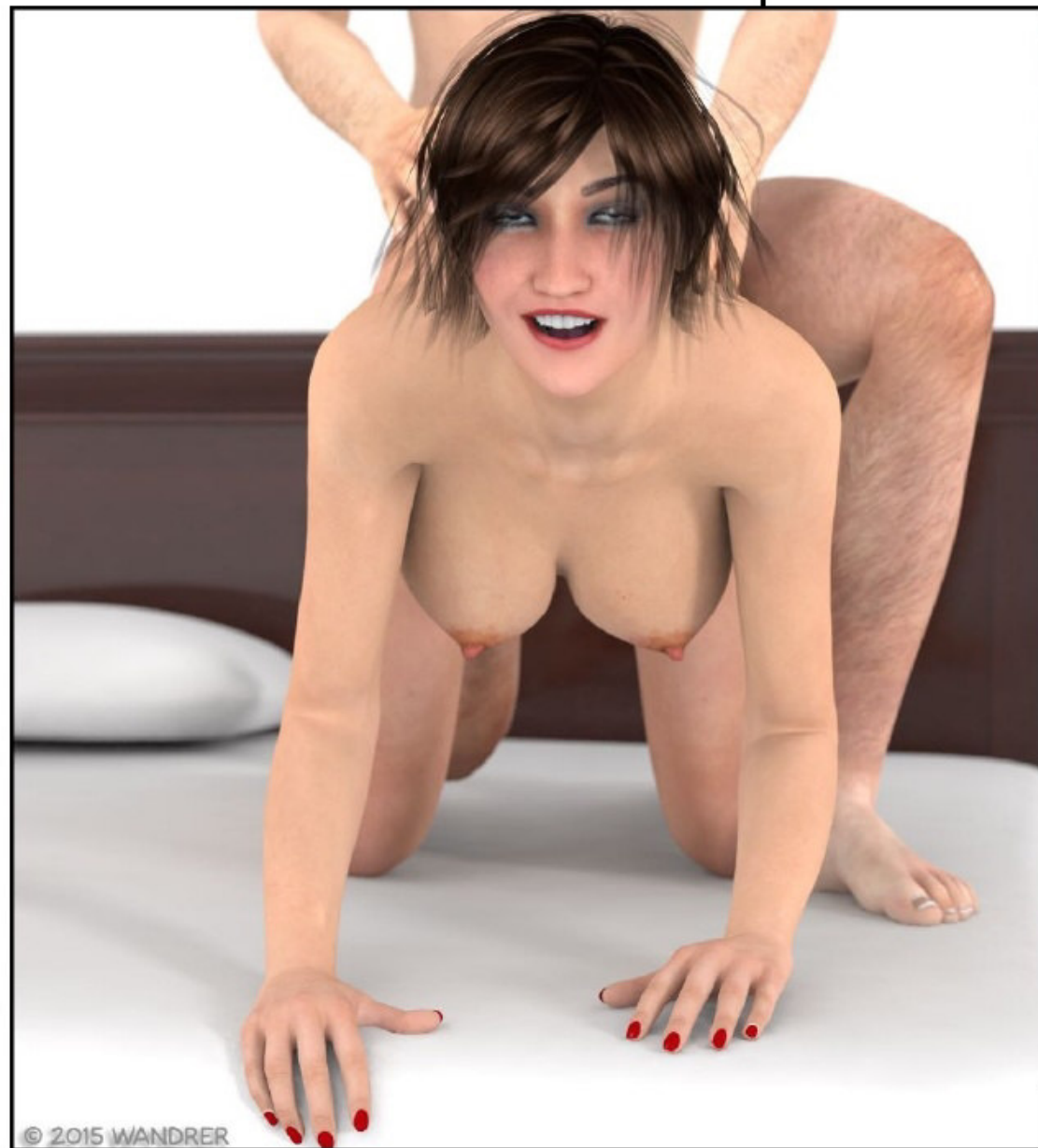
Dan snuck a glance at current-Anna over on the couch, and found that she was also fingering herself, though with an odd mix of arousal and distress on her face. Anna had always hated not being in control - though it seemed it was turning her on to watch herself turning into to a mindless horny sex object in the video.



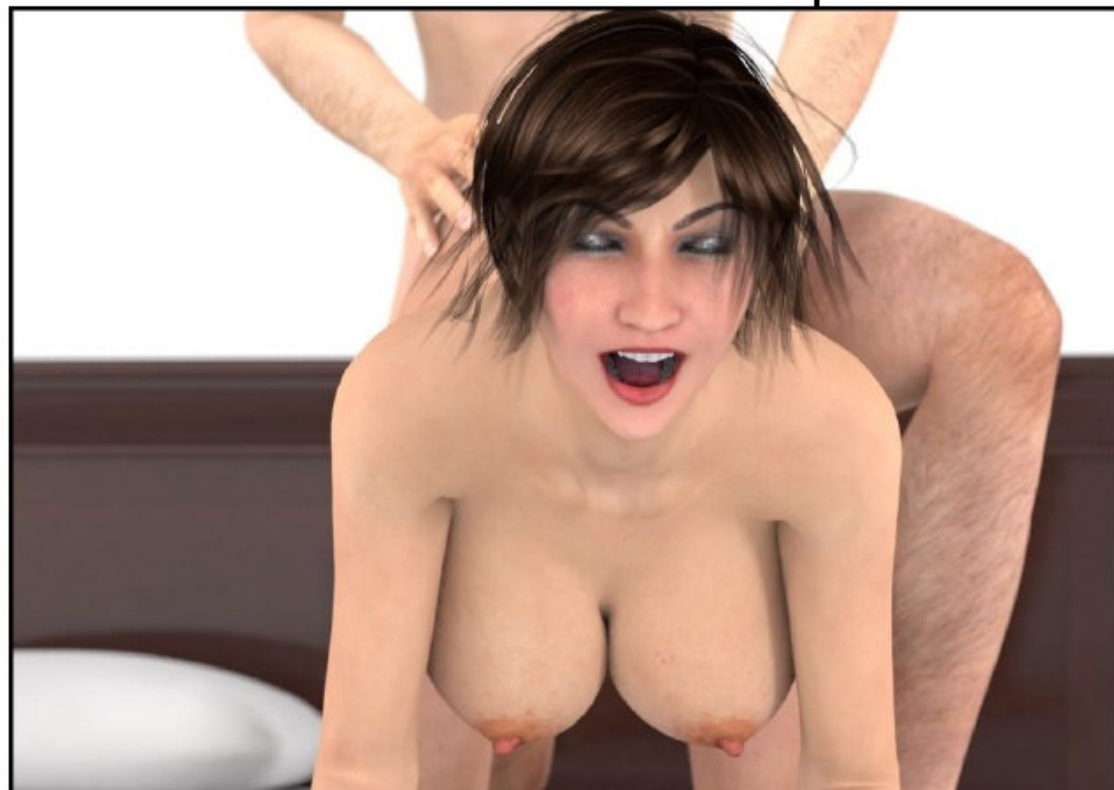
Onscreen, Nicky had somehow coaxed the moaning Anna to roll over onto all fours, and she moved into position, drooling and moaning with her eyes rolled back.



Her even larger breasts hung down beneath her, swaying slightly, and she let out small throaty moans and whimpers as she began to build to another "surge". Nicky teased his cock along the wet lips of her pussy, eliciting small high-pitched whimpers - and then thrust inside her as she started to grunt her way to her next surge.



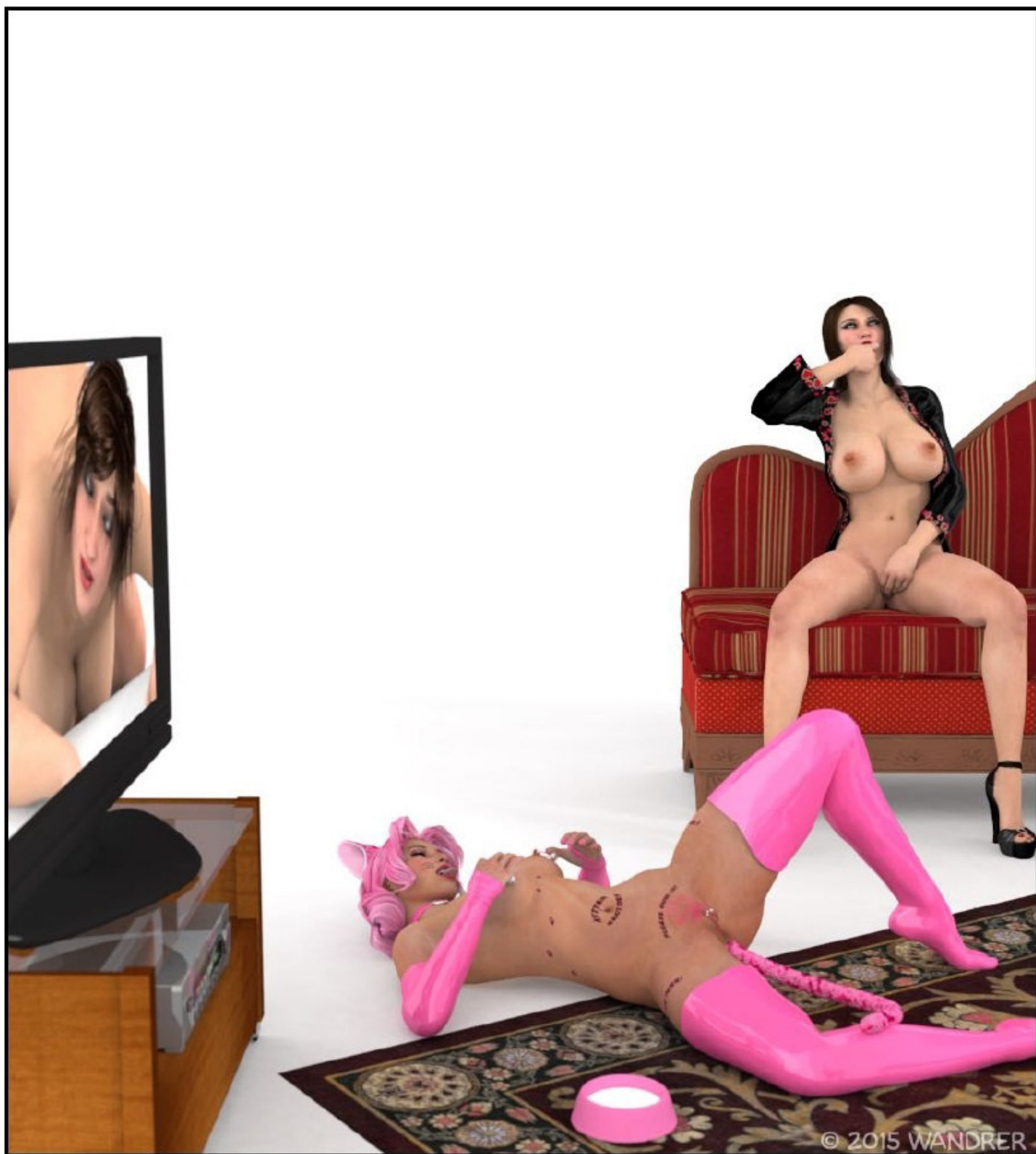
Anna screamed in pleasure as her dangling breasts swelled once more.



By the time they were done - Nicky taking his time, seemingly enjoying the feel of her squealing as her breasts swelled - she had gone from flat just a few minutes earlier to enormous tits, dangling almost to the bed. When Nicky finally came inside her, timed along with one of her last screaming surges, she collapsed forward, gurgling and shuddering through the last few surges of her new huge tits as cum bubbled out of her, a dazed, twitching mess of pleasure.



At a sound coming from the couch, Dan looked over, and realized current-Anna was cumming while staring at herself reduced to a drooling, shuddering pleasure-toy onscreen. She was, oddly, trying to stifle the sound of her orgasm - Dan wondered if that was from him or Nicky or both.



Finally she stopped cumming, as the camera stayed on her twitching form on screen. She swallowed and then looked over at him - and her eyes narrowed dangerously, as though daring him to comment, as if he could. Dan just took a breath and looked away.

"Now then, after that little diversion," Anna said, clearing her throat and wiping her wet fingers on her robe, while actually blushing a little, "Let's get back to it, shall we? I believe we were about to take a look at what happened when Betsy arrived at my house.

"Now I'll admit," Anna said, leaning back on the couch and picking up the remote control, "I cheated a little bit here. I got some special dispensation to try some more subtle modifications for a...longer scenario with your lovely wife. Sort of a prototype for future possibilities for the program. Mostly, I wanted to see how much we could make her do to herself with some little...pushes here and there. Which required overlaying some subtle changes to her memories, without explicitly giving her a wholly new personality. As well as making her feel strongly biased to 'trust' me and believe whatever I said, to a fairly outlandish degree."

She looked over to find Dan staring at her with a mostly confused expression. Anna chuckled.

"Never mind - the short version is that we pick up with Betsy having come over, after we 'ran into each other' after her little incident at the office.."

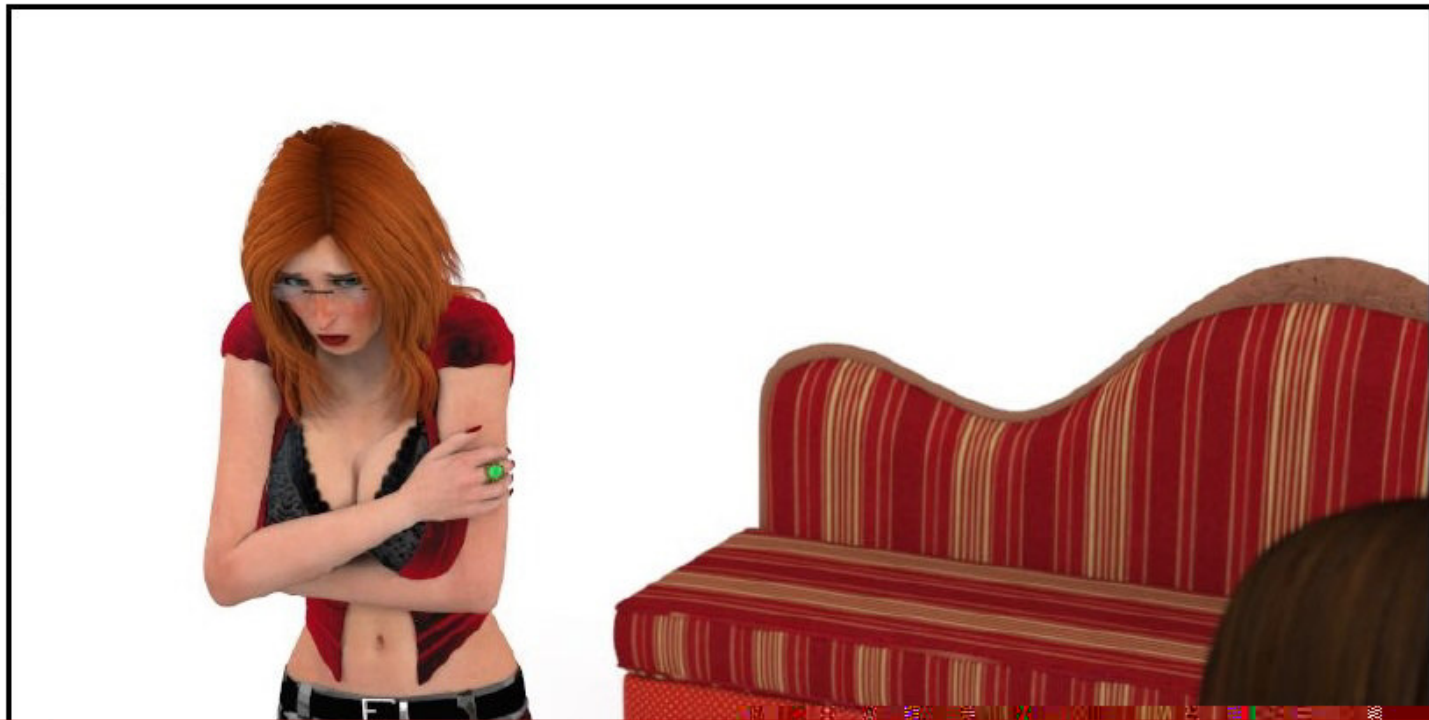
Anna pressed play with a smirk.



The screen flickered back into motion - and now it was a shot of Betsy, in the same clothes from that final day at work, standing in what Dan quickly recognized as the living room he was now in. As he watched, Dan realized with a chill that he was seeing video from inside the room - and even more worrisome, the camera seemed to shift occasionally, to maintain a good shot. He had to fight down an urge to look around and try to spot the cameras that were undoubtedly filming them right now.

His attention was pulled back to Betsy onscreen, however, who was hugging herself and sobbing.

"Oh my god...I can't believe I - I don't know what to do! I don't know why I was fucking those guys! Oh my god...and now I'm fired! What am I going to tell Dan! Oh god - oh god...I'd never cheat on Dan, I don't understand why I - I..."



Hey, it's OK - we'll figure it out. I'm here to

Betsy glanced at Anna, and her eyes drifted downward - clearly looking at her enormous new breasts. A brief flicker of something like disapproval or disgust crossed Betsy's face, though she hid it quickly, pulling her eyes back up.

"Those are really...new," Betsy said, awkwardly.

There was a slightly too long uncomfortable pause. Into which current-Anna interjected from the couch:

"I'll admit, that was where I *really* decided to get nasty with your wife. Such a bitch - judging me even after she just fucked two guys in her office..."



Onscreen, Anna stood half-smiling back at Betsy. The smile looked more than a little nasty - but Betsy seemed to be incapable of recognizing that.

"Thanks," said Anna tersely, and then cleared her throat, "Well - you are more than welcome to stay with me for a little while till you sort out what you should do."

Betsy drew a shuddering breath, and nodded, blinking away tears.

"But right now - I was actually getting ready to go out to a club to meet my boyfriend, Nicky. Say...why don't you come out with us? You could go dancing for a bit, get some of that frustration out."

Betsy paused, clearly struggling with that as the solution to any of her problems.

"I - I don't know, I...don't really do that sort of thing anymore..."

"Come on - you'll have fun! It'll be just like old times. Come out dancing with us."

That last part was delivered a bit more firmly, and Betsy shivered slightly, and then blinked. Then looked over at Anna and smiled.

"Sure - it'll be fun. Just like old times."  
Anna's smile broadened.



The shot shifted - and suddenly they were assaulted by loud thumping base and echoing music, while lights flashed and flickered onscreen. It was quite clear that they were now in some dance club. Anna spoke up again, providing commentary.

"This is actually one of the clubs the Company owns. It's mostly pretty tame for one of our clubs, and pretty accessible, though as you'll see later they are great for testing out new things in, as they are...a little more free with what is allowed inside."

She paused for a moment, staring at the screen.

"Wow - these new nanocams are really great," she muttered, clearly talking to herself, "I thought the ones in my house were good, but - man, I'm going to have to play with those more. The number of different angles we could get totally clearly, even in that dark room - amazing."

Dan realized vaguely that she must be referring to the omnipresent cameras - which again were somehow filming everything onscreen without actually being from any particular person's point of view.

In this case, it was showing Anna, Betsy - and Nicky, with his arm around Anna. Anna had changed into a tight little outfit perfect for dancing. Betsy - was barely dressed in something much more risqué, which not only fit her compulsion to show her Mark, but also her seeming compulsion to wear sluttier and

r outfits.

Right now, though, she just looked uncomfortable - and nervous, as she looked at

Who was holding out his hand - containing a small pills.



sluttier  
uncon  
Nicky.  
few sn

"I'm not sure I should," Betsy said, looking at what Nicky was holding.

"Oh don't worry," Anna, "This molly is way better than the ecstasy we used to do - much more pure, and much less of a hangover. And you feel good, but you really only do what you want to on this stuff, remember? You were always much more restrained than me."

"I - I guess..."

"Anyway, it's up to you, but I'm taking some, and I think you should too."

Anna reached out to grab one of the pills. Betsy swallowed, staring at the remaining two for a moment - then did the same, immediately popping the pill into her mouth and swallowing it with a grimace.



"Of course," said current-Anna with a smirk,  
"what I *didn't* tell her is that she really should have  
taken a quarter of that, or half tops. That is going to



"Ohhhh god this feels soooo goooood," Betsy said behind her wide smile.

"You are really rolling, aren't you?" the guy in front of her said with an appreciative grin.

"Oh my god yes sooooo much," Betsy said, opening her eyes to show her pupils completely dilated, and grinning up at the guy, "I forgot how much I loooooove extasy...or molly, or whatever it's called now. Oh my god...oh my god it makes me feel so good - and I get so fucking horny and so fucking wet..."

The guy blinked, while his friend looked up at him over his shoulder, with a similar expression of surprise. Clearly neither of them had been expecting that last part.

"Um...really. Horny, huh?"

"Ohhhh yeah," Betsy moaned dreamily, "It was so much fun when I'd do this with my husband...I love having him kiss me and touch me and make me do things..."

The two guys had paused midway through her statement and started to look around a little nervously.

"Uh - your husband?"

"Is he here?"

"Dan...oh no, he's not here...oh god...I wish he was here...I really want to kiss him...mmmmm..."

Betsy licked her lips and blinked her too-wide eyes, and then smiled at the guy standing in front of her, looking a little nervous. She took a half step closer, breathing heavily.



"You...you're kind of cute," she said in a husky voice, "Do you want to be my husband?"

The guy blinked, still in some amount of disbelief at what was happening, and clearly not at all sure how to react to the very strange question. He looked up at his friend who was nodding at him vigorously.

"I, um...sure? I - mean...mmmmpph!"



The guy looked stunned as Betsy stepped up, pressing her body against his, and pulled him in for a furious kiss. Dan whimpered softly. When Betsy was on ecstasy (or molly) she loved to kiss - and from the look of it she was kissing the younger guy as enthusiastically as she'd ever kissed Dan. Which was somehow more disturbing than watching her be fucked by numerous guys under the control of the Mark. This was Betsy doing exactly what she wanted to do. She kissed the guy with her eyes closed as her mouth and tongue worked against the guy onscreen, and her body began to grind up against his, her hands sliding up and starting to slide through his hair, and began to moan rhythmically into his mouth. For his part the guy seemed to be enjoying himself, almost as much, kissing the redhead enthusiastically, his hands wandering down her bare back...

Suddenly Betsy let out a squeal - another sound that was painfully familiar to Dan - and her eyes shot open as the guy squeezed her ass under her skirt. He froze, afraid he'd gone too far - but was quickly disabused of that concern by Betsy's moaning increase in passion as she continued to kiss him. He'd found one of her favorite things - and she was clearly enjoying it.



Thus encouraged, the guy grabbed and pulled at her ass while they kissed, each squeeze eliciting another delighted moan or yelp from Betsy. And intentionally or not, this had the effect of hiking her skirt up slowly - but it didn't have very far to go before it was up to her hips.

Exposing her panty-free ass and the hint of her pussy to the guy's buddy still standing behind them.



"Holy shit," the guy moaned involuntarily,  
"Look at her ass...so hot..."

Betsy stiffened slightly, and the guy she was kissing shot a glare at his friend that promised great violence. His friend shrugged sheepishly and shut his mouth - but it was too late. Betsy pulled away gasping from the lips of the boy she had been making out with so enthusiastically, and turned to look over her shoulder.



"Only my husband gets to see that," she breathed.

"Oh - shit...uh, sorry, I...I didn't mean..."

"Do you want to be my husband too?"

The guy blinked.

"Oh yeah," he breathed, "Oh hell yeah..."

Betsy let out a whimpering sigh and peeled her body off of the first guy, who was caught between disappointment and fascination at what the redhead was doing. With a blissful smile, Betsy languidly reached a hand over - and pulled the second guy's head down to start kissing him with the same moaning enthusiasm she'd lavished onto the first guy. The second guy moaned back as her tongue and his began to slide over each other, and Betsy whimpered as the first guy kneaded and pulled on her exposed ass.



This went on for a few moments as Dan cringed back into his chair, watching his wife switch from making out one guy to the other, moaning and whimpering enthusiastically. Anna was smirking as she watched - she clearly had guessed this would make Dan particularly miserable, and was thoroughly enjoying herself. To make matters worse, Betsy, lost in her bliss-filled fantasy world, would occasionally moan at one of the guys.

"Oh baby...I love kissing you...oh yeah mmmmmmm...oh yeah grab my ass..."

As the three of them writhed together, vaguely moving to the thumping beat, the two guys became bolder as it became increasingly apparent that the gorgeous, slutty woman was going to let them do whatever they wanted to her. Betsy moaned loudly when the second guy slid a hand up and cupped one of her large, soft breasts under her skimpy dress, thumbing one very hard nipple. The other guy quickly joined him and Betsy writhed and whimpered with delight as they fondled her and tweaked her nipples through the fabric.

Then the first guy slid his other hand around to the front of her thigh...and under her skirt...

Betsy let out a loud squeal - loud enough that several people around them turned...and started to watch the action with shocked and fascinated expressions. Betsy was utterly oblivious to her new audience, her eyes barely open and rolled back into her head in pleasure as she wriggled her hips against the hand beneath her skirt.



"H-holy shit!" the first guy groaned, a stunned expression on his face.

"Wh-what?" the other guy moaned back, still playing with a large breast, and staring at Betsy as she moaned and writhed against them.

"She's...jesus - I've never felt a girl this wet!"

"Seriously?"

"Shit - she's dripping everywhere! It's all over her legs..."

"Ohhhh god," Betsy sobbed.

The guy suddenly looked guilty, and started to pull his hand back.

"Ohhhhh godddd noooooo...don't stoppppppp," Betsy whined loudly, quickly grabbing his wrist and shoving it back under her skirt. The guy looked shocked - then grinned and began to move his fingers beneath her skirt, eliciting a loud sobbing moan from Betsy. His friend - who was massaging her ass and breast - watched her writhe for a moment, and then slid his hand down around her asscheek, moving it between her legs...



"Hunngghhhh!" Betsy moaned as the guys fingers found her wet lips from behind.

"Holy fuck," the guy choked, obviously just as shocked as his buddy at how wet she was.

"I know, right?" the first guy said, grinning.

Betsy was moaning and whimpering as the guys fingered her from in front and behind, her eyes squeezed shut. She let out a loud squeal as the guy working from behind clearly started to slide first one, and then a second finger inside her - she leaned forward, seemingly unconsciously, and began to hump backwards onto his fingers. The guy in front, feeling thoroughly emboldened, reached up - and tugged down her top, letting her large breasts spring free.



"Holy shit..."

"So hot."

"Look at those tits!"

"Such a total slut."

Betsy's eyes sprung open at the sudden chorus of voices around her - and suddenly her glazed expression took on one of nervousness and she jerked her arm up to try to cover her large breasts, dangling free. Though she didn't stop humping back against the fingers inside her from behind.



"Oh god," she moaned, "People...people are watching me..."

The two guys shared a look - surprised now at her sudden unexpected (and partial) reticence. Dan blinked - but in some ways it wasn't surprising. Betsy might like the idea of a lot of things she wouldn't admit to, but she'd always *hated* the idea of being exposed in public.

"Do - do you want us to stop?"

"No!" sobbed Betsy, "I don't...I don't know..."

"What do you want to do?"

"I - I - ungh, ungh...uhngh" she grunted in distracted pleasure as the guy kept working his fingers in and out of her from behind, blinking in confusion, until finally, she whimpered, "I'll...do whatever my husband tells me to do..."

The guys exchanged another look. Dan groaned, dismayed at what exact submissive scenario Betsy seemed to have landed on. The guy behind her didn't miss a beat, however.

"We want you to let everyone to watch while we play with you," he growled.

The guy in front glowered for a second - it looked like he'd had a different plan than his friend, but then decided to go with it.

"Y-Yeah..."



Betsy made a small whimper, as though trying to remember that she should be fighting this - and then dropped her arm from her breasts, letting her audience view them unencumbered once more. There was an audible murmur of appreciation.

"That's right," the guy behind her continued with a growl and wild eyes, working his fingers slowly in and out of her now, "We want everyone to see what a hot slut you are."

Betsy let out a long whine of combined lust and protest.

"I - I'm not...am I a slut?" she asked, her voice thick and confused.

"Oh yeah," the second guy continued, obviously taking it as an invitation rather than a question, "You are the hottest, wettest, sluttiest girl I've ever met."

"I - I don't...I've never been a slut," moaned Betsy, "I - I don't know what...what I'm doing..."

Once again, the friend growled, clearly lost in his own little fantasy world as he answered the question he decided was in there.

"Andy - prove to her what a slut she is...show her how wet her slutty pussy is."

Andy - the one in front, finally given a name - blinked and then pulled his fingers from beneath Betsy's skirt, and spread his fingers in front of her face. Betsy let out a shocked, whining moan.



His fingers were dripping with the clear, slick liquid of her pussy, and it spread between his fingers in glistening webs.

"Holy shit!"

"Look at how wet her pussy is!"

"Jesus, what a slut!"

"...never seen a slut that wet..."

"Oh my god," moaned Betsy along with the chorus around her, stunned and confused by the drugs and whatever else was happening in her head, "I...maybe I *am* a slut..."



"That's right...and like a good slut you're going to clean off your slutty pussy from Andy's fingers."

"Wh-what?" Betsy choked, a look of disgust finally making its way up through her pleasure filled haze, "I - I can't..."

"Sure you can...you're our nasty slut, and you said you'd do whatever your husband tells you too, right? You want me to keep doing this, right?"

Betsy let out a loud grunting moan as he shoved his fingers inside her, hard - and then sobbed as he held them there inside her, but no longer moving. She tried to writhe against him, while he grinned at her obvious need.



And then with a sobbing whimper, Betsy reached up and pulled the hypnotized Andy's hand down - and began to lick and suck the pussy juice from her fingers. At first she was whimpering and moaning in disgust - but then...she started to make sounds like she was enjoying it.



"H-holy shit," Andy moaned, "I - I think she likes it!"

His still-unnamed friend grinned, and began to fumble with her outfit while Betsy moaned and sucked on Andy's fingers. She made a sobbing whine of protest as the friend pulled his own sopping fingers from Betsy's dripping cunt - and then squealed in pleasure when he shoved all three back in to her wet and nicely loosened pussy.

She clearly hadn't registered that in between, he'd pulled her clothes down around her ankles, leaving her largely naked. The crowd began to whistle and cheer, but Betsy was too far gone to register much other than her own haze of pleasure. She moaned as she sucked herself off of Andy's fingers, and from her expression and the motions of her mouth, she clearly was imagining something else sliding in and out of her mouth.



"God that's hot," groaned Andy.

"Look at her," breathed his wild-eyed friend,

"This slut wants more than your fingers, man."

"Y-You think?"

"Dude...watch. Hey hot slutty redhead?"

"Mmmmmmm," Betsy moaned, wriggling her hips against the fingers inside her wet pussy.

"Do you want to suck your husband's cock?"

"Mmmmm," Betsy whimpered, "Mm-hmm!"

Andy, practically hyperventilating with excitement, reached down with his free hand and began to fumble with his pants. As he did, he lowered his other hand while Betsy was sucking on it, and Betsy followed his fingers still sucking. After a few moments, he shoved them down, and his cock - average-sized but very hard - popped loose.



With a moan, Betsy fell to her knees, the friend's fingers sliding out of her wet pussy with a slurp, and slid her mouth from Andy's finger to engulf his member in her warm, wet mouth.



"Hhhhholy ffffuck," groaned Andy, as she began to bob up and down on his cock. She whimpered and moaned - clearly enjoying the feeling of a cock in her mouth...but also still wriggling her hips to indicate her disappointment at the loss of other stimulation.

The friend watched Andy moan and Betsy wriggle for a moment while the redhead whimpered and sucked his cock, and then murmured:

"Dude - get down."

"Wh-what," Andy blinked, confused and unfocused.

"Down - on the ground."

"But-"

"Dude - seriously."

Andy glowered - and then lowered himself down to his knees as well. Betsy did a remarkable job of remaining attached to Andy's cock, moaning as she maneuvered to stay with him all the way down. Finally, Andy was kneeling in front of her, leaning back on his hands and moaning while she continued bobbing up and down on his cock.



It was only when his friend unbuckled his pants and knelt behind Betsy that Andy's eyes widened with understanding. The friend grinned.

And then grabbed Betsy's hips and in one motion shoved his larger and also extremely hard cock into her sopping pussy.

Betsy screamed in shocked delight around Andy's cock, her eyes springing open. She squealed and moaned as the friend started sliding in and out of her, which caused Andy to moan loudly at the feeling. She was so wet that each time the friend pulled back, a long slick stream of Betsy's pussy juice would dribble out of her and drip from his cock onto the floor, like clear, slick honey.

The crowd around them was going crazy with excitement.



Betsy's face shifted between mindless pleasure at being used from both ends and brief flashes of horror at the distant but pressing awareness of the crowd watching her naked on all fours, sucking one cock and being fucked by another. Her eyes, black from her dilated pupils, flickered with the vague understanding that she was doing something wrong, that she should be stopping herself...

And then Andy started cumming in her mouth.

Betsy began to swallow - and then her eyes widened with shock as she began to gulp and squeal at the same time. It was quite clear that she was cumming - hard. Dan knew from the past that when on molly, orgasms were infrequent for Betsy - and when they happened they were mind blowing. From her strident whimpering squeals around gulps of cum, it was quite clear that though this one had come much faster, it was no less overwhelming.

Then the guy behind her grunted and began obviously cumming in her pussy. Betsy's squeals rose to long, muffled shrieks of pleasure as she came again.



After a shockingly long time, she began to wind down, and the guys both groaned. Andy fell backwards, his cock sliding out of her mouth and leaving a glistening trail on her chin as it slid down. His friend simultaneously pulled out, and was followed by a gush of fluid - her pussy juice mixed with his cum splattering on the floor between her legs.



Onscreen, Betsy let out a long, whining moan - her expression one of utter, mindless bliss as she settled back on her heels and reached up to cup her breasts and start pulling on her hard nipples.



Dan blinked as he realized the screen had paused.

Then he realized there will still wet sounds coming from somewhere. He glanced over to see Anna staring at the screen with an expression of delight - as she worked two fingers deep inside her wet, squelching pussy.

"Oh my god," Anna groaned, "Just look at her! Have you ever seen a girl more utterly delighted to find that she is a total slut?"

Dan flushed with anger - though his eyes flicked briefly back at the frame of his wife onscreen. As horrible as it was, he'd never seen her look that way during sex before, even on ecstasy. He tore his eyes away to find Anna smirking back at him.



"I can see that all three of us enjoy watching your wife look like that."

Dan blushed, and looked down - where his cock was rock hard again. The tip actually glistened with a dribble of pre-cum that ran down the front. He couldn't help but admit that watching Betsy like that was-

Wait - all three of them?

found that the current version of Betsy was sitting on her haunches, staring at the screen. Her head was tilted to the side in a quizzical way, like the cat she thought she was.



He looked over - and saw a different version of Betsy was sitting on her haunches, staring at the screen. Her head was tilted to the side in a quizzical way, like the cat she thought she was.

And her pussy was dripping onto the floor between her legs, almost as much as the version of her on screen had been.

“OK, fingers aren’t enough here. I think I need something a little more substantial while we watch the rest of this part.”

Dan looked up to find Anna walking over to him, letting her robe fall to the floor as she pulled two very wet fingers from inside her pussy. He recoiled as she reached out towards him - but could do nothing to prevent her from smearing her pussy juice from her glistening fingers all over his face and gag.



It had been a long time since he'd smelled or tasted Anna's pussy.

Now he could smell nothing else.

Dan hated how much the smell still turned him on, his cock twitching against his will.

He was barely had time to register what she was doing before she turned in front of him - and deftly settled her ass onto his lap, his cock sliding directly into her wet pussy from behind. Dan groaned - in protest or delight he would have had trouble saying. Anna sighed with delight.

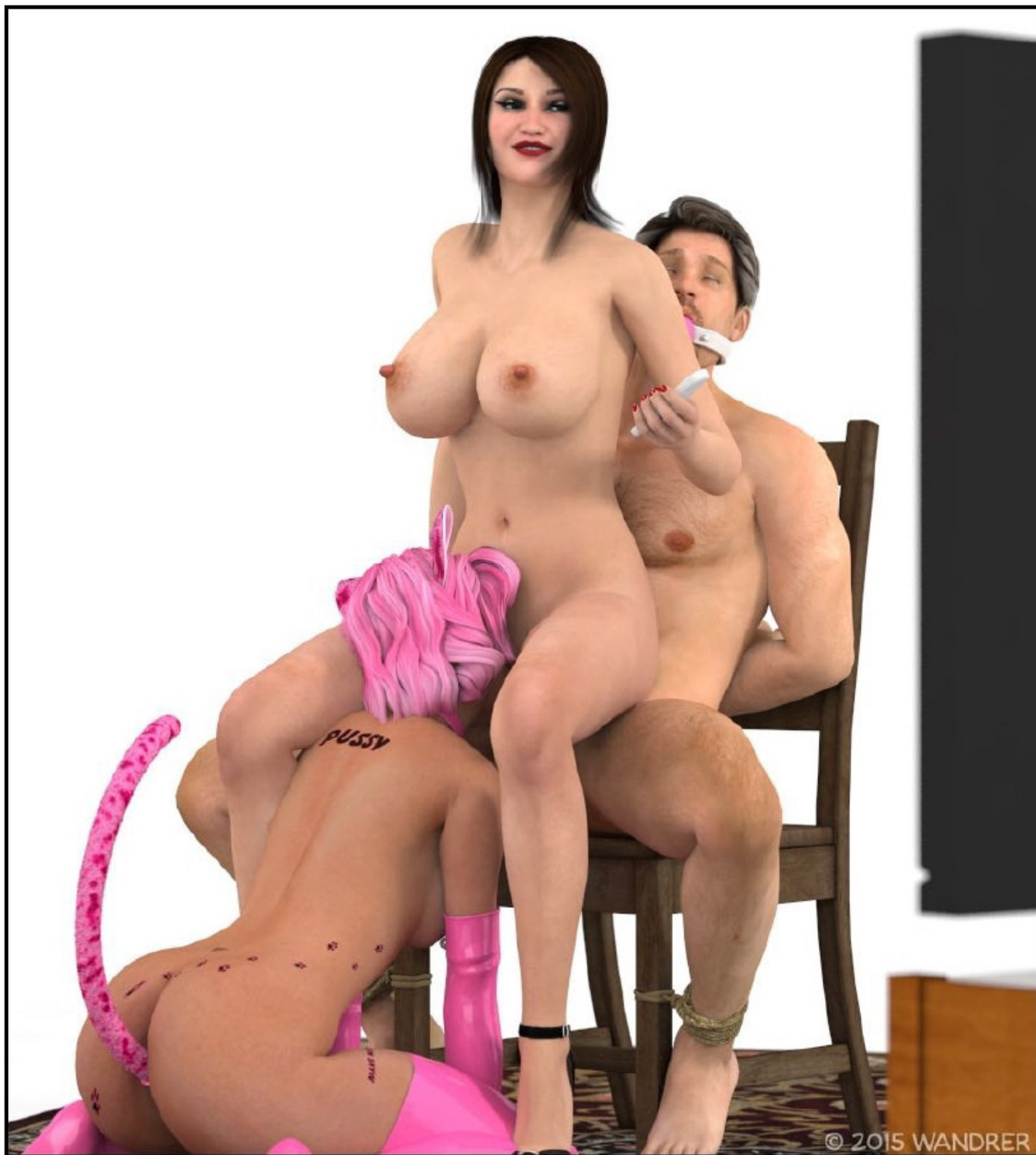


And then with a little wriggle Anna sat still, his cock buried inside her warm, wet pussy.

"Here Pussy-puss!" she chirped, "Come lick!"

Pink-haired Betsy pulled her eyes from her redheaded self on the screen to look over at Anna, leaning forward with her pussy clenched around Dan's hard cock. Betsy mewled and lurched to all fours, still dripping as she crawled over to Dan's chair. She meowed again - and then ducked her pink head between Dan's legs.

Anna moaned loudly as Betsy began to tongue her swollen clit.



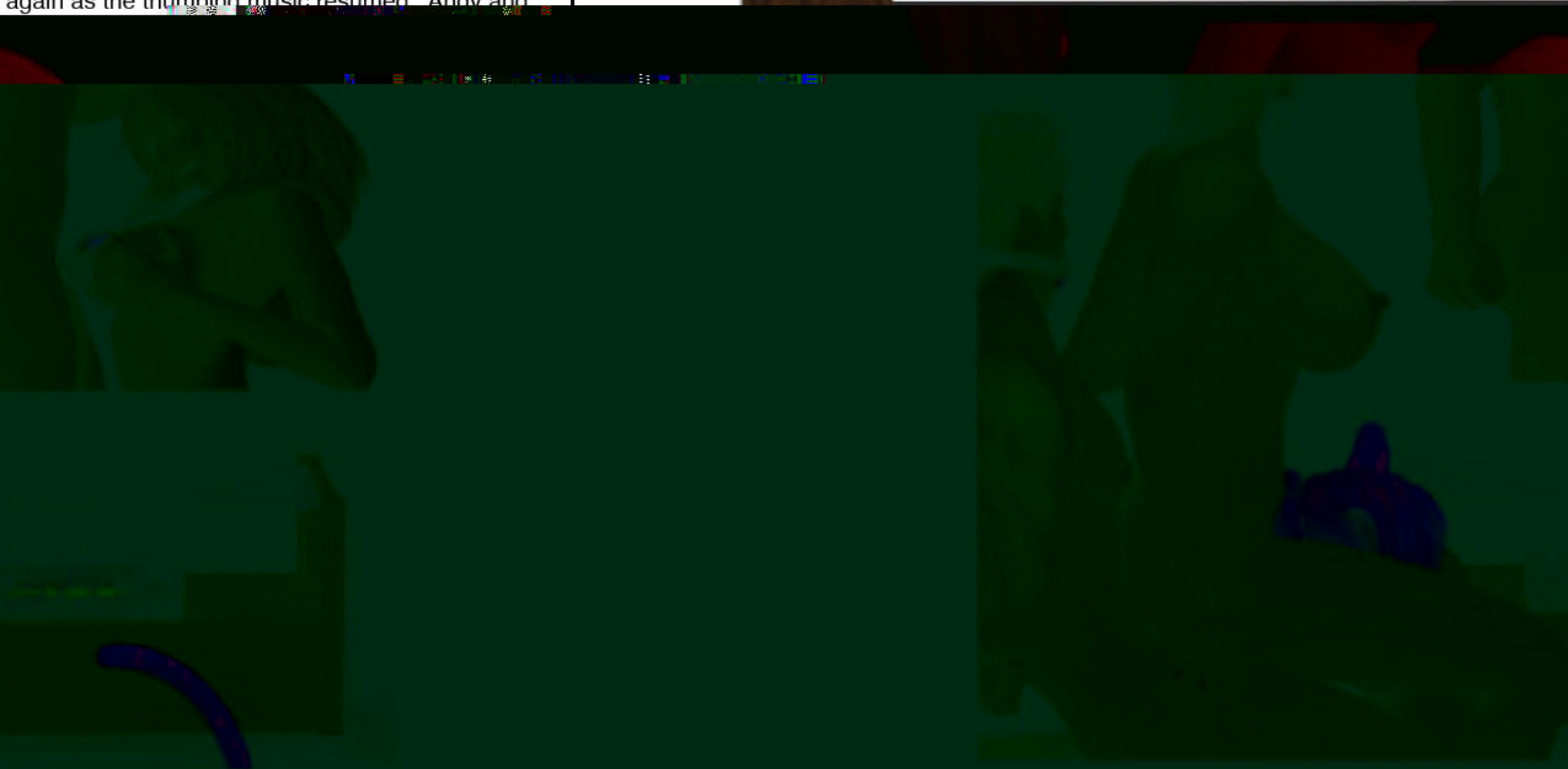
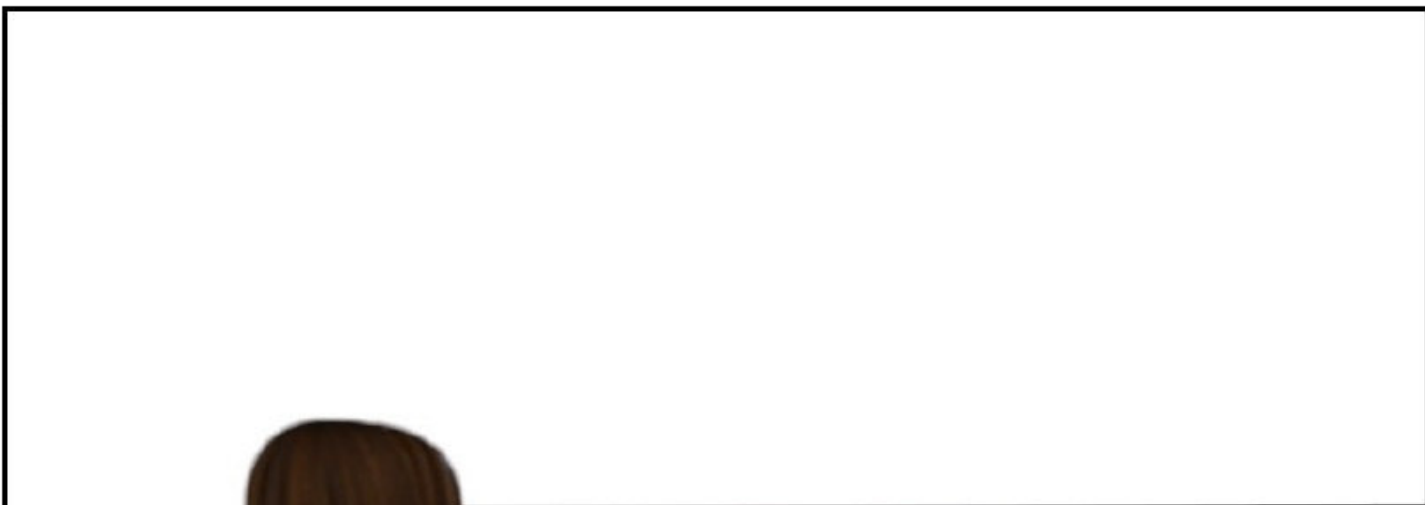
Dan moaned softly as Betsy's tongue occasionally dipped down to tease at Anna's wet pussy lips, his wife's tongue sliding along the base of his cock as she licked his ex-girlfriend's pussy.

Betsy mewled softly in delight as she licked.

Anna groaned - still holding herself largely immobile to Dan's relief and frustration, as his cock throbbed and twitched inside her - and lifted the remote again.

"Let's see where she goes from here, shall we?"

Onscreen, Betsy started to move and moan again as the thumping music resumed. Andy and



Then some other guy stepped onto the screen, his hard cock poking out of his pants. He moved forward, letting the tip brush Betsy's lips.

With a delighted, dazed moan, Betsy slid her lips around the new, totally unknown cock and began to suck it, whimpering with obvious enjoyment. She grabbed her (formerly) big tits and wrapped them around the guy's cock, eliciting a moan from above.



Dan choked out a muffled moan of horror around the gag watching his wife suck an anonymous cock onscreen.

“Oh, that’s nothing sweetie,” gasped Anna, now playing with her own large breasts after setting the remote on the floor, “Just you watch.”

Dan did watch as onscreen, another man from the crowd moved around behind his wife, nudged her back down onto all fours again as she sucked the cock in front of her - and shoved his cock in her used, wet pussy. Betsy squealed in pleasure as she was once more being fucked from both ends.



Then the shots started to jump quickly - and Dan couldn't help but sob around his gag as he watched the screen, each gasping sob filling his nostrils with the smell of Anna's pussy.



Each jump was of some new guy cumming in her mouth...



...or her pussy...or both...usually Betsy cumming loudly while she was being fucked.



For the first dozen or so they just swapped out positions, a huge pool of cum developing between her legs as guy after guy left his seed inside her and then pulled out. Her face also became smeared with more and more cum as occasionally one would pull out too soon and splatter some across Betsy's mouth and chin.



Anna giggled as the screen showed a little snippet of a squealing Betsy on all fours being fucked from behind without a cock in her mouth - and the dazed redhead, who had also lost her glasses at some point - made a gurgling burp...and a stream of cum came dribbling out of her moaning mouth.



In the second dozen or so, it was clear that some were coming back for seconds, as the half-hard cocks entering Betsy's mouth were often glistening with cum and pussy juice. Though a couple of whimpering recoils from the dazed redhead (overcome usually by an encouraging hand on the back of her head), made Dan wonder if some of those cocks had been fucking pussies other than Betsy's before making her suck them.



She still sucked them clean, just like all the rest, though.

Eventually Betsy was flipped over, her long legs spread wide while several guys knelt between them to fuck her extremely well-used pussy. Other guys were crouching over her face to shove their cocks in her mouth while she continued to moan.





But her eyes snapped open and she squealed a muffled squeal as the guy began to press the tip of his slimy cock into her twitching asshole.



Weakly, Betsy batted at his hands, trying to stop him - but she was too exhausted, too far gone, and too muffled by the cock in her mouth - the guy helpfully holding the back of her head up - to do much other than wriggle and squeal.

Then the guy in her mouth started to cum, causing Betsy to start gulping and moaning.

And the tip of the guy's cock slid into her tight little asshole.

Betsy screamed - in pain, and shock...and in what was obviously an explosive orgasm. Her toes curled and her feet kicked as she bucked against the guy fucking her (as far as she was aware) virgin ass, and came and came. She was still cumming when the guy pulled out of her mouth, and her breathy screams of pleasure drew a cheer from her audience.



Dan groaned - and started to cum inside Anna, sobbing and screaming into his gag, the smell of Anna's pussy making him almost dizzy with each sucked in breath. Anna squealed as she started to cum as well, a surprised look on her face. Betsy meowed happily, licking the cum that leaked back out from Anna's pussy as the black-haired woman and the man she was sitting on came hard.



The guy onscreen finally came in Betsy's ass, while Betsy shook and sobbed as her explosive orgasm wound down, then fell limp, cum dribbling out of her. She choked out a sobbing moan as the guy pulled out of her ass with a slurp, and whimpered softly onscreen, laying in a shockingly large pool of cum.



“Ohhhhh god,” moaned Anna, “I guess all of us like seeing how much Betsy loves getting it in the ass...who knew?”

Dan just whimpered softly, staring at his exhausted, used wife onscreen. Anna shifted - and Dan realized with distant confusion that he was still impossibly hard and twitching inside Anna. But the screen didn't give him much time for consideration - as yet another guy knelt between the whimpering Betsy's legs and began to fuck her.

Several more shots cycled through of Betsy being fucked in her pussy and twice more in her ass - whimpering dazedly but cumming hard with each cock stretching her little asshole.



Then the shot shifted to one of Betsy's face a mask of disgust, though from her pupils it was quite clear she was still rolling - though perhaps towards the end.

"Nooooo," she moaned, looking up at something.

The camera pulled back to show a punk-looking girl standing over the cum-smeared and -filled woman. The naked girl had several piercings, and heavy makeup along with her dyed hair - but was otherwise naked. The girl looked down at Betsy with a sneer.



“What, you’ll let every guy in here fuck you in every hole, but you’re too good to lick a girl’s pussy?”

The girl squatted down over Betsy’s face, while the redhead recoiled, turning her face away from the pussy inches from her mouth with a whimpering moan of disgust. The girl smirked.



“That’s my boyfriend about to shove his cock in your ass, you nasty whore. And if I’m going to let him fuck you in the ass - because he’s sure never fucking me there! - then I get to get off too. So get ready to lick my pussy, you fucking dirty slut.”

Betsy sobbed and whimpered, trying to turn away and protest - and then let out a loud shocked sobbing squeal as the guy between her legs shoved his cock into Betsy’s ruined, slick asshole. The girl grinned and grabbed Betsy’s head, turning it upward - and before Betsy could do anything, the girl dropped herself onto Betsy’s open mouth.



Betsy squealed and weakly tried to paw at the girl - and then grunted loudly as the boyfriend began to thrust into her ass - but the girl held herself fast, pressing her wet pussy onto Betsy's face.



“You lick me until I cum, slut!” the girl growled, “Once I get off - I’ll get off...”

The girl giggled at her little joke while Betsy whined and grunted and sobbed - and then the girl suddenly moaned, grinning. From the wet sounds coming from between her legs, it was clear that Betsy - with her eyes squeezed shut - was tentatively starting to lick the girl’s pussy.

“Ohhh, you’re good at this, slut! You’ve done this before!”

“Mm-mmm!” sobbed Betsy in disgusted protest.



But of course, she had, Dan realized in dismay. The training from Jillian had obviously paid off as the punk girl began to moan, letting go of Betsy's head to play with her own nipples. Her boyfriend was grunting behind her as he fucked Betsy's ass, while Betsy grunted and sobbed with each thrust, her whimpers becoming longer and more whines...

Betsy came first, her sobs rising to squeals in the girl's cunt. The boyfriend followed quickly, grunting as he plunged into Betsy's ass and came.

And finally the girlfriend's voice rose in a squeal of her own, though she started to babble as she came, hard, on Betsy's licking tongue.

"Lick me you little slut! You nasty dirty cum slut! Lick my pussy like the little fucktoy you are you dirty, slutty fucking cunttohohohohoHOHOHOHHHOHHHHOHHHHH HHHHHHHH!!!"

Betsy screamed in orgasm, cumming the entire time the girl was cumming on her face, dribbles of the girl's pussy juice running down her cheeks.



“Ohhhhh god...I love that one...her only girl that night unfortunately - but so good,” Anna moaned.

Finally, the girl stopped cumming and stood shakily, moaning in pleasure.

“Ohhhh...oh my god...such a good little slut...”

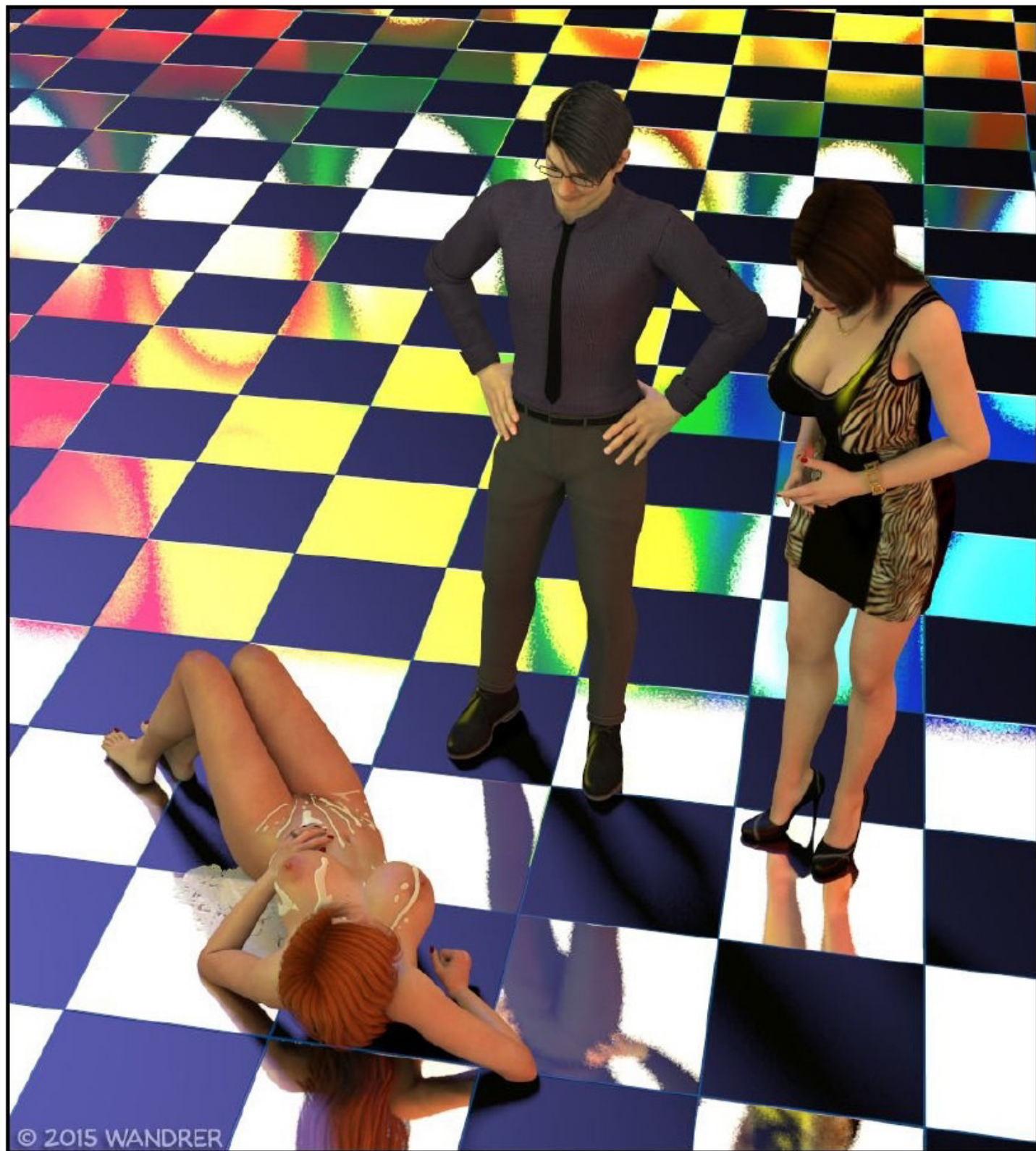


Betsy started to cry softly, grunting as the boyfriend pulled out of her ass. The girl giggled as Betsy's ass burped out cum, as the two of them stumbled off into the crowd.

"Oh my god - Betsy! What did you do?!?"

Onscreen, Betsy blinked and looked up - and her eyes filled with horror. As onscreen Anna and Nicky stared down at the exhausted, naked, cum dripping redhead. Betsy choked out a sob, levering herself up on one arm, squelching and slimy with cum.

"Oh god - I...what am I...oh god..." Betsy whimpered, dazed, but suddenly horribly aware again, and broke down into sobs.



“I couldn’t resist,” Anna giggled on Dan’s cock, “I set it up so that if she saw me, her self-restraint would suddenly return. It meant I could only watch most of the night from afar, but - so much fun for this moment.”

Dan moaned as he watched Nicky help his sobbing, thoroughly used wife up onto shaky feet onscreen, throwing his jacket over her, and the couple - feigning concern - led her from the club.



“Man - twenty three guys in her mouth, seventeen in her cunt, four in her ass - and one semi-voluntarily licked pussy? And she probably came probably fifteen or twenty times? Your wife *really* likes being a total slut, doesn't she? Don't you little Pussy-puss? Don't you?”

Anna talked in a cutesy voice as she reached down to scratch Betsy on the top of her pink head. Betsy began to meow excitedly up at her, clearly loving the attention.



“Maybe we’ll let you have a little playtime yourself now, since Pussy-puss’s pussy is so wet,” Anna giggled, then shouted, “Sandy!”

The older woman quickly re-entered the room, eyes haunted as she looked at the tableau in front of her.

“Oui madame?”



“Service Pussy-puss for a while,” Anna ordered absently.

“O-Oui madame,” choked out Sandy in a trembling voice. Then she got to all fours behind Betsy and shoved her face in Betsy’s wet pussy. Betsy meowed loudly in delight.





**TO BE CONTINUED...**